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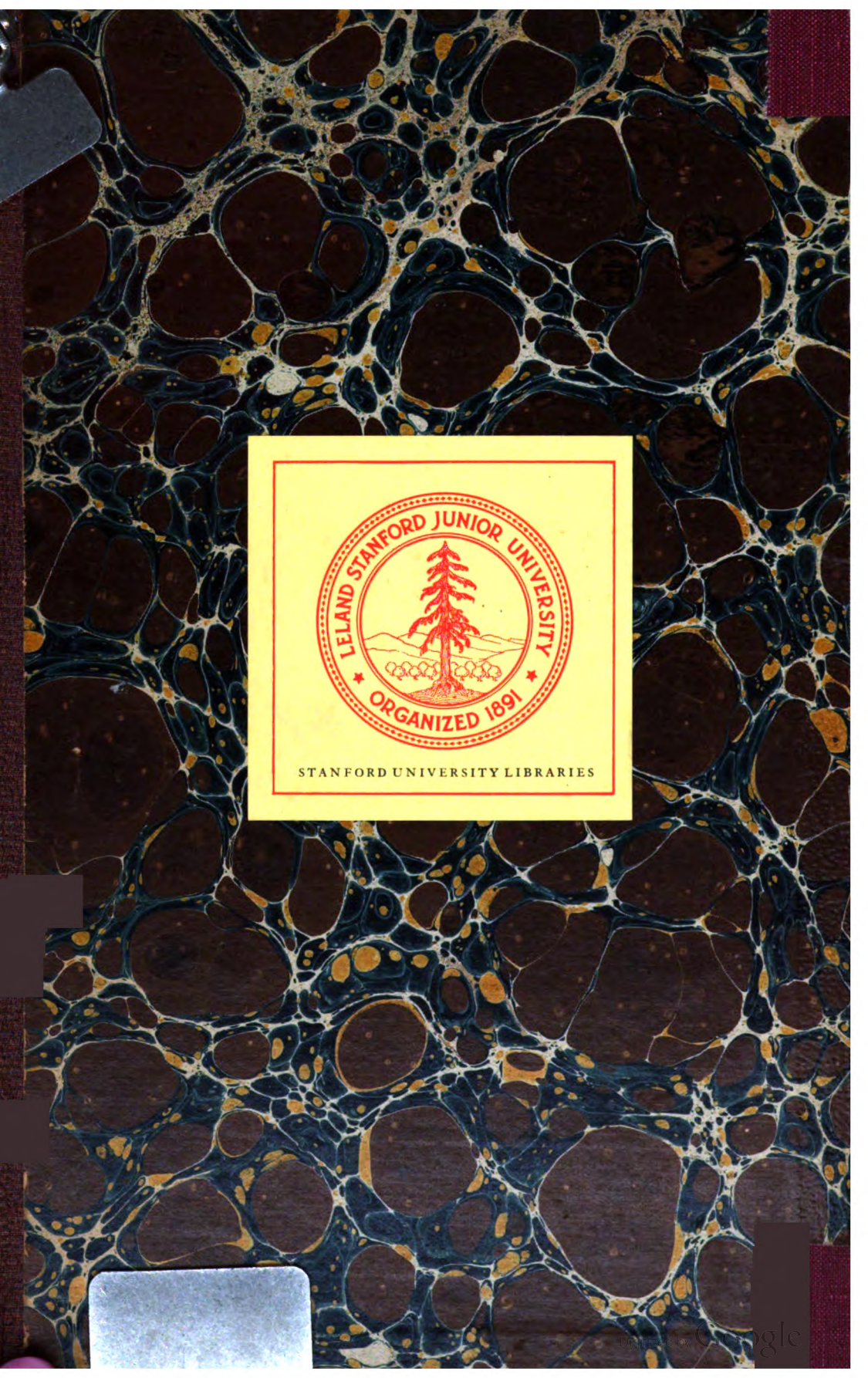
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AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR THE PEOPLE.

CONDUCTED BY

J. G. HOLLAND.

FROM NOV., 1875, TO APRIL, 1876.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XI. NOVEMBER, 1875. NO. 1.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE—BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1859.

"WILLIAM AND MARY," the oldest of American colleges, with the single exception of Harvard University, has so many historical associations connected with it, that a full and minute history of it from its foundation to the present time would be almost the history of Virginia. It began its career soon after the settlement of the country, and is, consequently, now nearly two hundred years old. During all this long period it played an important part, first in the colony, and then in the commonwealth. Founded in the reign of William and Mary, it was a flourishing institution when Marlborough was fighting Louis XIV., and Addison was writing the "Spectator." The royal governors, from Spotswood to Dunmore, began and ended their official careers, and the country, from being a dependency of the British crown, became a great confederated republic, and the old college was still in the full tide of its energy and usefulness. From its situation at Williamsburg, the colonial capital, it witnessed and was a part of all that was eminent, brilliant, and attractive in Virginia society. The sons of the planters were uniformly sent to the college to be educated, and the sons in turn sent their own sons to the venerable institution. It was always regarded as an important and conspicuous feature of the "viceregal court" under the old royal rulers, and had in its library rare volumes with the coats-of-arms of kings and noblemen who had delighted in connecting their names with its history. Burned down more than once, the buildings were always erected again, and the work of education was steadily resumed. Almost every Virginian of any eminence in the eighteenth century had been trained for his work in the world within its walls. It gave twenty-seven of its students to the army in the Revolution; two Attorney-Generals to the United States; it sent out nearly twenty members of Congress, fifteen United States Senators, seventeen Governors, thirty-seven Judges, a Lieutenant-General and other high officers to the army, two Commodores

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to the navy, twelve Professors, four signers of the Declaration of Independence, seven Cabinet officers, the chief draughtsman and author of the Constitution, Edmund Randolph; the most eminent of the Chief-Justices, John Marshall, and three Presidents of the United States. And this list, honorable as it is, by no means exhausts the number of really eminent and influential men who owed the formation and development of their intellects and characters to "William and Mary." In the long list of students, preserved from the year 1720 to the present time, will be found a great array of names holding a very high rank in the commonwealth of Virginia and the States of the South and West—in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the local legislatures. These, without attaining the eminence of those first mentioned, were the most prominent citizens of the communities in which they lived, and were chiefly instrumental in giving character and direction to social and political affairs. One and all, they received from their education at the old ante-revolutionary college the stamp and mold of character which made them able and valuable citizens—leaders, indeed, in opinion and action, whenever intellect and virtue were needed for important public affairs.

The history of the origin and career of such an institution ought to be worth considering; and the writer of this sketch hopes, by selecting some incidents and particulars connected with the college, to make his brief narrative as interesting as it is instructive. From the situation of the college at Williamsburg, he will be able, almost without digressing from the main subject, to notice also some of the historic localities of the ancient capital—the Raleigh Tavern, which played so important a part in the social and political history of the eighteenth century; the Governor's Palace, where the English Viceroys held audience beneath the portraits of the King and Queen; the Old Capitol, where the Burgesses sat and were dissolved time after time when the growing spirit of resistance alarmed the Governors; the old magazine from which Dunmore removed the powder, and other localities connected with the history of Virginia. The simple mention of these buildings, clustering together in the contracted limits of the city of Williamsburg, recalls a remarkable epoch in the history of the country—the sudden germination of republican ideas in the midst of the old splendid society in ruffles, powder, and silk stockings flashing to and fro on the main thoroughfare, "Duke-of-Gloucester street;" the fiery protests of Henry against further submission to King and Parliament; the meetings of Jefferson and his associates at the Raleigh Tavern to inaugurate revolution; and the last scene, when, Dunmore having disappeared, and the royal authority with him, Patrick Henry, the "Man of the People," took his seat as the first republican Governor in the old Vice-regal "Palace." William and Mary College—its President, Professors, and students—witnessed all these scenes, the prominent actors in which had been students there in their own youth, like their fathers and grandfathers, for this ancestral connection of families with the college is a marked feature in its history. An examination of the ancient records, which have fortunately been preserved, will show the same names running through the lists of students from the year 1720 to the year 1875.

William and Mary was formally chartered in 1693. It is honorable both to England and Virginia that the settlements on James River had scarcely become firmly rooted before a strong feeling was exhibited in favor of establishing an institute of divinity and learning—of "good arts and sciences," as the charter says—in the new country. The original, and one of the chief motives, seems to have been the civilization and conversion to Christianity of the Indians, whose heathen condition seemed to weigh heavily on the minds and consciences of the good people of that day. It was not found, when the effort was duly made, that the aborigines, in any number, either acquired education or became Christians; but the impulse in their favor had important results in other directions. As early as 1619, about twelve years after the landing of Smith and his companions at Jamestown, Sir Edwin Sandys, then President of the "London Company," together with some other good people in England, raised a considerable sum of money to establish a university at Henrico, on James River. The result of the undertaking was melancholy, and the Indians, who were to be the main objects of this bounty, struck a death-blow to the project. George Thorpe, Esq., of his Majesty's Privy Council, was sent over to Virginia to effect the object in view, and everything seemed favorable to its success, when, in March 1622, he was attacked at Henrico by a force of Indians and slain, with three hundred and forty other persons. This incident, known as the "massacre of 1622," abruptly checked the

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philanthropic exertions of the friends of the Indians in England. Nothing was done again in the matter for forty years, when the Virginia Burgesses renewed the attempt to establish a great school, which they described as intended for "the advance of learning,

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE AS REBUILT IN 1859.

education of youth, supply of the ministry, and promotion of piety"—the *religious* aspect of the undertaking still occupying all minds, a character it afterward assumed and retained up to the Revolution, when Mr. Jefferson succeeded in modifying it. Nothing resulted, however, from this action; but the Virginians still persisted, and at last the project took a definite shape. In 1688–9 an additional sum of twenty-five hundred pounds sterling was subscribed by a few wealthy Virginians and Englishmen, and in 1693 the long-hoped-for success came. The Colonial Assembly had conceived the fortunate idea of sending as their representative to England the able and energetic James Blair, a clergyman of high standing, who is styled by William and Mary in the charter of the institution "our well-beloved in Christ." Mr. Blair, full of zeal and ardor, went over to London, and first unfolded his scheme to Queen Mary, who warmly approved of it. King William was equally favorable to the plan, and gave "out of the quit-rents" two thousand pounds sterling to assist in the erection of the buildings. More difficulty was found in making a friend of Seymour, the Attorney-General. When the King sent him an order to draw up the charter, and see to the payment of the two thousand pounds, the command seemed to enrage him. The nation was engaged in an expensive war, he told Mr. Blair—the money was wanted for *other and better* purposes—what occasion could there be for a college in Virginia? The reply of Blair was, that the object was to prepare young men for the ministry—the people of Virginia had "souls to be saved as well as the people of England," he added. This idea seemed to strike Seymour as exquisitely absurd, and his retort, which is historical, indicates his character. "Souls!" he exclaimed—"*damn* your souls! Make *tobacco!*" In spite, however, of the Attorney-General, the King and Queen adhered to their resolution, and affixed their signature to the charter on the 19th of February (N. S.), 1693.

Let us briefly recite the main points and provisions of this interesting paper, through whose ancient verbiage, involutions, and repetitions shines clearly the honorable and worthy ambition of the King and the Queen to spread education, good morals, and Christian piety throughout the growing colonies of the Western Continent. The college was to be established, as will be seen, on an enlarged and comprehensive basis. The objects in view were, "that the Church of Virginia may be furnished with a Seminary of Ministers of the Gospel, and that the youth may be piously educated in good letters and manners, and that the Christian faith may be propagated among the Western Indians to the glory of Almighty God; to make, found, and establish a certain place of universal study, or perpetual college of divinity, philosophy, languages, and other good arts and sciences," —surely a broad and generous plan, doing honor to the good sense and good character of the Virginians and the royal pair alike. The charter then proceeds to details and special provisions. The officers were to consist of a chancellor, eighteen visitors or governors, a president or rector, and six professors, who were to teach one hundred students. As the Virginia Assembly had recommended the Rev. James Blair for the office, he was "created and established first president of the said college, during his

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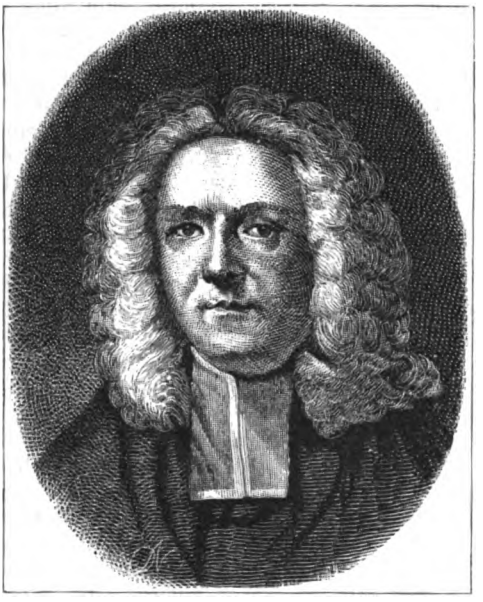
natural life." The chancellor was to be elected by the rector and visitors; meanwhile, "our well-beloved and trusty, the reverend father in God, Henry, by Divine permission Bishop of London," was to be



REV JAMES BLAIR, FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT OF WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE. (FROM AN OLD PORTRAIT IN THE LIBRARY.)

the first chancellor, and to hold the office for seven years. The rector was to be elected yearly, "on the first Monday which shall happen next after the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary," and to hold office for one year. And to "perpetuate the succession of the said rector, and of the said visitors and governors of the said college," as often as any should die or remove himself and family out of the colony, the rector and a majority of the visitors should "choose one or more of the principal and better sort of the inhabitants of our said colony of Virginia," in place of the dead or absent. The visitors and governors, says the charter, "shall forever be eighteen men, or any other number not exceeding the number of twenty:" and these gentlemen were to have the general direction and superintendence of the whole institution.

The charter then proceeds to endow the college, in the amplest manner. To erect the buildings, the visitors were to have "the whole and entire sum of one thousand nine hundred and eighty-five pounds, fourteen shillings and tenpence (£1,985 14*s.* 10*d.*), of good and lawful money of England, that has been received and raised out of the quit-rents of said colony," then in the hands of William Byrd, Esq., Auditor; and this money was to be applied to "no other use, intent, or purpose whatever" but building the college. The college was also to have one penny per pound for all tobacco exported from Virginia and Maryland; the office of Surveyor-General, with "all issues, fees, profits, advantages, conveniences, liberties, places, privileges, and pre-eminences whatsoever;" ten thousand acres of land lying on the south side of Blackwater Swamp, and ten thousand additional acres in what was known as "Pamunkey Neck," between the Pamunkey and Mattapony, here spoken of as the "forks or branches of York River." An important provision, in the last place, was the right bestowed upon the college to have its representative in the Burgesses. Authority was granted to the president and professors to select from their own number, or from the visitors, or from "the better sort of inhabitants of our Colony of Virginia, a discreet and able person to be present in the House of Burgesses of the General Assembly of our Colony of Virginia," there to represent the institution.

To this ample charter a condition was added—slight and somewhat fantastic, as was the fashion of such things at that time. By way of full discharge, acquittance, and satisfaction for the twenty thousand acres of land, the college authorities were to pay "to us, and our successors, *two copies of Latin verses yearly*, on every fifth day of November, at the house of our Governor or Lieutenant-Governor for the time being." And in the "Virginia Gazette" for November 12th, 1736, nearly half a century afterward, may be found this paragraph: "On this day se'n night, being the 5th of November, the president, masters, and scholars of William and Mary College went, according to their annual custom, in a body to the Governor's, to present his Honor with two copies of Latin verses in obedience to their charter. * * * * Mr. President delivered the verses to his Honor, and two of the young gentlemen spoke them."

The College of William and Mary was thus successfully founded, and from time to time additional donations and bequests were made to it by the Assembly, good citizens, and Queen Anne, which may as well be noticed here. Certain "well-disposed, charitable persons, for encouraging and furthering so good a work," gave "two thousand pounds sterling (£2,000) and upward." The Assembly laid duties upon "raw hides and tan-

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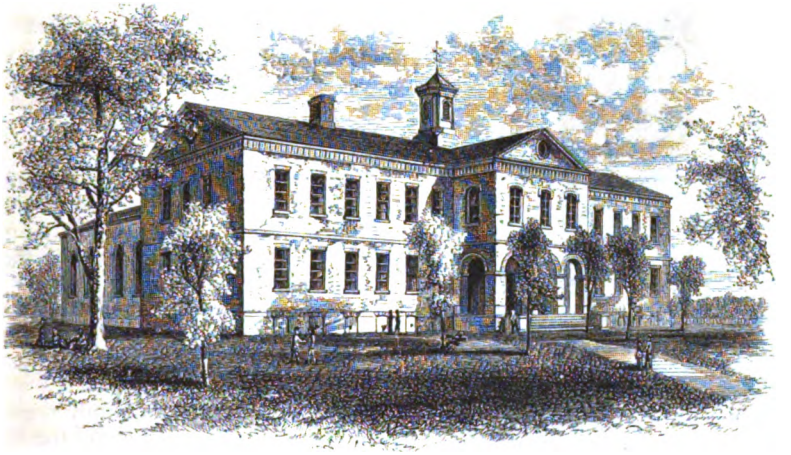
ned hides, and upon all deer skins and furs that should be exported and carried out of the said colony," for the "better support and maintenance of the said college." Queen Anne gave "the sum of one thousand pounds sterling (£1,000), out of the money arising from the quit-rents." And in 1697 an important bequest was received from the estate of the Honorable Robert Boyle, who had left his personal estate to "such charitable and pious uses as his executors should think fit." After some litigation, it was agreed that William and Mary and Harvard Colleges in America should have this fund. Harvard was to have ninety pounds sterling per annum, and the Virginia college the remainder. The fund was invested in England, in landed property called the "Brafferton estate," and with the proceeds of this charity the "Brafferton House," one of the buildings on the College Green, was erected. The other building facing it, known as the "President's House," was erected in 1732, partially burned through accident by the French troops on their way to Yorktown in 1781, and rebuilt by Louis XVI., who presented five or six hundred valuable volumes to the library of the college.



WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, 1875.

To return to the first years of the institution, which, having now secured its charter and ample means, fairly entered on life. The site fixed upon by the charter was a certain spot called "Townsend's Land," on the southern bank of York River near Yorktown, supposed to have been Shields' Point. If the spot was found unwholesome, or any other valid objection presented itself, the Assembly was empowered to select some other site; and this they now did, directing the purchase, for the purpose, of three hundred and thirty acres in the Parish of Bruton, near Williamsburg, for the sum of one hundred and seventy pounds sterling. The plan of the building was drawn by Sir Christopher Wren; and Beverley, the Virginia historian, says that it was intended "to be an entire square when completed." It was never finished. The first commencement exercises were held in 1700, and the ceremony seems to have excited wide-spread interest. The planters of the colony flocked to the capital in their coaches—the dusky figures of numerous Indians mingled with the crowd—and it is said that curious spectators attended, from Maryland, Pennsylvania, and even New York, making the sea voyage in sloops for the purpose of being present. The sudden destruction of the building overthrew all the sanguine hopes of its friends. In 1705 a fire broke out in the college about ten at night, and completely destroyed it with its library and philosophical apparatus. The event was regarded as a public calamity, and the crowd, it seems, stood looking at the burning building in melancholy silence. We are told that "the Governor and all the gentlemen that were in town came up to the lamentable spectacle, many getting out of their beds. But the fire had got such power before it was discovered, and was so fierce, that there were no hopes of putting a stop to it, and, therefore, no attempts were made to that end."

Steps were taken by the authorities to rebuild the college, and we are informed that the work was going on in "Governor Spotswood's time;" his term of office began in 1710. Owing to want of means and the

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scarcity of workmen, it was not finished until the year 1723, but was so far completed in 1719, that the Convention of the Colonial Clergy held their session in the building. Of the original edifice no picture remains, but the tradition is, that it was rebuilt in precisely the same style; and of this second college we have a picture and a description which will thus serve for both: "The college front, which looks due east," says Hugh Jones in "The Present State of Virginia" (1729), "is double, and is one hundred and thirty-six feet long. At the north end runs back a large wing, which is a handsome hall, answerable to which the chapel is to be built. The building is

THE BOTETOURT STATUE.

beautiful and commodious, being first modeled by Sir Christopher Wren, adapted to the nature of the country by the gentlemen there; and since it was burned down it has been rebuilt, nicely contrived and adorned by the ingenious direction of Governor Spotswood, and is not altogether unlike Chelsea Hospital."

The College of William and Mary entered upon its long career in the pious spirit which had moved the founders of the institution, and the blessing of the Almighty seemed to accompany its exertions, and go with it in its work. The first words of the first entry in the oldest record book of the Faculty are the words of pious adjuration: *In nomine Dei, Patris, Filii et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.* This religious character of the college was indicated by the selection of officers to administer its affairs. We have noticed the fact that the first rector was the excellent James Blair, and its first chancellor Henry Compton, Bishop of London. The Bishops of London, with a single interregnum, continued to act as chancellors of the institution up to the American Revolution, and the presidents were the "commissaries" or representatives of the bishops in the colony. The college was thus, from the very first years of its existence, throughout all the varied scenes of its subsequent career, under pious influences; and when the colonies separated from the mother country the tradition was not lost. After the Revolution it was presided over by the eminent Bishop Madison and other distinguished divines, and by the present venerable Bishop Johns of Virginia. Every bishop in the State has, indeed, been in some manner connected with its administration, and the college, in spite of the infidel opinions which for a very brief space of time seemed to be invading it, about the period of the French Revolution, has been styled "the nursery of the Church in Virginia." Bishop Meade, one of the best informed and most reliable of men, writes: "It is positively affirmed by those most competent to speak, that the best ministers in Virginia were those educated at the college and sent over to England for ordination. The foreigners were the great scandal of the Church."

The college was uniformly regarded with high favor, and assisted to the utmost by the royal governors, who seem to have looked upon it as an important supporter of conservative ideas, and a nurse of loyal opinions in political affairs. There is no evidence that these characteristics were ever exhibited in a truckling manner; on the contrary, the great leaders of the Revolution in Virginia were nearly all of them graduates of the institution; but it is a noticeable fact that the English governors were its strong friends. Lord Botetourt presented it with a sum of money, the interest of which was to be appropriated annually to the purchase of two gold medals—one for the best classical scholar of the year, and the other for the one most proficient in philosophy. Governor Spotswood was also strongly interested in William and Mary, and exerted himself to persuade the chiefs of the Indian tribes to send their sons to the college. Many

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came, but the result was not encouraging. At Henrico, the attempt to civilize these people had been repaid by a bloody massacre of their benefactors, and now the whole scheme was seen to be illusory. The young Indians entered as students pined or fell into idle courses. A writer in 1724 says: "They have for the most part returned to their homes—some with and some without baptism—where they follow their own savage customs and heathenish rites, * * or loiter and idle away their time in laziness and mischief."

The famous "Old Chapel" was built in 1732, and became the place of sepulture of some of the most distinguished men of Virginia. It was in reference to the chapel and to old Bruton Church that Bishop Meade wrote: "Williamsburg was once the miniature copy of the Court of St. James, somewhat aping the manners of that royal place, while the old church grave-yard and the college chapel were—*si licet cum magnis componere parva*—the Westminster Abbey and the St. Paul's of London, where the great ones were interred." The first person who came to sleep beneath the pavement of this American Westminster Abbey was Sir John Randolph, who had espoused the English side during the Revolution and gone into exile; and he was followed by his two sons, John Randolph, formerly the King's Attorney-General, and Peyton Randolph, President of the first Congress, and by Bishop Madison, first Bishop of Virginia; Chancellor Nelson, and it is believed Lord Botetourt, the royal governor, whose statue was in 1797 placed upon the college green. Botetourt had been a warm friend of the Virginians and the Virginia college; and, as he had expressed a desire to be buried in the colony, his friend, the Duke of Beaufort, wrote, after his death, requesting that "the president, etc., of the college will permit me to erect a monument near the place where he was buried." This phrase is supposed to indicate that the old chapel of William and Mary contained the last remains of the most popular and beloved of the royal governors.

After long delay, and a successful weathering of the chances of time and tide, the college was now, at last, in full operation. It was a "beautiful and commodious" edifice of brick, one hundred and thirty-six feet long, surmounted by a cupola, with its rear wing described as a "handsome hall;" its piazza extending along the western front; its apartments for the "Indian Master" and his scholars; its park and extensive grounds, containing one hundred and fifty acres; and here and there on the green rose great live oaks heavy with foliage, beneath which passed to and fro the sixty-five students of the institution. Only here and at Harvard, in the Western World, had the ingrained instincts of the great Anglo-Saxon race begun to fight ignorance and superstition, and train the new generation in polite learning, and "good morals and manners" for the coming years.

THE BRUTON PARISH CHURCH.

A recital like that just made, dealing with charters, legislative enactments and dates, is always more or less uninteresting to the general reader, but has the merit at least of conveying information. We come now to a few incidents and details connected with the career of the old college, which will present a somewhat more lively picture of its character and proceedings. The students, whose average number up to the time of the Revolution was about sixty, seem to have resembled young gentlemen of their class in all ages of the world, and the Faculty were much exercised to control their restless energies, which took the direction of horse-races, cock-fights, and devotion to

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what the ancient record calls "ye billiard or other gaming tables." It was ordered by the authorities in 1752, that no student of any "age, rank or quality soever" (which

OLD CAPITOL, WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

strongly suggests the presence of aristocratic distinction) should "keep any race-horse at ye college, in ye town, or anywhere in ye neighbourhood;" an offense which had been evidently committed by some of the young "bloods," as the order proceeds to direct that all such race-horses should be "immediately dispatched and sent off and never again brought back;" and the students were to be in no manner "concerned in making races, or in backing or abetting those made by others." They were also forbidden, on pain of severe animadversions and punishments, to "presume to appear playing or betting at ye billiard or other gaming tables," as noticed above, or to be in "any way concerned in keeping or fighting cocks." This order was probably a severe blow to the mercurial young Virginians, who had been trained at home to take delight in thoroughbred horses and game-cocks, the passion for which is noticed by the Marquis de Chastellux as late as toward the end of the century, when he made his horseback journey through the Commonwealth. Other rules and regulations for the better ordering of affairs at the college have been preserved in the old records. *Tea* and *wine whey* were luxuries which *the housekeeper* was only to furnish to such students as were sick. Whenever the "young gentlemen" of the college appeared in public they were to wear the "academical dress." Mrs. Foster was to be "*the stocking mender* in the college," with a salary of twelve pounds, provided she furnished her own "lodging, diet, fire, and candles." On the subject of the consumption of intoxicating liquors within the bounds of the college, the views of the authorities will probably be regarded as somewhat lax, or, at least, as not amounting to prohibition. "Spirituous liquors were to be used only in that moderation which becomes *the prudent and industrious student;*" but, for fear that this regulation might be regarded as somewhat vague, the authorities proceed to define the species of drinks which the prudent and industrious student was at liberty to use at his meals. From the list were excluded all liquids whatever, except "beer, cider, toddy, and spirits-and-water," wine appearing to be prohibited in consequence of its dangerous properties. This singular legislation seems to have worked badly, and there was much more tippling at table in the college than ought to have been permitted. In 1798, when the "Bishop of Virginia was President of the College and had apartments in the buildings," the English traveler Weld noticed that half a dozen or more of the students—the eldest about twelve years of age—dined at his table one day when he was there; "some were without shoes and stockings, others without coats. During the dinner they constantly rose to help themselves *at the sideboard*"—to beer, cider, toddy, or spirits-and-water, it is fairly to be supposed. The writer adds, that the dinner consisted of "a couple of dishes of salted meat and some oyster soup," and mentions, he says, the queer proceeding of the students, as "it may convey some idea of American colleges and American dignitaries." And it is difficult to dissent from his strictures. The habits of the epoch must have been singularly lax to permit boys of twelve to sit at table in their shirt sleeves and bare feet with

COMMUNION SERVICE, BRUTON PARISH CHURCH.

a bishop present, and rise from their places during the meal to go and help themselves at the sideboard.

The ancient records contain minutes of the action of the visitors or governors of the college on another subject also—nothing less than the right of the Reverend Professors of Divinity and Grammar to take

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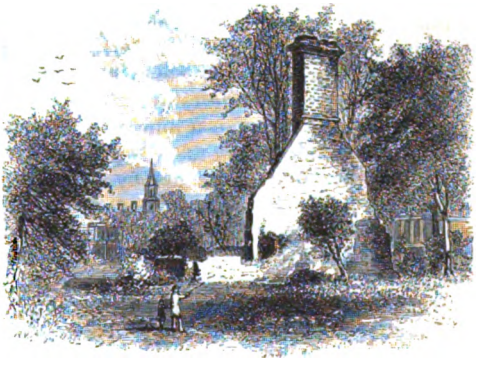
unto themselves wives! Nothing could be more laughable than the course of the visitors on this occasion, and it would be difficult to believe that grave and intelligent men could, in good earnest, take such action as was really taken by these gentlemen in the year 1769, did not the yellow old record remain as a proof of the fact. The ire of the

THE OLD RALEIGH TAVERN.

governors had been excited, it seems, by the strange and unwarrantable proceedings of the Rev. Mr. John Camm, Professor of Divinity, and the Rev. Mr. Josiah Johnson, Master of the Grammar School, who, with premeditation, no doubt, and without the fear of the Worshipful Governors before their eyes, had "*lately married*, and taken up their residence in the city of Williamsburg, by which great inconvenience has arisen to the college, and *the necessary attention which those Professors ought to pay to the conduct and behavior of the students and scholars has been almost totally interrupted.*" This grave dereliction of duty, resulting in such "inconvenience" to everybody, evidently presented itself to the governors in the light of a crime calling for instant and severe "animadversions and punishment," and fulmination ensued. They solemnly declared their opinion that the said Professors, by "engaging in marriage and the concerns of a private family, and shifting their residences to any place without the college," had acted in a manner "contrary to the principles on which the college was founded, and their duty as Professors." As a Bishop was generally the presiding officer, and the Bible itself gave him the right to be the husband of one wife, this prohibition thundered against the Professors seems strange. But the "governors" had evidently made up their minds deliberately. The first round was fired at Mr. Camm and Mr. Johnson in September—in December they discharged a broadside in the shape of a comprehensive resolve "that *all* Professors and Masters, hereafter to be appointed, be constantly resident of ye college, and upon the marriage of such Professor or Master, *that his Professorship be immediately vacated!*"

In such brief terms, stripped of all useless or misty verbiage, was the imperious anti-matrimonial will of the gentlemen governors fulminated. The poor Professors and Masters were not even to marry if they continued to be "constantly resident" within the college bounds. The words of the clergyman, "I pronounce you to be man and wife," were to operate *instanter* as a termination of their official connection with the institution!

It must be said, however, to the honor of the visitors—whose stern decrees on the above subject have now for a long time been completely disregarded—that they conducted the affairs of the college in the most judicious and intelligent manner, regulating every detail, and administering its finances so well, that its annual income reached four thousand pounds sterling, which made it "the richest college in North America." Their excellent judgment was shown in the appointment of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Zachary Taylor, grandfather of General Taylor, as surveyors, and in many other ways. The college and grounds



RUINS OF THE OLD COLONIAL PALACE.

were kept in perfect order, the students brought under orderly government, the old chapel was decorated with mural tablets over Sir John Randolph and Bishop Madi-

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son, and under their sway the institution flourished in every department. An interesting incident about the time of the Revolution was the organization of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, "the parent society in this country." The date of its origin was December 5th, 1776, and the first meeting was held in the "Apollo Room" of the old Raleigh Tavern. When the college was suspended in 1781, the records of this society were carefully sealed up and placed in the hands of the college steward, and on their examination in the year 1850, it was discovered that only one of the old members, Mr. William Short of Philadelphia, was still living. Mr. Short, who had been President of the Phi Beta Kappa when the college was closed, was at once communicated with, the society resumed its existence with this connecting link, and is now in full operation—its list of members before and since the Revolution numbering some of the most eminent names in the history of Virginia and in that of other States.

The fortunes, good or bad, of the College of William and Mary were always so closely wrapped up with those of the old metropolitan borough of Williamsburg, that some account, however brief, ought to be given of a few famous spots in the ancient capital, whose very dust may be said to be historic. In Williamsburg, every feature of the social, political, and religious organization of the epoch, reacted on every other feature. This state of things was singular, and in vivid contrast with the habitudes of the present time. The Crown extended its fostering or depressing hand over everything—over the church and the institutes of learning, as over political affairs, the whole constituting one fabric under "control of government." It thus happened that William and Mary found itself mixed up with all the ancient localities—the scenes of very interesting events. Old Bruton Church was for a long time the resort of the students on days of public worship. At the Old Capitol they witnessed the determined stand made by the Burgesses against the encroachments of the Crown. At the Old Palace they appeared annually on the 5th of November to present their copies of Latin verses to the Governor, as the representative of the King of England, the head of the institution. At the old Raleigh Tavern they met to found the Phi Beta Kappa Society, or to join in the festivities of the fine assemblies held in the historic "Apollo Room" in the building. When the revolutionary outburst came, the great drama was played before them, and they mingled in their "academical dresses" with the crowds which cheered the worthy Lord Botetourt as he rode in his fine chariot, drawn by its six white horses, to the Capitol, or hooted the unpopular Lord Dunmore as he fled to his man-of-war in the river after rifling the Old Magazine of its powder.

"Bruton Church," which is still standing, is one of the oldest of these historic buildings, and took its name from the parish—the college having been built, it will be remembered, on land "lying and being in the parish of Bruton." It was erected in 1678, and became a prominent feature of the colonial capital—a sort of miniature St. Paul's. The royal Governor had his fine pew there under its canopy, and around him on Sunday were grouped the most distinguished citizens of the place, the Councilors, Judges, and Burgesses. The old Bruton Church Communion Service is still in existence, and is shown in our engraving. The cup and patten are of gold, and were presented to the church by Sir John Page. The flagon, chalice and plate are of silver, and were presented by King George III., whose coat-of-arms is carved upon them. As the Rev. Mr. Blair of the college was always closely associated with the old church, of which he became, in 1710, the rector, the students of William and Mary must have attended the services, no chapel at the college having yet been erected. The engraving will convey a correct idea of this ancient cruciform building, whose ante-revolutionary history is particularly interesting in connection with its rector, James Blair. This gentleman managed generally to be at dagger's draw with the governors on ecclesiastical questions, and invariably overcame them, for there never was a harder fighter or a more dangerous adversary. When Governor Andros assumed high royal prerogatives in the appointment of ministers, Mr. Blair went to London, appeared before the Archbishop of Canterbury, confronted the Governor's representatives, and the historian of the affair sums up the result in the statement—"Never were four men more completely foiled by one." An equally obstinate combat occurred between Blair and his Excellency Governor Nicholson, who had conceived a furious passion for Miss Burwell, a young lady of Williamsburg. Mr. Blair interfered in the interest of "good morals and manners," when the violent Governor swore that he would "cut the throats of three men, the bridegroom, the minister, and the Justice

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who issued the license," in case Miss Burwell married any one besides himself. This threat Blair laughed at, and then proceeded to show that he was more than a

COLONIAL POWDER MAGAZINE, WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

match for his adversary. He preferred charges against Nicholson, who was tried in Lambeth Palace, and the result was his removal from the place of Governor. We are sorry to say that the clergy did not escape from this combat without some dust on their robes. Governor Nicholson charged them with meeting in a grand supper at the Raleigh Tavern to conspire against him—with indulging on that occasion in undue "hilarity;" a satirical ballad on the subject was circulated in Williamsburg and London, and the Bishop of London wrote the clergy a severe letter, begging them not to "play the fool any more"—all of which is related on the authority of Bishop Meade. The Rev. Commissary Blair was never charged with such improprieties. It seems incontestable that he was irritable and combative, but these quasi-vices seem to have served both William and Mary and Bruton Church.

Duke-of-Gloucester street, the main thoroughfare of Williamsburg, was a straight, broad avenue, three-quarters of a mile in length, with the college at one end, and the "Old Capitol" at the other. The city had been originally laid out in the eccentric form of the two letters W and M, the initials of William and Mary, but the "city fathers" had the good sense to change the plan. There were two "Old Capitols," one built in the first years of the eighteenth century, and destroyed by fire in 1746, and a second on the same site destroyed in the same manner in 1832. The latter is the historical old building called "the heart of rebellion," and a chance drawing by a lady of Williamsburg (see the engraving on page 8) is all that has rescued its outline from oblivion. The earlier edifice was connected, however, with many interesting scenes in the history of the colony; and it would prove attractive, if for nothing else, from the presence there of the martial figure of Spotswood, the founder of the "Horseshoe Knights," who slew the pirate Blackbeard, and was so mighty a worker in iron that he was called the "Tubal Cain of Virginia." The reverend clergyman and traveler, Mr. Jones, speaks with enthusiasm of the antique edifice, which, like the college, struck him as "beautiful and commodious;" indeed, "the best and most commodious pile of its kind that I have seen or heard of." He dwells with a sort of rapture on its excellent architecture. It was in the form of an H, with a handsome portico in the middle. The General Court sat on one side, and the House of Burgesses on the other; their hall being not unlike the House of Commons. In each wing was a staircase, one leading to the Council Chamber, "where the Governor and Council sit in very great state, in imitation of the King and Council, or the Lord Chancellor and House of Lords." Every officer had his room, and a cupola with a clock surmounted the edifice. A wall enclosed the grounds, and "a strong, sweet prison for criminals" rose near—also a debtors' prison, though it rarely had occupants, "the creditors being there generally very merciful." In the grounds might be seen "at public times a great number of handsom, well-dressed, compleat gentlemen," and, no doubt, roving students from William and Mary, fond of sight-seeing. Such was the first "Old Capitol built at the cost of the late Queen" Anne, and destroyed by fire in spite of the prohibition of "the use of fire, candles, and tobacco." The second building soon took its place, and witnessed the tumultuous scenes of 1774 and the succeeding years. It had already echoed with the thunders of the great debate on the Stamp Act in 1765, when Patrick Henry, a raw countryman, startled the Burgesses with his grand outburst, "Cæsar had his Brutus," etc., with which all are familiar. In the lobby, listening, was a young student of William and Mary College, named Thomas Jefferson, who afterward characterized the debate as most "bloody," and described the sudden

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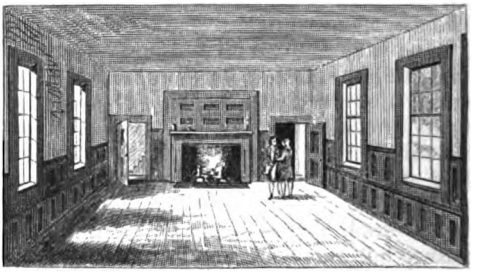
appearance of Edmund Randolph, as he came out of the Chamber, declaring, with a violent oath, that he would have given five hundred guineas for a single vote, which it seems would have defeated the famous resolutions of Henry. The Old Capitol was the scene of all the grand official pageants of that time. The royal governors, always fond of imitating regal proceedings, had the habit of riding from the "Palace" to the Capitol in their coaches drawn by four or even six horses, aiming thus to dazzle the eyes of the "provincials;" and, once enthroned in their Council Chamber, they seem to have felt that for the moment they were the real Kings of Virginia. The old chronicles leave no doubt of the lordly deportment of the royal governors on these occasions. "Yesterday, between three and four o'clock P. M.," says the "Virginia Gazette" for May 27, 1774, "the Right Honorable the Earl of Dunmore sent a message to the Honorable the House of Burgesses, by the Clerk of the Council, requiring their immediate attendance in the Council Chamber, when his Excellency spoke to them as follows." His address was that of Charles I. to his Parliament, demanding the five members. The Burgesses had "reflected" on the King and Parliament, and were sternly declared to be "dissolved." And the men who were thus imperiously addressed, who were dismissed by his Lordship with marks of his cold displeasure, as a schoolmaster dismisses his school-boys, were Jefferson, Henry, Mason, and Pendleton—the greatest names, in a word, of the time. A singular ceremony followed this scene. On the next evening the House of Burgesses gave a ball at the Old Raleigh Tavern, "to welcome Lady Dunmore and the rest of the Governor's family to Virginia!"—a proceeding which has been compared to the bow of a swordsman before crossing his adversary's weapon. Other interesting scenes connected with the Old Capitol must be sought for in the annals of the time. It was destroyed by fire in 1832, and only a few articles were rescued. Among these was the tall "Speaker's Chair," behind which was a red curtain, held aloft by an ornamental rod, and a remarkable antique stove covered with carvings. This chair and stove were removed to the Capitol of Richmond—the chair continuing to be that of the Speaker of the House of Delegates, and the stove taking its place near the statue of Washington by Houdon, in the rotunda of the Virginia Capitol.

The "Palace" of the royal governors, of which only a few ruins remain, stood on Palace street, a broad thoroughfare running northward from Gloucester street. The building connected with so many scenes of the revolutionary outburst was not the original structure, occupied by Spotswood. Of the first building, Mr. Jones gives an account full of his habitual enthusiasm. It was a "magnificent structure, finished and beautified with gates, fine gardens, offices, walks, a fine canal, orchards," etc.; and in the building were stands of the best arms, "nicely posited by the ingenious contrivance of the most accomplished Colonel Spotswood," and above the building rose "a good cupola or lantern illuminating most of the town." The cause of the destruction of this building is not recorded—the Palace occupied by Fauquier, Botetourt, Dunmore, etc., was an edifice on the same site with a front of seventy-four feet and a depth of sixty-eight. The grounds consisted of three hundred and sixty acres, beautifully laid out in gardens, walks, carriage roads, a bowling-green, etc.; and in the park in front stood some fine Scottish lindens, planted by Lord Dunmore, which on "gala nights" were hung with colored lanterns. In the great reception-room of the Palace were portraits of the King and Queen, and it seems that here, as well as in the Council Room of the Old Capitol, was transacted much of the public business.



"APOLLO ROOM," OLD RALEIGH TAVERN.

The ruins represented in the engraving are said to be the remains of the Governor's "guard-houses," though there is no authority for the supposition that an armed guard was posted to keep watch over Governor and Palace.

"The Palace," as it was called, had always played an important part in the festivities of Williamsburg—the resort of the gayest and wealthiest society of the colony. The elegance and attraction of this society were even recognized by Fauquier, Botetourt,

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and the others, and they gave superb entertainments to the Burgesses when they assembled,—on the King's birthday,—or whenever it pleased them. The political grandeur of his Viceregal Excellency's sessions in the Old Capitol was to be equaled by the social grandeur of his assemblies at the Palace. Like royalty, he held his "drawing-room"—received his subjects superbly, standing under the portraits of the King and Queen; and it is certain that with Botetourt and others this was a sincere pleasure. It is not so certain that Lord Dunmore had any such feeling, or indeed gave any balls. The Burgesses, as we have seen, offered his wife and daughters the compliment of one, but it does not appear to have been repaid by courtesies on his own part. The "Palace" only appears, during his sway, on one occasion, and then in the disagreeable light of a fortress guarded against the irruption of the gay Virginians. It was reported that his Excellency had arms ranged in rows on the floor ready to do execution on any inconsiderate rebels who assailed him. He soon afterward abandoned the capital, having first removed the powder from the Colonial Magazine.

This building, popularly known as the "Old Magazine," is still standing. It goes back to a period which in America may be called a tolerably remote antiquity, having been erected by Governor Spotswood in the year 1716. The building is octagonal, surmounted by a pointed roof, and is very substantial. Each of the octagonal sides is twelve feet in width, giving an interior diameter of about thirty feet. It has been variously employed since the Revolution as a Baptist meeting-house, etc.; but it is the aim of some gentlemen of Williamsburg now to restore it and preserve it as an historical relic. The Old Magazine appears but once in history, but this single appearance is a dramatic one, and renders the spot highly interesting. The incident is too well known to require more than brief mention. Lord Dunmore, acting apparently like Gage in Massachusetts, under general orders from his Government to disarm the people, secretly removed the powder from the magazine under cover of darkness and sent it off. The act excited enormous indignation, and Patrick Henry marched at the head of an armed force upon Williamsburg, only consenting to disband his men when the powder was paid for. Soon afterward, Dunmore fled from the capital never again to return.

The last historic locality demanding notice is the Old Raleigh Tavern, which, like almost every landmark of the past at Williamsburg, has been destroyed by fire. No American "hostelry," either North or South,

INTERIOR OF LIBRARY, WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

was as famous as "The Raleigh." The date of its origin is not accurately known, but it was probably erected before or soon after the year 1700. The building was of wood, one full story in height, with an attic above lit by eight dormer windows in each wing—the house being in the form of an L, with a basement and entrance doors nearly in the center of each front, over one of which was a leaden bust of Sir Walter Raleigh. The main apartment was called the "Apollo Room," for what reason it seems difficult to discover; and this room, which was large, well lit, with a deep fireplace, on each side of which a door opened, and a carved wainscoting beneath the windows and above the mantel-piece, witnessed probably more scenes of brilliant festivity and political excitement than any other single apartment in North America. Spotswood and the early dignitaries of the colony must have been familiar with this old apartment; Botetourt, on his arrival in Virginia, supped here in state, and with the advent of the Revolution, it grew suddenly popular as the place of meeting of the patriots. It had long been used for the grand balls of the time, called "assemblies," and in 1763 or 1764 we find Jefferson, then a gay young student at Williamsburg, or "Devilsburg," as he always wrote in his letters, declaring that he was as happy on the night before

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as "dancing with Belinda in the Apollo" could make him. The ancient room saw, indeed, at one time or another, all that was brilliant and graceful in the Virginia society of the eighteenth century, and its high reputation as a ball-room is shown by the grand assembly held there in honor of Lord Dunmore—a "state affair" under the auspices of the Honorable House of Burgesses. This social importance of the "Apollo Room" was supplemented by a high political renown. On the dissolution of the Burgesses, they retired from the Capitol *en masse* to the "Apollo," where they entered into the non-importation agreement, passed resolves against England, and subsequently originated the "Committee of Correspondence," the main political engine, uniting in one column, for resistance or attack, all the colonies of North America against England. The detailed history of this famous tavern is worth the attention of some persevering antiquary. We can only add here that the rear wing first disappeared, and about the middle of the present century the remainder was destroyed by fire.

MAIN STREET, WILLIAMSBURG — FROM THE COLLEGE WINDOWS.

The history of William and Mary College, to which we now return in a few concluding paragraphs, presents since the Revolution some interesting incidents which we shall briefly mention. In 1781 the building was partially destroyed by fire, while occupied by the French troops, in the absence of the students, but rebuilt by the King of France, who made an important accession to the library. In 1788, General Washington, who had held his appointment as Surveyor from the institution, was made Chancellor. Bishop Madison also had charge of the college, as President, until 1812, and about 1848, the present Bishop Johns of Virginia became President, remaining in office until 1854. At present the institution is under the control of the able and estimable President Benjamin S. Ewell, who has been connected with it for the best part of half a century.

In February, 1859, the college was again destroyed by fire, some of the students being exposed to imminent peril. The old portraits in the "Blue Room" and the College Seal were rescued by President Ewell,—also the records of the institution. With these exceptions, almost everything was lost—including the rare volumes of the library. Such was the energy of the authorities, however, that one year afterward, day for day—that is to say, on the 8th of February, 1860, the college had been completely rebuilt and furnished, and was again in full operation, with ample means to sustain its Faculty. In May, 1861, the existence of actual war in the immediate vicinity rendered it necessary to suspend the exercises, and on the 9th of September, 1862, a disorganized force of Federal cavalry, then in possession of Williamsburg, fired and destroyed the principal building, with the furniture and apparatus, subsequently injuring the property to the extent, in all, of about $80,000. The college now seemed to have fallen never to rise again, but its friends did not despair, and in August, 1865, determined to repair some of the buildings, and re-open the institution. This was promptly done, largely by means of contributions, not only from Virginians, but from friends of education in other States and countries, among whom were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Derby, and others in England; Messrs. Stewart, Belmont, Harper, Appleton, English, Scribner, and others in New York; Messrs. Childs, Lippincott, and many more in Philadelphia, and the first citizens in Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Georgetown, etc., the list being far too long to present in this place. About the same time the "Matty fund," an ancient charity, dating from 1741, and amounting to more than $8,000, was secured; and with this fund was established "The Grammar and Matty School." To end

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this brief summary of recent events in the history of the college, President Ewell has appeared three times before Congressional Committees—the last time in April, 1874—urging the justice of an appropriation for the college, in consideration of "Revolutionary losses, and because of the destruction of its building, and other property, by United States troops, during the late Civil War,"—a petition eloquently supported by the Hon. Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts.* Of the result, if any, of this application, we are not advised. In 1869, the main building was substantially restored, the Faculty fully re-organized; and the venerable institution has begun a new career of usefulness, under able and experienced officers, in whose hands it promises to resume its ancient celebrity. If excelled in wealth and the number of students by other universities, it is unsurpassed for the excellence of its moral and intellectual training, and the refined influences surrounding it in the old city of Williamsburg, now, as formerly, remarkable for the high tone of its society. Let it be added that, surely, the historical glories of the old Virginia capital should count for something. It is scarcely a mere fancy that something of the spirit of patriotism and virtue which inspired Washington, Jefferson, Pendleton, and other eminent men of the last century, lingers in the ancient metropolis—and to resemble these is the worthiest aim that the young men of to-day could present to themselves.

* General Meade thus writes in relation to this destruction:

"I am satisfied, on examination of the facts of the case, that the destruction of the buildings of William and Mary College by our troops was not only unnecessary and unauthorized, but was one of those deplorable acts of useless destruction which occur in all wars.

"In this view, and believing that its reconstruction will tend to cement and strengthen the bonds of union, and to give encouragement to the growth and spreading of Union principles, I take great pleasure in recommending the appeal of Professor Ewell to all those who have the means and the disposition to assist him in the good work in which he is engaged."

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

BEAUTY for ashes thou hast brought me, dear!
A time there was when all my soul lay waste,
As the earth dark before the dawning lies
Whereto the golden feet of morn make haste.

Like morn thou comest, gladness in thine eyes,
And gracious pity round thine ardent mouth—
Like rain of summer upon wasted lands,
Thy tender tears refreshed my spirit's drouth.

To-day is calm. Far off the tempest raves
That long ago swept dead men to the shore—
I can forget how those wild billows broke—
Against my hopes and me they break no more.

White butterflies flit shining in the sun—
Red roses burst to bloom upon the tree—
Birds call to birds till the glad day is done,
The day of beauty thou hast brought to me.

Shall I forget, O gentle heart and true,
How thy fair dawn has risen on my night—
Turned dark to day all golden through and through—
From soil of grief won bloom of new delight?

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GABRIEL CONROY.*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER I.

WITHOUT.

SNOW. Everywhere. As far as the eye could reach—fifty miles, looking southward from the highest white peak. Filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from the walls of cañons in white shroud-like drifts, fashioning the dividing ridge into the likeness of a monstrous grave, hiding the bases of giant pines, and completely covering young trees and larches, rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon. Snow lying everywhere over the California Sierras on the 15th day of March, 1848, and still falling.

It had been snowing for ten days; snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp, spongy flakes, in thin, feathery plumes; snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely, shaken out of purple-black clouds in white flocculent masses, or dropping in long level lines like white lances from the tumbled and broken heavens. But always silently! The woods were so choked with it, the branches were so laden with it, it had so permeated, filled and possessed earth and sky; it had so cushioned and muffled the ringing rocks and echoing hills that all sound was deadened. The strongest gust, the fiercest blast awoke no sigh or complaint from the snow-packed, rigid files of forest. There was no cracking of bough nor crackle of underbrush; the overladen branches of pine and fir yielded and gave way without a sound. The silence was vast, measureless, complete!

Nor could it be said that any outward sign of life or motion changed the fixed outlines of this stricken landscape. Above, there was no play of light and shadow, only the occasional deepening of storm or night. Below, no bird winged its flight across the white expanse, no beast haunted the confines of the black woods; whatever of brute nature might have once inhabited these solitudes had long since flown to the low lands. There was no track or imprint; whatever foot might have left its mark upon this waste, each succeeding snow-fall obliterated all trace or record. Every morning the solitude was virgin and unbroken; a million tiny feet had stepped into the track and filled it up. And yet, in the center of this desolation, in the very stronghold of this grim fortress, there was the mark of human toil.

A few trees has been felled at the entrance of the cañon, and the freshly cut chips were but lightly covered with snow. They served perhaps to indicate another tree, "blazed" with an axe, and bearing a rudely shaped wooden effigy of a human hand, pointing to the cañon. Below the hand was a square strip of canvas, securely nailed against the bark, and bearing the following inscription:

"NOTICE.

Captain CONROY'S party of emigrants are lost in the snow, and camped up this cañon. Out of provisions and starving!

Left St. Jo, October 8th, 1847.
Left Salt Lake, January 1st, 1848.
Arrived here, March 1st, 1848.

Lost half our stock on the Platte.

Abandoned our wagons, February 20th.

HELP!

Our names are:

JOEL MCCORMICK, JANE BRACKETT,
PETER DUMPHY, GABRIEL CONROY,
PAUL DEVARGES, JOHN WALKER,
GRACE CONROY, HENRY MARCH,
OLYMPIA CONROY, PHILIP ASHLEY,
MARY DUMPHY.

(Then in smaller letters, in pencil):

MAMIE died, November 8th, Sweetwater.
MINNIE died December 1st, Echo Cañon.
JANE died January 2d, Salt Lake.
JAMES BRACKETT, lost February 3d.

HELP!"

The language of suffering is not apt to be artistic or studied, but I think that rhetoric could not improve this actual record. So I let it stand, even as it stood this 15th day of March, 1848, half-hidden by a thin film of damp snow, the snow-whitened hand stiffened and pointing rigidly to the fateful cañon like the finger of Death.

At noon there was a lull in the storm and

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Bret Harte, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

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a slight brightening of the sky toward the east. The grim outlines of the distant hills returned, and the starved white flank of the mountain began to glisten. Across its gaunt hollow some black object was moving. Moving slowly and laboriously—moving with such an uncertain mode of progression that at first it was difficult to detect whether it was brute or human—sometimes on all fours, sometimes erect, again hurrying forward like a drunken man, but always with a certain definiteness of purpose, toward the cañon.

As it approached nearer you saw that it was a man. A haggard man, ragged and enveloped in a tattered buffalo robe, but still a man, and a determined one. A young man, despite his bent figure and wasted limbs—a young man despite the premature furrows that care and anxiety had set upon his brow and in the corners of his rigid mouth—a young man notwithstanding the expression of savage misanthropy with which suffering and famine had overlaid the frank impulsiveness of youth.

When he reached the tree at the entrance of the cañon, he brushed the film of snow from the canvas placard, and then leaned for a few moments exhaustedly against its trunk. There was something in the abandonment of his attitude that indicated even more pathetically than his face and figure his utter prostration—a prostration quite inconsistent with any visible cause. When he had rested himself, he again started forward with a nervous intensity, shambling, shuffling, falling, stopping to replace the rudely extemporized snow-shoes of fir bark that frequently slipped from his feet, but always starting on again with the feverishness of one who doubted even the sustaining power of his will.

A mile beyond the tree the cañon narrowed and turned gradually to the south, and at this point a thin curling cloud of smoke was visible that seemed to rise from some crevice in the snow. As he came nearer, the impression of recent foot-prints began to show; there was some displacement of the snow around a low mound from which the smoke now plainly issued. Here he stopped, or rather lay down, before an opening or cavern in the snow, and uttered a feeble shout. It was responded to still more feebly. Presently a face appeared above the opening, and a ragged figure like his own, then another, and then another, until eight human creatures, men and women, surrounded him in the snow, squatting like animals, and like animals lost to all sense of decency and shame.

They were so haggard, so faded, so forlorn, so wan,—so piteous in their human aspect, or rather all that was left of a human aspect,—that they might have been wept over as they sat there; they were so brutal, so imbecile, unreasoning and grotesque in these newer animal attributes, that they might have provoked a smile. They were originally country people, mainly of that social class whose self-respect is apt to be dependent rather on their circumstances, position and surroundings, than upon any individual moral power or intellectual force. They had lost the sense of shame in the sense of equality of suffering; there was nothing within them to take the place of the material enjoyments they were losing. They were childish without the ambition or emulation of childhood; they were men and women without the dignity or simplicity of man and womanhood. All that had raised them above the level of the brute was lost in the snow. Even the characteristics of sex were gone; an old woman of sixty quarreled, fought, and swore with the harsh utterance and ungainly gestures of a man; a young man of scorbutic temperament wept, sighed, and fainted with the hysteria of a woman. So profound was their degradation that the stranger who had thus evoked them from the earth, even in his very rags and sadness, seemed of another race.

They were all intellectually weak and helpless, but one, a woman, appeared to have completely lost her mind. She carried a small blanket wrapped up to represent a child—the tangible memory of one that had starved to death in her arms a few days before—and rocked it from side to side as she sat, with a faith that was piteous. But even more piteous was the fact that none of her companions took the least notice, either by sympathy or complaint, of her aberration. When a few moments later she called upon them to be quiet, for that "baby" was asleep, they glared at her indifferently and went on. A red-haired man, who was chewing a piece of buffalo hide, cast a single murderous glance at her, but the next moment seemed to have forgotten her presence in his more absorbing occupation.

The stranger paused a moment rather to regain his breath than to wait for their more orderly and undivided attention. Then he uttered the single word:

"Nothing!"

"Nothing." They all echoed the word,

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simultaneously, but with different inflection and significance—one fiercely, another gloomily, another stupidly, another mechanically. The woman with the blanket baby explained to it, "he says 'nothing,'" and laughed.

"No—nothing," repeated the speaker. "Yesterday's snow blocked up the old trail again. The beacon on the summit's burnt out. I left a notice at the Divide. Do that again, Dumphy, and I'll knock the top of your d——d head off."

Dumphy, the red-haired man, had rudely shoved and stricken the woman with the baby—she was his wife, and this conjugal act may have been partly habit—as she was crawling nearer the speaker. She did not seem to notice the blow or its giver—the apathy with which these people received blows or slights was more terrible than wrangling—but said, assuringly, when she had reached the side of the young man:

"To-morrow, then?"

The face of the young man softened as he made the same reply he had made for the last eight days to the same question:

"To-morrow, surely!"

She crawled away, still holding the effigy of her dead baby very carefully, and retreated down the opening.

"'Pears to me you don't do much ennyway, out scouting! 'Pears to me you ain't worth shucks!" said the harsh-voiced woman, glancing at the speaker. "Why don't some on ye take his place? Why do you trust your lives and the lives of women to that thar Ashley?" she continued, with her voice raised to a strident bark.

The hysterical young man, Henry Conroy, who sat next to her, turned a wild, scared face upon her, and then, as if fearful of being dragged into the conversation, disappeared hastily after Mrs. Dumphy.

Ashley shrugged his shoulders and, replying to the group, rather than any individual speaker, said curtly:

"There's but one chance—equal for all—open to all. You know what it is. To stay here is death; to go, cannnot be worse than that."

He rose and walked slowly away up the cañon a few rods to where another mound was visible, and disappeared from their view. When he had gone, a querulous chatter went around the squatting circle.

"Gone to see the old Doctor and the gal. We're no account."

"Thar's two too many in this yer party."

"Yes—the crazy Doctor and Ashley."

"They're both interlopers, any way."

"Jonahs."

"Said no good could come of it, ever since we picked him up."

"But the Cap'n invited the ol' Doctor, and took all his stock at Sweetwater, and Ashley put in his provisions with the rest."

The speaker was McCormick. Somewhere in the feeble depths of his consciousness there was still a lingering sense of justice. He was hungry, but not unreasonable. Besides, he remembered with a tender regret the excellent quality of provision that Ashley had furnished.

"What's that got to do with it?" screamed Mrs. Brackett. "He brought the bad luck with him. Ain't my husband dead, and isn't that skunk—an entire stranger—still livin'?"

The voice was masculine, but the logic was feminine. In cases of great prostration with mental debility, in the hopeless vacuity that precedes death by inanition or starvation, it is sometimes very effective. They all assented to it, and by a singular intellectual harmony the expression of each was the same. It was simply "G——d d——n him!"

"What are you goin' to do?"

"If I was a man, I'd know!"

"Knife him!"

"Kill him, and——"

The remainder of this sentence was lost to the others in a confidential whisper between Mrs. Brackett and Dumphy. After this confidence they sat and wagged their heads together like two unmatched but hideous Chinese idols.

"Look at his strenth! and he not a workin' man like us," said Dumphy. "Don't tell me he don't get suthin reg'lar."

"Suthin what?"

"Suthin TO EAT!"

But it is impossible to convey even by capitals the intense emphasis put upon this verb. It was followed by a horrible pause.

"Let's go and see."

"And kill him," suggested the gentle Mrs. Brackett.

They all rose with a common interest almost like enthusiasm. But after they had tottered a few steps, they fell. Yet even then there was not enough self-respect left among them to feel any sense of shame or mortification in their baffled design. They stopped, all except Dumphy.

"Wot's that dream you was talkin' 'bout jess now?" said Mr. McCormick, sitting down and abandoning the enterprise with the most shameless indifference.

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"'Bout the dinner at St. Jo?" asked the person addressed—a gentleman whose faculty of alimentary imagination had been at once the bliss and torment of his present social circle.

"Yes."

They all gathered eagerly around Mr. McCormick; even Mr. Dumphy, who was still moving away, stopped.

"Well," said Mr. March, "it began with beefsteak and injins—beefsteak, you know, juicy and cut very thick, and jess squashy with gravy and injins." There was a very perceptible watering of the mouth in the party, and Mr. March, with the genius of a true narrator, under the plausible disguise of having forgotten his story, repeated the last sentence—"jess squashy with gravy and injins. And taters—baked."

"You said fried before!—and dripping with fat!"—interposed Mrs. Brackett, hastily.

"For them as likes fried—but baked goes furder—skins and all—and sassage and coffee and—flapjacks!"

At this magical word they laughed, not mirthfully perhaps, but eagerly and expectantly, and said, "Go on!"

"And flapjacks!"

"You said that afore"—said Mrs. Brackett with a burst of passion. "Go on, d—n you!"

The giver of this Barmacide feast, saw his dangerous position, and looked around for Dumphy. But he had disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

WITHIN.

THE hut into which Ashley descended was, like a Greenlander's "iglook," below the surface of the snow. Accident rather than design had given it this Arctic resemblance. As snow upon snow had blocked up its entrance, and reared its white ladders against its walls, and as the strength of its exhausted inmates slowly declined, communication with the outward world was kept up only by a single narrow passage. Excluded from the air, it was close and stifling, but it had a warmth that perhaps the thin blood of its occupants craved more than light or ventilation.

A smoldering fire in a wooden chimney threw a faint flicker on the walls. By its light, lying upon the floor, were discernible four figures—a young woman and a child of three or four years wrapped in a single blanket, near the fire; nearer the door two men separately enwrapped lay apart. They might have been dead, so deep and motionless were their slumbers.

Perhaps some fear of this filled the mind of Ashley as he entered, for after a moment's hesitation, without saying a word, he passed quickly to the side of the young woman, and, kneeling beside her, placed his hand upon her face. Slight as was the touch, it awakened her. I know not what subtile magnetism was in that contact, but she caught the hand in her own, sat up, and before her eyes were scarcely opened, uttered the single word:

"Philip!"

"Grace—hush!"

He took her hand, kissed it, and pointed warningly toward the other sleepers.

"Speak low. I have much to say to you."

The young girl seemed to be content to devour the speaker with her eyes.

"You have come back," she whispered, with a faint smile, and a look that showed too plainly the predominance of that fact above all others in her mind. "I dreamed of you—Philip."

"Dear Grace," he kissed her hand again. "Listen to me, darling! I have come back, but only with the old story—no signs of succor, no indications of help from without! My belief is, Grace," he added, in a voice so low as to be audible only to the quick ear to which it was addressed, "that we have blundered far south of the usual traveled trail. Nothing but a miracle or a misfortune like our own would bring another train this way. We are alone and helpless—in an unknown region that even the savage and brute have abandoned. The only aid we can calculate upon is from within—from ourselves. What that aid amounts to," he continued, turning a cynical eye toward the sleepers, "you know as well as I."

She pressed his hand, apologetically, as if accepting the reproach herself, but did not speak.

"As a party we have no strength—no discipline," he went on. "Since your father died we have had no leader—I know what you would say, Grace, dear," he continued, answering the mute protest of the girl's hand, "but even if it were true—if *I* were capable of leading them, they would not take my counsels. Perhaps it is as well. If we kept together, the greatest peril of our situation would be ever present—the peril from *ourselves!*"

He looked intently at her as he spoke, but she evidently did not take his meaning.

"Grace," he said, desperately, "when

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starving men are thrown together, they are capable of any sacrifice—of any crime, to keep the miserable life that they hold so dear—just in proportion as it becomes valueless. You have read in books—Grace! good God—what is the matter?"

If she had not read his meaning in books, she might have read it at that moment in the face that was peering in the door, a face with so much of animal suggestion in its horrible wistfulness that she needed no further revelation; a face full of inhuman ferocity and watchful eagerness, and yet a face familiar in its outlines—the face of Dumphy! Even with her danger came the swifter instinct of feminine tact and concealment, and without betraying the real cause of her momentary horror, she dropped her head upon Philip's shoulder and whispered, "I understand." When she raised her head again the face was gone.

"Enough! I did not mean to frighten you, Grace, but only to show you what we must avoid—what we have still strength left to avoid. There is but one chance of escape, you know what it is—a desperate one, but no more desperate than this passive waiting for a certain end. I ask you again—will you share it with me? When I first spoke I was less sanguine than now. Since then I have explored the ground carefully, and studied the trend of these mountains. It is *possible*. I say no more."

"But my sister and brother?"

"The child would be a hopeless impediment, even if she could survive the fatigue and exposure. Your brother must stay with her; she will need all his remaining strength and all the hopefulness that keeps him up. No, Grace, we must go alone. Remember, our safety means theirs. Their strength will last until we can send relief; while they would sink in the attempt to reach it with us. I would go alone, but I cannot bear, dear Grace, to leave you here."

"I should die if you left me," she said simply.

"I believe you would, Grace," he said as simply.

"But can we not wait? Help may come at any moment—to-morrow."

"To-morrow will find us weaker. I should not trust your strength nor my own a day longer."

"But the old man—the Doctor?"

"He will soon be beyond the reach of help," said the young man sadly. "Hush, he is moving!"

One of the blanketed figures had rolled over. Philip walked to the fire, threw on a fresh stick and stirred the embers. The upspringing flash showed the face of an old man whose eyes were fixed with feverish intensity upon him.

"What are you doing with the fire?" he asked querulously, with a slight foreign accent.

"Stirring it!"

"Leave it alone!"

Philip listlessly turned away.

"Come here," said the old man.

Philip approached.

"You need say nothing," said the old man, after a pause, in which he examined Philip's face keenly. "I read your news in your face—the old story—I know it by heart."

"Well?" said Philip.

"Well!" said the old man, stolidly.

Philip again turned away.

"You buried the case and papers?" asked the old man.

"Yes."

"Through the snow—in the earth?"

"Yes."

"Securely?"

"Securely."

"How did you indicate it?"

"By a cairn of stones."

"And the notices—in German and French?"

"I nailed them up wherever I could, near the old trail."

"Good."

The cynical look on Philip's face deepened as he once more turned away. But before he reached the door he paused, and drawing from his breast a faded flower, with a few limp leaves, handed it to the old man.

"I found a duplicate of the plant you were looking for."

The old man half rose on his elbow, breathless with excitement as he clutched and eagerly examined the plant.

"It is the same," he said, with a sigh of relief, "and yet—you said there was no news!"

"May I ask what it means?" said Philip, with a slight smile.

"It means that I am right, and Linnæus, Darwin, and Eschenholtz are wrong. It means a discovery. It means that this which you call an Alpine flower is not one, but a new species."

"An important fact to starving men," said Philip, bitterly.

"It means more," continued the old man, without heeding Philip's tone. "It means

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that this flower is not developed in perpetual snow. It means that it is first germinated in a warm soil and under a kindly sun. It means that if you had not plucked it, it would have fulfilled its destiny under those conditions. It means that in two months grass will be springing where you found it—even where we now lie. We are below the limit of perpetual snow."

"In two months!" said the young girl, eagerly, clasping her hands.

"In two months," said the young man, bitterly. "In two months we shall be far from here, or dead."

"Probably!" said the old man, coolly, "but if you have fulfilled my injunctions in regard to my papers and the collection, they will in good time be discovered and saved."

Ashley turned away with an impatient gesture, and the old man's head again sank exhaustedly upon his arm. Under the pretext of caressing the child, Ashley crossed over to Grace, uttered a few hurried and almost inaudible words, and disappeared through the door. When he had gone, the old man raised his head again and called feebly:

"Grace!"

"Dr. Devarges!"

"Come here!"

She rose and crossed over to his side.

"Why did he stir the fire, Grace?" said Devarges, with a suspicious glance.

"I don't know."

"You tell him everything—did you tell him that?"

"I did not, sir."

Devarges looked as if he would read the inmost thoughts of the girl, and then, as if re-assured, said:

"Take it from the fire, and let it cool in the snow."

The young girl raked away the embers of the dying fire, and disclosed what seemed to be a stone of the size of a hen's egg, incandescent and glowing. With the aid of two half-burnt sticks she managed to extract it, and deposited it in a convenient snow-drift near the door, and then returned to the side of the old man.

"Grace!"

"Sir!"

"You are going away!"

Grace did not speak.

"Don't deny it. I overheard you. Perhaps it is the best that you can do. But whether it is or not you will do it—of course. Grace, what do you know of that man?"

Neither the contact of daily familiarity, the equality of suffering, nor the presence of approaching death could subdue the woman's nature in Grace. She instantly raised her shield. From behind it she began to fence feebly with the dying man.

"Why, what we all know of him, sir,—a true friend; a man to whose courage, intellect, and endurance we owe so much. And so unselfish, sir!"

"Humph!—what else?"

"Nothing—except that he has always been your devoted friend—and I thought you were his. You brought him to us," she said, a little viciously.

"Yes—I picked him up at Sweetwater. But what do you know of his history? What has he told you?"

"He ran away from a wicked step-father and relations whom he hated. He came out West to live alone—among the Indians—or to seek his fortune in Oregon. He is very proud—you know, sir. He is as unlike us as you are, sir,—he is a gentleman. He is educated."

"Yes, I believe that's what they call it here, and he doesn't know the petals of a flower from the stamens," muttered Devarges. "Well! After you run away with him does he propose to marry you?"

For an instant a faint flush deepened the wan cheek of the girl, and she lost her guard. But the next moment she recovered it.

"Oh, sir," said this arch hypocrite, sweetly, "how can you jest so cruelly at such a moment? The life of my dear brother and sister, the lives of the poor women in yonder hut, depend upon our going. He and I are the only ones left who have strength enough to make the trial. I can assist him, for, although strong, I require less to support my strength than he. Something tells me we shall be successful; we shall return soon with help. Oh, sir,—it is no time for trifling now; our lives—even your own is at stake!"

"My own life," said the old man impassively, "is already spent. Before you return, if you return at all, I shall be beyond your help."

A spasm of pain appeared to pass over his face. He lay still for a moment as if to concentrate his strength for a further effort. But, when he again spoke, his voice was much lower, and he seemed to articulate with difficulty.

"Grace," he said at last, "come, nearer, girl,—I have something to tell you."

Grace hesitated. Within the last few moments a shy, nervous dread of the man

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which she could not account for had taken possession of her. She looked toward her sleeping brother.

"He will not waken," said Devarges, following the direction of her eyes. "The anodyne still holds its effect. Bring me what you took from the fire."

Grace brought the stone—a dull bluish-gray slag. The old man took it, examined it, and then said to Grace:

"Rub it briskly on your blanket."

Grace did so. After a few moments it began to exhibit a faint white luster on its polished surface.

"It looks like silver," said Grace, doubtfully.

"It *is* silver!" replied Devarges.

Grace put it down quickly and moved slightly away.

"Take it," said the old man,—"it is yours. A year ago I found it in a ledge of the mountain range far west of this. I know where it lies in bulk—a fortune, Grace, do you hear?—hidden in the bluish stone you put in the fire for me last night. I can tell you where and how to find it. I can give you the title to it—the right of discovery. Take it—it is yours."

"No, no," said the girl hurriedly, keep it yourself. You will live to enjoy it."

"Never, Grace! even were I to live I should not make use of it. I have in my life had more than my share of it, and it brought me no happiness. It has no value to me—the rankest weed that grows above it is worth more in my eyes. Take it. To the world it means everything,—wealth and position. Take it. It will make you as proud and independent as your lover—it will make you always gracious in his eyes;—it will be a setting to your beauty,—it will be a pedestal to your virtue. Take it—it is yours."

"But you have relatives—friends," said the girl, drawing away from the shining stone with a half superstitious awe. "There are others whose claims—"

"None greater than yours," interrupted the old man, with the nervous haste of failing breath. "Call it a reward if you choose. Look upon it as a bribe to keep your lover to the fulfillment of his promise to preserve my manuscripts and collection. Think, if you like, that it is an act of retribution—that once in my life I might have known a young girl whose future would have been blest by such a gift. Think—think—what you like—but take it!"

His voice had sunk to a whisper. A grayish pallor had overspread his face and his breath came with difficulty. Grace would have called her brother, but with a motion of his hand Devarges restrained her. With a desperate effort he raised himself upon his elbow, and drawing an envelope from his pocket, put it in her hand.

"It contains—map—description of mine and locality—yours—say you will take it—Grace, quick, say—"

His head had again sunk to the floor. She stooped to raise it. As she did so a slight shadow darkened the opening by the door. She raised her eyes quickly and saw—the face of Dumphy!

She did not shrink this time; but, with a sudden instinct, she turned to Devarges, and said:

"I will!"

She raised her eyes again defiantly, but the face had disappeared.

"Thank you," said the old man. His lips moved again but without a sound. A strange film had begun to gather in his eyes.

"Dr. Devarges," whispered Grace.

He did not speak. "He is dying," thought the young girl as a new and sudden fear overcame her. She rose quickly and crossed hurriedly to her brother and shook him. A prolonged inspiration, like a moan, was the only response. For a moment she glanced wildly around the room and then ran to the door.

"Philip!"

There was no response. She climbed up through the tunnel-like opening. It was already quite dark and a few feet beyond the hut nothing was distinguishable. She cast a rapid backward glance, and then, with a sudden desperation, darted forward into the darkness. At the same moment two figures raised themselves from behind the shadow of the mound and slipped down the tunnel into the hut—Mrs. Brackett and Mr. Dumphy.

They might have been the meanest predatory animals—so stealthy, so eager, so timorous, so crouching, and yet so agile were their motions. They ran, sometimes upright and sometimes on all fours, hither and thither. They fell over each other in their eagerness, and struck and spat savagely at each other in the half darkness. They peered into corners, they rooted in the dying embers and among the ashes, they groped among the skins and blankets, they smelt and sniffed at every article. They paused at last apparently unsuccessful, and glared at each other.

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"They must have eaten it,—d—n 'em!" said Mrs. Brackett in a hoarse whisper.

"It didn't look like suthin' to eat," said Dumphy.

"You saw 'em take it from the fire?"

"Yes!"

"And rub it?"

"Yes!"

"Fool. Don't you see—"

"What?"

"It was a baked potato."

Dumphy sat dumbfounded.

"Why should they rub it—it takes off the cracklin' skin?" he said.

"They've got such fine stomachs!" answered Mrs. Brackett with an oath.

Dumphy was still aghast with the importance of his discovery.

"He said he knew where there was more!" he whispered eagerly.

"Where?"

"I didn't get to hear."

"Fool! Why didn't ye rush in and grip his throat until he told yer," hissed Mrs. Brackett, in a tempest of baffled rage and disappointment. "Ye ain't got the spunk of a flea. Let me git hold of that gal—Hush! what's that?"

"He's moving!" said Dumphy.

In an instant they had both changed again into slinking, crouching, baffled animals, eager only for escape. Yet they dared not move.

The old man had turned over, and his lips were moving in the mutterings of delirium. Presently he called "Grace!"

With a sign of caution to her companion the woman leaned over him.

"Yes, deary, I'm here."

"Tell him not to forget. Make him keep his promise. Ask him where it is buried!"

"Yes, deary!"

"He'll tell you. He knows!"

"Yes, deary!"

"At the head of Monument Cañon. A hundred feet north of the lone pine. Dig two feet down below the surface of the cairn."

"Yes!"

"Where the wolves can't get it."

"Yes!"

"The stones keep it from ravenous beasts."

"Yes, in course!"

"That might tear it up."

"Yes!"

"Starving beasts!"

"Yes, deary!"

The fire of his wandering eyes went out suddenly like a candle. His jaw dropped. He was dead. And over him the man and woman crouched in fearful joy,—looking at each other with the first smile that had been upon their lips since they had entered the fateful cañon.

CHAPTER III.

GABRIEL.

It was found the next morning, that the party was diminished by five. Philip Ashley and Grace Conroy, Peter Dumphy and Mrs. Brackett were missing; Dr. Paul Devarges was dead. The death of the old man caused but little excitement and no sorrow; the absconding of the others was attributed to some information which they had selfishly withheld from the remaining ones, and produced a spasm of impotent rage. In five minutes their fury knew no bounds. The lives and property of the fugitives were instantly declared forfeit. Steps were taken—about twenty, I think—in the direction of their flight, but finally abandoned.

Only one person knew that Philip and Grace had gone together—Gabriel Conroy. On awakening early that morning he had found pinned to his blanket, a paper with these words in pencil:

"God bless dear brother and sister, and keep them until Philip and I come back with help."

With it were a few scraps of provisions, evidently saved by Grace from her scant rations, and left as a parting gift. These Gabriel instantly turned into the common stock.

Then he began to comfort the child. Added to his natural hopefulness he had a sympathetic instinct with the pains and penalties of childhood, not so much a quality of his intellect as of his nature. He had all the physical adaptabilities of a nurse—a large, tender touch, a low persuasive voice, pliant yet unhesitating limbs, and broad well-cushioned surfaces. During the weary journey women had instinctively intrusted babies to his charge, most of the dead had died in his arms, all forms and conditions of helplessness had availed themselves of his easy capacity. No one thought of thanking him. I do not think he ever expected it; he always appeared morally irresponsible and quite unconscious of his own importance, and, as is frequent in such cases, there was a tendency to accept his services at his own valuation. Nay more; there was a slight consciousness of [illegible] in those who

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thus gave him an opportunity of exhibiting his special faculty.

"Olly," he said, after an airy preliminary toss, "would ye like to have a nice dolly?"

Olly opened her wide hungry eyes in hopeful anticipation and nodded assent.

"A nice dolly with a real mamma," he continued, "who plays with it like a true baby. Would ye like to help her play with it?"

The idea of a joint partnership of this kind evidently pleased Olly by its novelty.

"Well then, brother Gabe will get you one. But Gracey will have to go away so that the doll's mamma kin come."

Olly at first resented this, but eventually succumbed to novelty, after the fashion of her sex, starving or otherwise. Yet she prudently asked:

"Is it ever hungry?"

"It is never hungry," replied Gabriel, confidently.

"Oh!" said Olly, with an air of relief.

Then Gabriel, the cunning, sought Mrs. Dumphy, the mentally alienated.

"You are jest killin' of yourself with the tendin' o' that child," he said, after bestowing a caress on the blanket and slightly pinching an imaginary cheek of the effigy. "It would be likelier and stronger fur a playmate. Good gracious! how thin it is gettin'. A change will do it good; fetch it to Olly, and let her help you tend it until—until—to-morrow." To-morrow was the extreme limit of Mrs. Dumphy's future.

So Mrs. Dumphy and her effigy were installed in Grace's place, and Olly was made happy. A finer nature or a more active imagination than Gabriel's would have revolted at this monstrous combination; but Gabriel only saw that they appeared contented, and the first pressing difficulty of Grace's absence was overcome. So alternately they took care of the effigy, the child simulating the cares of the future and losing the present in them, the mother living in the memories of the past. Perhaps it might have been pathetic to have seen Olly and Mrs. Dumphy both saving the infinitesimal remnants of their provisions for the doll, but the only spectator was one of the actors, Gabriel, who lent himself to the deception; and pathos to be effective must be viewed from the outside.

At noon that day the hysterical young man, Gabriel's cousin, died. Gabriel went over to the other hut and endeavored to cheer the survivors. He succeeded in infecting them so far with his hopefulness as to loosen the tongue and imagination of the story-teller, but at four o'clock the body had not yet been buried.

It was evening, and the three were sitting over the embers, when a singular change came over Mrs. Dumphy. The effigy suddenly slipped from her hands, and, looking up, Gabriel perceived that her arms had dropped to her side, and that her eyes were fixed on vacancy. He spoke to her, but she made no sign nor response of any kind. He touched her, and found her limbs rigid and motionless. Olly began to cry.

The sound seemed to agitate Mrs. Dumphy. Without moving a limb, she said, in a changed, unnatural voice:

"Hark!"

Olly choked her sobs at a sign from Gabriel.

"They're coming!" said Mrs. Dumphy.

"Which?" said Gabriel.

"The relief party."

"Where?"

"Far, far away. They're jest setting out. I see 'em—a dozen men with pack horses and provisions. The leader is an American—the others are strangers. They're coming—but far, oh, so far away!"

Gabriel fixed his eyes upon her but did not speak. After a death-like pause, she went on:

"The sun is shining, the birds are singing, the grass is springing where they ride—but, oh, so far—too far away!"

"Do you know them?" asked Gabriel.

"No."

"Do they know us?"

"No."

"Why do they come, and how do they know where we are?" asked Gabriel.

"Their leader has seen us."

"Where?"

"In a dream."*

Gabriel whistled and looked at the rag baby. He was willing to recognize something abnormal, and perhaps even prophetic, in this insane woman; but a coincident exaltation in a stranger who was not suffering from the illusions produced by starvation

* I fear I must task the incredulous reader's further patience by calling attention to what may perhaps prove the most literal and thoroughly attested fact of this otherwise fanciful chronicle. The condition and situation of the ill-famed "Donner Party"—then an unknown, unheralded cavalcade of emigrants—starving in an unfrequented pass of the Sierras, was first made known to Captain Yount of Napa, *in a dream*. The Spanish records of California show that the relief party which succored the survivors was projected upon this *spiritual* information.

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was beyond his credulity. Nevertheless the instincts of good humor and hopefulness were stronger, and he presently asked:

"How will they come?"

"Up through a beautiful valley and a broad, shining river. Then they will cross a mountain until they come to another beautiful valley with steep sides, and a rushing river that runs so near us that I can almost hear it now. Don't you see it? It is just beyond the snow peak there; a green valley, with the rain falling upon it. Look! it is there."

She pointed directly north, toward the region of inhospitable snow.

"Could you get to it?" asked the practical Gabriel.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I must wait here for my baby. She is coming for us. She will find me here."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

It was the last time that she uttered that well-worn sentence; for it was only a little past midnight that her baby came to her—came to her with a sudden light, that might have been invisible to Gabriel, but that it was reflected in her own lack-luster eyes—came to this poor half-witted creature with such distinctness that she half rose, stretched out her thin yearning arms and received it—a corpse!

Gabriel placed the effigy in her arms and folded them over it. Then he ran swiftly to the other hut.

For some unexplained reason he did not get further than the door. What he saw there he has never told, but when he groped his fainting way back to his own hut again, his face was white and bloodless, and his eyes wild and staring. Only one impulse remained—to fly forever from the cursed spot. He stopped only long enough to snatch up the sobbing and frightened Olly, and then, with a loud cry to God to help him—to help *them*—he dashed out, and was lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER IV.

NATURE SHOWS THEM THE WAY.

It was a spur of the long grave-like ridge that lay to the north of the cañon. Up its gaunt white flank two figures had been slowly crawling since noon, until at sunset they at last stood upon its outer verge outlined against the sky—Philip and Grace.

For all the fatigues of the journey the want of nourishing food and the haunting shadow of the suffering she had left, the face of Grace, flushed with the dying sun, was very pretty. The boy's dress she had borrowed was ill-fitting, and made her exquisite little figure still more diminutive, but it could not entirely hide its graceful curves. Here in this rosy light the swooning fringes of her dark eyes were no longer hidden; the perfect oval of her face, even the few freckles on her short upper lip were visible to Philip. Partly as a physical support, partly to re-assure her, he put his arm tenderly around her waist. Then he kissed her. It is possible that this last act was purely gratuitous.

Howbeit Grace first asked, with the characteristic prudence of her sex, the question she had already asked many days before that day, "Do you love me, Philip?" And Philip, with the ready frankness of our sex on such occasions, had invariably replied, "I do."

Nevertheless the young man was pre-occupied, anxious, and hungry. It was the fourth day since they had left the hut. On the second day they had found some pine cones with the nuts still intact and fresh beneath the snow, and later a squirrel's hoard. On the third day Philip had killed the proprietor and eaten him. The same evening Philip had espied a duck winging his way up the cañon. Philip, strong in the belief that some inland lake was the immediate object of its flight, had first marked its course, and then brought it down with a long shot. Then, having altered their course in accordance with its suggestion, they ate their guide next morning for breakfast.

Philip was also disappointed. The summit of the spur so laboriously attained only showed him the same endless succession of white snow billows stretching rigidly to the horizon's edge. There was no break—no glimpse of water-course nor lake. There was nothing to indicate whence the bird had come or the probable point it was endeavoring to reach. He was beginning to consider the feasibility of again changing their course, when an unlooked-for accident took that volition from his hands.

Grace had ventured out to the extreme limit of the rocky cliff, and with straining eyes was trying to peer beyond the snow fields, when the treacherous ledge on which she was standing began to give away. In an instant Philip was at her side and had caught her hand, but at the same moment

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a large rock of the ledge dropped from beneath her feet, and left her with no support but his grasp. The sudden shock loosened also the insecure granite on which Philip stood. Before he could gain secure foothold it also trembled, tottered, slipped, and then fell, carrying Philip and Grace with it. Luckily this immense mass of stone and ice got fairly away before them, and plowed down the steep bank of the cliff, breaking off the projecting rocks and protuberances, and cutting a clean, though almost perpendicular, path down the mountain side.

Even in falling Philip had presence of mind enough to forbear clutching at the crumbling ledge, and so precipitating the rock that might crush them. Before he lost his senses he remembered tightening his grip of Grace's arm, and drawing her face and head forward to his breast, and even in his unconsciousness it seemed that he instinctively guided her into the smooth passage or "shoot" made by the plunging rock below them; and even then he was half conscious of dashing into sudden material darkness and out again into light, and of the crashing and crackling of branches around him, and even the brushing of the stiff pine needles against his face and limbs. Then he felt himself stopped, and then, and then only, everything whirled confusedly by him, and his brain seemed to partake of the motion, and then—the relief of utter blankness and oblivion.

When he regained his senses, it was with a burning heat in his throat and the sensation of strangling. When he opened his eyes he saw Grace bending over him, pale and anxious, and chafing his hands and temples with snow. There was a spot of blood upon her round cheek.

"You are hurt, Grace!" were the first words that Philip gasped.

"No!—dear, brave Philip—but only so thankful and happy for your escape." Yet, at the same moment the color faded from her cheek, and even the sun-kissed line of her upper lip grew bloodless, as she leaned back against a tree.

But Philip did not see her. His eyes were rapidly taking in his strange surroundings. He was lying among the broken fragments of pine branches and the débris of the cliff above. In his ears was the sound of hurrying water, and before him, scarce a hundred feet, a rushing river! He looked up; the red glow of sunset was streaming through the broken limbs and shattered branches of the snow-thatched roof that he had broken through in his descent. Here and there along the river the same light was penetrating the interstices and openings of this strange vault that arched above this sunless stream.

He knew now whence the duck had flown! He knew now why he had not seen the water-course before! He knew now where the birds and beasts had betaken themselves—why the woods and cañons were trackless! Here was at last the open road!

He staggered to his feet with a cry of delight.

"Grace, we are saved."

Grace looked at him with eyes that perhaps spoke more eloquently of joy at his recovery, than of comprehension of his delight.

"Look, Grace! this is Nature's own road—only a lane, perhaps—but a clew to our way out of this wilderness. As we descend the stream it will open into a broader valley."

"I know it," she said simply.

Philip looked at her inquiringly.

"When I dragged you out of the way of the falling rocks and snow above, I had a glimpse of the valley you speak of. I saw it from there."

She pointed to a ledge of rock above the opening where the great stone that had fallen had lodged.

"When you dragged me, my child?"

Grace smiled faintly.

"You don't know how strong I am," she said, and then proved it by fainting dead away.

Philip started to his feet and ran to her side. Then he felt for the precious flask that he had preserved so sacredly through all their hardships, but it was gone. He glanced around him; it was lying on the snow, empty!

For the first time in their weary pilgrimage Philip uttered a groan. At the sound Grace opened her sweet eyes. She saw her lover with the empty flask in his hand, and smiled faintly.

"I poured it all down your throat, dear," she said. "You looked so faint—I thought you were dying—forgive me!"

"But I was only stunned; and you, Grace, you—"

"Am better now," she said, as she strove to rise. But she uttered a weak little cry and fell back again.

Philip did not hear her. He was already climbing the ledge she had spoken of. When he returned his face was joyous.

"I see it, Grace; it is only a few miles

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away. It is still light, and we shall camp there to-night."

"I am afraid—not—dear Philip," said Grace, doubtfully.

"Why not?" asked Philip, a little impatiently.

"Because—I—think—my leg is broken!"

"Grace!"

But she had fainted.

CHAPTER V.

OUT OF THE WOODS—INTO THE SHADOW.

HAPPILY Grace was wrong. Her ankle was severely sprained, and she could not stand. Philip tore up his shirt, and, with bandages dipped in snow water, wrapped up the swollen limb. Then he knocked over a quail in the bushes and another duck, and clearing away the brush for a camping spot, built a fire, and tempted the young girl with a hot supper. The peril of starvation passed, their greatest danger was over—a few days longer of enforced rest and inactivity was the worst to be feared.

The air had grown singularly milder with the last few hours. At midnight a damp breeze stirred the pine needles above their heads, and an ominous muffled beating was heard upon the snow-packed vault. It was rain.

"It is the reveille of spring!" whispered Philip.

But Grace was in no mood for poetry—even a lover's. She let her head drop upon his shoulder, and then said:

"You must go on, dear, and leave me here."

"Grace!"

"Yes, Philip! I can live until you come back. I fear no danger now. I am so much better off than—*they* are!"

A few tears dropped on his hand. Philip winced. Perhaps it was his conscience; perhaps there was something in the girl's tone, perhaps because she had once before spoken in the same way, but it jarred upon a certain quality in his nature which he was pleased to call his "common sense." Philip really believed himself a high-souled, thoughtless, ardent, impetuous temperament, saved only from destruction by the occasional dominance of this quality.

For a moment he did not speak. He thought how, at the risk of his own safety, he had snatched this girl from a terrible death; he thought how he had guarded her through their perilous journey, taking all the burdens upon himself; he thought how happy he had made her; how she had even admitted her happiness to him; he thought of her present helplessness, and how willing he was to delay the journey on her account; he dwelt even upon a certain mysterious, ill-defined but blissful future with him to which he was taking her, and yet here, at the moment of their possible deliverance, she was fretting about two dying people, who, without miraculous interference, would be dead before she could reach them. It was part of Philip's equitable self-examination—a fact of which he was very proud—that he always put himself in the position of the person with whom he differed, and imagined how *he* would act under the like circumstances. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to say that Philip always found that his conduct under those conditions would be totally different. In the present instance, putting himself in Grace's position, he felt that he would have abandoned all and everything for a love and future like hers. That she did not was evidence of a moral deficiency or a blood taint. Logic of this kind is easy and irrefutable. It has been known to obtain even beyond the Sierras, and with people who were not physically exhausted.

After a pause he said to Grace, in a changed voice:

"Let us talk plainly for a few moments, Grace, and understand each other before we go forward or backward. It is five days since we left the hut; were we even certain of finding our wandering way back again, we could not reach there before another five days had elapsed; by that time all will be over. They have either been saved or are beyond the reach of help. This sounds harsh, Grace, but it is no harsher than the fact. Had we stayed, we would, without helping them, have only shared their fate. I might have been in your brother's place, you in your sister's. It is our fortune, not our fault, that we are not dying with them. It has been willed that you and I should be saved. It might have been willed that we should have perished in our attempts to succor them, and that relief which came to *them* would have never reached *us*."

Grace was no logician, and could not help thinking that if Philip had said this before, she would not have left the hut. But the masculine reader will I trust at once detect the irrelevance of the feminine suggestion, and observe that it did not refute Philip's argument.

She looked at him with a half frightened air. Perhaps it was the tears that dimmed

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her eyes, but his few words seemed to have removed him to a great distance, and for the first time a strange sense of loneliness came over her. She longed to reach her yearning arms to him again, but with this feeling came a sense of shame that she had not felt before.

Philip noticed her hesitation, and half interpreted it. He let her passive head fall.

"Perhaps we had better wait until we are ourselves out of danger before we talk of helping others," he said, with something of his old bitterness. "This accident may keep us here some days, and we know not as yet where we are. Go to sleep, now," he said, more kindly, "and in the morning we will see what can be done."

Grace sobbed herself to sleep! Poor, poor Grace! She had been looking for this opportunity of speaking about herself—about their future. This was to have been the beginning of her confidence about Dr. Devarges's secret; she would have told him frankly all the Doctor had said, even his suspicions of Philip himself. And then Philip would have been sure to have told her his plans, and they would have gone back with help, and Philip would have been a hero whom Gabriel would have instantly recognized as the proper husband for Grace, and they would have all been very happy. And now they were all dead, and had died perhaps cursing her, and—Philip—Philip had not kissed her good-night, and was sitting gloomily under a tree!

The dim light of a leaden morning broke through the snow vault above their heads. It was raining heavily, the river had risen, and was still rising. It was filled with drift and branches, and snow and ice, the waste and wear of many a mile. Occasionally a large uprooted tree with a gaunt forked root like a mast sailed by. Suddenly Philip, who had been sitting with his chin upon his hands, rose with a shout. Grace looked up languidly.

He pointed to a tree that, floating by, had struck the bank where they sat, and then drifted broadside against it, where for a moment it lay motionless.

"Grace," he said, with his old spirits, "Nature has taken us in hand herself. If we are to be saved, it is by her methods. She brought us here to the water's edge, and now she sends a boat to take us off again. Come."

Before Grace could reply, Philip had lifted her gayly in his arms, and deposited her between two upright roots of the tree. Then he placed beside her his rifle and provisions, and leaping himself on the bow of this strange craft, shoved it off with a broken branch that he had found. For a moment it still clung to the bank, and then suddenly catching the impulse of the current, darted away like a living creature.

The river was very narrow and rapid where they had embarked, and for a few moments it took all of Philip's energy and undivided attention to keep the tree in the center of the current. Grace sat silent, admiring her lover, alert, forceful, and glowing with excitement. Presently Philip called to her:

"Do you see that log? We are near a settlement."

A freshly hewn log of pine was floating in the current beside them. A ray of hope shot through Grace's sad fancies; if they were so near help, might not it have already reached the sufferers? But she forbore to speak to Philip again upon that subject, and in his new occupation he seemed to have forgotten her.

It was with a little thrill of joy that at last she saw him turn, and balancing himself with his bough upon their crank craft, walk down slowly toward her. When he reached her side he sat down, and, taking her hand in his for the first time since the previous night, he said, gently:

"Grace, my child, I have something to tell you."

Grace's little heart throbbed quickly, for a moment she did not dare to lift her long lashes toward his. Without noticing her embarrassment he went on:

"In a few hours we will be no longer in the wilderness, but in the world again—in a settlement perhaps, among men and—perhaps women. Strangers certainly—not the relatives you have known, and who know you—not the people with whom we have been familiar for so many weeks and days—but people who know nothing of us, or our sufferings."

Grace looked at him, but did not speak.

"You understand, Grace, that, not knowing this, they might put their own construction upon our flight. To speak plainly, my child, you are a young woman, and I am a young man. Your beauty, dear Grace, offers an explanation of our companionship that the world will accept more readily than any other, and the truth to many would seem scarcely as natural. For this reason it must not be told. I will go back alone

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with relief, and leave you here in some safe hands until I return. But I leave you here not as Grace Conroy—you shall take my own name!"

A hot flush mounted to Grace's throat and cheek, and for an instant, with parted lips, she hung breathless upon his next word. He continued quietly:

"You shall be my sister—Grace Ashley."

The blood fell from her cheek, her eyelids dropped, and she buried her face in her hands. Philip waited patiently for her reply. When she lifted her face again, it was quiet and calm—there was even a slight flush of proud color in her cheek as she met his gaze, and with the faintest curl of her upper lip said:

"You are right."

At the same moment there was a sudden breaking of light and warmth and sunshine over their heads; the tree swiftly swung round a sharp curve in the river, and then drifted slowly into a broad, overflowed valley, sparkling with the emerald of gently sloping hill-sides, and dazzling with the glow of the noonday sun. And beyond, from a cluster of willows scarcely a mile away, the smoke of a cabin chimney curled in the still air.

CHAPTER VI.

FOOT-PRINTS.

FOR two weeks an unclouded sun rose and set on the rigid outlines of Monument Point. For two weeks there had been no apparent change in the ghastly whiteness of the snow-flanked rocks; in the white billows that rose rank on rank beyond, in the death-like stillness that reigned above and below. It was the first day of April; there was the mildness of early spring in the air that blew over this gaunt waste, and yet awoke no sound or motion.

And yet a nearer approach showed that a slow insidious change had been taking place. The white flanks of the mountain were more hollow; the snow had shrunk visibly away in places, leaving the gray rocks naked and protuberant; the rigid outlines were there, but less full and rounded; the skeleton was beginning to show through the wasting flesh; there were great patches of snow that had sloughed away, leaving the gleaming granite bare below. It was the last change of the Hippocratic face that Nature turned toward the spectator. And yet this change had been noiseless—the solitude unbroken.

And then one day there suddenly drifted across the death-like valley the chime of jingling spurs and the sound of human voices. Down the long defile a cavalcade of mounted men and pack mules made their way, plunging through drifts and clattering over rocks. The unwonted sound awoke the long slumbering echoes of the mountain, brought down small avalanches from cliff and tree, and at last brought from some cavern of the rocks to the surface of the snow, a figure so wild, haggard, disheveled and monstrous, that it was scarcely human. It crawled upon the snow, dodging behind rocks with the timidity of a frightened animal, and at last, squatting behind a tree, awaited in ambush the approach of the party.

Two men rode ahead; one grave, preoccupied and reticent. The other alert, active, and voluble. At last the reticent man spoke, but slowly, and as if recalling a memory rather than recording a present impression.

"They cannot be far away from us now. It was in some such spot that I first saw them. The place is familiar."

"Heaven send that it may be," said the other, hastily, "for to tell you the truth, I doubt if we will be able to keep the men together a day longer in this crazy quest, unless we discover something."

"It was here," continued the other, dreamily, not heeding his companion, "that I saw the figures of a man and woman. If there is not a cairn of stones somewhere about this spot, I shall believe my dream false, and confess myself an old fool."

"Well—as I said before," rejoined the other, laughing, "anything—a scrap of paper, an old blanket, or a broken wagon-tongue will do. Columbus held his course and kept up his crew on a fragment of sea-weed. But what are the men looking at? Great God! There *is* something moving by yonder rock!"

By one common superstitious instinct the whole party had crowded together—those who, a few moments before, had been loudest in their skepticism, held their breath with awe and trembled with excitement—as the shambling figure that had watched them enter the cañon, rose from its lair and, taking upon itself a human semblance, with uncouth gestures and a strange hoarse cry made toward them.

It was Dumphy!

The leader was first to recover himself. He advanced from the rest and met Dumphy half-way.

"Who are you?"

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"A man."

"What's the matter?"

"Starving."

"Where are the others?"

Dumphy cast a suspicious glance at him and said:

"Who?"

"The others. You are not alone?"

"Yes, I am!"

"How did you get here?"

"What's that to you? I'm here and starving. Gimme suthin to eat and drink."

He sank exhaustedly on all fours again.

There was a murmur of sympathy from the men.

"Give him suthin. Don't you see he can't stand—much less talk. Where's the Doctor?"

And then the younger of the leaders thus adjured:

"Leave him to me—he wants my help, just now, more than yours."

He poured some brandy down his throat. Dumphy gasped, and then staggered to his feet.

"What did you say your name was?" asked the young surgeon, kindly.

"Jackson," said Dumphy, with a defiantly blank look.

"Where from?"

"Missouri."

"How did you get here?"

"Strayed from my party."

"And they are—"

"Gone on. Gimme suthin to eat!"

"Take him back to camp and hand him over to Sanchez. He'll know what to do," said the surgeon to one of the men. "Well, Blunt," he continued, addressing the leader, "you're saved—but your nine men in buckram have dwindled down to one—and not a very creditable specimen at that," he said, as his eyes followed the retreating Dumphy.

"I wish it were all, Doctor," said Blunt, simply; "I would be willing to go back now. But something tells me we have only begun. This one makes everything else possible. What have you there?"

One of the men was approaching holding a slip of paper with ragged edges as if torn from some position where it had been nailed.

"A notiss—from a tree. Me no sabe," said the ex-*vaquero*.

"Nor I," said Blunt, looking at it, "it seems to be in German. Call Glohr."

A tall Swiss came forward. Blunt handed him the paper. The man examined it.

"It is a direction to find property—important and valuable property—buried."

"Where?"

"Under a cairn of stones."

The surgeon and Blunt exchanged glances.

"Lead us there!" said Blunt.

It was a muffled monotonous tramp of about an hour. At the end of that time they reached a spur of the mountain around which the cañon turned abruptly. Blunt uttered a cry.

Before them was a ruin—a rude heap of stones originally symmetrical and elevated, but now thrown down and dismantled. The snow and earth were torn up around and beneath it. On the snow lay some scattered papers, a portfolio of drawings of birds and flowers; a glass case of insects broken and demolished, and the scattered feathers of a few stuffed birds. At a little distance lay what seemed to be a heap of ragged clothing. At the sight of it the nearest horseman uttered a shout and leaped to the ground.

It was Mrs. Brackett, dead.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH THE FOOT-PRINTS BEGIN TO FADE.

SHE had been dead about a week. The features and clothing were scarcely recognizable; the limbs were drawn up convulsively. The young surgeon bent over her attentively.

"Starved to death?" said Blunt, interrogatively.

The surgeon did not reply, but rose and examined the scattered specimens. One of them he picked up and placed first to his nose and then to his lips. After a pause, he replied quietly.

"No. Poisoned."

The men fell back from the body.

"Accidentally, I think," continued the surgeon, coolly; "the poor creature has been driven by starvation to attack these specimens. They have been covered with a strong solution of arsenic to preserve them from the ravages of insects, and this starving woman has been first to fall a victim to the collector's caution."

There was a general movement of horror and indignation among the men. "Shoost to keep dem d—n birds," said the irate Swiss. "Killing women to save his cussed game," said another. The surgeon smiled. It was an inauspicious moment for Dr. Devarges to have introduced himself in person.

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"If this enthusiastic naturalist is still living, I hope he'll keep away from the men for some hours," said the surgeon to Blunt, privately.

"Who is he?" asked the other.

"A foreigner—a *savant* of some note, I should say, in his own country. I think I have heard the name before—'Devarges,'" replied the surgeon, looking over some papers that he had picked up. "He speaks of some surprising discoveries he has made, and evidently valued his collection very highly."

"Are they worth re-collecting and preserving?" asked Blunt.

"Not now!" said the surgeon. "Every moment is precious. Humanity first, science afterward," he added lightly, and they rode on.

And so the papers and collections preserved with such care, the evidence of many months of patient study, privation, and hardship, the records of triumph and discovery, were left lying upon the snow. The wind came down the flanks of the mountain and tossed them hither and thither as if in scorn, and the sun already fervid, heating the metallic surfaces of the box and portfolio, sank them deeper in the snow, as if to bury them from the sight forever.

By skirting the edge of the valley where the snow had fallen away from the mountain-side, they reached in a few hours the blazed tree at the entrance of the fateful cañon. The placard was still there, but the wooden hand that once pointed in the direction of the buried huts had, through some mischance of wind or weather, dropped slightly and was ominously pointing to the snow below. This was still so deep in drifts that the party were obliged to leave their horses and enter the cañon a-foot. Almost unconsciously, this was done in perfect silence, walking in single file, occasionally climbing up the sides of the cañon where the rocks offered a better foothold than the damp snow, until they reached a wooden chimney and part of a roof that now reared itself above the snow. Here they paused and looked at each other. The leader approached the chimney and leaning over it called within.

There was no response. Presently, however, the cañon took up the shout and repeated it, and then there was a silence broken only by the falling of an icicle from a rock, or a snow slide from the hill above. Then all was quiet again, until Blunt, after a moment's hesitation, walked around to the opening and descended into the hut. He had scarcely disappeared, as it seemed, before he returned, looking very white and grave, and beckoned to the Surgeon. He instantly followed. After a little, the rest of the party, one after another, went down. They staid some time, and then came slowly to the surface bearing three dead bodies. They returned again quickly and then brought up the *dissevered* members of a fourth. This done, they looked at each other in silence.

"There should be another cabin here?" said Blunt, after a pause.

"Here it is," said one of the men, pointing to the chimney of the second hut.

There was no preliminary "halloo," or hesitation now. The worst was known. They all passed rapidly to the opening and disappeared within. When they returned to the surface they huddled together a whispering but excited group. They were so much pre-occupied that they did not see that their party was suddenly increased by the presence of a stranger.

(To be continued.)

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THE CURIOSITIES OF LONGEVITY.

To know how to live is a profound and subtle science, and no other subject of equal importance can be presented for our consideration. The knowledge of those means that prolong life, the most precious boon of Heaven, far beyond the limit which experience has declared for the race, is indeed a study of absorbing interest.

Some authorities assert that longevity may be made to depend upon human prudence; that a man who ordinarily could not be expected to attain seventy or eighty years may reach one hundred. There is no doubt that prudence in living contributes to length of days, yet the laws of development, maturity and dissolution, are too well fixed, and have been so for thousands of years, to admit of the belief that man can of his own volition—that is, by means of this particular diet or that school of training, attain readily to great age.

Authorities on vital statistics, such as Lord Bacon, Flourens, Hufeland, Buffon, and others, have contributed valuable information on this subject; yet their pages read like an Eastern romance, so interwoven do we find valuable counsel and superstitious belief. Lord Bacon thought that some art for prolonging life was known to the ancients, and, having been lost, is recoverable. A writer in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" has suggested that the antediluvians restored their vital powers by occasionally partaking of the "Tree of Life," as the Homeric gods fed on ambrosia. Buffon was of the opinion that in early times the earth was less solid and compact than it now is, and that gravitation only partially operated; there was, therefore, not the same limit to man's increase of stature, and the consequent postponement of the period of maturity led to a postponement of the period of decay; as men were longer growing, they had also to be longer alive. These were the times referred to in Genesis vi. 4: "There were giants on the earth in those days." Then there have been those who have written about the "Three Ages of the World." The *first*, when the world was to be peopled by one man and one woman, extended from the Creation to the Flood, when men lived to be nine hundred and beyond. The *second* period, from the Flood to the death of Abraham, witnessed a great reduction in man's age, and Shem appears as the extreme type, he living six hundred years. The *third* period followed the death of Abraham, and reached to the days of the Psalmist. From one hundred and ten to one hundred and eighty then seemed the measure of life. But, notwithstanding the authority of the Ninetieth Psalm has been the rule since the periods referred to, there have been credulous ones who, a few hundred years ago, readily accepted the statement that men and women, during the later centuries of the Christian era, had reached three hundred years; and a Portuguese author had the hardihood to tell of a native of Bengal, Numas-de-Cugna by name, who died in 1566, at the incredible age of *three hundred and seventy years*.

Attempts have been made to build up theories aiming at the prolongation of life. Some have dwelt upon climatic influences alone; others have prescribed just the diet suitable for each period of life from the cradle to the close of a century of existence. M. Flourens states that the length of life is a multiple (five) of the length of growth. This period of growth usually terminates when the bones become united to their epiphyses. Then, assigning twenty years for such a period, he argues that one hundred years is a normal limit of life. Experience has declared that an active, even a fatiguing life, during the first half of a man's days, is conducive to longevity; but that in the latter half his existence should be peaceful and uniform. Cornaro, an Italian nobleman and a centenarian, who died in 1566, stated that a man of fifty years had attained only half his age. This author became a writer of repute on vital statistics, and in his work entitled "Birth and Death of Man," among some of the causes of longevity he refers to "divine sobriety" in these words:

"It is pleasing to God, friendly to nature, the daughter of Reason, the sister of Virtue. From this root spring life, health, cheerfulness, bodily industry, mental labor, and a well-disciplined mind. From it, as clouds from the sun, fly repletions, indigestions, gluttonies, superfluities, humors, fevers, distempers, griefs, and every ill of human flesh."

No authority seems so worthy of attention as Abernethy. He says: "In your food restrict yourself to quantity rather

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than quality; eat slowly, drinking at the close of the meal; eat of the most palatable dish first, and but one kind of meat. Attention to diet, air, exercise, mental tranquillity, *and not medicines*, contribute to the preservation of health and the prolongation of life."

The Olde Old very Olde Man or Thomas Parr the Sonne of John Parr of Winnington in the Parish of Alberbury in the County of Shropshire who was Borne in 1485 in the Reigne of King Edward the 4th and is now living in the Strand being aged 152 yeares and odd Months 1635

But our venerable friends themselves testify that the diet of old age ought in some degree to return to that of the early periods of life—such as soups, liquid food, and materials of the most digestible character. They use but little beef or pork, tea or coffee, butter or cheese. They commend asparagus, potatoes, mutton, poultry, and fish. John Wilson, who lived to be one hundred and sixteen, for forty years supped on roasted turnips. Fontenelle, the distinguished scholar, who died in 1757, aged one hundred, used to say every spring, when attacked by the fever, "If I can only hold out until strawberries come in, I shall get well." These old folks suggest wine and malt liquors, for the reason that the vital powers require an artificial stimulus. The aged, are, however, often liable to ludicrous fancies, and in their garrulous testimony we observe that one attributed rare merit to the fact that he had eaten a newly laid egg daily for many years; another ate bread and butter thickly spread with sugar; some frequently chewed citron bark, saffron, or opium; and yet others fought off the evil day by saturating themselves with tobacco or some similar narcotic. Even Lord Bacon discussed the merits of anointing with "that golden oyle, a medicine most marvelous to preserve men's health." But, by all authorities, honey has been esteemed the "juice of life," and carries far more merit than the fabled fountain of youth and beauty, which Ponce de Leon sought in vain. Many aged philosophers, and, among them, Democritus, Pythagoras, and Pliny, trace their length of days to the use of oil without and honey within. Two persons in modern times are mentioned as having lived to the ages of 108 and 116, who, during the last half century of their lives, for their breakfast took only a little tea, sweetened with honey.

But where shall men dwell, and be able to find the five score years and beyond? What countries are supposed to be most favorable to longevity? This matter cannot satisfactorily be determined. Only a perfect system of statistics, kept for centuries, would disclose the secret. Tables have been published, but they cannot be verified. Lord Bacon, in his "History of Life and Death," quotes from Pliny the following lively statistics: "The year of our Lord seventy-six is memorable; for, in that year there was a taxing of the people by Vespasian; from which it appears that in the part of Italy lying between the Appenines and the River Po, there were found fifty-four persons 100 years old; fifty-seven, 110 years; two, 120 years; four, 130 years; four, 135 years; and three, 140 years each." Now leave sunny Italy and go to inclement Norway. Travelers have there remarked the great temperance, industry, and morality of the people, and their common food is found to be milk, cheese, dried or salt fish, no meat, and oat bread baked in cakes. An enumeration of the inhabitants of Aggerhus, in Norway, in 1763, showed that one hundred and fifty couples had been married over 80 years: consequently the greater number were aged 100 or more; seventy couples had been married over 90 years, which would place their ages at about 110; twelve couples had been married from 100 to 105 years, and another couple 110 years,

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so that this last pair were doubtless 130 years old. The opinion has generally obtained that extreme age is to be looked for in the wide open country, where the rich, warm sunlight shines without restraint, rather than in the narrow, foul, and turbulent cities. Yet mark the two following cases. Mary Burke, aged 105, living in Drury Lane, London, and Anne Brestow, aged 102, living in Culbeck, in the North of England, died in 1789. A great contrast is here shown, for both attained great age, but one lived in squalid poverty in one of the vilest haunts of London, while the other belonged to the Society of Friends, and abode in the healthy region of the Cumberland Lakes. The truth is that no law of sickness is so very distinctly pronounced as to justify any discrimination on the ground of sojourning in city, town, or country. We are told that a moist is preferable to a dry atmosphere, and that a region in the neighborhood of a small stream, which runs over a rocky or pebbly bottom, is the best. But, after all, may not the changing of the seasons be the chief cause of the difference found among men? The inhabitants of countries possessing too equable a temperature are naturally disposed to indolence, and are easily led away by the attractions of pleasure. Excessive heat enervates the body, and extreme cold renders it torpid. Atmospheric commotions, by stimulating both mind and body, make a person energetic and enterprising. It is those countries where frequent variations of the seasons are experienced, that first enter upon the path of civilization—blessed boon of Heaven. "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

OLD PARR'S COTTAGE, NEAR ALBERBURY, SHROPSHIRE.

The high longevity of females, as compared with males in civilized communities, is well established, notwithstanding many of them are of the poorer class, exposed through the early and middle portions of their lives to all the sorrows and dangers of maternity. This has been accounted for by their temperate living and more active habit of life. Hufeland, a Prussian authority, remarks: "Not only do women live longer than men, but married women longer than single, in the proportion of two to one." But, though the pliability of the female body gives it for a time more durability, yet, as strength is essential to very great length of days, few women attain the highest age. More women than men reach 115 years, but beyond that age, more men are found. A remarkable case of longevity is that of Mary Prescott, of Sussex, England, who died in 1768, aged 105, after having been the mother of thirty-seven children.

We have frequently remarked that among the extremely aged, the senses experience renewed vitality. It is placed on record that, after many years of blindness, the sight of some men has almost miraculously returned, that the hearing of others is often very acute, that new teeth have been cut after the one hundredth birthday, that nails have been shed and replaced by new, and gray locks supplanted by the fine natural hair of youth. Sometimes the memory of the aged will be acute when carried back to the days of childhood, and yet not retentive when applied to events occurring in the advanced periods of life. As bearing on this point, notice the case of Francis Hongo, a native of Smyrna, and Consul for the Venetians in that ancient and renowned city, who died 1702, aged 113. He lived toward the end of his life chiefly on broth, or some tender animal food, and drank no wine or other fermented liquid. He was never sick, walked eight miles as a regular

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daily practice, and retained his sight, hearing, and memory to the last. He was five times married, and had forty-nine children born to him. When about one hundred years old his white hair fell off, and was succeeded by a crop of its original color, and at one hundred and twelve years of age he cut two teeth. As a marked contrast to this healthy old patriarch, witness the following instance which is certified to by the parish register. Margaret Krasiowna, a Polish woman, died in 1763, aged 108. When 94, she married for her third husband Gaspard Raykolt, who was then 105. His father had previously died, aged 119. During the fourteen years they lived together, she brought him two boys and a girl; and these three children, from their very birth, bore evident marks of the old age of their parents, their hair being gray, and a vacuity appearing in their gums like that which is occasioned by the loss of teeth, though they never had any. They had not strength enough, even as they grew up, to chew solid food, but lived on bread and vegetables. They were of proper size for their age, but their backs were bent, their complexion sallow, and they had all the other external symptoms of decrepitude.

We have already noticed the astonishing tenacity with which these worthies hold on to life. Often the silver cord is loosened and the golden bowl broken by the interposition of some accident. An old woman in a tree gathering apples falls to her death; others on horseback, or engaged in some other active exertion, quite unseemly in persons of great age, suddenly die. One of the most remarkable instances of the stubborn fight between Old Age and Death is found in John Tice, who died 1774, aged 125. While he was felling a tree, at the age of 80, his legs were broken, but he speedily recovered, and at the age of 100, fell in a fainting fit upon some live coals and was shockingly burned. He survived this scorching and retained the free use of all his faculties till his death, which took place on his hearing of the loss of a friend and patron.

We shall now advert to one of the most difficult features of this curious study, viz.: the lack of reliable evidence in the cases of abnormal longevity. Perhaps this paragraph should have preceded what has already been said, for, if we cannot believe what has been written, any story of the romancer might prove far more interesting. But, though a very large degree of faith must be exercised in these matters, we cannot agree with Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, that no person ever lived one hundred years. Nor do we sympathize with a late writer, Mr. William J. Thoms, who will credit no centenarian, unless his story is supported by the evidence of statistics. Mr. Thoms, in reviewing the subject of longevity, claims that there have existed in latter days but four cases which have been satisfactorily proved: Mrs. Williams, of Bridehead, died 1841, aged 102; age proved by parish statistics and family records; William Plank, of Harrow, died 1867, aged 100; age proved by being in school with late Lord Lyndhurst, in 1780; bound apprentice in 1782, and received indentures of freedom in the Salters Company in 1789; Jacob William Luning, died 1870, aged 103; age proved by statistics of birth, baptism, and testimony of disinterested friends, while his identity (the most difficult of all things to prove) has been established by statistics from the Equitable Assurance Society in London, where, at the age of 36, in 1803, he was insured for £200. This is the only case on record of an insured life extending to 100 years. The fourth was Catherine Duncombe Shafto, who died in 1872, aged 101; age proved by parish statistics, and identity established by the fact that, in 1790, she (being then 19 years of age) was selected as one of the Government nominees in the tontine of that year. Her husband and many of her sons were representatives in Parliament. Thus, the greatest skeptic with whom we meet, in the discussion of our subject, admits the fact of centenarianism. Some cases are proved. Records are not always kept of birth, or baptism, or marriage, nor do all men insure their lives. The early companions of the extremely aged are all dead, and their testimony cannot be procured. Shall we therefore say, that none pass the hundredth nor the hundred and tenth birthday, but the select four referred to by Mr. Thoms?

Indeed there is a remarkable concurrence of all testimony in assigning 130 to 150 years to the most aged of various races and times. Dr. Van Oven, an authority of great ability, has given seventeen examples of age exceeding 150 years. So have written and believed Hufeland and Haller, the latter asserting that the vital forces of man are capable of reaching, in some cases, 200 years. Therefore, those kindly disposed toward history, and not anxious to examine the records too minutely, may, by an extraordinary effort of faith, believe the assertion that Thomas Parr

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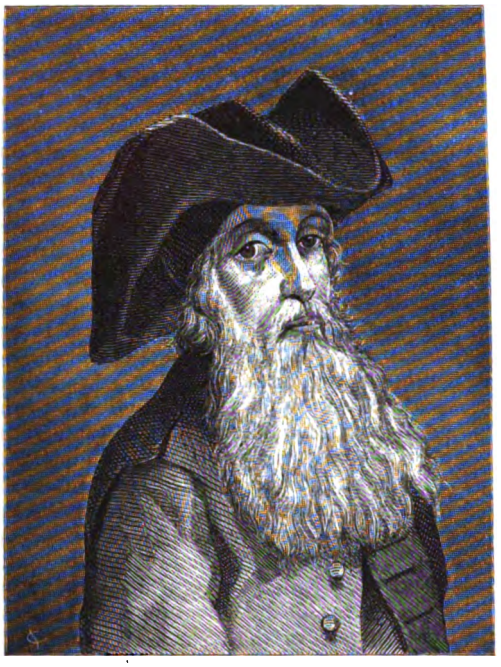
lived to be 152, and that Henry Jenkins died at the age of 169. But it will take a good many grains of salt to confirm the world in the belief that Peter Zartan, the Hungarian peasant, lived to be 185, or that Thomas Cam (notwithstanding the parish register of



HENRY JENKINS, AGED 169 YEARS.

St. Leonard's, Shoreditch) died January 28, 1588, aged 207 years. Indeed the great age of the latter resulted from the trick of some wag, who, with venerable intent, fashioned the figure "1" on his tombstone into a "2," thus jumping a century in a few minutes. The friends of Thomas Damme, who died 1648, aged 154, provided against similar trickery, and had his age cut on the tombstone in words at length. It might be supposed that statistics would furnish very valuable evidence on this subject. But, in the first place, it is only within certain European areas and a part of America that tables relating to age are prepared, and the qualifications to which these are subject from the shifting of population are of a very complex character. These records show that extreme age is almost uniformly found among the poor and the degraded. And although one might suppose that the possession of wealth, education and intelligence, would contribute to long life, the evidence *seems* to point the other way. The cases that are handed down to us from the earlier centuries of the Christian era are often but tradition. In later days more positive evidence exists; and yet the dusty parish registers are not above question, and the family records and familiar obituary notices frequently come to us unverified. It is also a strange feature that miraculous length of days occurs in obscure villages, where no evidence exists but the mere *ipse dixit* of Old Mortality, and that as soon as we draw near the cities, where science can handle the case, the wonderful story flies the light. The fact is, aged people have their full share of the marvelous appetite; they have too frequently lost their memories, and so, from ignorance or deceit, do not tell the truth. And then a vanity which never grows old affects equally the statements of old and young. The register, to which we are often referred, is a record, not of birth or baptism, but of death, and merely contains a statement of the age as derived from the friends of the deceased, and which will soon be found carved and unquestioned on the tombstone. This is valueless in proof of longevity. Then in villages, where many of the same name are found, a confusion in identity has often taken place, and, where nobody will rise up to prove the contrary, some octogenarian has doubtless felt himself called upon to assume the years of both his father and his grandfather. If we bear these things in mind, it will not appear very marvelous that negroes live long. Louisa Truxo, at the age of 175, was living in Cordova in South America in 1780, and another negress, aged 120, was called in evidence to prove the case. Of course to ignorant folk and innocent statisticians this was satisfactory. Let us mention a few cases where the evidence has been considered satisfactory. Sir Henry Holland, a few years ago, when in Canada, met an officer whose commission proved him to be 104 years old. Henry Jenkins, who died 1670, aged 169, remembered the great battle of Flodden Field, fought between the English and the Scotch in 1513. When 157 years old he was produced as witness to prove the right of way over another man's ground. Being cautioned by the Judge to speak truthfully in regard to his great age, he referred the magistrate to two other witnesses in court, each over 80 years, who testified that when they were small boys Jenkins was a very old, gray-haired man. James Sands, of Staffordshire, is mentioned in Fuller's

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"Book of Worthies" as having lived 140 years, and his wife, 120 years. As a very convincing proof of the above, it was stated in court that he outlived five leases of twenty-one years each, made to him after his marriage. Thomas Gangheen died 1814, aged 112. He was called at the age of 108 to prove the validity of a survey made in the year 1725, and his testimony contributed chiefly to the termination of an important lawsuit. Jane Forrester died 1766, aged 138. When she was 132 years of age, her intellect was so clear that she made oath in a Chancery suit to have known an estate, the title to which was then in dispute, to have been enjoyed by the ancestors of the present heir one hundred and one years. "Peter Garden died near Edinburgh in 1775, aged 131 years. He lived during eight reigns. He was of gigantic stature, and retained his health and entire faculties to the last hour."

It is worthy of remark, that the most of those who have become very old were married more than once, and often at a very late period of life. There is rarely an instance of a bachelor or spinster having attained great age. Once left alone, the centenarian seeks a new spouse. His loneliness becomes oppressive. All familiar faces are gone; the playmates of youth, the companions of early manhood, the friends of middle life, the associates of declining years long ago passed away to sure and rapid death. But let him marry again, and then he and his consort will walk down the hill of life to the grave in joy and peace, and probably die within a few hours of each other.

Some of our venerable friends married four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, and thirteen times; but James Gay, of Bordeaux, in France, eclipsed them all in connubial pertinacity. He died in 1772, aged only one hundred and one; but he found it convenient and agreeable to marry sixteen wives, yet died childless. Margaret McDowal, a Scotchwoman, who died in 1768, aged one hundred and six years, has found a unique place in history because she married and survived thirteen husbands. It seems to us that a meeting of these wives or these husbands beyond the "Shining Shore" would have suggested itself to these marriageable old folk, and have caused them to hesitate somewhere among the last half dozen. How much more beautiful the example of Mrs. Agnes Skuner, an Englishwoman, who died 1499, aged one hundred and nineteen. She chose to reverence the memory of her husband through a widowhood of ninety-two years. We receive a new and touching view of the solemn vow taken at marriage, "I promise to love, cherish, protect, etc., until death us do part," in the case of John Rovin and his wife, who died at Temeswar, Hungary, in 1741, he aged one hundred and seventy-two, and she, one hundred and sixty-four. They lived as husband and wife during the long period of one hundred and forty-eight years, and their youngest son at the time of their decease was aged one hundred and sixteen. If the fiftieth anniversary of a wedding day is worthy of a golden celebration, what shall be the fitting entertainment for that happy pair who, during nearly one hundred and fifty years, have borne each other's joys and sorrows? Terentia, the wife of Cicero, lived to see one hundred and seventeen years. Cicero secured a divorce from her because he wanted to marry a rich young woman. After the divorce Terentia married Sallust, the historian. He dying, she was married the third time to Messala Corvinus, and yet again a fourth time to Vibius Rufus. As an exception to this matrimonial rule may be mentioned the case of Marie Mallet, a Frenchwoman and a spinster, who died aged one hundred and fifteen. She continued the business of dressmaking and millinery until her one hundred and tenth year. At her death forty-five women, who had formerly been her apprentices and were now far advanced in age, went before her body to the tomb.

PETER GARDEN OF ABERDEENSHIRE, AGED 131 YEARS.

The study of this subject reveals the fact

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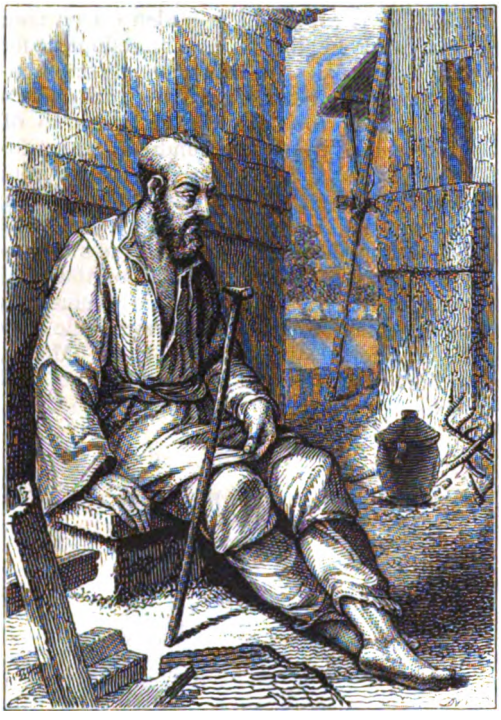
that longevity seems to run in families, and sometimes appears to be almost hereditary. The transmission of the elixir of long life seems as reasonable as the inheritance of unpleasant tempers or a weakly constitution; and allowing a providential exemption from the fatal accidents strewn in the path of man, why may not the child of one hundred and ten years reach the age of its parents who perished at one hundred and twenty-five? Thus Mrs. Kiethe, of Gloucestershire, died 1772, aged one hundred and thirty-three. She left three daughters—the eldest aged one hundred and eleven, the second one hundred and ten, and the youngest one hundred and nine. Perhaps the most striking instance of hereditary longevity may be found in the case of the often quoted Thomas Parr, who died in London 1635, aged one hundred and fifty-two, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Shropshire, in England, whence he came, is distinguished for its long-lived people. Old Parr, as he has been familiarly called for nearly three centuries, was a farmer, worked at the age of one hundred and thirty, and married his second wife when one hundred and twenty-two. Robert Parr died in Shropshire, 1757, aged one hundred and twenty-four. He has been called the great-grandson of Old Parr. Robert's father died aged one hundred and nine, and his grandfather aged one hundred and thirteen. The total years of these four persons, in regular descent, extend to four hundred and ninety-eight, more than one-quarter of the whole period since the commencement of the Christian era. John Newell, who died 1761, aged one hundred and twenty-seven, and John Michaelstone, who died 1763, aged one hundred and twenty-seven, were both grandsons of Old Parr.



PETRATSCH ZORTAIN IN THE 185TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

The personal appearance of those greatly advanced in years is generally far from winning. Some, with a complexion of mahogany, seem only to dry up and wither, yet are withal so wiry and tough that they hang on to life decade after decade, and make a very successful fight with the Great Destroyer. Then there are others—women more often than men—who in the advanced years become pursy and corpulent, pale and flabby, or perhaps quite fat; their skin hangs not in wrinkles, but in rolls; and their voice, instead of rising, becomes gruff and husky. We have noticed that centenarians are apt to be small of stature. Large men and women are more liable to the accidents of life, and their organizations are less likely to be compactly knit. Dwarfs have frequently passed the five score years, and among others may be mentioned one Elspeth Watson, who died aged one hundred and fifteen. She was two feet nine inches high and rather bulky, if one of that stature can be called bulky. Two remarkable exceptions to the foregoing rule are recorded. James McDonald, a giant seven feet six inches in height, died 1760, aged one hundred and seventeen. Charles Blizard, a farmer, and the most corpulent man in his county, died 1785, aged one hundred and seven. While referring to these monstrosities, whose acquaintance is generally made in public, we are reminded of two actors who are entitled to mention. Charles Macklin, a celebrated comedian of Covent Garden Theater, died 1797, aged one hundred and seven. And history has recorded that eighteen hundred years ago Galeria Capiola, a player and dancer, ninety-nine years after her first appearance as a novice, assisted at the dedication of a theater by Pompey the Great. Later still, when long past the century, she was

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exhibited as a vigorous marvel of longevity.

Our old folks become greatly attached to home and its memories. One John Burnet died 1734, aged 109. He married six wives, three of them after he became 100 years old, and died in the same house in which he was born. Mr. Wrench died 1783, aged 101. His two wives bore him thirty-two children, and he died in the same room in which he was born. Rev. Mr. Braithwaite, of Carlisle, England, died 1754, aged 110. He had been employed in the Cathedral one hundred and two years, having commenced in 1652 as a chorister eight years of age. Among the short and simple annals of the poor our venerable friends frequently find honorable mention, and in the matter of faithful service their lives might be profitably studied at the present day. Among a host of such appears the name of Mr. Robertson of Edinburgh, who died 1793, aged 137. He served a noble family in the capacity of inspector of lead works for one hundred and twenty years. Margaret Woods died 1797, aged 100. She and her ancestors had lived in the service of one family in Essex during the long period of *four hundred years*.

It has been mentioned in previous pages that temperance, industry, exercise, and a due regulation of the passions, are the principal promoters of longevity. Yet there are exceptions to these rules, and in such cases one may well believe, with some authors of vital statistics, that they are predisposed to great age; they inherit length of days in spite of themselves. If a man 120 years of age is considered a repulsive and curious monstrosity, living out of his proper time, how much more remarkable does the case become when he hangs on to life in defiance of the usually accepted laws of health? John Weeks, aged 114, married his tenth wife, a girl of 16, when at the age of 106. He had a voracious appetite, eating indiscriminately, and only a few hours before death he ate three pounds of pork, two pounds of bread, and drank a pint of wine. This case reminds us of the opinion entertained by some, that longevity may be cultivated by living when young with older persons, and when old by cultivating the society of the young. It will be remembered that it was recommended to King David, three thousand years ago, when well stricken in years, that he take to himself the young Shunamite virgin. So John Weeks, with his lass of sixteen. Another singular case is found in Rev. Mr. Davies, the Vicar of Staunton-on-Wye, who died aged 105. During the last thirty years of his life he never took any exercise but that of slipping his feet one before the other from room to room. Yet

JOHN ROVIN IN THE 172ND YEAR OF HIS AGE, AND SARAH HIS WIFE, IN THE 164TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

he ate of hot rolls, well buttered, and drank plenty of tea and coffee for breakfast; at dinner he consumed a variety of dishes; at supper, wine and hot roast meat were spread before him.

But this subject has a fascination not readily shaken off when one reads the strange coincidences, marvelous experiences, and quaint idiosyncrasies which seem to spring up on every hand. At the risk perhaps of being tedious let reference be made to some few cases. Mrs. Mills died in the West Indies in 1805, aged 118. She was followed to her grave by two hundred and ninety-five of her descendants, sixty of whom named Ebanks belonged to a regiment of local militia. Agnes Milbourne died in the poor-house, aged 106. One husband brought her twenty-nine sons and one daughter, all of whom she survived. Twenty of these

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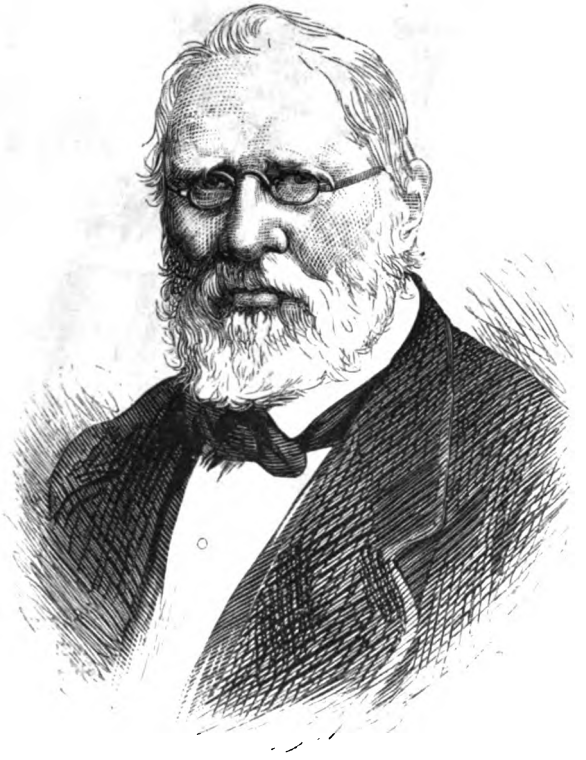
boys frequently walked after her in procession to the village church. William Farr, of Birmingham, died 1770, aged 121. He survived a posterity of one hundred and forty-four persons, and, finding himself without an heir, bequeathed his fortune of £10,000 to charitable uses. James Hatfield died 1770, aged 105. One night, while on duty as a sentinel at Windsor, he heard St. Paul's clock in London, twenty-three miles distant, strike thirteen instead of twelve, and, not being relieved as he expected, he fell asleep. The tardy relief soon arrived and found him in this condition. He was tried by a court-martial; he denied the charge of sleeping at his post before midnight, and in defense related the story of St. Paul's clock, a circumstance never known before. His life was thus saved. Mrs. Penny, of Worcestershire, died, aged 99. This lady had a niece living at the time aged 101. Miss Elizabeth Gray died 1856, aged 108. She survived her father one hundred years, and was buried beside a half-brother, who had been dead 128 years. During the last century, a Frenchman, at the age of 21, was sentenced to the galleys at Toulon for the term of his natural life. By the French laws this term is considered to have expired after one hundred years have elapsed. Having served that period, our venerable prisoner of state, at the age of 122, was released and went back to his native village; but of course, like Rip Van Winkle, he was unknown. Yet he had triumphed over laws, bondage, man, time, everything. He returned heart-broken to his galley and died.



THE LATE COUNT JEAN FREDERICK DE WALDECK, OF PARIS, AGED 109 YEARS.

The reader will naturally ask for information regarding the aged of the present day. This curiosity it is difficult to satisfy, for statistics are only collected after death, and then they are the product of uncertain gales, floating in to the historian from books of travel, local records, obituary notices, magazines, annual registers, and from the uncertain memories of the living. A large number of such cases are now to be found in the charitable institutions of our land. The United States Census of 1860 mentions the decease of 466 centenarians, of whom 137 were white, 39 free colored, and 290 slaves. One slave died in Alabama aged 130, one in Georgia aged 137, and one Mexican aged 120. Jean Frederick de Waldeck died in Paris, April 29, 1875, aged 109 years, 1 month, and 14 days. This man has been before the world in some capacity for over ninety years, and it is not so easy to ignore him. He was originally a page of Marie Antoinette. At the age of 19 he was with Levaillant exploring in South Africa. In 1788 he was studying art under David and Prud'hon in Paris. He fought under Napoleon in 1794–8 in Italy and in Egypt. In 1819 he was engaged in archæological expeditions in North and South America. In 1837 he published "Voyage Archéologique et Pittoresque dans le Yucatan," and his drawings of the ruins of Palenque were published in 1863; he made the lithographs when aged 100. In the Salon of 1869 he exhibited two pictures and entitled them "Loisir du Centenaire." This man could not fail to attract attention, and he became member and honorary member of the principal learned societies of London and Paris. It is difficult to say how Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, were he alive, would treat this case of longevity. We have yet to learn how the incredulous Mr. Thoms, F. S. A.,

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will meet it. Eighteen centuries ago (with reverence be it remarked) "doubting Thomas" said: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." So with the doubting Thoms of our day. Unless he can search in person the register of birth, marriage and death, and, poring over at every point the records of vital statistics, can meet his man properly indexed, he would state the case not proven.

In the city of New York at the present day resides Captain Frederick Lahrbush, formerly of the British army, said to be aged 109 years, and enjoying good health. A gentleman of the most engaging manners and natural refinement, he receives a large number of visitors, and relates a history of romantic interest. He resides in Third Avenue, and almost every Sabbath, at the Church of the Ascension on Fifth Avenue, the childish treble of his worn out voice may be heard above the worship of the congregation. He rises before five in the morning, and retires shortly after seven in the evening. He is abstemious in his habits, though in the daily practice of eating opium, to which drug, it is believed, he attributes his long life. Captain Lahrbush claims to have fought under Wellington in the Peninsula, and to have witnessed the signing of the famous Treaty of Tilsit, which took place in 1807 (on a raft moored in the River Niemen) between Napoleon, Alexander of Russia, and the King of Prussia. It is but fair to add in regard to this case of longevity that Mr. Thoms has written across its record with an unrelenting hand, and with a pen of iron, and those curious about such matters are referred to his work, "Longevity of Man."

Another interesting character is thus described: "The Irish Countess of Desmond fell from a fruit tree, broke her thigh and died in 1609—aged 145 years. She danced at Court with the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard the Third. Indeed she continued gay and lively in her tastes, dancing even beyond her hundredth birthday. She cut three new sets of teeth. Her family being ruined by rebellion, she made the long journey to London to seek relief from the Court of James the First."

CAPT. FREDERICK LAHRBUSH, AGED 109 YEARS.

We may ask, in closing, is it desirable that all men and women should become centenarians? Manifestly not. These shrunken, shriveled relics of a past age, in the knotted and tangled line of whose life personal identity has barely been preserved, would, if familiar to our eyes, produce a depressing effect on the living. Useful lives are to be desired rather than mere length of days.

"Ævum implet actis, non segnibus annis."

A quarter or half a century of sleeping existence, feeble superannuation, an exception to the sound laws of health and the rule of accidents, these childish, antiquated people, have long ceased to be a pleasure to themselves or to the world. Their own testimony shows an anxious waiting for their time of

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THE COUNTESS OF DESMOND, AGED 145.

release. "Not an hour longer," says one, and another with wearied complaint exclaims: "God, in letting me remain so long upon the earth, seems actually to have forgotten me."

But we have returned to the starting-point of our investigations. Can great age be secured by human endeavor? Probably not. The European and the negro, the Chinese and the American, the civilized man and the savage, the rich and the poor, the dweller in cities and he that lives in the country, differing so much from one another in some respects, all resemble one another in having the same allotment of time to pass from birth to death; and the variations of climate, food and conveniences, seem to have but little to do with the prolongation of life. Abnormal instances of longevity are doubtless the result of a certain bodily and mental predisposition to great age. The man that lives long probably possesses strong natural powers of restoration and healing. These depend more or less for their fulfillment upon a *tranquil life*, an *absence of irritability*, and a *contented disposition*. And let there be added to these a firm reliance on the mercy and wisdom of that Divine Power "in whose hands our breath is, and whose are all our ways."

For the original portraits from which the illustrations of this paper are taken we are indebted to the following sources:—Old Parr, "The World of Wonders;" Parr's Cottage in Shropshire, and Countess of Desmond, "Chambers's Book of Days;" Henry Jenkins, "Bailey's Records of Longevity;" Peter Garden, the "New Wonderful Magazine;" John Rovin and wife, and Peter Zartan, "Kirby's Wonderful Museum;" Count Waldeck, the "London Illustrated News." The portrait of Frederick Lahrbush is from a photograph taken in 1875.

GLASS SPONGES.

THE distinction which our present knowledge enables us to make between the humblest forms of animal and vegetable life is a functional, rather than a chemical or a sensible one. It lies in what they do, rather than in what they are. The lowest representatives of both kingdoms are included under the same general term. Protozoon and protophyte are alike called protoplasm, and appear to possess the same intrinsic qualities.

The practical difference between animal and vegetable life consists in their respective powers of assimilation. Plants take in as nutriment the inorganic elements of earth and air; by the subtle chemistry of nature, in her dark and silent laboratory underground, the lifeless minerals of the earth are wrought into living tissues, endowed with the capacity for growth and reproduction. Except in the Fungi, this transmutation of inorganic into organic matter is believed to be accomplished, only under the controlling influence of light. Animal vitality is sustained only by the material thus transmuted; all the solid nutriment necessary for the maintenance of animal life must have been converted into vegetable, or reconverted into animal tissue before it can fulfill its purpose. Man, surrounded by all the wealth of inorganic nature, would perish if there were not everywhere about him millions of busy little alchemists unceasingly at work day and night,

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transmuting the dead and useless elements of land and water into the life-sustaining principle. Not only do the lowly grasses and tenderly creeping mosses clothe the earth with beauty as with a garment, but they also supply the conditions of all higher life. Without the unconscious ministry of this lowly vegetable existence, all the high hopes, the spiritual longings, the heroic endeavor of humanity, would have been impossible.

The lowest forms of life lie in the shadowy boundary land between the two great kingdoms of organic nature. Even in the physical world the mysterious lore of border land possesses a charm which is wanting to the wide fields of knowledge that have been traversed again and again by human feet. The most curious page in the record of this lowly existence has just been opened to us. The latest investigations into deep-sea life show that the vast area lying beneath the ocean is covered with a simple animal life, boundless in extent and infinite in variety. Under conditions too rigid and severe to permit the growth of the humblest seaweed, these creatures live, and multiply, and die. Far beyond the reach of light, in a glacial temperature and under enormous pressure, exists this wonderful fauna. As we strip the mystery of vitality of garment after garment, as its conditions become fewer and its mode of existence less complex, the wonder, instead of becoming less, constantly grows upon the mind. The human intellect longs to find a commensurate physical cause for the effect which we call life. When, as in the higher organic beings, the conditions are many and the processes complicated, the phenomenon of vitality does not seem so puzzling; antecedent appears to bear some sort of proportion to consequent. The mind rarely troubles itself to make nice distinctions between complicated machinery and motive power. A liberal display of wheel-work is adequate to account for results without any reference to the initial force. But as we contemplate the life of the protozoa, which reign supreme in the ocean's depths, we see the awful and mysterious problem presented in its simplest terms; forms of existence which are formless, organisms possessing no organs, life contradicting the very definitions of life and yet performing all its essential functions. The conditions, complex and multitudinous, under which we live are here reduced to two or three; the elements, many and bewildering, which enter into the ordinary statement of the problem, are here eliminated, and yet we are forced to recognize the same vital principle giving functional activity to a mass of structureless jelly which animates the highest organic beings.

When we see this formless life governed by laws, each in itself as inexorable as that which guides the rolling planets, and all in their various combinations as flexile as those which control our human existence, we feel the sense of awe which a whisper from the unseen world might send thrilling through our nerves. We are standing face to face with life stripped of its familiar conditions. It looks us in the eyes as the disembodied ghost of the life now so familiar to us.

Until within the last five years our knowledge of deep-sea life was limited to the information given by stray organisms brought up on some fisherman's net, or to speculations suggested by those found in the shallower water. The tribe of sponges, especially, have, in this way, become familiar to us. The hints given of their beauty and

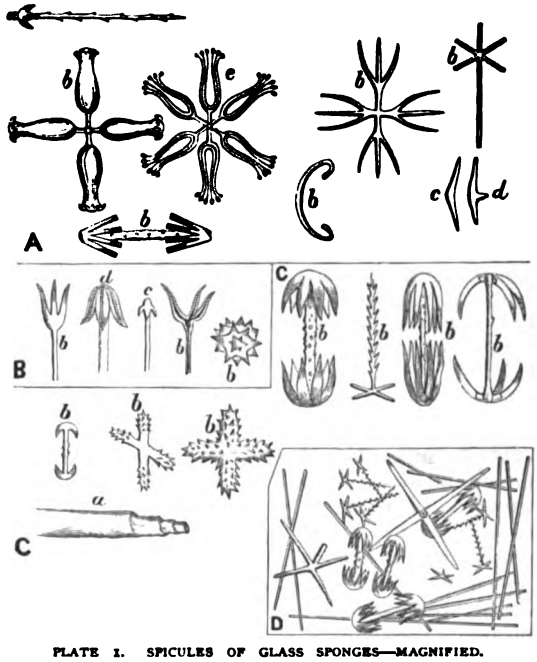

PLATE I. SPICULES OF GLASS SPONGES—MAGNIFIED.

A, spicules of different varieties of Euplectella: *a*, anchoring filament of E. Aspergillum; *b*, *b*, *b*, spicules of the sarcode; *c* and *d*, hexradiate spicules in earliest form; *e*, the real size of the spicule marked *e* is 1-300 of an inch in diameter. B, spicules of Tethya. C, varieties of Hyalonema: *a*, anchoring filament, H. S.; *b*, *b*, *b*, spicules of sarcode. D, spicules of Hyalonema *in situ*.

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delicacy have surprised us, but they were, after all, the merest hints. Explorations into the still cold water of the ocean's profounder depths reveal the fact that what we already knew was but the "margin and remnant of a wonderfully diversified sponge fauna, which appears to extend in endless variety over the whole bottom of the sea."

PLATE II. HYALONEMA LUSITANICUM. HALF NATURAL SIZE.

The family of sponges has only of late been able to establish itself satisfactorily in life. It had been bandied back and forth between the two great kingdoms of organic nature, figuring now as one of the algæ, and again as a protozoon; but its title to admission into the animal kingdom has at last been made out by aid of the microscope.

This family is divided into three great orders: the silicious, or glass sponges, the calcareous, and the keratose, named from the several minerals of which its skeleton is composed. Our common sponge is rather an insignificant member of the great tribe whose name it bears. It is a sort of poor relation of the sponge family, who goes out to service in foreign parts, but who, like the little maid of the Syrian captain, cannot forbear giving a hint of the wonders of its native land.

Most of the sponges secrete a skeleton formed of some mineral appropriated from the sea water; in the great majority this skeleton is of a horny texture, with needles or spicules of silicious or calcareous matter set upon it at various angles, as the spines of the pine are set upon the stem. The frame-work and spicules, which together form the skeleton of the animal, are in its living state clothed with a soft gelatinous flesh technically called *sarcode*. This is a semi-transparent, jelly-like substance, which dries readily, but whose original condition can be restored by submersion in water. The sarcode was for a long time considered to be a granular jelly; but closer scrutiny has determined the granules to be tiny animal cells, each possessed of a single lash or cilium, which is forever in motion. These amœba-like creatures are immersed in a jelly even more structureless than themselves. Through the mass of the sponge streams of sea water are forever flowing, impelled by the constant and perfectly timed motion of the cilia. The canals through which the water flows are not permanent, though the general direction of the current is always the same, and the main exhalent orifice or *osculum* remains unchanged. The gases necessary to life are supplied by a gentle perpetual current, which passes through every portion of the sarcode; the organic matter for the maintenance of vitality is supplied by a more vigorous and intermittent flow. Respiration in these formless creatures, as in higher organisms, appears to be the result of involuntary action, while feeding is voluntary.

The sarcode possesses the power of appropriating from the incurrent streams of water not only the air and food it requires, but also the mineral matter which it needs for the rearing of its frame-work. The amount of sarcode, as well as its consistency, varies with the different species, but in all other respects the sponge-animal seems identical. The secretion and deposit of the mineral skeleton by which the three orders are characterized depend wholly upon some subtle and mysterious principle lying back of the region to which chemistry and microscopic investigation can penetrate. If there be a physical cause behind the phenomena, the deeper we investigate the subject the more hopeless seems the search. As chemical tests become more refined, and microscopic investigations more accurate, the facts which are brought to light tend to prove identity in the living animal of the various sponges rather than difference. And yet every reasonable mind must admit some difference in causes which produce results so diverse. If it is not chemical or purely physical, what is it? What right have we to assume a chemical action which is beyond the reach of chemical tests, or a physical peculiarity which baffles the most patient

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microscopic observation? Are we not driven by the scientists themselves into a belief in some vital principle which is not mere chemical action?

These creatures perform all the essential functions of life without a single organ. The mass of animal jelly takes in food without a mouth, digests it without a stomach, and rejects such portions as it cannot assimilate without an alimentary canal. It inhales the sea water, extracts from it the life-sustaining oxygen, and exhales it loaded with carbonic acid, the product of animal combustion, without lungs, blood-vessels, or pectoral muscles. It possesses the power of motion, sensation, and reproduction without muscles, nerves, or generative organs. Where, then, does the vital principle reside?

Throughout the animal kingdom there is an infinite variety of forms; but, whether the organism be high or low, sarcode is invariably present. As we descend the scale of being, the organs and systems apparently essential to life become simpler and fewer. The organs of perception and sense are obliterated; the systems—nervous, muscular, sanguineous, osseous—one after another disappear, till, in the lowest forms of existence, the monera, the amœba, and the sponge animal, they are all wanting. But, from the highest to the lowest, sarcode is invariably associated with animal vitality. It lines the mouth, stomach, and alimentary canal of the highest forms of life; it composes the entire entity of the lowest. Under high microscopic powers, the mucous lining of the human digestive system presents an appearance similar to the sarcode of the protozoa. The only function essential to life is the power to convert nutriment into animal tissue; it is more than possible that this transmuting power resides in the mucous substance existing in every organic creature, and that in this substance the wondrous alchemy of life is wrought. However this may be (and it is only an hypothesis as yet), these animals possess this transmuting power, and they are simply masses of mucous matter without a single permanent organ.

A spoonful of the sarcode may be dipped from the living animal and deposited in a spot favorable to its growth. It is apparently unconscious of its involuntary secession, and certainly indifferent to it; soon it begins secreting a skeleton of its own, improvising a mouth wherever the food happens to be presented; in fact, showing that it is quite equal to supporting an establishment of its own. One very curious fact is, that while the whole sponge-mass shows a sensitiveness to disturbing causes, the living substance in which its life resides appears quite indifferent to any rending, or dissection, to which it may be subjected. Its life is social rather than individual. An instance is mentioned in which a parasite of the spongilla was observed passing rapidly over the surface of the sarcode, biting out pieces, here and there, without seeming in any way to incommode the sponge, or to interfere with the general action of its internal organs.

The possibility of life in the deep sea had not only been questioned by naturalists; it

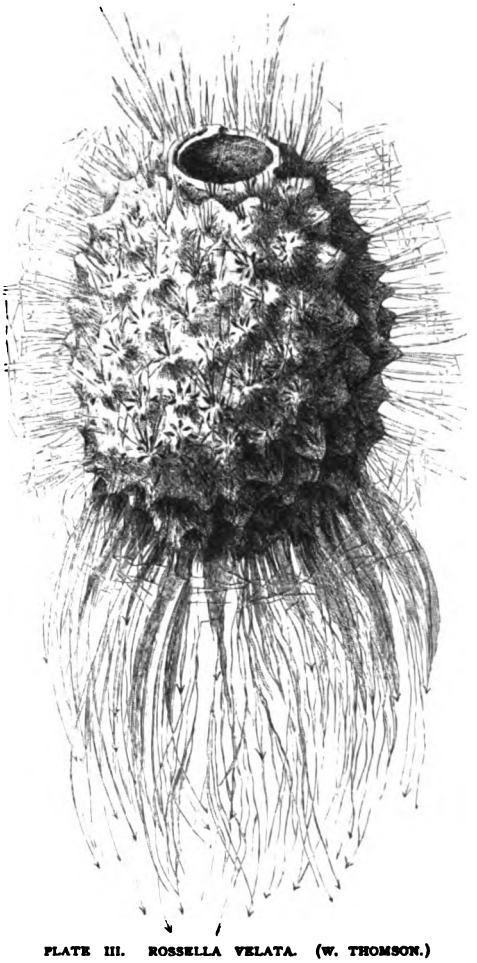

PLATE III. ROSSELLA VELATA. (W. THOMSON.)

had been utterly denied. The only explorations into the sea depths, previous to 1868, were made by Edward Forbes in the Ægean Sea. The absence of life, which he remarked

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there, and which is due to purely local causes, was inferred to be equally characteristic of all great oceanic depths. A theoretical difficulty, which seemed insuperable, also opposed itself to the idea: down in the abyssal depths of the ocean there is neither warmth, light, nor vegetation. Where, then,

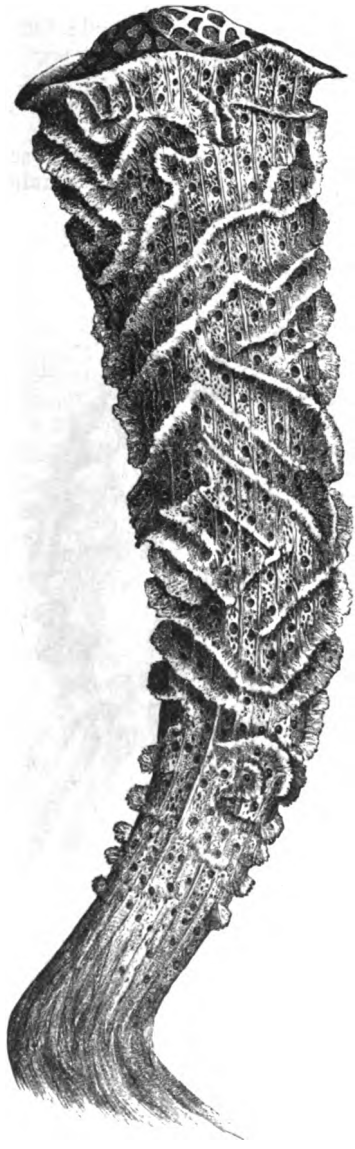

PLATE IV. EUPLECTELLA ASPERGILLUM. (RICHARD OWEN.)

could any creature find the organic food necessary for the sustenance of animal life? This unanswered question was supposed to decide the matter; and the 140,000,000 square miles of sea bottom was forthwith consigned to desolation and death. When, however, it was found by direct investigation that life did exist there, the question became—*how?*

It is a noticeable fact, that, in the profounder depths of the ocean, live only those creatures which possess the power of taking in their food, by absorption through the exposed surfaces of their bodies. The carbonate of lime, silica, and keratose, out of which the sponges erect their skeletons, are known to exist, in solution, in the waters of the sea; organic matter has also been discovered in every sample submitted to chemical analysis. The suggestion, made in 1869 by Dr. Wyville Thomson, has been fully confirmed by experiment, and the water exhaled by the sponges is found to be deprived of the organic matter with which it was charged before being inhaled.

One peculiarity of the glass sponges is the wonderful variety and exquisite beauty of the spicules, or needles of silica, which penetrate the sarcode and bind it together. The usual type is hexradiate, which may be roughly described as three glass spines crossing each other at right angles; thus, there are six rays springing from one central point, each ray at right angles to all those adjacent to it. Sometimes one of the six is rudimentary, and sometimes they do not mutually bisect; there is a variety, almost infinite, without departure from the characteristic type. One of these rays, which is the primal axis, may be short or long; at some point four secondary rays cross the central axis at right angles. Where a long filament is needed for strength in the weaving of the skeleton, or for anchoring the sponge in the mud, the primal axis is abnormally developed, and the cross arms are rudimentary; a slight bulge in the center of the filament, which contains four secondary branches of the central canal, maintains the permanence of the type.

Each spicule is most elaborately formed of concentric layers of glass and intervening films of sarcode with a central sarcodous axis. Every form which could help to bind together the soft gelatinous flesh is to be found: arrows with feathery stems; anchors fluked at both ends; long stalks surmounted at either end with a crown of drooping leaves; Neptune's trident; curved hooks; pins with heads, and swords with hilts; stars, and beautifully formed rosettes; and yet no confusion growing out of these multitudinous shapes. The usual hexradi-

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ate type prevails, and forms upon the surface of the sarcode a delicate, reticulated, starry net-work of glass. The type is wonderfully flexile in its power of adaptation; the long glass hair by which the sponges anchor; the delicate filaments out of which the fabric of one is woven; the exquisite filmy veil which hides, while it discloses, the beauty of another,—are all modifications of this characteristic type.

As early as 1835, the distinguished naturalist Von Siebold brought from Japan some curious wisps of glass hair measuring about twelve inches in length. Similar specimens were subsequently sold as sea-weed by the Japanese curiosity-mongers to European tourists and seamen. Not a fortnight ago, I saw, in one of the largest museums in our country, a specimen so labeled. One end of these wisps was usually inclosed in a leathery sheathing, and stuck into a piece of coral. Japanese ingenuity lends itself so freely to the concoction of impossible monsters, that anything strange, in the way of a natural curiosity from that country, is regarded with distrust. Combinations so skillfully made as to defy detection, except at the hands of the comparative anatomist, have made naturalists wary.

The first *Hyalonema Sieboldii* was therefore placed by the great microscopist, Ehrenberg, among the specimens of Japanese art. The microscope, which discriminates so unerringly between the works of nature and those of art, did not hesitate to pronounce the glass coil, the investing polyp, and the coral base, all to be natural; but the combination was supposed (and truly supposed, as far as the coral base was concerned) to be artificial.

. New specimens, less mutilated than this first one, were constantly added to the European museums, till finally *Hyalonema* was promoted from the cabinet of Japanese art to the Museum of Natural Curiosities. Still, the question as to its origin and nature remained doubtful; the artificial combinations in which it was generally found were very misleading. The investing leathery membrane was undoubtedly a polyp, the cup-shaped body which inclosed the wisp was no less certainly a sponge; but the wisp itself remained an insoluble mystery.

The *Hyalonema lusitanicum* consists of a long wisp of coarse glass hair slightly twisted throughout its length. Encircling the upper portion of the coil is a cup-shaped sponge of a buff color; below this, for several inches, the coil is inclosed in an embossed leathery sheath. After it escapes from this envelope, the coil slightly untwists, and at the bottom presents the appearance of a frayed-out cord. [See Plate II.]

This curious and anomalous form was to

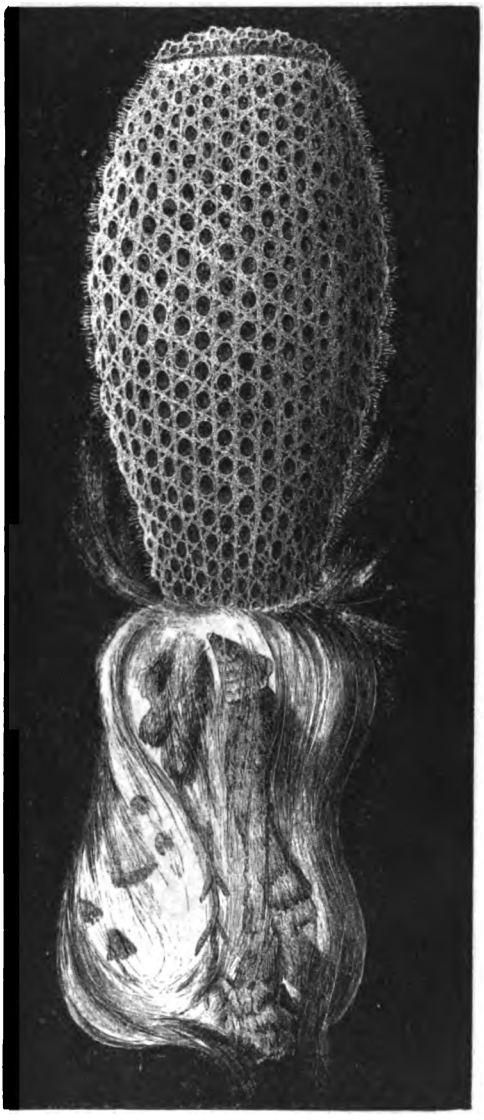

PLATE V. EUPLECTELLA CUCUMER, HALF NATURAL SIZE. (RICHARD OWEN.)

be classified, and the war of the sponges began. The great English authorities on corals and sponges hardly knew how to express their mutual scorn. *Hyalonema* is, says one, a coral with a parasitical sponge! *Hyalonema* is, cries another, a sponge with a commensal polyp! It is, exclaims a third, a sponge, the investing membrane

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being the oscular openings of the creature provided for the excurrent streams of water! All this time, while the angry war of words went on, *Hyalonema* stood on its head wait-

PLATE VI. EUPLECTELLA SPECIOSA.
(By the courtesy of Dr. Christopher Johnston.)

ing to be classified. Not one of all its angry champions knew enough to put it in its correct position. The conical mass had been, from the first, assumed as its base, out of which the spreading wisp of glass hair was supposed to spring upward into the water. Finally, Professor Lovén, of Christiana, pointed out the fact, that the *Hyalonema* had been described in an inverted position. The first suggested that the glass coil was used for the purpose of anchoring the sponge in the mud, and, of course, formed its base.

In 1868, Dr. Perceval Wright brought up a specimen of *Hyalonema* from a depth of 600 fathoms in Setubal Bay, off the coast of Portugal. This was, perhaps, the first exploit that could be dignified by the name of deep-sea sounding, which was successfully accomplished in the great ocean. At last the embargo was authoritatively declared to be removed from the great valleys and low-lying plains of the ocean's bed, and eager man hastened into the new country to take possession of it. Each new attempt at deep-sea exploration was crowned with fresh discoveries. New and beautiful glass sponges were added to the list, till our modest *Hyalonema* was quite cast into the shade.

The *Holtenia*, which was also dredged off the coast of Portugal, is in shape a symmetrical oval or sphere, with a cup-shaped depression in the top. The outer and inner walls of the sponge are formed of a starry silicious net-work. The spicules of which this net-work is made are five-rayed, the sixth ray being rudimentary. The primary axis penetrates the sarcode, while the cross arms spread themselves over the surface, producing a delicate stellate pattern. When living, the interstices of the lacy fabric are filled with a delicately fenestrated matter like white of egg, which is its flesh. This sarcode is forever moving, widening or narrowing the cavities and canals which penetrate it, and gliding over the spicules. A current of water, urged by the motion of the cilia, flows into the openings occurring over the surface, and passes, finally, out of the large osculum, or exhalent cavity, in the top. The upper third of the oval is covered with rigid hairs of the purest glass, which stand up like a frill about it, while the lower third sends down a perfect maze of delicate glassy filaments, softer and silkier, to the eye, than an infant's hair. These constitute the anchoring filaments which characterize the whole family of glass sponges, so far as they are now known.

The two, however, which bear off the palm for exquisite beauty are the *Rossella velata* and the *Euplectella speciosa*. [See Plates III. and VI.] The *Rossella* is not unlike the *Holtenia*. Its body is of a symmetrical oval form, composed of a beautiful net-work

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of glass spicules invested by the sarcode. The chief beauty of this sponge is due to an exquisitely delicate veil, which seems to envelop it in its filmy folds. This appearance is produced by a maze of spicules which stand out from the surface of the sponge at the distance of a centimeter. The primal axis of each spicule partially penetrates the sarcode, and the cross arms interlace to form the veil. From the lower portion of the body tufts of glistening glass hair curve gracefully downward, here and there terminating in a quadrate barb, the more securely to anchor the sponge in the shifting bottom mud. The *Rossella* looks much like a pine-apple, wanting its crowning tuft of leaves, and its core, woven of fine glass hair, and veiling its loveliness in misty films of delicate spun glass.

The *Euplectella* is even more beautiful than any species yet mentioned. It is brought from the Philippine seas, and the first specimen was described and "figured" as early as 1841 by Richard Owen. This first specimen was called *Euplectella aspergillum*. [See Plates IV. and VII.] In 1858 the *Euplectella cucumer* was brought to England [See Plate V.], and later, the most exquisite of all, the *Euplectella speciosa*, made its entrée into scientific society, the acknowledged queen of the glass-sponges. [See Plate VI.] It is a graceful cornucopia, formed of a delicate lace of a square meshed texture. Every angle is softened and rounded in effect by the weaving and interweaving of other filaments. The meshes are so perfectly regular that graduated series run from top to bottom of the curved vase, making the number in every encircling row the same. There seems to be a regular web and woof to the texture; but, heightening and softening all this formal beauty, a curious little ruffle, standing at right angles to the surface of the vase, runs backward and forward, and round and round the cornucopia to its very lid. Through this delicate and wayward little frill the exquisite precision of the square meshes beneath is seen. The vase is covered with a fretted lid of closer texture than the body of the sponge, and around the smaller end is an embracing tuft of glass hair curving up on every side.

The glass hair of which these sponges are woven is not transparent, as might be imagined; it is of a pure and lustrous white, giving, in certain lights, an opalescent play of color. The texture is like frost-work, phantom flowers, the finest and filmiest of the real Shetland lace, which is rarely seen in this country; it is so exquisitely delicate and lustrously white as to beggar description, and to make one turn disheartened away from analogy. In all the world there is perhaps nothing so fairy-like as these wonderful fabrics built up by this formless, structureless life, in the darkness and stillness of the deep-sea waters.

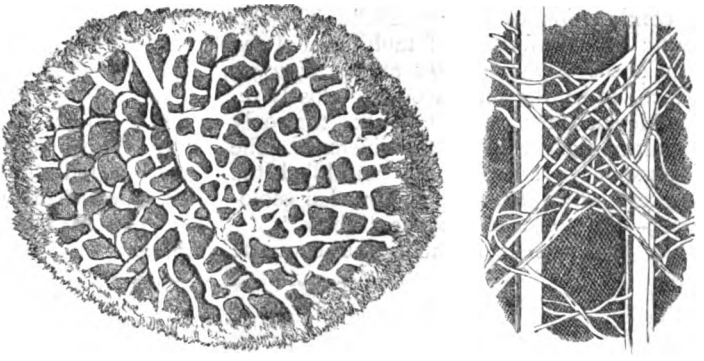

PLATE VII. LID, AND SQUARE MESHED TEXTURE (MAGNIFIED), OF EUPLECTELLA ASPERGILLUM (RICHARD OWEN).

The glass-sponges, it would be seen, are of a particularly hospitable disposition, for most of them possess some "commensal" or humble friend, who always lives with them, and eats at the same table. Commensals differ from parasites in this, that they eat *with*, and not *upon*, the creature with which they are associated. They seem, by some mutual understanding, to come to an agreement to "chum together." The investing, leathery membrane of *Hyalonema* is a colony of such commensals, and, within the vase of the *Euplectella*, live two little crabs, hopelessly held in their exquisite prison-house, for here they live and here they die without possibility of release. The constant currents of sea water, created by the ciliary movement of the sarcode, brings food to the "commensal" as well as to the sponge.

Of the 140,000,000 square miles which lie under the sea, that which has been fairly dredged may be measured by the square yard; and yet how rich has been the fruit of these few years of deep-sea exploration. Every haul of the dredge brings up strange forms of life; some of them are strange, be-

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cause new and unfamiliar; others, because they seem like a weird echo from a remote geologic past. Many of the organisms, now dwelling in the quiet ocean depths, are identical with those in existence when the mighty Mastodon roamed the forests of the Tertiary epoch, and the frightful Megatherium silently waited to drop upon his prey. Others, again, point to a still remoter past: the formation which is now taking place at the bottom of the sea, is, it can almost be said, a continuation of the "Chalk." The Atlantic ooze is formed of multitudes of the tiny shells of *foraminifera* and *globigerina*, which, under the microscope, so closely resemble specimens of the "Chalk" that only a trained eye can detect the difference. The glass-sponges have at last unriddled the mystery which has so long puzzled geologists,—the *ventriculites* of the "Chalk."

At the present moment, the exquisite silicious net-work which characterizes these sponges is found associated with deposits

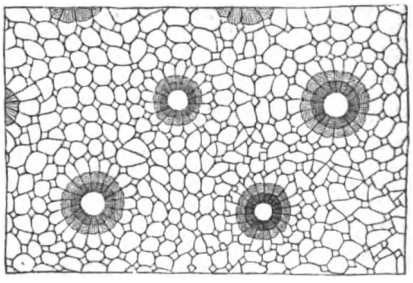

PLATE VIII. OUTER SURFACE VENTRICULITES SIMPLEX OF THE CHALK. (FOUR TIMES NATURAL SIZE.)

of tiny calcareous shells, just as they were in those ages long past, whose record is engraven upon the adamantine rocks. We look upon them with a sense of awe as we recognize the mysterious handwriting of the Creator.

THE STORY OF ANNE MATURIN.

A SKETCH FOR A PICTURE.

CHAPTER I.

ANNE MATURIN was an orphan, brought up by her aunt Mrs. Hartley, who was well off, and generous enough to give the solitary girl a home. She was very well and kindly treated, but still there was a shade of difference between her and her cousins. Mrs. Hartley had four children—two boys and two girls—and the difference of treatment to which Anne was subjected was very much what a younger daughter has to submit to while her elder sisters are still reigning in the house. She went out with them only at intervals, when either Letty or Susan happened to be indisposed for some special engagement. She was not quite so well dressed. A number of little occupations which they were not fond of fell naturally upon her, and were considered, without any question as to whether she liked them or not, her duty. Her inclinations, her dislikes, her little ailments, those trifling things which affect only comfort and have little to do either with life or health, were not, perhaps, so instantly or so carefully attended to. But in all that could really or deeply influence her well-being Anne was as well cared for as if she had been in her mother's house. They were all very kind to her; nay, I use words which have no business here. They were not kind; they had no thought of being kind; they were simply her family as nature had made them. When Letty and Susan married, Anne worked at both the trousseaux and danced at both the weddings, and cried when they went away, and again for joy when they came back. "But," she said, "I am the only young lady in the house now. I am quite a great person," and felt her own importance, as "the youngest" does, when she finds herself at last promoted and reigning alone. Thus it will be seen that nothing in the least of a Cinderella character was in Anne's thoughts, though indeed there were friends of the family who called her Cinderella, and remarked that her gowns were more flimsy, and that her bonnets lasted longer, than those of the older girls. Letty and Susan both made very satisfactory marriages, and left their old home somewhat

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lonely. It was Anne who kept things going, and kept her aunt from feeling too much the loss of her daughters; but yet Mrs. Hartley, with natural feeling, snubbed her niece when she made her little brag of being the only young lady in the house.

"Anne is a good girl," she said, "but if she thinks she can replace my own girls—"

"Hush, mamma!" cried Letty, who was a kind soul. "She did not mean to replace us; but I am sure she *is* a comfort."

And Mrs. Hartley admitted that she was a comfort, though not like her very own.

Fortunately, however, Anne did not hear this. She missed the girls very much, and she thought it natural that their mother should miss them still more, and that dreary reflection which comes to so many minds,

> "Many love me, yet by none
> Am I enough beloved,"

had never entered her young soul. She was happy and light-hearted, and contented with what was given to her. The other state of mind, with its deeper questionings, may be more picturesque and more imposing; but to live with, commend me to the fresh heart which takes what it has and is happy, and grumbles not for more. She was twenty-two when she rose to the dignity of being the only young lady in the house; and what with her aunt to love and care for, and her cousins' brand-new houses to visit and admire, and "the boys" still in the house "for company," Anne Maturin was as cheerful and as pleasant a young creature as eye could desire to see. She was pretty and yet not striking, with the prettiness of youth and health, and roundness and bloom and good temper, rather than with positive beauty of any description. Her nose was not worth speaking of; her mouth, like most people's mouths, was somewhat defective. Her eyes were bright but not brilliant; well opened but not very large. In short, nice, warm, shining, ordinary brown eyes, such as you could find by the dozen. Her figure light and springy, her hair wavy and abundant. A nice girl,—this was what everybody said of her; pleasant to talk to, pleasant to look at, but no more remarkable than half of the young women who make our lives pleasant or miserable. I doubt much if in any assemblage of such, at kirk or market, you would have noted Anne at all, or found her special advantages out.

Mrs. Hartley had two sons, Francis and John—the one a barrister, the other in a public office.

John, the public office man, was like most other young men in public offices, and scarcely claimed separate notice. The barrister was the pride of the house. He had gone through a very successful career both at school and college; had made a successful appearance at the bar very early, and bade fair to be a successful man. The successfulness of success was already apparent in him. The further he advanced, the greater became his rate of progress, and the more rapidly he continued to go on. He was only about thirty, and he was already known as a rising man. The Hartleys were all proud of him, though I am not sure that his sisters, at least, were as fond of him as they were proud. Sisters judge impartially in many cases, and have many little data to go upon unknown to the outside world. Letty and Susan had an impression of his character which they would not for the world have put into words, but which they communicated to each other by little side remarks, saying: "It is just like him," when any incident happened which confirmed their theory. This theory was that Francis was selfish. He liked his own way (as who does not?), and when his way came into collision with other people's way, never yielded or compromised matters; so at least his sisters said. But Anne held no such doctrine. Since her earliest capabilities of use began she had been the little vassal first, and recently the champion and defender of Francis; and he was always good to her. That is to say, he accepted her services with much kindness, and spoke to her pleasantly, and sometimes even would applaud her gentle qualities, especially in points where she differed from his sisters. I do not know if he had ever in his life exercised himself to procure a pleasure, or done anything else in Anne's behal which cost him trouble. But he was always "nice" o his cousin, and she thought immensely f this easy kindness. She was ready to fetch him whatever he wanted—to study his looks, to talk or be silent, according as the humor pleased him. And she could divine his humors much more quickly than even his mother could; for, indeed, Mrs. Hartley was not one of the mothers who sacrifice or annihilate themselves for their children. She was a very good mother—very careful of them and very anxious for their welfare; but withal she retained her own personality and inde- e. She was very good and indul- rancis, but she did not search his llow emulously every shade

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of meaning on his face, neither did she make everything in the house subservient to her sons. She was the mistress, and such she intended to be as long as she lived.

It was therefore with some solemnity and a little excitement, but with nothing of the intense and painful feeling which often attends such a revelation, that she made a certain disclosure to Anne one wintry spring afternoon, which changed the current of the poor girl's life, though nobody knew of it.

"I am going to tell you some news, Anne," she said; "of a very important kind. I don't quite know whether I am pleased or not; but, at all events, it is something very important and rather unexpected."

"What kind of a thing, aunt?" said Anne, looking up from her knitting.

Her fingers went on with her work, while her eyes, brightening with expectation and interest, looked up at the speaker. She was full of lively, animated curiosity, but nothing more. No fear of evil tidings, no alarm for what might be coming, was in her peaceful soul.

"What would you say to a marriage in the family?" said Mrs. Hartley.

"A marriage! But, dear aunt, there is nobody to marry—unless," said Anne, with a pleasant ring of laughter, "without my knowing anything about it, it should be me."

"Nobody to marry? Do you think the boys are nobody?" said Mrs. Hartley, with a little snort of partial offense.

"The boys! Oh, did you mean the boys?" said Anne, bewildered.

She made a little momentary pause, as if confused, and then said, rather foolishly:

"The boys' weddings will be weddings in other families, not here."

"That is true enough if you think of nothing but the wedding; but I suppose you take more interest in your cousins than that," said Mrs. Hartley. "Francis came in quite unexpectedly when you were out."

"Francis? Is it Francis?" said Anne, in a hurried low tone of dismay.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Hartley.

Why not, indeed? There could be nothing more natural. He was a full-grown man. But the surprise (surely it was only surprise made Anne quite giddy for the moment. Her head swam, the light seemed to change somehow, and darken round her. She felt physically as if she had received a violent and sudden blow.

"To be sure," she said, mechanically, feeling that her voice sounded strange, and did not seem to belong to her—"Why not? I suppose it is the most natural thing in the world, only it never came into my head."

"That is nonsense," said her aunt, somewhat sharply. "Indeed the wonder is that Francis has not married before. He is over thirty, and making a good income, and when I die he will have the most part of what I have. Indeed it is in a sort of a way his duty to marry. I do not see how any one could be surprised."

Anne was silent, feeling with a confused thankfulness that no reply was necessary, and after a pause Mrs. Hartley resumed in a softened tone:

"I confess, however, that for the moment I did not expect anything of the kind. I generally have a feeling when something is going to happen; but I had not the least warning this morning. It came upon me all at once. Anne, I do think, after living with us all your life, you might show a little more interest. You have never even asked who the lady is."

"It was very stupid of me," said Anne, forcing herself to speak. "Do we know her? Do you like her? I cannot think of any one."

"No, indeed, I suppose not," said Mrs. Hartley. "She is not one of our set. It will be a capital marriage for Francis—though, indeed, a man of his abilities may aspire to any one. It is Miss Parker, the daughter of the Attorney-General, Anne; a man just as sure to be Lord Chancellor as I am to eat my dinner. She will be the Honorable Mrs. Francis Hartley one day—of course the Honorable is not much of itself. If it had been some poor Irish or Scotch girl, for instance, who happened to be a Lord's daughter; but the Lord Chancellor is very different. Fancy the interest it will give him, not to say that it will be of the greatest importance to him in his profession; the Lord Chancellor's son-in-law; nobody can have a greater idea than I have of my son's abilities," continued the old lady; "but such a connection as this is never to be disregarded. I am to call upon Lady Parker to-morrow, and make acquaintance with my future daughter. Perhaps as the girls have both got their own engagements, and Letty would not like me to take Susan without asking her, perhaps I had best take you with me, Anne."

"Oh, thanks, aunt," said Anne, tremulously. "Did you hear anything about the young lady herself?"

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"Oh, I heard that she was an angel, of course," said Mrs. Hartley. "That, one takes for granted, and he gave me her photograph; it is lying about somewhere. Look on my little table under the newspaper, or under my work. Pretty enough; but you never can tell from a photograph. What is the matter with you, Anne?"

"I only tripped against the stool," said Anne, hastily turning her back to the light, and catching a glimpse of herself in the glass, which frightened her.

She was thankful to go with the photograph to the window after she had found it, the waning light being an excuse for her. The photograph was like a hundred others, such as every one has seen. A pretty young face, with the usual elaborate hair-dressing, and the usual elaborate costume. As for such things as expression or character, there were none in the so-called portrait, which might of course be the fault of the original; but this no one would dare to make sure of. It seemed to Anne, looking at it with her hot eyes, to swell and magnify, and smile disdainfully at her, as she gazed at it. She was still stupid with the blow, and, at the same time, was making so desperate an effort to restrain herself, that between the stunned sensation of that shock, and the self-restraint which she exercised, she seemed to herself to be like marble or iron, rigid and cold. The photograph fell out of her stiff fingers, and she had to grope for it on the floor, scarcely seeing it. All this occupied her so long that Mrs. Hartley became impatient.

"Well, have you nothing to say about it, now that you have seen it?" she asked.

"She is very pretty," said Anne, slowly. "I hope Francis will be very happy with her. Did he seem very much ——"

"Oh, he seemed all a young man ought to be, as foolish as you please," said Mrs. Hartley; "but he is coming home to dinner this evening, so you can question him to your heart's content. Give me a cup of tea, Anne. I think I shall go to my room and rest a little before dinner. There is nothing tires one like excitement," said the placid old lady; and she continued to talk about and about this great subject while she drank her afternoon cup of tea.

How glad Anne was when she left the room to take that nap before dinner; how thankful that she had a moment's breathing-time, and could, so to speak, look herself in the face. This was precisely the first thing she did when she was left to herself. She went up to the mantel-piece and leaned her arms upon it, and contemplated in the mingled light, half twilight, half ruddy gleams from the fire, the strange, forlorn, woe-begone face, that seemed to look back at her mournfully out of that rose-tinted gloom. The giddiness was beginning to go off a little, and the singing in her ears was less than it had been; the strange whirl and revolution of earth and heaven had ceased, and the things were settling down into their places. What was it that had happened to her? "Nothing, nothing," she said to herself, vehemently, the red blood of shame rushing to her face in a painful and tingling glow. Poor pretense; nothing was changed, but everything was different. The whole world and her life, and everything she was acquainted with, or had any experience of, seemed suddenly to have been snatched from her and thrown into the past. The very path she was treading seemed cut away under her feet. She had stopped short, startled, feeling deadly faint and sick when the sudden precipice opened at her feet; but there it was, and there did not seem another step for her to take anywhere upon solid ground. This sudden, wild consciousness of the difference, however, though it was bad enough, was not all. Bitter and terrible shame that it should be so, scorched up poor Anne. Shame flamed upon her innocent cheeks. Her eyes fell before her own gaze, ashamed to meet it. A man feels no such shame to have given his love to a woman who loves him not. He may be angry, jealous, mortified, and vindictive; but he is not abashed. But the woman who has given her heart unsought is more than abashed. She feels herself smitten to the earth as with a positive stain. Shame embitters and impoisons all her suffering. It is almost worse than a crime—it is a disgrace to her and to all womankind—or at least so the girl feels in the first agony of such a discovery, though her love may be as pure and devoted and unselfish as anything known in this world.

Then her thoughts all rushed to the question of self-defense. She must not make a show of herself and her emotions. She must smile and congratulate and gossip as if the event were one of the happiest which could have occurred, as she had done with a light heart when Letty and Susan were married. Their weddings had been the greatest gala-days she had ever known. She had been bridesmaid to both, with a fresh dress, and an important position, and much

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attention from everybody. She had taken the most genuine interest in everything that was done and said. Her life seemed to date indeed from these great occasions. And now must she go over all this, and probably be bridesmaid again to Francis's wife? Her very heart grew sick at the thought; but she must do it, must keep up, and give no one any reason to think—no one—that her heart was broken.

She was still standing thus, when the door opened, and Francis himself came into the room. Anne's heart gave a wild bound, and then seemed to stand still; but perhaps it was best that it should happen so, for she must have met him soon, and the room was dark, and he could not see how she looked. He came up to her where she stood, and took her hand, as he had a way of doing.

"Well, Anne," he said.

"Well, Francis," she returned faintly, as by some mechanical action, and withdrew her hand. She looked down into the fire, which threw a ruddy reflection on her face and disguised her paleness. She did not feel able to look at him.

"What's the matter?" said Francis, jauntily; "not displeased, are you? Of course my mother has told you," and he took her hand again. She dared not withdraw it that time, but had to leave it in his hold, though the poor little fingers tingled to their tips with the misery and bitterness and shame in her heart. All that he meant, of course, was friendliness, cousinship—while she—she, a woman, had allowed other thoughts to get entrance into her mind!

"I am not displeased," she said, summoning all her courage, "except that you did not give us any warning, Francis. You might have told me something about her; I was rather hurt at that."

"Were you, dear?" he said, with a tenderness that was unusual, and he put his other arm round her waist, as if somehow this new change had increased instead of diminishing his privileges. And Anne, poor Anne, dared not resent it—dared not break from him, as probably, laughing and blushing, she would have done yesterday. She had to stand still, making herself as stiff and cold as she could, enduring the half embrace. "If I had thought that, you should have known everything from the beginning; but it has not been a very long business; and, until I knew her sentiments, I saw no need to betray mine. It might have come to nothing, and a man does not care to make a fool of himself."

"Then tell me about her now," said Anne, holding firmly by the mantel-piece, and desperately plunging to the center of the misery at once.

Francis laughed.

"I don't know what I can say. I left her photograph somewhere, and I suppose my mother told you."

"Only that it was an excellent marriage, nothing about *her*."

Once more Francis laughed. He shrugged his shoulders, and bent down to look into her face.

"I suppose Letty and Susan raved of *him* to your sympathetic ears, did they? But men don't go in for that sort of thing. No; I want you to tell me, Anne, my dear little girl—look up, that I may see your face—are you pleased?"

"Francis! of course I am pleased if you are happy," faltered poor Anne; "but how can I tell otherwise, when I don't know her, and you won't tell me anything about her?"

"Give me a kiss then and wish me joy," he said.

Anne felt his cheek touch hers. There seemed to ensue a moment in which everything whirled round her—the fire-light, the pale evening sky through the window, the glimmer in the glass. Whether she should faint in his arms, or break away from them, seemed to hang upon a hair. But that hair-breadth of strength still remained to her. She escaped from his hold. She flew out of the room and upstairs like a hunted creature and dropped down upon her knees in her own little chamber, hiding her face on her bed. Had he suspected? Could he know? But in the passion that swept over her, Anne was beyond entering very closely into these questions. She dared not cry aloud or even sob, though nature seemed to rend her bosom; but the darkness fell on her mercifully, hiding her even from herself.

Mr. Francis Hartley remained behind and contemplated himself in the glass as Anne had done. He caressed his whiskers and drew his fingers through his hair, and said "Poor little Anne!" to himself with the ghost of a smile about the corners of his mouth. Yes, Anne was piqued, there was no doubt of it. Her little heart had been touched. Poor, dear little thing! it was not his fault; he had never given her any encouragement, and it was hard if a man could not be kind to his little cousin without raising hopes of that sort in her mind. But he liked Anne none the worse for her

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weakness, and resolved to "be very kind" to her still. He could be kind with perfect safety now that he was going to be married, and he had always been fond of Anne.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Parker turned out to be very like her photograph—a pretty person, with a very elaborate coiffure, and a very handsome dress; thoroughly trained in London society, full of references to dear Lady Julia and the parties at Stafford House. She asked Anne whether she was going to Lady Uppingham's that night, and told her that she understood it was to be the first of a series of parties, and wasn't it delightful? Everything was so charmingly managed at dear Lady Uppingham's. She had such taste. Now, the Hartleys had never been in the way of such supreme delight as Lady Uppingham's parties, and poor little Cinderella-Anne did not know what answer to make. Fortunately for her, a little sense of fun came in to help her while she was undergoing these interrogations—invaluable auxiliary for which those who possess it cannot be too thankful. The humor of the situation saved her. But Mrs. Hartley was much impressed by the aspect of her new daughter-in-law.

"They are evidently in the very first society, Anne," she said, "as, of course, was to be expected in their position. What a thing for Francis to be among people who will appreciate him. There is only one thing that troubles me."

"What is that, aunt?"

"Her health, my dear," said Mrs. Hartley, solemnly shaking her head.

"Oh, her health!" said Anne, with something of the contempt of youth and strength. "What danger could there be about any one's health at twenty?"

And she paid no attention to her aunt's maunderings (as I am afraid she thought them) about the character of Miss Parker's complexion, its variableness, and delicacy of tint. Indeed, poor Anne had enough to think of without that. She had to conceal her own feelings and master her own heart. And she had to endure the affectionateness of Francis, who was more "kind" than he had ever been before, and would indeed be tender to her when he saw her alone, until, between despite and bitterness, and proud sense of injury, and a still prouder determination not to show her sufferings, Anne felt often as if her heart would break. Fortunately, he was not often at home in the evenings, and at other times she could keep herself out of his way.

And then came the marriage, an event of which Anne was almost glad, as it ended this painful interval, and carried Francis away to another house, where he could no longer gall her by his kindness, or touch her heart by old tones and looks, such as she had loved unawares all her life. Poor Anne—she played her part so well, that no one suspected her; or rather, better still, the sisters who had suspected her decided that they had been mistaken. Mrs. Hartley had never taken any notice at all; and if any one in the house had a lingering consciousness that Anne was not quite as she was before, it was John, the second son, a very quiet fellow, who communicated his ideas to no one, and never gave to Anne herself the least reason to believe that he had found her out. After the wedding, however, when all the excitement was over, Anne fell ill. No, she was not ill, but she was pale and languid, and listless, and easily tired, and so frightened Mrs. Hartley, that she sent for the doctor, who looked wise, and ordered quinine, and hinted something about cod-liver oil. As Mrs. Hartley, however, was able to assure him, which she did with much vivacity and some pride, that disease of the lungs had never been known in her family, Anne was delivered from that terrible remedy. No, she was not ill, whatever the doctor might say. She was, as all highly strung and delicate organizations are, whom sheer "pluck" and spirit have carried through a mental or bodily fatigue which is quite beyond their powers. The moment that the heart fails, the strength goes; and when the great necessity for strain and exertion was over, Anne's heart did fail her. Life seemed to stop short somehow. It grew *fade*, monotonous, a seemingly endless stretch of blank routine, with no further motive for exertion in it. All was flat and blank, which a little while before had been so bright. She made no outcry against Providence, nor did she envy Miss Parker, now Mrs. Francis Hartley, or bemoan her own different fate. Anne was too sensible and too genuine for any of these theatrical expedients. She cursed nobody; she blamed nobody; but her heart failed her: it was all that could be said. Her occupations and amusements had been of the simplest kind; nothing in them at all, indeed, but the spirit and force of joyous, youthful life, with which she threw herself into everything; and now that spirit was

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gone, how tedious and unmeaning they all seemed.

At this dreary time, however, Anne had one distraction which often answers very well in the circumstances, and, indeed, has been known to turn evil into good in a manner wonderful to behold. She had a lover. This lover was the Rector of the parish, a good man, who was one of Mrs. Hartley's most frequent visitors, and a very eligible person indeed. Everybody felt that had it been a luckless curate without a penny, it would have been much more in Anne's way, who had not a penny herself. And probably had it been so, Letty and Susan said, with justifiable vexation, Anne would have fancied him out of pure perversity. For the first moment, indeed, she seemed disposed to "fancy" the Rector. Here would be the change she longed for. She would escape at least from what was intolerable around her. But after a while there seized upon Anne a visionary disgust for the life within her reach, which was almost stronger than the weariness she had felt with her actual existence. And she dismissed, almost with impatience, the good man who might have made her happy. Perhaps, however, Mr. Herbert was not altogether discouraged; he begged to be considered a friend still; he came to the house as before. He was of use to Anne, though she would not have acknowledged it; and perhaps in the natural course of affairs, had nothing supervened, a pleasant termination might have come to the little romance, and all would have been well.

"The Francis Hartleys" came back after a while and settled in their new house amid all the splendors of bridal finery. They "went out" a great deal, and happily had not much time to devote to "old Mrs. Hartley," who liked that title as little as most people do. Mrs. Francis was a very fine and a very pretty bride. She was a spoiled child, accustomed to all manner of indulgences, and trained in that supreme self-regard which is of all dispositions of the mind the most inhuman, the least pardonable by others. It was not her fault, Anne would sometimes say with perhaps something of the toleration of contempt. She had been brought up to it; from her earliest years she had been the monarch of all she surveyed; her comfort, the highest necessity on earth; her pleasure, the law of everybody about her. Sometimes even this worst of all possible trainings does a generous spirit no harm; but poor little Mrs. Francis had neither a generous spirit nor those qualities of imagination and humor which keep people often from making themselves odious or ridiculous. She had frankly adopted the pleasant doctrine of her own importance, and saw nothing that was not reasonable and natural in it. Further, the fact crept out by degrees that Mrs. Francis had a temper: undisciplined in everything, she was also undisciplined in this, and even in presence of his family would burst into little explosions of wrath against her husband, which filled the well-bred Hartleys with incredulous dismay. At these moments her pink color would flush into scarlet, her bosom would pant, her breath come short, and circles of excitement would form round her eyes. The pretty white of her forehead and neck became stained with patches of furious red, and the pretty little creature herself blazed into a small fury out of the smooth conventional being she generally appeared. That Francis soon became afraid of these ebullitions, and that Mrs. Francis was often ill after them, was very soon evident to his family. He came more to his mother as time went on, and though he did not speak of domestic discomfort, there was a tone in his voice, an under-current of bitterness in what he said, that did not escape even less keen observers than Anne. She, poor girl, had managed with infinite trouble to withdraw herself from the dangerous intimacy which her cousin had tried to thrust upon her. It was better, she felt, to allow him to draw conclusions favorable to his vanity than to permit him to hold her hand, to show her a tenderness which was fatal to her, and unbecoming in him. She gained her point, though not without difficulty, and it would be impossible to describe the mixture of softening compassion, sympathy, pain and contempt, with which Anne came to regard the man whom she had loved unawares all her life. Yes, even contempt—though perhaps it was not his fault, poor fellow, that he was under that contemptible sway of weakness, which even the strong have to bow to, when an ungoverned temper is conjoined with a delicate frame and precarious health. But it was his fault that he had married a woman for whom he had no real love, no feeling strong enough to give him influence with her, or power over her; and it was his fault that he came back and made bitter speeches at his mother's fire-side instead of making some effort worthy of a man to get his own life in tune. These were the reflections of an inexperienced girl, one of

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the hardest judges to whose sentence weak human nature can be exposed. Anne began to look on pitying, to feel herself disentangled from the melancholy imbroglio, regarding it with keen and somewhat bitter interest, but no personal feeling. The position was painful to her, but yet buoyed her up with a certain sense of superiority to the man who had wronged her.

CHAPTER III.

THE threads of Fate which tangle round unwary feet and bring them by all kinds of unthought-of paths to fall into some tragic net, are only now spoken of in melodrama—in the primitive and artless exhibitions of dramatic art which please the vulgar; and when we speak more piously of Providence, we attribute to that benign power those plans which bring happiness and well-being, and not those darker evils of circumstance which lead to misery or death. And yet it is still true that at the most unguarded moment the darkest cloud may rise on a blameless life—that innocence may be made to bear the guise of guilt, and heart and soul may be petrified, and all bright prospects and happy hopes come to nothing by an unconsidered momentary act. So long as this dread possibility remains, tragedy cannot be far from the most commonplace existence. And thus it was that the innocent days of Anne Maturin, most commonplace, most ordinary as they were, were suddenly swept into a destroying current, which ravaged the best part of her existence before it finally left her exhausted on the strand to snatch a late and shadowed peace.

Francis had been for some time married, and all the evils attending his marriage had become known to his family, as well as the social success and advancement which made a large counterpoise in favor of his wife, when one day he arrived at his mother's house breathless and excited.

"I want you to come to Maria directly, mother," he said. "I want you or Anne. She has had a worse attack than usual, and is really ill. Her mother is in Ireland, heavens be praised! I don't want Lady Parker in my house. I have sent for the doctor, and there is no one but the maids to be with her. She won't have me."

"Won't have you, Francis? Why?"

"Oh, it is needless entering into particulars," he said, with rising color. "The past is enough. But, in the meantime, if you would go to her,—or Anne."

"Anne can go. As for me, I am too old to be of much use in a sick-room, and you know how it knocks me up," said Mrs. Hartley, who could sit up night after night with Letty or Susan without thinking of fatigue. "But Anne will go. Anne, my dear, put on your bonnet at once."

"Will Mrs. Francis like to have me?" said Anne, hesitating. It was no very pleasant office for her, but she no more thought of resisting Mrs. Hartley's disposal of her, than did that lady of recommending that she should go directly. Letty or Susan would have been consulted—would have been allowed their own opinion on the subject; but on Anne all such punctilios would have been thrown away.

"Of course she will like to have you," said the old lady, and Anne obeyed without further struggle.

She walked with her cousin to his house, checking the confidence which he seemed to wish to bestow upon her.

"Never mind the cause," she said. "If your wife is ill I will be of what use I can, Francis. What does it matter how it came about?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Francis sullenly. He was excited, angry, and yet frightened. "She has never been crossed all her life," he said, with a half apologetic, half-resentful air. "I don't know what is to come of it, for my part. When a woman is married, how is it possible to keep up all those pretty fictions about her? She must get to understand the necessities of life."

Anne made no reply. How strange was it that this man, for whom she herself would have undergone anything, should thus murmur to her over the difficulties of the lot he had chosen! Her heart swelled with a certain proud indignation, but with that came a feeling of natural repulsion, almost of disgust. Had she made a similar failure, how proudly, with what desperation, would she have concealed it from him! But he, if she would have permitted him, would have bemoaned himself to her. Was this another of the characteristic differences between men and women, or was it individual feebleness, cowardice on the part of Francis? She turned from him, feeling herself expelled and alienated. She had never felt her individuality more distinct, or her independence more dear to her. She had nothing to do with him or his house or his troubles, thank Heaven! She would help if she could, but she had neither part nor lot with them. Her life might be dismal enough, but yet it would be her own.

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With these thoughts in her mind, she put aside her bonnet and cloak, and went into the room of the patient. Mrs. Francis lay raised up on pillows, breathing quick, and with a high and unnatural color. When she saw her husband she uttered a shrill shriek.

"Oh, go away, go out of my sight, monster. I know what you want. You want to kill me and be rid of me. Send for mamma, and go, go, go away. I hate you; go away. What did you marry me for, to bring me to misery? Go away, go away, go away."

"Maria," said Francis, who was trembling with passion, "I have brought my cousin to be with you. I cannot alarm your mother for so little. I have sent for the doctor, who will be here directly, and here is Anne to do what she may. You know the remedy is in your own hands."

"Oh, is it Anne?" said Mrs. Francis. "Come in, Cinderella-Anne; so they have sent you, because you can't help yourself. It is like the Hartleys. Come in, Cinderella; come here. Oh, you didn't know he called you Cinderella, did you? But I can tell you some pleasant things. Oh, help me, help me; give me something. I shall be suffocated. I shall—die."

The sudden change in her tone was caused by a fresh paroxysm of her malady. She placed her hands upon her side, and panted and struggled for breath, with great patches of scarlet upon her whiteness, while the bed on which she lay vibrated with the terrible struggle. Anne forgot even the sharp impression which Mrs. Francis' words had made upon her, in natural compassion and terror. She rushed to the window and threw it open. She hastened to the bedside to take the place of the terrified maid, who, uttering as many exclamations as her mistress had done, wavered, and trembled in her task of holding up the pillows which supported the sufferer. "Go away; go away," Anne said sharply to her cousin. She, too! Sullen, angry, miserable, Francis went out of the sick-room, and left the woman he had slighted alone to tend the woman he had preferred, with the comfortable conviction that all the utterances of his vanity by which he had amused his bride at the expense of his cousin, were now about to reach that cousin's ears. What a fool he was to have brought Anne, to expose her and himself to such an ordeal! The other one, confound her! ought to have the penalty of her own folly. But when the thought had passed through his mind, Francis Hartley, who was not bad, was ashamed of himself. She was in real danger, which touches the hardest heart; and she was so young, and his wife.

The paroxysm ended after a time, and the doctor came, and the ignorant panic of the attendants was somewhat mitigated. The doctor was one who had watched over Miss Parker through all her youthful existence, and he was very severe upon her husband for allowing her to be excited.

"Don't you know she will die one of these days if this is repeated?" he said, somewhat sternly. "Did not I warn you of the state she was in when you married her? Did not I tell you that she must not be crossed?"

"For God's sake, Doctor, listen to reason," cried the unhappy Francis. "How is it possible for a woman to marry and enter upon the cares of life without being crossed?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Thank Heaven, that is your affair, not mine," he said. "I only tell you the fact, if you don't give over exciting her or allowing her to be excited, she will die."

"It is not I who excite her, she excites herself," said Francis, sullenly; but then instinct came in to remind him that domestic squabbles must not be published. "I will do my best, Doctor," he said. "In the meantime, my presence seems to excite her, would you advise me to keep away?"

"Till she wants you," said the doctor; "it might be as well perhaps. Miss Maturin, whom I left with her, seems very kind and attentive. I have left full instructions with her, and a gentle opiate to be taken at night. That, I hope, will give her some sleep and perfect quiet. I must insist upon that."

The quiet was procured, the gentle opiate administered, and the patient had a good night. Anne's presence somehow—or so at least Francis thought—stilled the house. The maids no longer ran up and down the stairs to inquire for "my poor missis, sir," as they had done before, making Francis furious. He went and dined with his mother quietly, and she was sorry for him. "A married woman and not to be crossed, forsooth," the old lady cried. It was preposterous, beyond expression, and Francis went home more and more convinced of his grievances. The next morning he went up to inquire after his wife. Exhausted as she was, and ill as she had been, she received him with that sudden rallying of animosity, that flush of battle which often shows itself when an opportunity occurs of renewing a not fully terminated matrimonial quarrel.

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"Oh, I am much better, I thank you," said Mrs. Francis, with rising color. "It is quite kind of you to think of asking for me, at last."

"I would have come last night," said Francis. "I should not have left you at all, but that the doctor thought it best. He told me to keep away till you wanted me; but, you see, I could not consider myself banished so long as that."

"Oh, banished indeed," she said; "though, to be sure, perhaps you like to be here when Anne is here. She is fond of you, you know, fonder than I am, I suppose. But you did not marry her, Mr. Hartley. Oh, you may make faces at me as long as you like! Who was it that told me? Have you telegraphed for mamma?"

"No," said Francis, whose face was white with passion; for Anne stood by all this time, hearing every word.

"No!" screamed his wife; "do you mean to kill me without letting her know? Oh, if she could only see what is being done to her child, or papa either! Oh, what a fool; what a fool I was to leave them who were so fond of me, and marry you, who never cared for me! Oh, what a fool I was! *They* took care of me—they never allowed me to be plagued; but you torment me about everything, about your mean housekeeping, and your money, and things I hate. Oh, I am going again, I am going! Send that man away. He has taken advantage of papa's position, and got to know people through us, and got himself pushed and taken out. That was all he wanted. Oh, my God, I am going, I am going! and it is he that has done it. Send him away! Send for mamma! Oh, I will leave him! I will have a separation! I will leave him. I hate him! I never cared for him!" she cried.

Mrs. Francis Hartley's maid was in the room hearing every word. And the doctor had paused on the top of the stairs and heard it also. And so did Anne, who stood by the bedside, with, as may be supposed, many a thought in her heart. Anne was not thinking of her own share in the matter, and when, on the doctor's entrance, Francis beckoned to her at the door and took her hand in his agony and begged her pardon in miserable tones, it was with scarcely any personal sensation that she answered him. She was humbled and wounded to the very heart to see him thus beaten down and humiliated. The impotent passion in his face, the rage, the shame, the miserable self-conviction were terrible to her. She seemed herself to be mortified and humbled in sight of his humiliation.

"Forgive you; I have nothing to forgive," she said. "I am very sorry for you," and then added more anxiously: "Go away, for God's sake, go away! you can do no good, and you may do harm. Go to your mother or one of the girls; but, at least, Francis, go! Go! there is nothing else to be said."

He left her, doubly humiliated, with a flush of such exquisite pain upon his face as he scarcely thought himself capable of feeling. He was banished by both—by the one imperiously, by the other (which was worse) indifferently—and Anne—Anne, who had loved him, did not even think so much of him now as to be wounded by hearing what he had said of her; last and deepest affront a man can be called upon to bear.

Anne went back into the sick-room. She received renewed instructions from the doctor. Quiet once more, and, chiefly, not to let the husband come in to disturb the patient. "It was well meant, no doubt, but injudicious," the doctor said. Quiet was the chief thing, and a few drops of the opiate at bed-time—only a few drops. He left her, promising to return in the evening; and Anne, tired and pale, returned to the bedside and seated herself there. Wondering at herself, as at a woman in a book. How strange, that she should be there, the protector of Francis's wife, charged to keep Francis out of sight, to guard this woman's tranquillities. It was a very irony of circumstances. She sat, thus worn out and drowsy, while the pale, misty autumn day wore on, scarcely moving, lest she should disturb the patient in the half slumber, half stupor of her exhaustion. A maid came creeping elaborately on tip-toe into the room from time to time to ask if anything was wanted—if anything could be done—if Miss Maturin would take anything. Anne was sick at heart and worn out in body, and she was mortally afraid of the recurrence of another such scene. She rejected all these proposals with a wave of the hand, and an impatient "hush!" She kept the room in an unbroken silence, which gradually seemed to creep into her mind like a kind of trance. She was not sleeping, yet she seemed to be dreaming. The day lengthened, waned, sank into twilight. No sound was in it except the dropping of the ashes from the fire, the occasional movements of the sufferer in her bed, the stealthy footsteps

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coming and going. Anne seemed to herself to be waiting, waiting for the coming of the mother. In the silence, she seemed to hear the low monotonous roll of the wheels which were bringing her, bringing her, but never brought her, all the long silent day. When would she come? When would she herself, poor Anne, be able to go out free from this hectic bed-chamber, where she had no right to be, no natural duty? How she longed to go! What a yearning and anxiety there was in her mind to get out of it, anywhere into the free air, to escape, she did not care how! Yet, she sat still, unmoving though that tumult was in her soul.

In the evening the patient stirred and asked for food; and then, after her long stillness, became restless, and talked; the talk was wild, excited, and wandering; but she had not been "crossed," and there was no passion in it. Then she dozed, and Anne began to think that the worst of her vigil was over, to calculate on a quiet night, and the certainty of the mother's arrival on the morrow, and to allow the slumbrous quiet to steal into her own soul. All at once, however, in the darkening, Mrs. Francis sprang up in her bed, as if suddenly awakened, and full of fresh excitement. She plucked wildly at Anne's sleeve.

"You forget the draught," she cried; "the draught, the thing to make me sleep. Give it me; give it me this moment. You want to keep me without sleep; you want to kill me; you want to marry Francis after I am gone. Oh, I know; he told me how you tormented him; how you gave him no peace. Cinderella, give me my draught; give me sleep—sleep! There is the bottle; take it, quickly, quickly! Give me the twenty drops. Oh, you clumsy, stupid——. I shall die if I don't sleep. Give it me. Give it me. Quick! quick! quick!"

Anne had started up from a doze. She was worn out with fatigue and mental pain. She took up the bottle, which stood on a little table close to the bed, and, while this wild storm of words was poured upon her, began to drop the dangerous liquid into a glass. For years after, she labored to recall the exact sequence of her thoughts, as, with this abuse sounding in her ears, with trembling hands and shaken nerves, she tried to do her nurse's office. What were her thoughts? Fright, first, lest the attack should be coming on again; then, indignation, hot shame, contempt, anger; then did the thought cross her mind: Oh, what if the draught were strong enough to still those babbling, violent lips, and make an end of so much misery? God help her! If the thought passed through her mind, it was none of hers. All at once Mrs. Francis darted at her, violently shaking the hand which held the bottle; then snatched the glass out of it. "There is too much," cried Anne, waking up to the full horror of the crisis, and rushing upon the mad creature; but before she could stop her, Mrs. Francis had drunk it to the last drop, and, sinking back upon her pillow with a laugh, held out the glass to her in foolish triumph:

"There now, Cinderella, you can go; now I'll sleep."

For the first moment Anne stood still, paralyzed with horror. The next, she rushed to the bell and rang it—to the door, and shrieked for help. Never was stillness more violently and suddenly broken. She called her cousin's name more loudly than she had ever spoken in her life before, and shrieked to the maids to come, to send for the doctor, to bring help, help! Francis had not come in, but all the servants in the house rushed to her. The footman went for the doctor; the maids in a body rushed into the room, filling the place, which had been so still, with a tumult of noises suggesting every kind of remedy. Oh, what would Anne have given for the power to rouse the patient into one of those paroxysms of which she had been so much afraid! For a minute Mrs. Francis kept looking at them from her bed with a smile, and with large, excited eyes, which seemed to have a kind of diabolical light. Her faculties would seem to have been at once deadened by the opiate. She resisted with the extraordinary strength of passive resistance their frantic attempts to raise her, their wild prayers to her to swallow the improvised remedies which each one presented. Anne, for her part, became as if inspired for the moment (she thought, mad, and possessed with the strength of madness). She lifted Mrs. Francis from her bed. With a terrible consciousness of controlling the despair that was in her, she tried everything she had ever heard of to counteract the fearful effects of this death draught. Whether it all passed in one horrible moment, or whether hours intervened, she never knew. By and by she became aware of the doctor's presence, of many fans about, and that she herself was employed in a variety of services with which her reason had nothing to do, acting blindly like a machine, with her whole heart and soul stupefied, but her bodily powers preternaturally active. It was mid-

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night at last, when, amid dimly burning lights, and strange gusts of air from the open windows, and all the confusion of such a terrible event, Anne became aware at last that all was over. Some one drew her away from the bed-side—some one placed her in a chair, and made her swallow some wine, which he held to her lips. It was the doctor, who had employed her as his assistant.

"We have done all we could," he said, with a voice that seemed to Anne to come out of the distance, out of the darkness somewhere—miles away. "We have done all we could." Terrible confession of human impotence which attends the conclusion, whether peacefully or violently, of every human life.

This was the tragedy which, all at once, without warning or probability, enveloped Anne Maturin's life, and swallowed up its tranquillity, its gentle commonplaces, its every-day story. It was no fault of hers; indeed it would be no hyperbole to say that she would have given her life willingly to redeem that one which she appeared to herself to have sacrificed. I dare not lift the veil from the awful thoughts that took possession of her next morning, when, after the broken and disturbed sleep of exhaustion, she awoke to a real sense of what had happened. God help her! Had she murdered the wife of Francis? This was the first awful question which the daylight seemed to ask her. The cry which she uttered rang through the whole house, startling and alarming every one in it. She sprang from her bed in her agony, and paced up and down the room with moans and cries.

"What have I done; what have I done?" she cried, piteously, when some one came to her.

"Oh, miss, you didn't mean it," cried the horror-stricken maid, who, half-frightened, came into the room and stood by the door, keeping at a distance, as if Anne had been some dangerous animal. What had she done?

The parents of the unfortunate Mrs. Francis Hartley arrived that morning, and her mother, a foolish woman, raved, as a poor creature may be excused for raving over the grave of an only child. She would have had Anne arrested at once and tried for the murder of her daughter; and, indeed, a private inquiry was instituted, at which everything was investigated. Anne, fortunately for herself, was too ill to know—too ill to be aware of the ravings of poor Lady Parker, or even the unreasoning horror of her aunt. "I can't see her; I won't have her here," Mrs. Hartley had cried, and even had gone further—crying out that her children would leave her in the power of that creature, and that she should never feel safe again. When Anne recovered, which was not for a long time, she was transferred, under pretense of "change of air," first to Letty's house and then to Susan's, who became, as they had never been before, most anxious to save her trouble, and would not accept her assistance in their nurseries or any personal attendance from her. "Oh, never mind baby; I am sure he is too much for you," Letty would say; and Susan actually snatched one of her children out of Anne's arms, when she, unconscious, was about to give it something. Poor Anne wondered, but she had become somewhat stupid since her illness. It did not occur to her what was the cause of this. Her heart was very heavy, her life like something spoilt, from which all the flavor and the freshness had gone. When it slowly dawned on her that she was not to be allowed to go home her heart stood still, and seemed as if it would never resume beating again. What was she to do? But Letty and Susan were very kind. They broke it to her in the gentlest way possible; they reminded her that old people took strange notions, and assured her of their own warm support and friendship. "Fancy the possibility of *us* doubting *you!*" Letty said with generous and sisterly warmth, but, instinctively, as she spoke she took her child's food out of Anne's hand.

If she had been as well and as full of spirit as in the old days when she thought herself so unhappy, Anne could not have borne it. But she had not the heart to justify herself, or to fly from unjust judgments. She stayed in her corner of Letty's drawing-room as long as they would let her. Her heart was broken and her judgment enfeebled, and her pride gone. She made the children's clothes, and forbore to look at them, forbore to notice them. She went to see her aunt when she was permitted, without an attempt to appeal against her doom. Her brightness, her pretty color, her lively ways were all gone. She looked ten years older; she looked dull and stupid. "What a change upon Anne!" every one said, and some whispered that it was her conscience, and many avoided her with a cruelty of which they were not aware. From being everybody's willing servant, the blithe domestic minister of the Hartley family, joyously

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at their command for everything, she fell into the humble and silent dependent, living in her corner alone, half shunned, half pitied, the pariah of the house.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANCIS HARTLEY had returned to his mother's house. The event which released him from a career of domestic misery acted uncomfortably upon his worldly prospects. An impression that he had not "behaved well" got abroad—one of those vague impressions which can neither be explained nor accounted for, but which sap a man's public character and popularity without any apparent reason. His father-in-law gave him up. He was no longer admitted into his intimacy, scarcely even to his acquaintance; and good-natured friends were but too ready to say and believe that "something must be very much amiss" when a good-hearted man like the Attorney-General so cast off his daughter's husband. Other circumstances concurred, as they always do, to make Francis unfortunate. During his brief married life he had spent a great deal of money and made many new friends, but in the enforced retirement of his early widowerhood, the money he had spent and the friends he had made became useless, and the society into which he had struggled forgot him. Francis felt all these things deeply, as he was in the habit of feeling anything that affected his own comfort. He grew indolent and listless, and this made matters worse. At length he formed a resolution, which involved many changes, and to which he was moved by a great diversity of motives. His wife had been dead about a year and a half, when one morning he came suddenly to the house of his sister Letty, where Anne was staying. During all this time he had been very kind to Anne; a touch of real consideration had been in his behavior to her. His own humiliation before her in those terrible days before his wife's death had made him gentle to her afterward; and in the dull state of no feeling which supervened after so much excessive feeling she had been conscious that he was kind. He was not suspicious, like the others. He did not bemoan her, and then tremble at her as they did. He behaved to her more respectfully, less carelessly, but much as he had done before.

Anne was alone. She was in a little morning room, which she chiefly inhabited while Letty was busy with her household and her children. What a change it was for Anne—she who had been always in movement about the house, going errands for everybody, executing all sorts of commissions since ever she could recollect! Francis felt for her as he entered the little room where she sat at work.

"Always making pinafores?" he said, half bitterly. Her aspect made his resolution all the more decided.

"I am very glad to do it," she said, with a smile.

How subdued she was—how unlike the Anne of old!

"Anne, I have a great deal to say to you," he cried, "about myself and about you. First about myself: I have not been getting along well lately. Things seem to have taken a bad turn. Old Parker has set himself dead against me; as if—as if it could have been my fault, and other things have gone wrong. I can't tell you all the details; but the result is, I am disgusted with England and with London, and I have made up my mind to go to India and practice at the Indian bar."

"To go to India?" said Anne, in amaze.

"Yes; that is my determination. So much about myself. Now about you."

"Don't say anything about me, please," said Anne, reddening painfully. "About me there is nothing to be said. I have been very unfortunate, and nothing—nothing can mend it. Talking only makes it all worse. Tell me a little more about yourself. What will your mother do?"

"But, I must talk about you, because myself is involved," said Francis, with a calm sense that all objection on her part must give way to this momentous reason. "Anne, it is best to come to the point at once; why should not you come with me to Calcutta? You are not very happy here now, any more than I am."

"I—go with you to Calcutta?" said Anne, looking up at him with her lips apart, with a strange whiteness coming over her face.

"Yes; why not? I mean, of course, as my wife. Listen to me, Anne, wait a little before you rush from me in that ghostly way. What have I said to make you look so horror-stricken? There is nothing so very much against me to alarm a woman. And, look here, I always was fond of you; even before—before poor Maria's time," he said, with a slight shiver. "I used to like you years and years ago. Anne, you surely don't mean to leave me without an answer?"

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"Oh, let me go, Francis?" she said, "don't speak another word; too much has been said. *I* go with you to Calcutta? *I* be your wife? Francis, Francis, let me go!"

"Why should you go? You shall not move a step till you have given me an answer. What is it to be?"

"Let me go, let me go!" cried Anne, pale as marble.

He stood between her and the door. He thought she was modestly overcome by so wonderful a hope.

"Not without my answer!" he said. "Yes, Anne, I have always been fond of you. Many a day before poor Maria's time, did I think ——"

"Then, why did you not say it?" she cried, with sudden passion. "Why—why—when nothing had happened, when there was nothing to remember, nothing to fear! Oh, how dare you tell me this now?"

"I did not tell you—because—I think you might guess—because, I could not in my position marry a penniless girl without connections. But now, when things are so different, when we have both been unfortunate."

Anne broke from him with a cry—a bitter cry wrung out of the depth of her heart. The excitement and storm of passionate feeling which overwhelmed her, made her unable to speak; but, when she had opened the door, she turned back again and stood there for a moment, looking at him wildly.

"Had you said it then," she cried, "had you said it then! Oh, how much might have been spared! But now there is nothing so impossible, so horrible. You and I to marry—you and I!—not if we were the last two in the world!"

"But, Anne, why, in the name of Heaven?"

"Oh, hear him, hear him!" she cried, "you and I, you and I! Would she not come out of her grave to stop it? Oh, go, go; and never speak to me more."

"But you used to be fond of me, Anne," he said, in amaze.

Another low cry of pain came out of her heart. This time surely it was broken quite, and she would die. She rushed up to her own room, leaving him all amazed and uncomprehending, not knowing what to make of it. Why should she be moved so deeply? he asked himself; was this horror affected, or did it really mean anything? He waited for some time, thinking she might come back, and then, when further waiting seemed vain, Francis took up his hat again, and, with much annoyance and some regret, went away.

This strange interview, of which no one knew, roused Anne out of the half stupor into which her life had fallen. When she was quite sure that Francis was gone, she put on her hat and went out. She did not know where to go; but, had it been possible, she felt she would never have returned again. She walked far and fast until she was weary, and then reluctantly she turned back, with a failing and sinking heart. Home? oh, no, to Letty's, which was all the home she had in the world.

But when she got back, she had not the heart to go in. Letty lived in one of the Squares in the Kensington district, and Anne, after her long wandering went into the garden in the middle of the square, and seated herself on a bench in her weariness. She could not stay there forever, and she had nowhere else to go to; but yet she could not make up her mind to return to the house. She sat there she did not know how long, till the evening was falling, and she was chilled through and through. Just as she began to be aware of the glimmer of lights in the houses round, some one came along the winding walk and started at sight of her. It was the clergyman she had refused after Francis's marriage, but whom, perhaps, if all had gone well, she might not always have refused. He was a friend; he came and sat down beside her on the bench and talked to her in soft and tender tones. And Anne was so forlorn that she burst into tears when she answered and betrayed herself. She had not met him for what seemed to be a very long time, and he knew almost nothing of her story, nor why it was that she had left her aunt's house. In the commotion of her disturbed heart, she told him everything that had happened from the time that Francis had come to fetch her to nurse his wife. That dismal epoch rose before her eyes as she spoke; she told him everything—fully, as she had never been able to tell it before—and then in broken words, by half revelations, unawares, she let him see how desolate she was.

"I have been thinking," she said, "if I could get a governess's situation. I don't know very much; but I could teach little children. Would any one take me, Mr. Herbert, or would people be afraid to let me be with their children, like Letty? Oh, you don't know," cried Anne, with tears, "how hard it is; I, that would rather die than hurt them,—and Letty is afraid of me.

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Letty! Don't mind my crying, it does me good. How kind you are!"

"You are trembling with cold," said Mr. Herbert, whose heart was wrung for the woman who had rejected him. "You will be ill. Miss Maturin, will you go home now, and let me come to you to-morrow? In the meantime, I will think what can be done."

"Will you?" said Anne, weeping still, but softly, for her heart was relieved by her outburst. "How good you are! Oh, if I could but stay here until to-morrow; but I know it would be wrong, it would make them all unhappy. I must go back to Letty's; it is not home. I wish I could stay here."

"And I wish I could take you home," he said, with sudden fervor.

Far from poor Anne's thoughts was any vanity; any possibility of putting a different meaning on his words. He would like, perhaps try, in his kindness to open her old home to her, she thought; how good he was!—but that could never be.

And she went back, and met Letty's reproaches with humble and gentle apologies. She had not meant to make any one uneasy. She was very sorry to have pained her cousin. That evening, when they were sitting together, she broached her idea of trying "a governess's place."

"I could not teach much," she said; "but perhaps strangers would not be afraid of me." Upon which Letty, touched by her conscience, fell a crying like a woman deeply wronged.

"Take a governess's place?" she cried. "One of our family in a governess's place! Could you have so little consideration for us, Anne, making people suppose that we are unkind to you—that you are not happy at home?"

"I shall never be happy anywhere," said poor Anne. "But you are afraid of me," she added with a moan, and with bitter tears swelling in her eyes.

"Oh, Anne, how unkind you are!" said Letty, crying. She had nothing to say for herself, and therefore she wept as if she were the injured person. Many people take this way of persuading themselves that they are right, and the object of their unkindness in the wrong.

Mr. Herbert came next day. He came not to speak of a governess's place, but to tell Anne that he had accepted a living in the country, and to ask her to go with him there. He did not weary her worn-out mind by asking for her love. He took no high ground; his heart was overflowing with pity. "It will be a home, and your own," he said, looking at her with anxious tenderness. "And I will never marry any one but you, whether you will have me or not," he added, with a smile. What answer could she make but one?

Thus after a while Anne Maturin's story ended in the peacefulest way. Francis Hartley went to India, piqued and disappointed, but the rest of the family were very much satisfied with the good marriage Anne made, and her aunt restored her to her favor as soon as it was all settled. She had not a very long life, but she lived for some tranquil years in her country Rectory, and made her husband happy. Anne, too, was far happier than she ever expected to be,—but yet never, in her own consciousness, got quite free from that tragic net which caught her heedless feet unawares. In one moment, without thought or warning, without meaning or premeditation, she fell into it, and never struggled fully out again, nor quite emancipated herself, all her life.

LAUS MARIÆ.

Across the brook of Time man leaping goes
  On stepping-stones of epochs, that uprise
Fixed, memorable, 'midst broad shallow flows
  Of neutrals, kill-times, sleeps, indifferences.
So 'twixt each morn and night rise salient heaps:
  Some cross with but a zigzag, jaded pace
From meal to meal: some with convulsive leaps
  Shake the green treacherous tussocks of disgrace;
And some advance, by system and deep art,
  O'er vantages of wealth, place, learning, tact.
But thou within thyself, dear manifold Heart,
  Dost bind all epochs in one dainty Fact.
    Oh, Sweet, my pretty Sum of history,
    I leapt the breadth of Time in loving thee!

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INDIA AND ITS NATIVE PRINCES.

ELEPHANT-FIGHT AT BARODA.

INDIA is the land of ancient traditions, and the birthplace of languages and religions. According to the system of the Hindus, the present age of the world is divided into four grand periods, comprehending to the year 1875 a space of three million eight hundred and ninety-two thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine years. That "boastful and turgid vanity" which Mr. Mills, the historian, tells us characterizes all Oriental nations, might as well have claimed double this number of years as the measure of Hindu antiquity, for one period could have been comprehended by the mind as easily as the other. On the other hand, philologists and students of mythology, or of the history of

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religions, could have found a few hundred thousand years quite as ample as three or four millions to beget that obscurity, uncertainty, and contradiction which have afforded ample scope for the exploitation of all sorts of theories and for the construction of systems innumerable. Histories of India, which are rarely, if ever, read, burden the shelves of all libraries. But, if its chronology is to the last degree confusing, and, indeed, incomprehensible, the country itself surpasses all others in that which interests the traveler and fascinates the reader. The terms magnificence, grandeur, and splendor do not reach the limit of hyperbole without the prefix "Oriental," and India is the country, of all countries, which has given this adjective to the vocabulary. Its luxuriant forests and interminable jungles abound in the noblest game that ever falls before the sportsman's rifle. Accounts of travels through the country are therefore sure to be diversified with thrilling adventure. Its temples surpass those to be found in any other country, not only in number, but in colossal grandeur and exquisite delicacy of architecture; the antiquity of its ruins and their wonderful extent give the archæologist the widest scope for research; and its native princes, although shorn of much of their former glory, still live in a magnificent luxury, which revives the glories of the "Arabian Nights," and makes even those imaginative tales seem at least to be founded in fact. There is a marvelous fascination in accounts of this strange land, and when the narrative is rehearsed by an impressionable and enthusiastic Frenchman, whose imagination is keenly alive to the scenes through which he passed, and who has unusual skill in depicting with pen and pencil the wonders he witnesses, we have a book of travels not only interesting and valuable for the information it conveys, but which, in its external attractions, reaches the dignity of a work of art. Such a volume is that superb quarto, "India and its Native Princes: Travels in Central India in the Presidencies of Bombay and Bengal," by M. Louis Rousselet, just issued in this country by Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. M. Rousselet's journeys in India covered a period of between four and five years,—from 1864 to 1868. During this time he visited the extreme southern part of the peninsula, reaching Seringapatam and Outakamand, Hyderabad and Aurungabad. To the northward he visited Agra, Delhi, Meerut, and the mountainous region of Peshawur, meanwhile traveling extensively in the interior. Crossing the country, he stopped at Lucknow, Benares and Patna, thus reaching Calcutta, whence he visited all the points of interest in the adjacent country. Then going down the coast to Madras and Pondicherry, he made a short stay in Ceylon, and so returned home. This brief itinerary is sufficient to indicate the thoroughness with which M. Rousselet prosecuted his explorations. No other work of travels in this extremely interesting country gives so comprehensive a view of it, and none other sketches with such fidelity and sustained interest its wonderful ruins, its magnificent temples, and the characteristics of its people and their rulers.

Without following M. Rousselet step by step—for this would involve a reproduction of the volume itself—we shall present, with slight abridgment and disconnectedly, a few of his picturesque descriptions and instructive paragraphs.

Reaching Bombay in the midst of the rainy season—in July, 1864—our traveler was detained there until it should be practicable to penetrate the interior. But the two or three months spent in this active commercial city and its vicinity were industriously improved. A glance at the map will show that the island of Bombay forms part of an important group of islands, which, placed in front of the estuary of a river, appear to form a kind of delta. It is the port of arrival for all who come from Persia, from Arabia, from Affghanistan, and the coast of Africa; and from it the pilgrims from Hindustan, bound to Mecca, Karbala, or Nujiff, take their departure. Besides the indigenous races, which still present great variety, one meets the Persian with his high cap of Astrakhan; the Arab in his Biblical costume; the Tomale negro with fine, intelligent features; the Chinese, the Burmese, and the Malay. The corpulent Buniahs of Kutch or Goojerat, with their pyramids of muslin on their heads, raise their voices in rivalry with the natives of Cabul or Scinde; the Hindu fakir, naked and hideously painted, elbows the Portuguese priest in his sable robe, and the beggar, clad in tatters and repulsive in the extreme, clamors for alms.

Bombay supplies the products of Europe to two-thirds of India. The trade of which it has legitimately the command, apparently ought to be sufficient to satisfy the ambition of its merchants, but M. Rousselet reminds us of a time when they boldly grasped after more, and, failing, plunged the community into the disorders of a terrible crisis. The series of events which had this

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culmination took place in the year 1864–65, and is thus graphically sketched: "America, rent asunder by the horrors of civil war, had deprived Europe of one of the elements most necessary to its industrial existence, viz., cotton; and India, which had comprehended how important it was that she should attempt to step into the place then, for the time being, vacant, had (thanks to her intelligent efforts) become able to supply in a great degree the void that had been produced in the means of feeding the manufactures of the world. Bombay had then become the emporium of all the cotton of India. Availing herself of the immense advantages of her position, she had contrived to attract to herself the whole of this branch of commerce, and had become almost the sole arbitress of it. Incredible fortunes were rapidly accumulated, and then, impelled by the longing after speculation which had begun to possess their souls, the Indians disinterred the treasures that had been buried for centuries, and money overflowed upon the ground. Considering the reconstruction of the United States an impossibility, the Bombayans foresaw for their city a most magnificent future. Instead of seeing in that season merely an exceptional piece of good fortune, they thought that nothing could possibly reverse their prosperity. Projects sprang into life on all sides; cotton, while remaining as the basis of their commerce, became merely the pretext for unlimited speculation. Intelligent but inconsiderate men established gigantic companies to develop resources which had already attained the height of their development. A project was organized to enlarge the island, and reclaim from the sea the Back Bay. A company was started; and when, some days after the issue of the shares, they attained a premium of £3,000, the speculation knew no bounds. Many new banks were founded; but all this was on paper only. It was merely a game at which everybody was playing. Merchants, officers, public functionaries, were only too glad to exchange their silver for wretched scraps of paper; some humbled themselves so far as to solicit the lead-

A HINDU BEGGAR.

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ers of the movement, and the leading men were regarded as millionaires and demigods. In spite of the efforts of some honorable men, who foresaw the ruin in which this folly would certainly end, and who endeavored to stop the people on the brink of the abyss, the contagion spread throughout the whole island. Even the ladies, seated in their chariots by the sea-side, conversed together eagerly on the fluctuations of Exchange; servants risked their wages, and workmen their pay, in this insatiable speculation. But when the news of General Lee's defeat reached Bombay, when the banks were closed, when well-established commercial houses collapsed, and all these shares became waste paper, then there was universal ruin—from the greatest to the least, all were struck down. The crash was so severe that even the Bank of Bombay was obliged to suspend payment, and the most prudent were in their turn dragged into the abyss created by the speculators. Bombay has raised herself slowly and painfully from this fearful crisis, and now aspires anew, but with more prudence, to become once more the commercial metropolis of India."

Everywhere in India one meets with the jugglers and serpent-charmers, whose feats are famous the world over. Matheran, a locality in the table-land of the Ghauts, 1,500 or 2,000 feet above the sea-level, where the English have established sanatoria both for the soldiers and the residents, is naturally one of the leading rendezvous for these jugglers. They assemble during the season on this table-land and perform their tricks from one bungalow to another. Some of them are very skillful. Almost entirely naked, and in the middle of your room, they will make a serpent disappear, a tree grow and bring forth fruit, or water flow from an apparently empty vase. Others will swallow a saber, or play tricks with sharp knives. Each has his special accomplishment. One of their most curious tricks is that of the basket and child. A child of seven or eight years old, standing upright in the basket, writhes in convulsions under the influence of music, and disappears slowly into the interior, which is barely large enough to contain it. Scarcely is it inside when the musicians throw themselves upon it, close the lid, and pierce the basket in every direction with their long knives. They strike with all their might until, the bamboo giving way, the basket is almost completely flattened, and seems no longer capable of containing anything. They then re-form the circle and resume their chant, to which a voice now responds from the forest. The sound gradually approaches, and at last seems to come from the basket, which becomes more and more distended; the lid is removed, and the child springs out. This trick is very adroitly performed, and, though capable of being explained to Europeans, excites lively astonishment in the Indian spectators.

SERPENT CHARMER.

The top trick is likewise very curious. The juggler gives a vigorous impulse to the top, which he places on the top of a small stick balanced on his nose; then, according to the request of the spectator, the top suddenly stops, or again goes on spinning. This last part of the operation M. Rousselet thought by far the most extraordinary. That the top should stop is intelligible; but that

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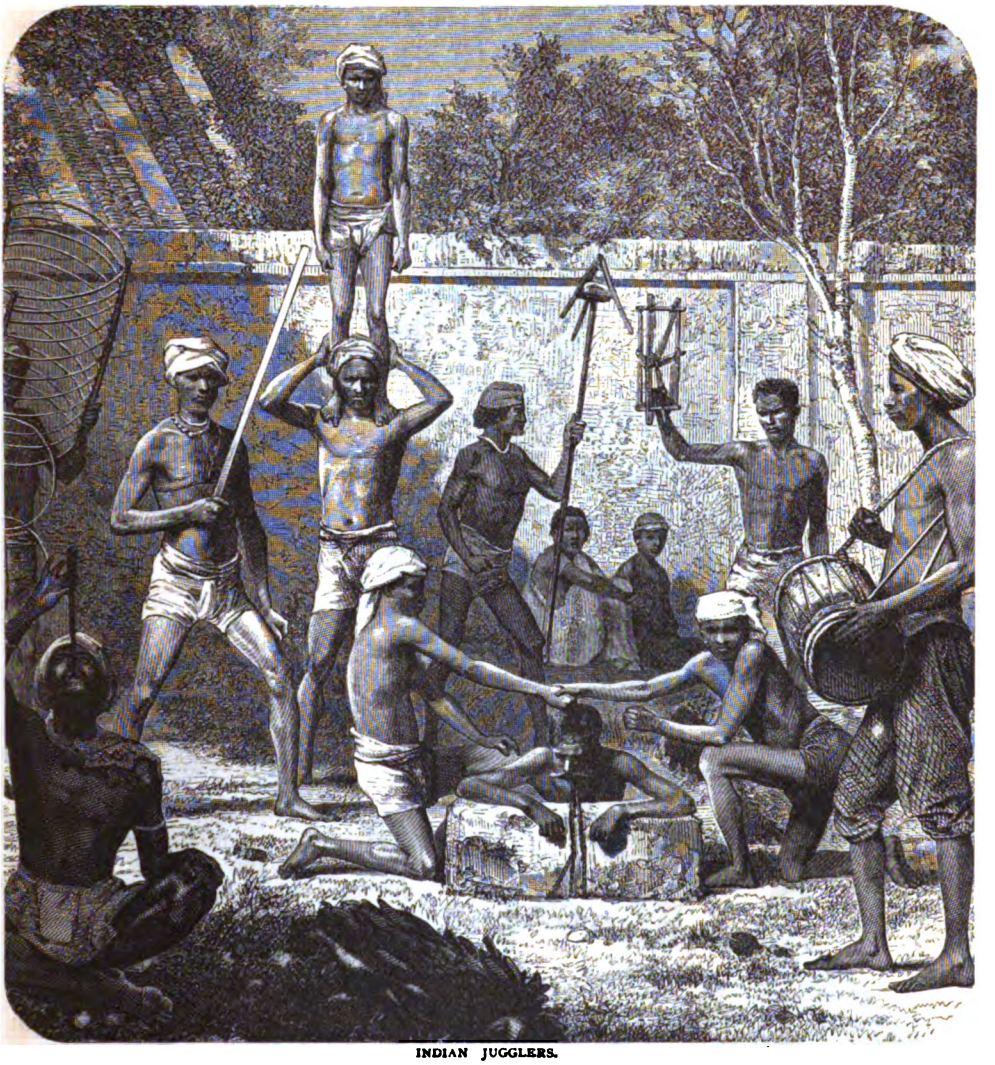

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

it should afterward continue to revolve, without any new impetus, and perform these alternate maneuvers for several seconds, is the inexplicable point. Our traveler attentively examined both the stick and the top, but could discover no trace of mechanical contrivance.

These jugglers have a number of secret artifices of this description, which gain them, among the Indians, a reputation for sorcery that proves greatly to their advantage. The acrobats go through all the feats familiar to Europeans at home, such as swinging on the trapeze, climbing and balancing poles, etc.; but that which consists in receiving on the shoulder a ball of stone of great weight dropped from a very considerable height, without the juggler appearing at all hurt, was most astonishing.

Religious mendicants of all sorts, each of whom has his special avocation, are little less notable than these jugglers. One excites the pity of the public by showing himself in the streets entirely naked, or covered only with a coating of ashes; another shows proudly his arm, which sticks up bare and emaciated, the nails having grown through the hand; while a number of them stand in the bazaars and sell amulets and charms, and ply many other lucrative trades. But every season there is at least one fakir, who contrives, by some novel trick, to make himself the lion of these religious circles. The year M. Rousselet visited Jeypoor, it was a

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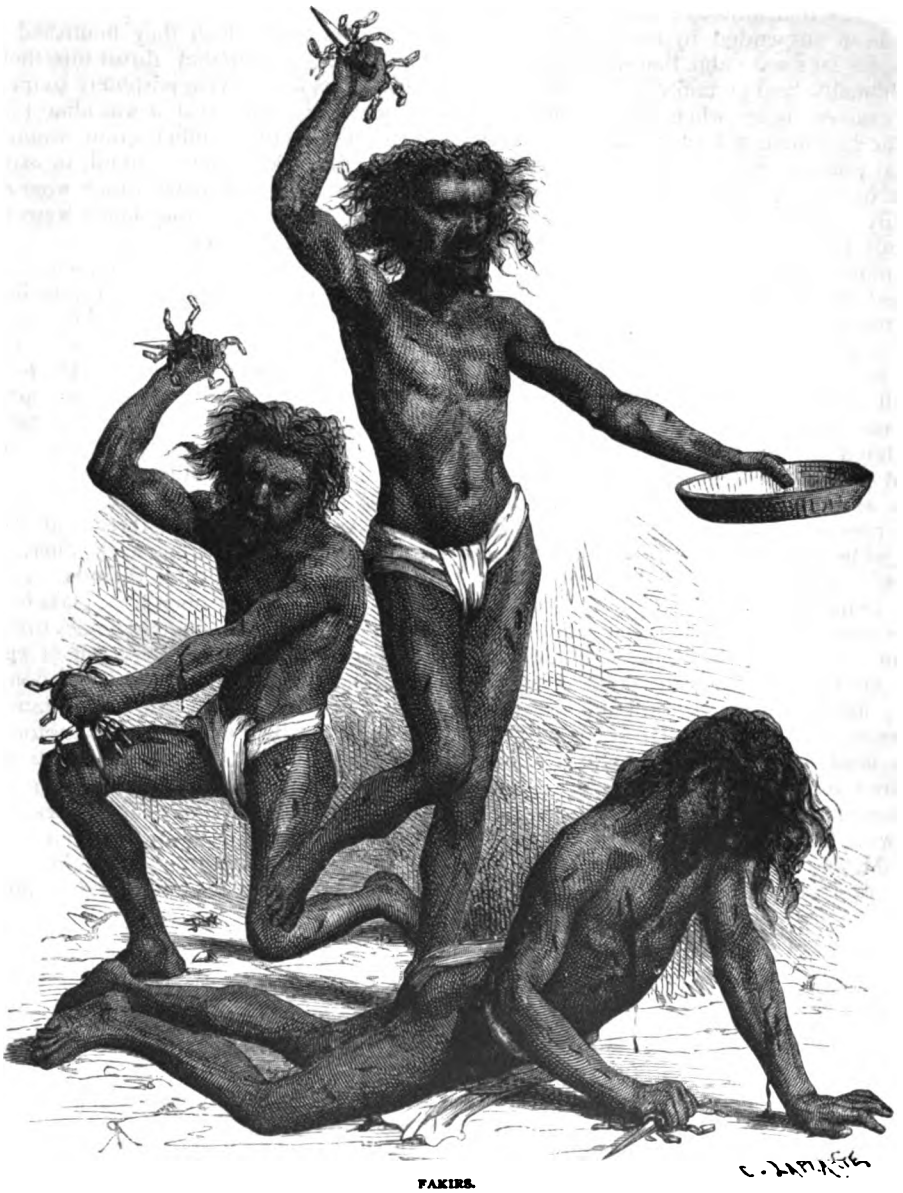

FAKIRS.

Goussain, and this was the method by which he succeeded in making himself famous. One morning some peasants who were coming into the town saw, near M. Rousselet's bungalow, at the cross-roads from the Residency, a holy man occupied in tying several thick ropes to the branch of a tree overhanging the road; and great was their astonishment when they saw the Goussain place his feet in two slip knots, and then, having stretched himself on the ground, haul himself up gently by means of a third rope, until he was suspended by the feet, like a calf in a slaughter-house. In the course of an hour a vast crowd surrounded the fakir, who, still in the same position, tranquilly mumbled his prayers, while telling his beads. After hanging in this manner for several hours, he let himself down and returned to the town, escorted by a crowd of enthusiasts. On the morrow he returned to the same spot, to go again through the same performance. M. Rousselet went there with several Europeans, and

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they all saw that, although the Goussain had then been suspended by the feet for some hours, his face was calm, that he spoke without difficulty, and certainly appeared to feel no inconvenience; when they asked him how he had managed to accustom himself to that position, he answered that God had given him this power as an evidence of his sanctity. Of course it would have been difficult to obtain any other explanation. For more than a month this holy man remained thus suspended like a ham during the greater part of each morning, and gained by it a good round sum. The rajah, however, never came to see him.

Still another type of these religious enthusiasts and beggars M. Rousselet encountered at Bhopaul. These fakirs go about entirely naked, except a strip of cloth around their loins, and announce their presence by a series of lamentable cries while they dance a mournful kind of dance. In the midst of their contortions they brandish about long, sharp poniards of peculiar shape and ornamented with little charms of steel. From time to time one of these enthusiasts thrusts the poniard into his body, for the most part striking his chest, his arms, or his thighs. He keeps up these stabs until, to calm his apparent madness, the by-standers have thrown him a goodly number of coin. These unfortunates, streaming with blood, were hideous to look upon, and M. Rousselet's sympathies with them were excited not a little until Houssein Khan, who accompanied him, satisfied him that the daggers which they flourished so furiously, and which they thrust into themselves so recklessly, were purposely so made with rounded points that it was almost impossible for them to inflict serious wounds. Besides, the fakirs were careful to strike themselves always in parts which were not vital, and the wounds they made were seldom more than skin deep.

A much more pleasing performance, and one which might perhaps better have been mentioned in connection with the exploits of the jugglers, is the "egg dance." This is not, as one might expect from the name given it, a dance upon these fragile objects. It is executed in this wise: The dancer, dressed in a corsage and very short skirt, carries a willow wheel of moderate diameter fastened horizontally upon the top of her head. Around this wheel threads are fastened, equally distant from each other, and at the end of each of these threads is a slip noose, which is kept open by a glass bead. Thus equipped, the young girl comes toward the spectators with a basket full of eggs, which she passes around for inspection to prove that they are real, and not imitations. The music strikes up a jerky, monotonous strain, and the dancer begins to whirl around with great rapidity. Then, seizing an egg, she puts it in one of the slip nooses, and, with a quick motion, throws it from her in such a way as to draw the knot tight. The swift turning of the dancer produces a centrif-

FIGHT BETWEEN A PANTHER AND A BOAR.

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THE EGG DANCE.

ugal force which stretches the thread out straight like a ray shooting from the circumference of the circle. One after another the eggs are thrown out in these slip nooses until they make a horizontal aureole or halo about the dancer's head. Then the dance becomes still more rapid, so rapid in fact that it is difficult to distinguish the features of the girl; the moment is critical; the least false step, the least irregularity in time, and the eggs dash against each other. But how can the dance be stopped? There is but one way,—that is, to remove the eggs in the way in which they have been put in place. This operation is by far the more delicate of the two. It is necessary that the dancer, by a single motion, exact and unerring, should take hold of the egg, and remove it from the noose. A single false motion of the hand, the least interference with one of the threads, and the general arrangement is suddenly broken, and the whole performance disastrously ended. At last all the eggs are successfully removed: the dancer suddenly stops, and without seeming in the least dizzied by this dance of twenty-five or thirty minutes, she advances to the spectators with a firm step, and presents them the eggs,

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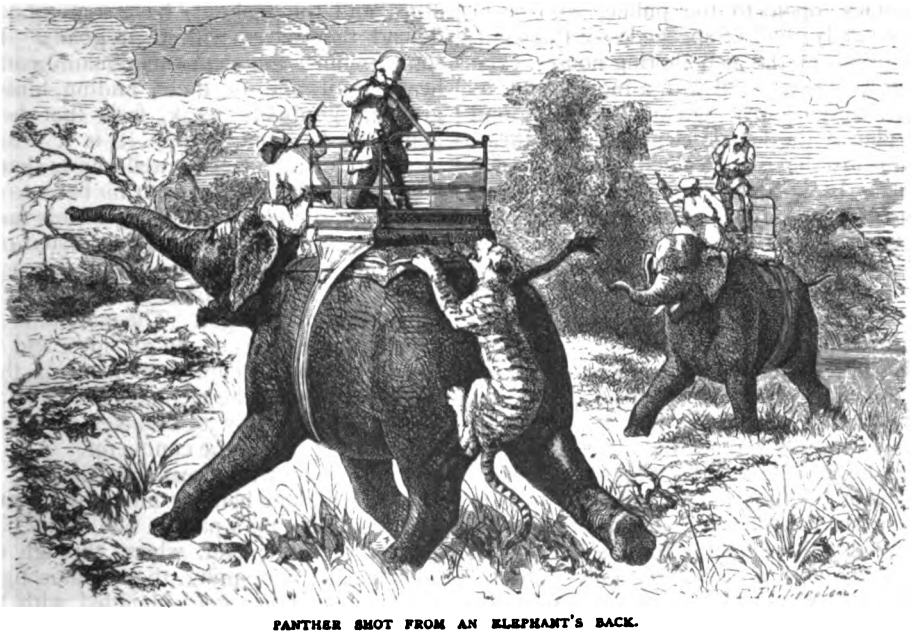
which are immediately broken in a flat dish to prove that there is no trick about the performance.

Shortly after his arrival at Baroda, M. Rousselet was formally received at the Palace by the Guicowar, one of the most powerful of the Indian sovereigns. The manners of the Guicowar were full of courtesy and affability. After smoking a few minutes, he handed his hookah to a servant, and began to question M. Rousselet as to the object of his journey, and the length of stay he proposed to make at Baroda. "He was charmed," writes our traveler, "to find me answer him direct in his own language. We conversed for some hours, during which he passed in review, with much interest, all the States of Europe, asking me respecting their relative importance, their revenues, their forms of government, and their intercourse with one another. He appeared well informed in the affairs of France, England, and Russia, and the encroachments of the Muscovite Power in Central Asia engaged his attention considerably. With the other nations he was quite unacquainted. When we rose to take leave, he held my hand while he expressed the pleasure my visit had afforded him; and I took it for granted that this was merely a complimentary form; that he saw in our sojourn a means of recreation, and that was enough for a man of so capricious a character. But he made me promise that I would come to see him every morning of my stay at Baroda, and when I tried to excuse myself by alleging the great distance between my abode and the palace, he told me that he would have a residence prepared for me in a place nearer at hand." And the Guicowar was as good as his word. A few days afterward, M. Rousselet was notified that the Motibaugh, or "Garden of Pearls," not far from the Royal Palace, was at his disposal, and he was soon duly installed there. Statues, fountains, and kiosks surrounded this delightful retreat, to which coolness, shade, and a beautiful prospect all lent their attractions. In addition, the Guicowar placed at the disposal of M. Rousselet a numerous staff of servants, and his table was supplied with the choicest dishes and the best wines of Europe, all at the expense of his generous host.

One of the entertainments which the Guicowar ordered for the amusement of his guest was an elephant-fight. This combat is of so novel and extraordinary a character, that we give M. Rousselet's account of it in full. The elephant, which is personally known as an animal of very gentle disposition, can, it seems, be brought, by a system of exciting nourishment, to a state of rage, which the Indians call *musth*. He then becomes furious, and attacks whatever comes in his way, men or animals. Males alone, however, are



PANTHER SHOT FROM AN ELEPHANT'S BACK.

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capable of becoming *musthi*, and to bring them to this state, it is necessary usually to feed them with sugar and butter for three months. The day before the combat M. Rousselet accompanied the king to see the elephants which were to fight, and upon which many wagers had already been staked. The immense brutes were loaded with iron chains of considerable weight, and were shut up separately in strongly fenced enclosures. A dense crowd was pressing round them, praising or criticising the good qualities or defects of each. The king went to and fro in the midst of the courtiers like a private individual, gesticulating and shouting like the others. The betting was carried on with spirit, and M. Rousselet laid wagers with the king and several of the courtiers, merely for the sake of following the general example, for it would have been difficult for a novice to decide on the merits of one animal over those of another. On the occasion of the combat M. Rousselet was favored with a seat in the king's box, overlooking the elephants' arena, occupying a chair next the Guicowar, while the nobles were disposed of on cushions. The arena was in the form of a vast parallelogram, about three hundred yards long by two hundred wide. It is entirely surrounded by thick walls; a great number of narrow doors allow of entrance or exit to the attendants, without permitting the elephant to follow them. The summits of the walls are provided with balconies, open to the public, who seem passionately fond of spectacles of this kind. The roofs of the neighboring houses, even the trees, are covered with a motley and, as usual, noisy crowd. On an elevated mound are placed the female elephants, and these, it appears, have a decided taste for such sights. In the arena itself are the two males, each chained to one of the extremities, expressing their wrath by trumpetings, and fiercely digging their tusks into the sand. By instinct the elephant always recognizes his *mahout*, or driver, and allows him to approach him even while in this condition. Gracefully formed young men, nearly naked, are walking about in groups. These are the *sâtmari-wallahs*, who play the same part here as the *toreadors* at bull-fights in Spain, and who may be called *elephantadors*. They wear nothing but a light, colored turban, and a scanty, tight-fitting pair of drawers, which give the elephant nothing to lay hold of. The most active carry only a horse-whip and a veil of red silk; others are armed with long lances; and, lastly, a small number have only a fuse fastened to the end of a stick, and a lighted match. These last have the least showy but the most important functions to perform. They must post themselves at different points of the arena, and run to the rescue of the elephantador when in danger. Rushing in front of the infuriated animal, they flash their fuses in his face, when he recoils in terror, and they succor the wounded. But they are not allowed to have recourse to this stratagem unless there is real danger. If they make a mistake, they are reprimanded; if they allow the elephantador to be killed, they are severely punished. They are all selected from among the handsomest and best-made men that can be procured, and are endowed with wonderful agility.

A few minutes after the arrival of M. Rousselet and his friend, the Guicowar entered the box, and took his seat between them. At a given signal the arena is cleared for the contest. Each mahout seats himself on the neck of his elephant, the chains are cast loose, and the two animals are in full view. After an instant's hesitation, they approach each other, with their trunks raised, and trumpeting fiercely; their pace increases, and they meet in the center of the arena. Their foreheads strike together, and the violence of the shock is so great that their fore feet give way, and they remain leaning against each other. They wrestle with their trunks, which they entwine like arms, and the mahouts have sometimes to defend themselves with their goads. For some minutes the elephants remain head to head, until one of them, finding himself growing gradually weak, feels that he is going to be conquered. It is a critical moment, for the creature well knows that in taking flight he must present his flank to the enemy, who may pierce him with his tusks, or throw him prostrate. The worsted one, therefore, summoning up all his strength, pushes his adversary back by one desperate thrust, and takes flight. The combat is decided; shouts re-echo on all sides, and the spectators are occupied more with their wagers than with the elephants. The vanquished one has now to be taken away, and the field left free to the conqueror. A party of men come with great iron pincers, indented, with long handles united by a spring. They skillfully fix a pair on one of the hind legs of each elephant, where, through the operation of the spring, they remain tight. The long handles get entangled with the other three legs, and, as the teeth of the

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pincers at every step bite a little into the skin, the elephant stops short. He is forthwith surrounded, chained, bound with cords, and, if vanquished, is led by a band of armed men behind the arena. The victor remains alone; his mahout dismounts, the pincers and fetters are removed, and the *sâtmari* commences. This is the second act—a combat between the elephant and men. The arena is invaded by elephantadors and fuse-bearers, this brilliant troop, with loud cries, approaching the elephant from every side. The latter, taken aback by this sudden onslaught, stands undecided at first; but soon he receives a stroke of the whip on the trunk, the lances prick him all over, and he rushes with fury on one or another of his assailants. One comes in front and waves his red veil; the elephant pursues him, but, constantly plagued in this way, he repeatedly changes his course, and never catches any one. After a short time spent in useless efforts, he at length perceives his mistake, and changes his tactics; he waits. Then one of the best elephantadors advances, gives him a vigorous stroke with his whip, and springs to one side just as the trunk is on the point of seizing him. But the elephant does not let him go in safety. This time he has fixed on his enemy, and nothing will make him abandon him; all that remains for the fugitive is to reach one of the small doors, and so make his escape out of the arena. The animal, blind with rage, strikes the wall, and, fancying he has at last got hold of his assailant, furiously tramples the soil. He who has not seen the elephant in one of these combats, or in a wild state, can form no idea of the rapidity of his course. A man pursued, and having to run some two hundred yards before he could find shelter, would infallibly be lost. In the first combat at which M. Rousselet was present the elephant resolutely pursued a young man, who was a very good runner, and, in spite of the thrusts of lances with which he was assailed, never lost sight of him for an instant. The unhappy man made desperate efforts to gain one of the outlets; but, just as he reached it, the creature's trunk seized him by the wrist, lifted him into the air, and dashed him violently to the earth. A moment more and the enormous foot, already raised, would have crushed his skull, when one of the fuse-bearers sprang in front of the elephant, covered him with flames, and the terrified animal fled bellowing away.

PRINCESS CHAH JEAN OF BHOPAUL.

At last the trumpets sound, and the elephantadors disappear through the small doors. The elephant does not understand the meaning of this sudden flight, and appears to be on the look-out for some unexpected attack. A door opens, and a Mahratta horseman, lance in hand, and mounted on a beautiful steed, enters the arena. Prancing up to the royal balcony, he gracefully salutes the king. The horse has his tail cut very short to prevent the elephant laying hold of him. The latter runs toward him with his trunk raised aloft in order to annihilate the creature whom he hates most of all. He has, in fact, a peculiar aversion for the horse, which he manifests even in his gentlest moments. This third act of the combat is the most attractive. The horse, admirably trained, does not stir, save by order of his rider, so that the latter allows the elephant almost to touch him with his

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trunk before getting out of his way. He attacks the enormous beast with his lance, sometimes in front, sometimes in flank, driving him into a paroxysm of rage. But even at this moment the elephant displays his extraordinary intelligence. Pretending to take no notice of the horseman, he allows him to approach behind, and, suddenly turning round with astounding rapidity, he is on the point of seizing the horse, who only saves himself by a desperate bound. At length the combat terminates; the horseman again salutes the royal party, and withdraws, and the pincer-bearers enter, welcomed by the shouts of the crowd, to secure the elephant. These poor fellows have hard work of it, for the elephant charges them, and they have great difficulty in bringing it to a stand-still. The king calls before him the fuse-bearer who saved the life of the sâtmari-wallah, and rewards him with a piece of figured stuff and a purse of five hundred rupees.

Another sort of combat, though not so attractive, nor on so grand a scale, is not wanting in originality—rhinoceros-fights. The two animals are chained at opposite extremities of the arena. One is painted black, the other red, in order that they may be distinguished, for otherwise they resemble each other in every point. When the company is assembled (M. Rousselet describes a scene of which he was an actual witness), the two hideous animals are let loose, and start off in an ungainly trot, raising angry cries. They seem to have very bad sight, for they pass one another several times without stopping; but at length they meet, and attack each other fiercely. Horn against horn, they exchange passes, as though fencing with swords, until one succeeds in passing his horn beneath the head of his antagonist, which is the vulnerable spot. The animal, therefore, who finds himself in this predicament, suddenly turns, so that the point of the enemy's horn rests against his jaw-bone, instead of penetrating his throat. They remain in this position, motionless, for some minutes, then separate, and one of them takes to flight. For a whole hour the fight is many times renewed with increasing fury; their horns clashing together with a great noise, their enormous lips covered with foam, and their foreheads stained with blood. Their attendants surround them, and throw buckets of water over them to refresh them, so that they may sustain the combat. At last the Guicowar orders a cessation of hostilities; a fuse is employed to separate the combatants; they are secured, sponged, and led away.

In these beast-fights buffaloes also display a terrible degree of fury. Their vast horns are formidable weapons that repel the tiger himself, and their agility makes them more dangerous than even the elephant. But the oddest of all these contests was one our traveler saw one day, in the *hâghur* at Baroda, between an ass and a hyena, and—who would have thought it?—the ass gained the victory! The sight of the hyena filled him with such rage that he immediately attacked, and, by dint of kicking and biting, very soon disabled him. The victor was covered with garlands of flowers, and led off amid the cheers of the multitude.

Perhaps the most exciting of the combats of this description which M. Rousselet witnessed was a fight between a panther and a boar which the Rana of Odeypoor arranged for his amusement. This combat took place in a handsome building surmounted by turrets, and picturesquely situated on the shores of the lake opposite to Odeypoor. The arena was surrounded by high walls with marble balconies on either side at a sufficient height from the ground to prevent the panther from reaching them in his frantic leaps. The wild boar was alone; a splendid animal, above the average size, and armed with long, sharp tusks. He had been captured in the neighboring gorges, where he was the leader of a herd, and the loss of his liberty had rendered him fierce and savage; he looked around him in search of an antagonist, and pawed the ground with impatient fury. Suddenly he paused, and trembled for an instant, while his huge mane bristled all over his shoulders. At length he saw his adversary. A trap-door opened, and a magnificent panther slowly entered the arena, and, crouching down in one corner, fixed his eyes upon the wild boar. The latter was the first to begin the attack. He rushed impetuously forward, and, allowing the panther to spring on him, tore his flanks with his tusks. His movements were so rapid and violent that the panther attempted to escape; but that attempt was fatal to him, for the wild boar, taking advantage of his enemy's distress, redoubled his efforts, and each successive attack told on his adversary, who, with mangled sides, his skull shattered, and blinded with blood, could no longer defend himself. A rifle-ball put an end to the sufferings of the poor beast, and the victor was loudly applauded by the spectators. The wild boar soon reduced the body of his

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THE CARAVAN.

victim to a shapeless mass, trampling it under foot, and occasionally tossing it in the air to the opposite side of the arena. The reward of his courage was liberty. The trap-door was opened, and, amidst the acclamations of the crowd, he trotted off, slowly and philosophically, toward the mountains. On turning to the Rajpoots, it was easy to see, by the expression of their countenances, how pleased they were at the victory of their favorite adversary.

M. Rousselet's royal hosts in almost every part of India made hunting parties a leading feature in the entertainments by which they endeavored to amuse their guests. Now it was the bear which was the object of pursuit, now the nilghau, that great antelope which the Indians call the blue ox, and now the tiger or panther. Upon one of these occasions the hunters, mounted on an elephant, had followed a panther into a small wood,—when it attacked the animal with such courage that, if a ball had not come to put an end to the contest, M. Rousselet and his companions would have run great risk of being torn by the panther, or battered to pieces against a tree in the course of the elephant's flight.

Nearly everywhere, M. Rousselet seems to have exhibited a very happy faculty of finding an easy entrance to the confidence and regard of the native rulers of the districts through which he traveled. His reception at the Court of the Begum of Bhopaul was quite as cordial as it had been at that of the Guicowar; and, although his stay there was not so prolonged, he left behind him just as sincerely attached friends. Her Royal Highness the Princess Chah Jean of Bhopaul, whose portrait we give, might be taken upon this representation of her as a young woman of intelligence and refinement, and Madame Elizabeth de Bourbon, at the same Court, he speaks of as a noble-hearted and sincere representative of her sex. The latter, M. Rousselet tells us, exhibited an irrepressible desire to see for herself the wonders of Paris which he had described to her,—doubtless, without attempting to repress his enthusiasm, or to measure his words. "At all events," she said to M. Rousselet, as he was making his adieux, "if I am too old to make the journey, you will always remember Bhopaul, and some day will visit us again." "A year afterward," adds M. Rousselet, "death suddenly removed her from her country, from her labors, and from my affectionate regard."

The methods of transportation and locomotion in India range from the most primitive and barbarous to those of the most highly civilized countries. M. Rousselet, like an enterprising traveler, adapted himself to whichever happened to be the most convenient. In starting for the country of the Bheils, he had his first experience of camel-riding. Of this he gives an amusing account. On that occasion he organized a regular caravan, containing seven riding and seven baggage camels, for which seven camel-drivers were hired. The two camels on which he and his companion were to ride

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appeared on the morning of starting smartly caparisoned with housings of silk and a profusion of tassels; but all these ornaments were simply in honor of the ceremony of departure, and it was well understood would disappear when the caravan was once on the road. One morning at four o'clock our traveler was called, and found everything in readiness for starting. "The Sani, or riding-camel," he says, "squatted at the door waiting for me. I threw some coverings on the saddle to make it more comfortable, and took my place on the hind seat; my driver bestrode that in front, and the camel sprang to his feet. The saddle used for camel-riding, as no doubt most of my readers are aware, is double, so that the two riders find themselves fitted close to one another. The position of the one who is behind is not the most agreeable on account of this proximity, but I had chosen it to accustom myself a little to the motion of the camel before I attempted to guide it myself. I remained for half an hour without being able to find my equilibrium, violently jolted and clinging to the back of the camel; my companion, however, suffered equally with myself. At the end of this time I felt more at my ease, and was able to take some notice of the road we were traveling."

A rather more exciting method of traveling was found in the mail wagon, of which we have this lively account: "'Here comes the mail-cart, gentlemen,' cries our servant, and we are hardly out of our rooms when there appears on the road a fantastic equipage with three horses attached drawing a light box, painted red, mounted upon two immense wheels, which make enormous jumps, as if they wished to get ahead of the horses. In the twinkling of an eye the wagon is in front of us, the horses are unhitched, and the relay is attached. 'Quick! gentlemen!' says the courier, a

THE MAIL WAGON.

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A PALACE CAR IN INDIA.

tall, thin Indian, who is dressed in an old red cloth tunic, which lets you see his gaunt and naked limbs. I get up beside him. 'Hold on tight!' I grasp hold of the sides, and we start. Our horses break into a furious galop, and seem to have taken the bits in their teeth. The wagon jumps and bounds about. It seems to me every moment that I shall fly into the air. I try to speak, but it is impossible to open my mouth. The Indian, impassible, almost standing in his seat, belabors his horses constantly. Up hill and down, over narrow bridges, the same mad galop is kept up. One can hardly get a glimpse at the country, or tell whether the objects he is passing are trees or houses. At last there is a relay. I take advantage of this moment of rest to ask the driver if he always goes at this rate. 'Bara Sahib ka houkoum,' he replies,—'That is the order.' My question is absurd. The mail can never go slowly; but in India it must go fast—at a mad rate of speed. Every day horses and couriers break their legs or arms; but that is no matter, the letters must go forward. Another courier takes the despatches, and is off."

And, last of all, there is to be found on some of the Indian railways the veritable "palace car," modified somewhat in arrangement, and more open and roomy, to meet the requirements of the oppressive climate.

These brief glimpses into M. Rousselet's account of "India and its Native Princes" do but scant justice to the interest and novelty which are to be found in the volume itself. Indeed there could not be a country named in the description of whose marvels, beauties, and peculiarities, the pen and the pencil together would have wider scope for the fullest exhibition of what they can accomplish.

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THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

THE HEAVENLY WITNESS

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH PHIPPS IS NOT TO BE FOUND, AND THE GENERAL IS CALLED UPON TO DO HIS OWN LYING.

At the appointed hour on the following morning the Court resumed its session. The plaintiff and defendant were both in their places, with their counsel, and the witnesses of the previous day were all in attendance. Among the little group of witnesses there were two or three new faces—a professional-looking gentleman with spectacles, a thin-faced, carefully-dressed, slender man, with a lordly air, and the bearing of one who carried the world upon his shoulders, and did not regard it as much of a burden; and, last, our old friend Sam Yates.

There was an appearance of perplexity and gloom on the countenances of Mr. Cavendish and his client. They were in serious conversation, and it was evident that they were in difficulty. Those who knew the occasion of the abrupt adjournment of the court on the previous day looked in vain among the witnesses for the face of Phipps. He was not in the room, and, while few suspected the real state of the case, all understood how essential he was to the defendant in his attempt to establish the genuineness of the assignment.

At the opening of the court, Mr. Cavendish rose to speak. His bold, sharp manner had disappeared. The instrument which he had expected to use had slipped hopelessly out of his hand. He was impotent.

"May it please the Court," he said, "the defendant in this case finds himself in a very embarrassing position this morning. It was known yesterday that Cornelius Phipps, the only surviving witness of the assignment, mysteriously disappeared at the moment when his testimony was wanted. Why and how he disappeared I cannot tell. He has not yet been found. All due diligence has been exercised to discover him, but without success. I make no charges of foul play, but it is impossible for me, knowing what I

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know about him—his irreproachable character, his faithfulness to my client, and his perfect memory of every event connected with the execution of the paper in question—to avoid the suspicion that he is by some means, and against his will, detained from appearing here this morning. I confess, sir, that I was not prepared for this. It is hard to believe that the plaintiff could adopt a measure so desperate as this for securing his ends, and I will not criminate him; but I protest that the condition in which the defendant is left by this defection, or this forcible detention—call it what you will—demands the most generous consideration, and compels me to ask the Court for suggestions as to the best course of proceeding. There are now but two men in court who saw the paper executed, namely, the assignor and the assignee. The former has declared, with an effrontery which I have never seen equaled, that he never signed the document which so unmistakably bears his signature, and that the names of two of the witnesses are forgeries. I do not expect that, in a struggle like this, the testimony of the latter will be accepted, and I shall not stoop to ask it."

Mr. Cavendish hesitated, looked appealingly at the Judge, and then slowly took his seat, when Mr. Balfour, without waiting for any suggestions from the Court, rose and said:

"I appreciate the embarrassment of the defense, and am quite willing to do all I can to relieve it. His insinuations of foul dealing toward his witness are absurd, of course, and, to save any further trouble, I am willing to receive as a witness, in place of Mr. Phipps, Mr. Belcher himself, and to pledge myself to abide by what he establishes. I can do no more than this, I am sure, and now I challenge him to take the stand."

The Judge watched the defendant and his counsel in their whispered consultation for a few minutes, and then said:

"It seems to the Court that the defense can reasonably ask for nothing more than this."

Mr. Belcher hesitated. He had not anticipated this turn of the case. There appeared to be no alternative, however, and, at last, he rose with a very red face, and walked to the witness-stand, placing himself just where Mr. Balfour wanted him—in a position to be cross-examined.

It is useless to rehearse here the story which had been prepared for Phipps, and for which Phipps had been prepared. Mr. Belcher swore to all the signatures to the assignment, as having been executed in his presence, on the day corresponding with the date of the paper. He was permitted to enlarge upon all the circumstances of the occasion, and to surround the execution of the assignment with the most ingenious plausibilities. He told his story with a fine show of candor, and with great directness and clearness, and undoubtedly made a profound impression upon the Court and the jury. Then Mr. Cavendish passed him into the hands of Mr. Balfour.

"Well, Mr. Belcher, you have told us a very straight story, but there are a few little matters which I would like to have explained," said Mr. Balfour. "Why, for instance, was your assignment placed on record only a few months ago?"

"Because I was not a lawyer, sir," replied Mr. Belcher, delighted that the first answer was so easy and so plausible. "I was not aware that it was necessary until so informed by Mr. Cavendish."

"Was Mr. Benedict's insanity considered hopeless from the first?"

"No," replied Mr. Belcher, cheerfully; "we were quite hopeful that we should bring him out of it."

"He had lucid intervals, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was that the reason why, the next day after the alleged assignment, you wrote him a letter, urging him to make the assignment, and offering him a royalty for the use of his patents?"

"I never wrote any such letter, sir. I never sent him any such letter, sir."

"You sent him to the asylum, did you?"

"I co-operated with others, sir, and paid the bills," said Mr. Belcher, with emphasis.

"Did you ever visit the asylum when he was there?"

"I did, sir."

"Did you apply to the superintendent for liberty to secure his signature to a paper?"

"I do not remember that I did. It would have been an unnatural thing for me to do. If I did, it was a paper on some subordinate affair. It was some years ago, and the details of the visit did not impress themselves upon my memory."

"How did you obtain the letters of Nicholas Johnson and James Ramsey? I ask this, because they are not addressed to you."

"I procured them of Sam Yates in anticipation of the trial now in progress here. The witnesses were dead, and I thought they would help me in establishing the genuineness of their signatures."

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"What reason had you to anticipate this trial?"

"Well, sir, I am accustomed to provide for all contingencies. That is the way I was made, sir. It seemed to me quite probable that Benedict, if living, would forget what he had done before his insanity, and that, if he were dead, some friend of his boy would engage in the suit on his behalf. I procured the autographs after I saw his boy in your hands, sir."

"So you had not seen these particular signatures at the time when the alleged assignment was made?"

"No, sir, I had not seen them."

"And you simply procured them to use as a defense in a suit which seemed probable, or possible, and which now, indeed, is in progress of trial?"

"That is about as clear a statement of the fact as I can make, sir;" and Mr. Belcher bowed and smiled.

"I suppose, Mr. Belcher," said Mr. Balfour, "that it seems very strange to you that the plaintiff should have forgotten his signature."

"Not at all, sir. On the contrary, I regard it as the most natural thing in the world. I should suppose that a man who had lost his mind once would naturally lose his memory of many things."

"That certainly seems reasonable, but how is it that he does not recognize it, even if he does not remember the writing of it?"

"I don't know; a man's signature changes with changing habits, I suppose," responded the witness.

"You don't suppose that any genuine signature of yours could pass under your eye undetected, do you?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"No, sir, I don't. I'll be frank with you, sir."

"Well, now, I'm going to test you. Perhaps other men, who have always been sane, do sometimes forget their own signatures."

Mr. Balfour withdrew from his papers a note. Mr. Belcher saw it in the distance, and made up his mind that it was the note he had written to the lawyer before the beginning of the suit. The latter folded over the signature so that it might be shown to the witness, independent of the body of the letter, and then he stepped to him, holding it in his hand, and asked him to declare it either a genuine signature or a forgery.

"That's my sign manual, sir."

"You are sure?"

"I know it, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Balfour, handing the letter to the clerk to be marked. "You are right, I have no doubt, and I believe this is all I want of you for the present."

"And now, may it please the Court," said Mr. Balfour, "I have some testimony to present in rebuttal of that of the defendant. I propose, practically, to finish up this case with it, and to show that the story to which you have listened is false in every particular. First, I wish to present the testimony of Dr. Charles Barhydt."

At the pronunciation of his name, the man in spectacles arose, and advanced to the witness-stand.

"What is your name?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"Charles Barhydt."

"What is your profession?"

"I am a physician."

"You have an official position, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; I have for fifteen years been the Superintendent of the State Asylum for the Insane."

"Do you recognize the plaintiff in this case as a former patient in the asylum?"

"I do, sir."

"Was he ever visited by the defendant while in your care?"

"He was, sir."

"Did the defendant endeavor to procure his signature to any document while he was in the asylum?"

"He did, sir."

"Did he apply to you for permission to get this signature, and did he importunately urge you to give him this permission?"

"He did, sir."

"Did you read this document?"

"I did, sir."

"Do you remember what it was?"

"Perfectly, in a general way. It was an assignment of a number of patent rights on sundry machines, implements, and processes."

Mr. Balfour handed to the witness the assignment, and then said:

"Be kind enough to look that through, and tell us whether you ever saw it before."

After reading the document through, the Doctor said:

"This is the identical paper which Mr. Belcher showed me, or a very close copy of it. Several of the patents named here I remember distinctly, for I read the paper carefully, with a professional purpose. I was curious to know what had been the mental habits of my patient."

"But you did not give the defendant

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liberty to procure the signature of the patentee."

"I did not. I refused to do so on the ground that he was not of sound mind—that he was not a responsible person."

"When was this?"

"I have no record of the date, but it was after the 12th of May, 1860—the date of Mr. Benedict's admission to the asylum."

"That is all," said Mr. Balfour.

Mr. Cavendish tried to cross-examine, but without any result, except to emphasize the direct testimony, though he tried persistently to make the witness remember that, while Mr. Belcher might have shown him the assignment, and that he read it for the purpose which he had stated, it was another paper to which he had wished to secure the patient's signature.

Samuel Yates was next called.

"You are a member of our profession, I believe," said Mr. Balfour.

"I am, sir."

"Have you ever been in the service of the defendant in this case?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you done for him?"

"I worked many months in the endeavor to ascertain whether Paul Benedict was living or dead."

"It isn't essential that we should go into that; and as the defendant has testified that he procured the autograph letters which are in the possession of the Court from you, I presume you will corroborate his testimony."

"He did procure them of me, sir."

"Did he inform you of the purpose to which he wished to put them?"

"He did, sir. He said that he wished to verify some signatures."

"Were you ever employed in his library at Sevenoaks, by his agent?"

"Yes, sir, I wrote there during several weeks."

"May it please the Court, I have a letter in my hand, the genuineness of whose signature has been recognized by the defendant, written by Robert Belcher to Paul Benedict, which, as it has a direct bearing upon the case, I beg the privilege of placing in evidence. It was written the next day after the date of the alleged assignment, and came inclosed from Benedict's hands to mine."

Mr. Belcher evidently recalled the letter, for he sat limp in the chair, like a man stunned. A fierce quarrel then arose between the counsel concerning the admission of the letter. The Judge examined it, and said that he could see no reason why it should not be admitted. Then Mr. Balfour read the following note:

"SEVENOAKS, May 5, 1860.

"DEAR BENEDICT: I am glad to know that you are better. Since you distrust my pledge that I will give you a reasonable share of the profits on the use of your patents, I will go to your house this afternoon, with witnesses, and have an independent paper prepared, to be signed by myself, after the assignment is executed, which will give you a definite claim upon me for royalty. We will be there at four o'clock.

"Yours, ROBERT BELCHER."

"Mr. Yates," said Mr. Balfour, "have you ever seen this letter before?"

Yates took the letter, looked it over, and then said:

"I have, sir. I found the letter in a drawer of the library-table, in Mr. Belcher's house at Sevenoaks. I delivered it unopened to the man to whom it was addressed, leaving him to decide the question as to whether it belonged to him or the writer. I had no idea of its contents at the time, but became acquainted with them afterward, for I was present at the opening of the letter."

"That is all," said Mr. Balfour.

"So you stole this letter, did you?" inquired Mr. Cavendish.

"I found it while in Mr. Belcher's service, and took it personally to the man to whom it was addressed, as he apparently had the best right to it. I am quite willing to return it to the writer, if it is decided that it belongs to him. I had no selfish end to serve in the affair."

Here the Judge interposed.

"The Court," said he, "finds this letter in the hands of the plaintiff, delivered by a man who at the time was in the employ of the defendant, and had the contents of the room in his keeping. The paper has a direct bearing on the case, and the Court will not go back of the facts stated."

Mr. Cavendish sat down and consulted his client. Mr. Belcher was afraid of Yates. The witness not only knew too much concerning his original intentions, but he was a lawyer who, if questioned too closely and saucily, would certainly manage to bring in facts to his disadvantage. Yates had already damaged him sadly, and Mr. Belcher felt that it would not do to provoke a redirect examination. So, after a whispered colloquy with his counsel, the latter told the witness that he was done with him. Then Mr. Belcher and his counsel conversed again for some time, when Mr. Balfour rose and said, addressing the Court:

"The defendant and his client evidently

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need time for consultation, and, as there is a little preliminary work to be done before I present another witness, I suggest that the Court take a recess of an hour. In the meantime, I wish to secure photographic copies of the signatures of the two autograph letters, and of the four signatures of the assignment. I ask the Court to place these documents in the keeping of an officer, to be used for this purpose, in an adjoining room, where I have caused a photographic apparatus to be placed, and where a skillful operator is now in waiting. I ask this privilege, as it is essential to a perfect demonstration of the character of the document on which the decision of this case must turn."

The Judge acceded to Mr. Balfour's request, both in regard to the recess and the use of the paper; and the assembly broke up into little knots of earnest talkers, most of whom manifested no desire to leave the building.

Mr. Cavendish approached Mr. Balfour, and asked for a private interview. When they had retired to a lobby, he said:

"You are not to take any advantage of this conversation. I wish to talk in confidence."

"Very well," said Mr. Balfour.

"My client," said Cavendish, "is in a devilish bad box. His principal witness has run away, his old friends all turn against him, and circumstantial evidence doesn't befriend him. I have advised him to stop this suit right here, and make a compromise. No one wants to kill the General. He's a sharp man, but he is good-natured, and a useful citizen. He can handle these patents better than Benedict can, and make money enough for both of them. What could Benedict do if he had the patents in his hands? He's a simpleton. He's a nobody. Any man capable of carrying on his business would cheat him out of his eye-teeth."

"I am carrying on his business, myself, just at this time," remarked Mr. Balfour, seriously.

"That's all right, of course; but you know that you and I can settle this business better for these men than they can settle it for themselves."

"I'll be frank with you," said Mr. Balfour. "I am not one who regards Robert Belcher as a good-natured man and a useful citizen, and I, for one—to use your own phrase—want to kill him. He has preyed upon the public for ten years, and I owe a duty not only to my client but to society. I understand how good a bargain I could make with him at this point, but I will make no bargain with him. He is an unmitigated scoundrel, and he will only go out of this court to be arrested for crime; and I do not expect to drop him until I drop him into a penitentiary, where he can reflect upon his forgeries at leisure."

"Then you refuse any sort of a compromise."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Balfour, warmly, "do you suppose I can give a man a right to talk of terms who is in my hands? Do you suppose I can compromise with crime? You know I can't."

"Very well—let it go. I suppose I must go through with it. You understand that this conversation is confidential."

"I do; and you?"

"Oh, certainly!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN WHICH A HEAVENLY WITNESS APPEARS WHO CANNOT BE CROSS-EXAMINED, AND BEFORE WHICH THE DEFENSE UTTERLY BREAKS DOWN.

AT the re-assembling of the Court, a large crowd had come in. Those who had heard the request of Mr. Balfour had reported what was going on, and, as the promised testimony seemed to involve some curious features, the court-room presented the most crowded appearance that it had worn since the beginning of the trial.

Mr. Belcher had grown old during the hour. His consciousness of guilt, his fear of exposure, the threatened loss of his fortune, and the apprehension of a retribution of disgrace were sapping his vital forces, minute by minute. All the instruments that he had tried to use for his own base purposes were turned against himself. The great world that had glittered around the successful man was growing dark, and, what was worse, there were none to pity him. He had lived for himself; and now, in his hour of trouble, no one was true to him, no one loved him—not even his wife and children!

He gave a helpless, hopeless sigh, as Mr. Balfour called to the witness stand Professor Albert Timms.

Professor Timms was the man already described among the three new witnesses, as the one who seemed to be conscious of bearing the world upon his shoulders, and to find it so inconsiderable a burden. He advanced to the stand with the air of one

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who had no stake in the contest. His impartiality came from indifference. He had an opportunity to show his knowledge and his skill, and he delighted in it.

"What is your name, witness?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"Albert Timms, at your service."

"What is your calling, sir?"

"I have at present the charge of a department in the School of Mines. My specialties are chemistry and microscopy."

"You are specially acquainted with these branches of natural science, then?"

"I am, sir."

"Have you been regarded as an expert in the detection of forgery?"

"I have been called as such in many cases of the kind, sir."

"Then you have had a good deal of experience in such things, and in the various tests by which such matters are determined?"

"I have, sir."

"Have you examined the assignment and the autograph letters which have been in your hands during the recess of the court?"

"I have, sir."

"Do you know either the plaintiff or the defendant in this case?"

"I do not, sir. I never saw either of them until to-day."

"Has any one told you about the nature of these papers, so as to prejudice your mind in regard to any of them?"

"No, sir. I have not exchanged a word with any one in regard to them."

"What is your opinion of the two letters?"

"That they are veritable autographs."

"How do you judge this?"

"From the harmony of the signatures with the text of the body of the letters, by the free and natural shaping and interflowing of the lines, and by a general impression of truthfulness which it is very difficult to communicate in words."

"What do you think of the signatures to the assignment?"

"I think they are all counterfeits but one."

"Professor Timms, this is a serious matter. You should be very sure of the truth of a statement like this. You say you think they are counterfeits: why?"

"If the papers can be handed to me," said the witness, "I will show what leads me to think so."

The papers were handed to him, and, placing the letters on the bar on which he had been leaning, he drew from his pocket a little rule, and laid it lengthwise along the signature of Nicholas Johnson. Having recorded the measurement, he next took the corresponding name on the assignment.

"I find the name of Nicholas Johnson of exactly the same length on the assignment that it occupies on the letter," said he.

"Is that a suspicious circumstance?"

"It is, and, moreover" (going on with his measurements), "there is not the slightest variation between the two signatures in the length of a letter. Indeed, to the naked eye, one signature is the counterpart of the other, in every characteristic."

"How do you determine, then, that it is anything but a genuine signature?"

"The imitation is too nearly perfect."

"How can that be?"

"Well, no man writes his signature twice alike. There is not one chance in a million that he will do so, without definitely attempting to do so, and then he will be obliged to use certain appliances to guide him."

"Now, will you apply the same test to the other signature?"

Professor Timms went carefully to work again with his measure. He examined the form of every letter in detail, and compared it with its twin, and declared, at the close of his examination, that he found the second name as close a counterfeit as the first.

"Both names on the assignment, then, are exact fac-similes of the names on the autograph letters?" said Mr. Balfour.

"They are, indeed, sir—quite wonderful reproductions."

"The work must have been done, then, by a very skillful man?" said Mr. Balfour.

The Professor shook his head pityingly.

"Oh, no, sir," he said. "None but bunglers ever undertake a job like this. Here, sir, are two forged signatures. If one genuine signature, standing alone, has one chance in a million of being exactly like any previous signature of the writer, two standing together have not one chance in ten millions of being exact fac-similes of two others brought together by chance."

"How were these fac-similes produced?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"They could only have been produced by tracing first with a pencil, directly over the signature to be counterfeited."

"Well, this seems very reasonable, but have you any further tests?"

"Under this magnifying glass," said the Professor, pushing along his examination at the same time, "I see a marked difference

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between the signatures on the two papers, which is not apparent to the naked eye. The letters of the genuine autograph have smooth, unhesitating lines; those of the counterfeits present certain minute irregularities that are inseparable from painstaking and slow execution. Unless the Court and the jury are accustomed to the use of a glass, and to examinations of this particular character, they will hardly be able to see just what I describe, but I have an experiment which will convince them that I am right."

"Can you perform this experiment here, and now?"

"I can, sir, provided the Court will permit me to establish the necessary conditions. I must darken the room, and as I notice that the windows are all furnished with shutters, the matter may be very quickly and easily accomplished."

"Will you describe the nature of your experiment?"

"Well, sir, during the recess of the court I have had photographed upon glass all the signatures. These, with the aid of a solar microscope, I can project upon the wall behind the jury, immensely enlarged, so that the peculiarities I have described may be detected by every eye in the house, with others, probably, if the sun remains bright and strong, that I have not alluded to."

"The experiment will be permitted," said the Judge, "and the officers and the janitor will give the Professor all the assistance he needs."

"Gradually, as the shutters were closed, the room grew dark, and the faces of Judge, jury, and the anxious-looking parties within the bar, grew weird and wan among the shadows. A strange silence and awe descended upon the crowd. The great sun in heaven was summoned as a witness, and the sun would not lie. A voice was to speak to them from a hundred millions of miles away —a hundred millions of miles near the realm toward which men looked when they dreamed of the Great White Throne.

They felt as a man might feel, were he conscious, in the darkness of the tomb, when waiting for the trump of the resurrection and the breaking of the everlasting day. Men heard their own hearts beat, like the tramp of trooping hosts; yet there was one man who was glad of the darkness. To him the judgment day had come; and the closing shutters were the rocks that covered him. He could see and not be seen. He could behold his own shame and not be conscious that five hundred eyes were upon him.

All attention was turned to the single pair of shutters not entirely closed. Outside of these the Professor had established his heliostat, and then gradually, by the aid of drapery, he narrowed down the entrance of light to a little aperture where a single silver bar entered and pierced the darkness like a spear. Then this was closed by the insertion of his microscope, and, leaving his apparatus in the hands of an assistant, he felt his way back to his old position.

"May it please the Court, I am ready for the experiment," he said.

"The witness will proceed," said the Judge.

"There will soon appear upon the wall, above the heads of the jury," said Professor Timms, "the genuine signature of Nicholas Johnson, as it has been photographed from the autograph letter. I wish the Judge and jury to notice two things in this signature—the cleanly cut edges of the letters, and the two lines of indentation produced by the two prongs of the pen in its down-stroke. They will also notice that, in the up-stroke of the pen, there is no evidence of indentation whatever. At the point where the up-stroke begins, and the down-stroke ends, the lines of indentation will come together and cease."

As he spoke the last word, the name swept through the darkness over an unseen track and appeared upon the wall within a halo of amber light. All eyes saw it, and all found the characteristics that had been predicted. The Professor said not a word. There was not a whisper in the room. When a long minute had passed, the light was shut off.

"Now," said the Professor, "I will show you in the same place the name of Nicholas Johnson as it has been photographed from the signatures to the assignment. What I wish you to notice particularly in this signature is, first, the rough and irregular edges of the lines which constitute the letters. They will be so much magnified as to present very much the appearance of a Virginia fence. Second, another peculiarity which ought to be shown in the experiment—one which has a decided bearing upon the character of the signature. If the light continues strong, you will be able to detect it. The lines of indentation made by the two prongs of the pen will be evident, as in the real signature. I shall be disappointed if there does not also appear a third line, formed by the pencil which originally traced the letters, and this line will not only accompany, in an

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irregular way, crossing from side to side, the two indentations of the down-strokes of the pen, but it will accompany irregularly the hair-lines. I speak of this latter peculiarity with some doubt, as the instrument I use is not the best which science now has at its command for this purpose, though competent under perfect conditions."

He paused, and then the forged signature appeared upon the wall. There was a universal burst of admiration, and then all grew still,—as if those who had given way to their feeling were suddenly stricken with the consciousness that they were witnessing a drama in which divine forces were playing a part. There were the ragged, jagged edges of the letters; there was the supplementary line, traceable in every part of them. There was man's lie—revealed, defined, convicted by God's truth!

The letters lingered, and the room seemed almost sensibly to sink in the awful silence. Then the stillness was broken by a deep voice. What lips it came from no one knew, for all the borders of the room were as dark as night. It seemed, as it echoed from side to side, to come from every part of the house: "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin!*" Such was the effect of these words upon the eager and excited, yet thoroughly solemnized crowd, that when the shutters were thrown open, they would hardly have been surprised to see the bar covered with golden goblets and bowls of wassail, surrounded by lordly revelers and half-nude women, with the stricken Belshazzar at the head of the feast. Certainly Belshazzar, on his night of doom, could hardly have presented a more pitiful front than Robert Belcher, as all eyes were turned upon him. His face was haggard, his chin had dropped upon his breast, and he reclined in his chair like one on whom the plague had laid its withering hand.

There stood Professor Timms in his triumph. His experiment had proved to be a brilliant success, and that was all he cared for.

"You have not shown us the other signatures," said Mr. Balfour.

"False in one thing, false in all," responded the Professor, shrugging his shoulders. "I can show you the others; they would be like this; you would throw away your time."

Mr. Cavendish did not look at the witness, but pretended to write.

"Does the counsel for the defense wish to question the witness?" inquired Mr. Balfour, turning to him.

"No," very sharply.

"You can step down," said Mr. Balfour. As the witness passed him, he quietly grasped his hand and thanked him. A poorly suppressed cheer ran around the court-room as he resumed his seat. Jim Fenton, who had never before witnessed an experiment like that which, in the Professor's hands, had been so successful, was anxious to make some personal demonstration of his admiration. Restrained from this by his surroundings, he leaned over and whispered:

"Professor, you've did a big thing, but it's the fust time I ever knowed any good to come from peekin' through a key-hole."

"Thank you," and the Professor nodded sidewise, evidently desirous of shutting Jim off; but the latter wanted further conversation.

"Was it you that said it was mean to tickle yer parson?" inquired Jim.

"What?" said the astonished Professor, looking round in spite of himself.

"Didn't you say it was mean to tickle yer parson? It sounded more like a furriner," said Jim.

When the Professor realized the meaning that had been attached by Jim to the "original Hebrew," he was taken with what seemed to be a nasal hemorrhage that called for his immediate retirement from the court-room.

What was to be done next? All eyes were turned upon the counsel, who were in earnest conversation. Too evidently the defense had broken down utterly. Mr. Cavendish was angry, and Mr. Belcher sat beside him like a man who expected every moment to be smitten in the face, and who would not be able to resent the blow.

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Cavendish, "it is impossible, of course, for counsel to know what impression this testimony has made upon the Court and the jury. Dr. Barhydt, after a lapse of years, and dealings with thousands of patients, comes here and testifies to an occurrence which my client's testimony makes impossible; a sneak discovers a letter which may have been written on the third or the fifth of May, 1860—it is very easy to make a mistake in the figure, and this stolen letter, never legitimately delivered—possibly never intended to be delivered under any circumstances—is produced here in evidence; and, to crown all, we have had the spectacular drama in a single act by a man who has appealed to the imaginations of us all, and who, by his skill in the management of an

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experiment with which none of us are familiar, has found it easy to make a falsehood appear like the truth. The counsel for the plaintiff has been pleased to consider the establishment or the breaking down of the assignment as the practical question at issue. I cannot so regard it. The question is, whether my client is to be deprived of the fruits of long years of enterprise, economy, and industry; for it is to be remembered that, by the plaintiff's own showing, the defendant was a rich man when he first knew him. I deny the profits from the use of the plaintiff's patented inventions, and call upon him to prove them. I not only call upon him to prove them, but I defy him to prove them. It will take something more than superannuated doctors, stolen letters, and the performances of a mountebank to do this."

This speech, delivered with a sort of frenzied bravado, had a wonderful effect upon Mr. Belcher. He straightened in his chair, and assumed his old air of self-assurance. He could sympathize in any game of "bluff," and when it came down to a square fight for money his old self came back to him. During the little speech of Mr. Cavendish, Mr. Balfour was writing, and when the former sat down, the latter rose, and, addressing the Court, said:

"I hold in my hand a written notice, calling upon the defendant's counsel to produce in court a little book in the possession of his client, entitled, 'Records of profits and investments of profits from manufactures under the Benedict patents,' and I hereby serve it upon him."

Thus saying, he handed the letter to Mr. Cavendish, who received and read it.

Mr. Cavendish consulted his client, and then rose and said:

"May it please the Court, there is no such book in existence."

"I happen to know," rejoined Mr. Balfour, "that there is such a book in existence, unless it has recently been destroyed. This I stand ready to prove by the testimony of Helen Dillingham, the sister of the plaintiff."

"The witness can be called," said the Judge.

Mrs. Dillingham looked paler than on the day before, as she voluntarily lifted her vail and advanced to the stand. She had dreaded the revelation of her own treachery toward the treacherous proprietor, but she had sat and heard him perjure himself, until her own act, which had been performed on behalf of justice, became one of which she could hardly be ashamed.

"Mrs. Dillingham," said Mr. Balfour, "have you been on friendly terms with the defendant in this case?"

"I have, sir," she answered. "He has been a frequent visitor at my house, and I have visited his family at his own."

"Was he aware that the plaintiff was your brother?"

"He was not."

"Has he, from the first, made a confidant of you?"

"In some things—yes."

"Do you know Harry Benedict—the plaintiff's son?"

"I do, sir."

"How long have you known him?"

"I made his acquaintance soon after he came to reside with you, sir, in the city."

"Did you seek his acquaintance?"

"I did, sir."

"From what motive?"

"Mr Belcher wished me to do it, in order to ascertain of him whether his father were living or dead."

"You did not then know that the lad was your nephew?"

"I did not, sir."

"Have you ever told Mr. Belcher that your brother was alive?"

"I told him that Paul Benedict was alive, at the last interview but one that I ever had with him."

"Did he give you at this interview any reason for his great anxiety to ascertain the facts as to Mr. Benedict's life or death?"

"He did, sir."

"Was there any special occasion for the visit you allude to?"

"I think there was, sir. He had just lost heavily in International Mail, and evidently came in to talk about business. At any rate, he did talk about it as he had never done before."

"Can you give us the drift or substance of his conversation and statements?"

"Well, sir, he assured me that he had not been shaken by his losses—said that he kept his manufacturing business entirely separate from his speculations, gave me a history of the manner in which my brother's inventions had come into his hands, and, finally, showed me a little account-book, in which he had recorded his profits from manufactures under what he called the Benedict Patents."

"Did you read this book, Mrs. Dillingham?"

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"I did, sir."

"Every word?"

"Every word."

"Did you hear me serve a notice on the defendant's counsel to produce this book in court?"

"I did, sir."

"In that notice did I give the title of the book correctly?"

"You did, sir."

"Was this book left in your hands for a considerable length of time?"

"It was, sir, for several hours."

"Did you copy it?"

"I did, sir; every word of it."

"Are you sure that you made a correct copy?"

"I verified it, sir, item by item, again and again."

"Can you give me any proof corroborative of your statement that this book has been in your hands?"

"I can, sir."

"What is it?"

"A letter from Mr. Belcher, asking me to deliver the book to his man Phipps."

"Is that the letter?" inquired Mr. Balfour, passing the note into her hands.

"It is, sir."

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Balfour, turning to the Judge, "the copy of this account-book is in my possession, and if the defendant persists in refusing to produce the original, I shall ask the privilege of placing it in evidence."

During the examination of this witness, the defendant and his counsel sat like men overwhelmed. Mr. Cavendish was angry with his client, who did not even hear the curses which were whispered in his ear. The latter had lost not only his money, but the woman whom he loved. The perspiration stood in glistening beads upon his forehead. Once he put his head down upon the table before him, while his frame was convulsed with an uncontrollable passion. He held it there until Mr. Cavendish touched him, when he rose and staggered to a pitcher of iced water upon the bar, and drank a long draught. The exhibition of his pain was too terrible to excite in the beholders any emotion lighter than pity.

The Judge looked at Mr. Cavendish, who was talking angrily with his client. After waiting for a minute or two, he said:

"Unless the original of this book be produced, the Court will be obliged to admit the copy. It was made by one who had it in custody from the owner's hands."

"I was not aware," said Mr. Cavendish fiercely, "that a crushing conspiracy like this against my client could be carried on in any court of the United States, under judicial sanction."

"The counsel must permit the Court," said the Judge calmly, "to remind him that it is so far generous toward his disappointment and discourtesy as to refrain from punishing him for contempt, and to warn him against any repetition of his offense."

Mr. Cavendish sneered in the face of the Judge, but held his tongue, while Mr. Balfour presented and read the contents of the document. All of Mr. Belcher's property at Sevenoaks, his rifle manufactory, the goods in Talbot's hands, and sundry stocks and bonds came into the enumeration, with the enormous foreign deposit, which constituted the General's "anchor to windward." It was a handsome showing. Judge, jury, and spectators were startled by it, and were helped to understand, better than they had previously done, the magnitude of the stake for which the defendant had played his desperate game, and the stupendous power of the temptation before which he had been led to sacrifice both his honor and his safety.

Mr. Cavendish went over to Mr. Balfour, and they held a long conversation, *sotto voce*. Then Mrs. Dillingham was informed that she could step down, as she would not be wanted for cross-examination. Mr. Belcher had so persistently lied to his counsel, and his case had become so utterly hopeless, that even Cavendish practically gave it up.

Mr. Balfour then addressed the Court, and said that it had been agreed between himself and Mr. Cavendish, in order to save the time of the Court, that the case should be given to the jury by the Judge, without presentation or argument of counsel.

The Judge occupied a few minutes in recounting the evidence and presenting the issue, and, without leaving their seats, the jury rendered a verdict for the whole amount of damages claimed.

The bold, vainglorious proprietor was a ruined man. The consciousness of power had vanished. The law had grappled with him, shaken him once, and dropped him. He had had a hint from his counsel of Mr. Balfour's intentions, and knew that the same antagonist would wait but a moment to pounce upon him again and shake the life out of him. It was curious to see how, not only in his own consciousness, but in his appearance, he degenerated into a very vulgar sort of scoundrel. In leaving the court-

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room, he skulked by the happy group that surrounded the inventor, not even daring to lift his eyes to Mrs. Dillingham. When he was rich and powerful, with such a place in society as riches and power commanded, he felt himself to be the equal of any woman; but he had been degraded and despoiled in the presence of his idol, and knew that he was measurelessly and hopelessly removed from her. He was glad to get away from the witnesses of his disgrace, and the moment he passed the door, he ran rapidly down the stairs and emerged upon the street.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN DRAMATISTS UNDER AMERICAN LAWS.

THE American stage is to-day almost wholly dependent upon foreign sources for the amusement and instruction nightly given to the public. It always has been so dependent, and there is no prospect that independence in this respect will be attained in the near future. It is not to the purpose to touch upon the delicate ground whether we have a native drama. However that question may be decided, the fact is apparent that most of the new comedies which American managers are expected and even required to provide for an exacting public and a critical press are, like most of our finest merchandise, imported from England and France. It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that while foreign plays are so generally demanded by American audiences, they are under the ban of American law to the extent that they must be kept in manuscript. The moment they appear in print, they become common property—the lawful spoil of whomsoever chooses to appropriate them. Thus, Mr. Wallack or Mr. Daly may copyright a drama which he has himself written, and whether the play be in manuscript or print, the author's exclusive rights must be respected by all persons. But if the comedy has been sent from Paris by M. Sardou, or from London by Mr. Byron, the owner's rights are lost when the play has been published by authority.

In order to determine more clearly the privileges accorded to, or rather withheld from, foreign dramatists in our courts, it will be important to ascertain what is the status of foreign authors in general under the American copyright laws. And here we find that the legislation by Congress has been tolerably explicit, and freed from much of the doubt and consequent litigation that have arisen from the corresponding language used by the British Parliament. There, from the first statute passed in the reign of Anne, for the encouragement of "learned men to compose and write useful books," to the latest one enacted under the present Queen, the privilege of enjoying the profits arising from the sale of their works for a specified period after first publication has been granted to "Authors." For more than a century, the exact meaning of this word, as here used, was not defined by Parliament or the Judiciary, nor was it questioned in the English courts. In 1854, however, the House of Lords was called upon to determine its construction in a case involving Bellini's rights in the opera "La Sonnambula," which had arisen several years before, and which, having passed through the lower courts, had now reached the highest tribunal known to English law. Five of the eleven Judges who had been summoned to give their opinions, for the guidance of the Lords, contended that the word "author" must be construed in a restrictive sense, and as applying only to subjects of the realm; that a British Legislature dealing with British interests must be presumed to have legislated for British subjects, and for the encouragement of British talent and industry. On the other hand, it was stoutly maintained by six of the Judges that the word was used in a general sense, and was applicable alike to foreign and native authors; that there was nothing in the language of the act, either expressed or implied, to show that Parliament had intended to exclude foreign authors from the privileges granted; and, even admitting that the purpose of the law was to encourage British learning, such object would be promoted in the highest degree by "inducing French, Italian, and German authors to publish their works first in this country." The venerable Lord Brougham and Lord St. Leonards, who advised their peers, followed the minority of the Judges, and the House of Lords followed Lord Brougham and Lord St. Leonards, and, in pronouncing

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the most important copyright judgment since Lord Mansfield's time, held that neither at common law nor by statute would English copyright vest in a foreign author while resident abroad. There was, however, in this decision no intimation that a foreign author might not acquire all the rights accorded to a native author by coming within the British dominions. It was even held sufficient to cross from Calais to Dover.

In this country, however, as has been stated, the meaning of the law on this point has been less doubtful. In legislation extending through three-quarters of a century, Congress has granted protection to the works of such author as may be a "citizen of the United States or resident therein," thus by express words excluding foreigners from the privileges granted to native authors. This language has, nevertheless, given rise to some dispute as to who may be regarded as a "citizen" or "resident," and what is necessary to constitute such citizenship or residence as will entitle the claimant to come within the provisions of the law. Of course the chief difficulty is in construing the word "resident;" for literary men of every tongue have come to our shores for a longer or shorter period without losing citizenship in their native country, or acquiring it in this. In many instances, such authors have resided here for years; in others, for months or weeks. Are they "residents" in the meaning of the copyright laws?

This question has been left to the determination of the Courts, and was thoroughly considered in a case before the United States Court in Chicago, in 1868. The action was brought by the well-known dramatist and actor, Dion Boucicault, a native of Great Britain, who had resided in the United States from 1853 to 1860, when he returned to his native land. During this period, he had published certain plays which were duly copyrighted in his name, and which were subsequently represented without authority at Wood's Museum, in Chicago. From this sprung the controversy whether Boucicault, being a British subject who had not been naturalized under our laws, and had not formally declared his intention of becoming a citizen, was entitled to American copyright. According to the judicial construction given in this case, the word "resident" refers to any person, no matter of what nativity, residing in the United States with the intention of making this country his place of permanent abode. A formal declaration of such intention is not essential, much less naturalization. How long such residence shall continue, or how short it may be, is not defined, and no specific acts are stated as necessary to constitute it. No distinction is made between a householder and a boarder or lodger. A man may live in his own castle, or in a hotel, or "on the European plan." Nor is it necessary that such intention shall continue indefinitely. It must exist, however, when application is made for copyright. Suppose Mr. Tyndall were to come to this country with the view of making it his future home, and while here should publish one of his charming works on science, then, after a few weeks' stay, should change his plans and seek again his native land. There is no doubt that the copyright obtained for his book under such circumstances would be held valid by our courts. Suppose, on the other hand, his coming should be for the purpose of scientific investigation, or the delivery of lectures, and with the intention of returning sooner or later to his own fireside, while in reality he should tarry here many years. Before the law, he would be a mere sojourner, not entitled to copyright. Let us take another illustration. The late Prof. Agassiz first came to the United States in 1846, for the purpose of studying the natural history and geology of this country, in fulfillment of a mission suggested to the King of Prussia by Alexander von Humboldt. It does not appear that he was induced to remain here until the following year. In 1848, he published his "Principles of Zoölogy." Suppose the validity of the copyright in that work should be questioned. The most important judicial inquiry would be, whether the title of the work was filed for copyright before or after the great naturalist had decided to make this country his home.

The question, then, is determined by the intention existing in the mind of the person at the time he has his abode here, and by his acts, so far as they may indicate what that intention was. Of course it will often be a matter of no little difficulty thus to read a man's mind, and may be attended with fraud; but it is a question of fact for the jury, whose finding will determine the law. In Boucicault's case, it was the opinion of the jury that when that gentleman copyrighted the works in question, he regarded this country as his home; judgment was therefore in his favor. The assignee of a foreign author, though a citizen of the United States, holds the same relation under the

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statute as the author himself; so that a citizen is not entitled to copyright in a work purchased from a foreign author.

From this cursory review, it will be seen that from the first copyright law of 1790 to the existing one adopted in 1870 our gates have been pretty effectively closed against the authors of other lands. But have they been left ajar for dramatic authors? Has an exception been made in favor of this class? This inquiry must be answered in the negative. And yet, within the past fifteen years, our courts have repeatedly protected from piracy the plays of foreign authors. A consideration of the facts and legal principles presented by the leading of these cases will afford the best illustration of the rights of foreign dramatists under American laws.

In the autumn of 1858 the first performance anywhere of the comedy, "Our American Cousin," was given at Laura Keene's Theater in New York, with Joseph Jefferson in the then leading comedy part of Asa Trenchard, and Mr. Sothern in a character, which he has since made one of the most ludicrous comedy creations of the stage, Lord Dundreary. This play had been written by Tom Taylor for performance at the Adelphi Theater, London, in 1852. It was not, however, given there, and six years later the manuscript was purchased by Miss Keene, who had it copyrighted under the laws of the United States, and carefully guarded it from the printer. The success of the comedy was unparalleled, except perhaps by that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and consequently it was at once coveted by other managers. It was soon brought out without authority by William Wheatley in Philadelphia, Moses Kimball at the Boston Museum, and, later, by the comedian, John S. Clarke, in New York. Other managers also announced the comedy without permission; but the three named were called to account by Miss Keene. The pioneer case was that against Wheatley, which resulted in a triumph for Miss Keene—not, however, because the play had been copyrighted, for such copyright was pronounced invalid on the ground that the comedy was from the pen of a foreign author, and, moreover, Miss Keene was herself an alien, but because the common law right of that lady to the exclusive control and enjoyment of her literary property had been invaded. In Boston, however, Kimball triumphed, maintaining that the members of his company had witnessed the performance of the play at Miss Keene's Theater, and were thus enabled to reproduce it from memory. This question, whether the spectators at a public performance have a right to make public use of a play which they have carried away in their memories, had also been thoroughly considered in the Philadelphia case; but as Wheatley represented "Our American Cousin" from an unauthorized manuscript which he had obtained from England, the decision did not turn on this point. Nor was it a direct issue, although much debated, in the case against Clarke in the New York Superior Court, which was decided in favor of Miss Keene. This valuable discovery of a way of acquiring literary property without paying for it will be fully considered further on; but before doing so, it will be well to note the facts in two other recent cases in which the same doctrine was a stumbling-block to our courts.

On the last day of 1869 the United States Circuit Court in Chicago decided a controversy as to the rights of Mrs. Crowe (Miss Kate Bateman) in the manuscript drama, "Mary Warner," which Tom Taylor had written expressly for, and duly assigned to, her in consideration of four hundred pounds.

Miss Bateman brought out the play first at the Haymarket Theater, London, in June, 1869, and in the following autumn at Booth's Theater in New York, herself assuming the leading character. Without authority, the piece was announced for production by Aiken at his theater in Chicago. Mrs. Crowe had kept the play in manuscript, and alleged that the defendant had produced it, not by means of the memory of those who had witnessed its authorized representations in London and New York, but by a copy wrongfully and surreptitiously obtained. Aiken replied that he had represented the play by means of printed copies obtained from Robert M. De Witt, a New York publisher of dramas, and that his representation therefore was lawful. These copies had been printed, however, without the knowledge or consent of Mrs. Crowe, and in pronouncing judgment in favor of that lady, Judge Drummond had no doubt "that De Witt obtained the copy of the play of 'Mary Warner,' which he furnished to the defendant in this case, either in whole or in part through a short-hand reporter, or in some other unauthorized or wrongful way, and not by memory alone."

The only other legal controversy that need be cited here to illustrate the standing of foreign dramatists in our courts had reference to the charming English comedy, "Play," written by the late T. W. Robert-

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son. The New York manager, Henry D. Palmer, had purchased the manuscript of this piece from the author, with the exclusive privilege of representation and publication in the United States, and was careful that it should not fall into the hands of the printer. The play was first given to the public through the agency of the author at the Prince of Wales Theater in London, and about the same time was brought out in New York by Mr. Palmer. Soon after, without the knowledge or consent of the author or Mr. Palmer, a printed copy appeared in circulation in this country, and was traced to the press of Robert M. De Witt. When that gentleman was called to account, he alleged that he had received the words of the comedy, with the necessary stage directions, from one or more persons who had witnessed its performance in London, and, in the three courts through which the case passed, his lawyers offered that plea as a sufficient defense. It did not appear, however, whether De Witt was indebted to the memories or the notebooks of his London friends who had furnished the copy, and when the case was called in the Court of Appeals in 1872, the Judges entertained a strong opinion that "it would be entirely consistent with the findings that the copies were surreptitiously obtained," and pronounced in favor of Palmer the judgment of the highest court of the State of New York.

Here, then, are four cases wherein the rights of British dramatists have been protected in our courts, and only one in which protection has been denied, and that on a disputed principle of law. But it will be observed that none of the cases arose under the copyright statute, and did not, therefore, as some have erroneously supposed, have anything to do with our copyright legislation. All of the works in controversy were the dramatic productions of English authors resident in Great Britain. They had been produced in manuscript for exclusive representation in the United States. They were represented from manuscript held by the assignee, were not copyrighted (except "Our American Cousin," the copyright of which was held invalid), and had not been printed by authority for public circulation. Having been publicly represented by the lawful owner, they were reproduced without license by other managers, who maintained that the authorized representation was a publication which divested the owner of his exclusive rights in the play, and made it common property. It was, therefore, common law protection which was granted, and not statutory. It is a fundamental principle of the common law, recognized wherever that law obtains, that an author has the same control over, and the same right to the enjoyment of, the unpublished products of his brain, as the farmer has to the results of his toil or the banker to his bonds. Whether reduced to writing or not, whether in manuscript or in print, traced in marble or upon canvas, such production is his literary property, and subject to his exclusive direction until it is abandoned to the public. The common law makes no distinction between native and foreign authors; before it all tongues are the same. But the act of publication transfers the work from the realm of common law to that of the statute, and remands the author to the latter tribunal for redress.

The great question, therefore, in all the cases here referred to was, whether the public representation of a manuscript play by its lawful owner was such a publication as made it common property, and gave others the right to reproduce it upon the stage without special license. On this point certain principles of law may be considered as firmly established in our jurisprudence. In the first place, the representation of a drama does not authorize any one to print and publish it without the consent of the owner, no matter how the copy may be obtained; so that the dramatist has a complete remedy for the piracy of his play by publication. But, suppose the infringement consists, not in publishing the piece, but in representing it upon the stage by means of a copy obtained from the authorized performance. In this case the question becomes more difficult. It is fully settled, however, that the authorized representation would be unlawful, and might be restrained if the copy had been obtained in any surreptitious manner, or from the authorized performance by means of phonography, notes, or any other aids to memory. In other words, all means of obtaining a play from its public performance for the purpose of reproducing it upon the stage have been declared unlawful, except that of memory. But may a rival manager summon to his aid the memory of any person who has witnessed the performance, and by this means reproduce the play against the protest of the owner of the manuscript? This question has caused much discussion before our judicial tribunals, and cannot yet be considered as settled, notwithstanding the affirmative has been maintained in several of the cases mentioned.

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The doctrine recognizing memory as a lawful means of thus acquiring a valid title to an uncopyrighted play, and any use of pen or pencil as unlawful, first appeared in this country in Miss Keene's case against Wheatley in the United States Circuit Court in Philadelphia. Let us be thankful that it is not a production of American genius, but is of foreign importation. In that case the rule was laid down that the public performance of an unprinted play was a publication so far as to justify a rival manager in reproducing it, provided he had "obtained it by fair means;" but that no one of the audience "might lawfully make use of stenography, phonography, writing, notes, or any other except fair means." And "the only fair means by which others could have obtained the words were their impression upon the memory of some person whose constant attendance at the performances of the play might at length enable him to repeat or to write out its language." This distinction was recognized in the subsequent cases of Keene against Kimball, in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Keene against Clarke, in the New York Superior Court, and Crowe against Aiken, in the United States Circuit Court in Chicago. In each of these cases the Court admitted that a play, having been once publicly performed, might without authority lawfully be reproduced upon the stage from the memory of any spectator, but not from notes or a copy surreptitiously obtained. This view was also adopted in Palmer's suit against De Witt in the Superior Court of New York; but when that case came before the General Term for review, Judge Monell took strong ground against this unsound doctrine, and maintained that "any surreptitious procuring of the literary property of another, *no matter how obtained*, if it was unauthorized and without the knowledge or consent of the owner, and obtained before publication by him, is an invasion of his proprietary rights, if the property so obtained is made use of to his injury."

We may look in vain for any sound reasons in support of this remarkable doctrine. The leading arguments seem to have been that "in the case of a public dramatic performance the public is held entitled to make use of that faculty which is necessarily addressed by such representation, to wit, memory, for the purpose of repeating the contents of the play even in performing it [illegible]re;" that "taking notes and all artifi[illegible]s to or substitutes for memory may be restrained by a court as a violation of the terms of admission, or may be made part of the police of the place of performance;" but the "privileges of listening and of retention in the memory cannot be restrained where the audience is not a select one." One New York judge solemnly announced from the bench that remembering to a certain extent is the natural consequence of hearing, and using such recollection naturally flows from possessing it. He might with equal solemnity have proclaimed that using our hands naturally flows from having them, and therefore putting them into another's pockets is perfectly legitimate.

Another intimated that it was more difficult to bring away the dialogue and scenes by memory, and hence more lawful; that the note-book process was too easy, and therefore wrong. But how about some of the phenomenal memories we read of? Pliny says that Cyrus had a memory so prodigious that he could name every officer and soldier in his armies; and that Lucius Scipio knew every Roman citizen by name when that city contained more than two hundred thousand capable of bearing arms. Seneca speaks of a friend, Pontius Latro, who could repeat *verbatim* all the speeches he had heard declaimed by the Roman orators. It is said that Joseph Scaliger committed to memory both the Iliad and the Odyssey in twenty-one days. Sir William Hamilton tells us of a young Corsican of good family who had gone to Padua to study civil law, in which he soon distinguished himself. "He was a frequent visitor at the house and gardens of Muretus, who, having heard that he possessed a remarkable art or faculty of memory, though incredulous in regard to reports, took occasion to request from him a specimen of his power. He at once agreed; and, having adjourned with a considerable party of distinguished auditors into a saloon, Muretus began to dictate words, Latin, Greek, barbarous, significant and non-significant, disjointed and connected, until he wearied himself, the young man who wrote them down, and the audience who were present;—'we were all,' he says, 'marvelously tired.' The Corsican alone was the one of the whole company alert and fresh, and continually desired Muretus for more words, who declared he would be more than satisfied if he could repeat the half of what he had taken down, and at length he ceased. The young man, with his gaze fixed upon the ground, stood silent for a brief season; and then says Muretus,

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'Vidi facinus mirificissimum. Having begun to speak, he absolutely repeated the whole words in the same order in which they had been delivered, without the slightest hesitation; then, commencing from the last, he repeated them backward till he came to the first. Then, again, so that he spoke the first, the third, the fifth, and so on; did this in any order that was asked, and all without the smallest error. Having subsequently become familiarly acquainted with him, I have had other and frequent experience of his power. He assured me (and he had nothing of the boaster in him) that he could recite in the manner I have mentioned to the amount of thirty-six thousand words. And what is more wonderful, they all so adhered to the mind, that after a year's interval he could repeat them without trouble. I know, from having tried him, he could do so after considerable time.'"

Fauvel-Gouraud recites a clever story to illustrate how wonderful was the memory of a young Prussian officer, whose name has been forgotten. When Voltaire was at the Court of Frederick the Great, he spoke enthusiastically to the King one evening of a new poem of considerable length upon which he was at work. Upon its completion, the brilliant literary society of Berlin was assembled at the Prussian Court to hear the new poem read by its author. When the reading was finished, the King was as lavish with his praises as were his learned guests, but laughingly remarked to the philosopher that the same composition had been submitted to his criticism a few months before by one of his officers. Here the King summoned a young officer, and asked for the manuscript. He replied that it had been lost, but remarked that he could recite the poem from memory, which he did with strict accuracy, to the great astonishment of the company and the confusion of Voltaire. Frederick now explained to the French wit that the officer, stationed behind a curtain, had heard the poem read by the author, and was thus enabled to repeat it.

Now what is the difference in principle between calling into requisition one of these prodigious memories and employing the services of a phonographer? It is true these are exceptional cases; but, if necessary, the memory can be trained to do wonders as well as the hand. Are our judges aware that, as well as a system of phonography, there is an art of mnemonics as old as Simonides, who flourished about 500 B. C., and that its teachers have shown it capable of wonderful results? Are they aware that Lambert Schenkel astonished all classes in France, Germany, and the Netherlands, by his mnemonic performances, which were so wonderful that they were pronounced by some the devil's doings?

This legal doctrine of memory seems to proceed upon the principle that, that faculty being given to man to be used, any use which can be made of it is legitimate; so that if a spectator at a public performance is enabled to carry away in his memory the contents of a play unrestrained by "police" arrangements, he has acquired a right to make any use of it he chooses. The unsoundness of this position is too apparent to need serious consideration. Memory may be legitimately used as a means of improvement, enjoyment, or profit, but not to invade the rights of another, or to acquire property without paying for it. In paying for admission to a public performance, a spectator is entitled to such instruction and enjoyment as he may derive from witnessing and hearing the performance. He is also entitled to the "pleasures of memory" in recalling it afterward. This is the consideration contracted for in return for the price of admission. But there is no contract, express or implied; no consideration, no understanding that the spectator shall acquire any title to the property in the play, or make any use of it detrimental to the interests of the owner. But, say the courts, a spectator cannot be prevented by "police" arrangements or otherwise from carrying away in his memory a knowledge of the play. True, but that is no reason why a judicial tribunal should not restrain him from making public use of it, or should not mulct him in damages for such unlawful appropriation. Take a practical illustration of the distinction between unlawfully obtaining a play by phonography and acquiring lawful possession by memory. Mr. Wallack has, written to order by one of the best dramatists of Paris or London, a manuscript play for his own exclusive use, and brings it out at his own theater, where its marked success makes it coveted by other managers. Mr. Daly, of the Fifth Avenue Theater, sends a phonographer to the performance to get the play in short-hand. The courts cry "piracy!" He then sends the members of his company to bring away in their note-books what they cannot in their memories. The verdict is still "piracy." The artists again engage seats for the new play, and, having tact and talent in acquiring, and a well-trained memory for retaining,

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the dialogue and "business," two or three evenings' attendance is sufficient to enable them to produce the drama on their own stage. This satisfies the Judiciary! In fact this very process was alleged by Miss Keene against Kimball.

This distinction between memory and the note-book is one without a difference. It is a distinction merely between the modes or means of obtaining a play, and it is not easy to see why one mode should be more legitimate than the other, since both are without consideration, and against the protests of the owner. The simple *manner* of obtaining the play, so long as it is without consent or consideration, cannot affect the fundamental issue. Either the public representation of a drama is a publication so as to work an abandonment of the owner's rights, or it is not; and, in either case, the *mode* of obtaining it is immaterial, as affecting the right of the owner or the wrong of the invader. The real problem is, whether the public performance of an unprinted play is, *in itself*, an abandonment of the owner's rights; and whatever may be the true solution, the principle is not affected by the means of reproduction, or by the presence or absence of a "restrictive notice."

Although the doctrine recognizing memory as a legitimate means of acquiring title to a dramatic production has been enunciated in several recent American cases, it cannot be regarded as an accepted principle of American jurisprudence, for, in no case in which it has been discussed, except one in Massachusetts, did it appear that the play had been obtained by memory. The direct issue, therefore, was not before the courts, and all the remarks on this point may be regarded as *obiter*. Indeed, the history of the past fifteen years' litigation on this point shows a very encouraging progress in the direction of liberality and enlightenment. As has been stated, the direct issue has not been squarely presented, but the *dicta* of the courts are tending toward the explosion of the doctrine that a man may have as much of his neighbor's literary property as he can remember. Already, the companion fallacy, which was introduced into our courts at the same time, has been exploded, viz., that, in order to protect his property from piracy, the manager must cover the walls of his theater and his admission tickets with "restrictive notices" to the spectators that his play is not to be stolen; which would be very much the same as requiring Mr. Stewart to notify his customers not to steal his silks, in order to protect himself from shoplifters. This absurd notion, which has been gravely discussed and recognized by at least two American judicial tribunals, is buried beyond the hope of resurrection; and there is strong reason to hope that the doctrine of memory, no less unsound, will soon share the same fate. Then may the foreign dramatist put unreserved trust in our courts for that protection to the products of his mental toil which is sacredly guaranteed by the Common Law.

It will now be seen what are the rights of a foreign dramatic author in the United States. Under the copyright law he need expect no protection. He cannot, therefore, print his play, but must carefully guard it in manuscript. When so guarded, the owner, in publicly representing it, need dread nothing but the tenacious memories of his patrons, and let us hope that this cause of fear is only a chimera soon to be slain. It may be remarked here that the privileges accorded to foreign dramatists in the courts of this country are greatly unequal to those enjoyed by native or resident authors. In 1856, Congress gave to the latter, in addition to the exclusive privilege of publication, the sole liberty of representing their dramatic compositions upon the stage. Under this law, therefore, one of our own dramatists, having completed and copyrighted his play, might print and publish it, and at the same time call to strict account any manager or actor for representing it without authority,—thus having complete means of redress. The protection, therefore, provided for American dramatists was statutory, and the remedy consequently more certain; while a foreign dramatist had to depend upon the more uncertain common law remedy; and his American assignee had just the same right, no more nor less, than he himself might claim. The legislation of 1856 has been superseded by the general copyright act of 1870; but it was doubtless intended to retain in the new law the same provisions on this point as were found in the old. Our statutes deny protection to the best dramas that Europe sends us, simply because they are of foreign workmanship; they protect the worst of American plays, simply because they are of native production. This is absurdity itself.

Having seen how, for three-quarters of a century, the American Congress has proclaimed the productions of foreign genius to be common property within our gates,

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the legitimate spoil of any one who may choose to print and publish them, it may not be out of place to inquire how the same subject has been treated by the English Parliament and courts. The former, as has been seen, in legislating "for the encouragement of learning," has made no distinction between native and foreign authors, but, aiming to make England the publishing house of the world, the center of learning and culture, has, in the opinion of the most learned statesmen and lawyers of the realm, invited men of learning of every tongue to send their productions to the United Kingdom for first publication. *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.* It is true that this intention was less liberally construed in 1854, when the highest judicial tribunal of the realm declared the bodily presence of a foreign author upon English soil at the time of publication to be an essential condition precedent to valid copyright. But even while this continues the supreme law, a compliance does not become a hardship. Moreover, between England and several Continental powers, including France, Prussia, Belgium, Spain, etc, a special international copyright arrangement subsists, by which the authors of those countries may enjoy in England the privileges of protection for their works without being on English territory, or even first publishing in Great Britain. But these favors are granted by England only in cases of reciprocity to British authors, and therefore the United States does not come within this arrangement.

Nevertheless, American authors may easily acquire valid copyright in England. The conditions are three. In the first place the British public must have the benefit of a first publication. This does not mean that the author must publish there and nowhere else. He may publish in as many countries and as many languages as he pleases; but in no place must the publication be on an earlier day than in the United Kingdom. It may, however, be on the same day, as the English courts make no distinction between a first and a contemporaneous publication. In the next place, the book must be published in England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland; it is not sufficient that it appear in Canada, India, or any of the provinces. Lastly, the author is required to be upon British soil at the time of such publication. Where, it matters not; whether in the busy streets of London, within the "Asiatic Empire of Britain," under an African sun, or at any point in Canada between the two oceans. Provided he be anywhere within the British dominions when his work is published first in the United Kingdom, English law will be satisfied, and his book will be protected wherever that law is supreme.

We find here, then, no more irksome condition imposed upon an American author seeking English copyright than a short trip to Canada. And this would not be a serious matter in the case of a citizen of Detroit, where only the waters of the St. Clair separate American from British soil; still less to an author who might be enjoying the scenery of Vermont, where only an imaginary line marks the limit between American and English rule. And yet it is only necessary for an American author to step across this border to satisfy the law of London which makes this a dividing line between valid and void copyright in an American book.

That the copyright laws of England still deny to men of letters that full protection to which the labors of every man, poet or peasant, is rightly entitled, and which was enjoyed by English authors prior to 1774, is true; that the effects of those laws give to literary men, and especially to dramatists, just cause of complaint, is also true. But it cannot be successfully disputed that the British nation for more than a century and a half has pursued a far more liberal and enlightened policy toward foreign authors than has the American Government. The motive of the former may have been a selfish one, viz., the advancement of British interests. But, if so, is it not selfishness of a more wholesome kind than that which turns from our shores the productions of foreign literature and art? Under the catholic spirit of the English laws toward the authors of other countries, English literature and art and culture have continued to flourish and advance. Is not that full of significance to American legislators? In other words, does not broad and enlightened statesmanship require that our gates be opened wide to the literature and science of England, the philosophy of Germany, and what is best in the drama of France? Upon two or three slight conditions, England welcomes to the protection of her copyright laws, all tongues, all races, all creeds; the United States turns away all but its own citizens. This may be, in the "glorious Latin Webster borrowed of Sir Robert Peel, *vera pro gratis*, unwelcome truth;" but, if the first step toward remedying an evil is to expose it, the sooner we know the deficiencies of our copyright laws, the sooner we may hope to see them improved.

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THE OLD GERMANIA ORCHESTRA.

On the morning of the 2d of August, 1848, the good packet ship "Diadem" sailed out of its London dock, bearing to the New World, in the midst of much other more or less precious freight, a group of German musicians. They were members of an orchestra which was destined to fulfill as eventful a history for itself as it did a faithful mission of good toward the progress of music in America,—an orchestra since known perhaps throughout the entire country, and certainly in every American city, as the Germania Musical Society.

The Germania Orchestra was composed of twenty-four members.* They were young and adventurous, but they carried with them something better than a love for adventure —a love for their chosen art, so strong and faithful that it was in fact the primary cause of their journeyings; so sacred that it claimed precedence over every social tie; and so enduring that in the long period of varied and frequently evil fortune which was now to follow, they were never once untrue to that art. Amid hardships which would perhaps have broken a mere spirit of adventure, they did not turn back, but, pushing through and conquering every difficulty, they won at length, even in that unartistic field, a genuine artistic triumph; compromising none of their classical instincts, and winning the field by storm rather than strategy, at the very point of the musical bayonet.

Bearing in mind the condition of musical taste in this country a quarter of a century ago, and measuring its immense strides since that day; noticing too, how, during the earlier part of that period, the progress of musical feeling and the success of the "Germania" were accurate barometers of each other, it cannot, surely, be an ill-spent hour in which we here recall the history of its career.

The nucleus of the Germania Orchestra was formed from Joseph Gungl's orchestra of Berlin. To these members were added others of equal culture, if not equal experience, and, being nearly all young men and personal friends, they had thus, at the outset, an important combining link which secured their unity of purpose and effort during so many years.

The idea of forming an orchestra for an American tour originated in the autumn of 1847. The political events which were then hastening the downfall of Louis Philippe and which soon enveloped all central Europe in the gravest difficulties, had caused a general neglect of musical matters, which extended even to the German public, and the revolution of March 18, 1848, which seemed for a time to paralyze the entire public mind, had the effect to confirm and hasten the purpose of the young musicians.

The original plan of the organization was to start directly for the United States. At a preliminary entertainment, given before the United States Minister to Berlin, Mr. Wright, the English Ambassador, the Earl of Westmoreland, was present. The Earl was somewhat distinguished as an amateur in music, and an overture of his composition was performed on this occasion. This first concert of the young society took place May 4, 1848, in the Milentzschen Saale, at Berlin. It was so decidedly successful that both the Earl and the American Minister furnished the orchestra with strong recommendatory letters, and thus fortified they resolved first to visit London. The qualifications of a consular incumbent from this country scarcely included then, any more than at present, a critical knowledge of musical technics, and we are without information as to our Mr. Wright's accomplishments in this respect. It is probable, however, that the worthy representative thought he could not go far wrong in adding his official signature to that of a man who had actually written a piece of music himself.

Arriving in London, the members found their progress materially checked by their

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* The main facts contained in this sketch of the "Germania" have been obtained from the journal of Mr. William Schultze, who was the leading violinist from the first to the last day of its existence.

The following is a list of the original members of the Orchestra:

Lenschow, Cond'r.

Griebel	Violin I.	Zerrahn	Flutes.
Schultze		Pfeiffer	
Besig		Ohlemann	Oboe.
Stein	Violin II.	Thiede	Fagotti.
Sentz		Mann	
Albrecht	Viola.	Haase	Trumpets
Buchheister		Moritz	
Luhde	Violoncello	Küstenmacher	Horns.
Balke	Bass.	Plagemann	
Bartels		Kielblock	Trombone.
Schultz	Clarionet.	Njorth	Drums.
Haehnel			

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total ignorance of the business part of their enterprise. A *Kunstreise* of such magnitude as the one now projected must be conducted on business laws as strict as the laws of music itself. An orchestra is a large and, when in incompetent hands, an unwieldy affair to manage. A number of concerts were given in London, but while the applause was liberal, the financial results were far from satisfactory. The performances given were three *matinees* at the Princess' Theater, two concerts in Hanover square, two in Crosby Hall, and eight promenade concerts, together with numerous private entertainments which were often very enjoyable. The most memorable among these latter was a *soirée* given at the magnificent villa of the Messrs. Baring Brothers, where numerous celebrated operatic stars took part, including Grisi, Garcia, Alboni, Mario, and Tamburini. The invited guests were from the highest circles, and the new orchestra obtained a large share of the applause. The Duke of Cambridge, himself an amateur on the violin, was particularly interested in this department of the orchestra, turning the leaves for the first violins, and calling the attention of the entire company to the performance of the orchestral pieces. Other prominent occasions wherein the Germanians took part seemed to be gradually directing the public attention more and more to their merits, and it is quite possible that they might have remained and done well in London during the succeeding season. But the charms of distance and of novelty; the never-ebbing tide of golden rumor that was now beating constantly against the shores of the old world, lured our young musicians more and more strongly to the new. To the United States they were bound, and to the United States they sailed as aforesaid.

The passage must be called, we suppose, a "speedy and prosperous voyage," as it occupied only fifty-eight days. They reached New York on the 28th of September, and on the 5th of October they gave their first performance in America at Niblo's "Opera-House."

It would be difficult to attempt a description of the condition of musical affairs in America at that period, which would be intelligible to one who knows only the standard of the present. Very few celebrated *virtuosi*, either singers or instrumentalists, had yet visited the "States." Even the opera was almost a novelty, although at this very period Madame Laborde, with a meager troupe, was performing in New York. Jenny Lind, who occasioned the earliest general furore in regard to music, did not arrive until nearly three years later. There was not even a decent opera-house in America. Dingy theaters and barren public halls were the sole provision made for accommodating public gatherings.

The condition of orchestral music was even still lower than vocal. Twenty-three years earlier, when that greatest of all music teachers, Manuel Garcia, with his young daughter, afterward Malibran, the greatest of all dramatic singers, essayed the first Italian opera ever given in America, it is related that he was so maddened by the shocking style in which the second finale to "Don Giovanni" was rendered by the orchestra, that he rushed to the foot-lights, sword in hand, and indignantly compelled them to play it over. In the long interval there had been little or no opportunity for orchestral music to improve. The only intervening opera company, that of the Woods, in 1840, could have done very little to advance its condition, and the Steyermark band, which came over under the conductorship of Riha, in 1846, scarcely gave a whole season's performances before it was disbanded.

The advent of the Germania, therefore, an orchestra which, although small in numbers, was almost complete in its various parts, and composed of really fine performers, was indeed something of a musical wonder. But there was another feature of this enterprise which was altogether without a parallel in the history of American musical enterprises. The public taste at that day, in such matters as music, the drama, and fine arts generally, was almost entirely founded on foreign choice and reputation. The few great artists who had ventured so far, came here with the thickly woven laurels of the Old World on their brows. Then, in addition to this, a soloist is always more of an attraction to the average mass of pleasure seekers than any combination. When, therefore, we consider that the "Germania" was organized especially for the American "market," that it came here with no foreign reputation clinging to it, either as a whole, or in any of its members, such an enterprise argues not only great faith in the sound, good taste of the American people, but an equally firm consciousness of the strength and thoroughness of its own organization.

The first concert in New York, above mentioned, was, in an artistic point of view, highly successful. The few who could ap-

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preciate the refined and sterling selections given, were delighted at hearing them rendered in a manner greatly superior to anything hitherto known. From the 9th of October to the 15th of November sixteen concerts were given at the "Tabernacle," in New York, and four in Brooklyn. The form and quality of the programmes selected were even thus early fixed upon, and, we believe, rarely afterward abandoned. They contained always a couple of good overtures; parts or the whole of a symphony; two solos; while the rest of the selections were of a more popular character.

This series of concerts created much interest among the real music-lovers of New York, but pecuniarily they brought nothing, the receipts often falling considerably below the expenses. This was partly owing to the fact that the exciting political events which followed the Mexican war, and preceded the election of General Taylor, were then at their height. At the close of the series a complimentary benefit was tendered to the orchestra by a number of resident musicians and amateurs, and the event called together the first and only crowded house of the season. This concert took place at the Tabernacle on the 11th of November, and a number of vocal and instrumental soloists, then popular, assisted, including Madame Otto, Mrs. Horn, Messrs. Timm and Scharfenberg, and Signor De Begnis. The performance throughout pleased amazingly, and its success served to revive the drooping spirits of the members. The gleam of light, however, was of brief duration. Before the close of the month, two other orchestras arrived from Europe, each with a reputation already established. One, the "Saxonia," was of fair ability, while the other was no less than the famous orchestra of Joseph Gungl, from Berlin, out of which their own forces had been largely recruited. The Germania Society was now almost bare of finances. The first excitement over its arrival was already subsiding, and the members felt themselves in no condition to compete with these formidable rivals.

About the end of the month they went to Philadelphia on the invitation of a gentleman from that city, who had heard them play in New York, and who defrayed either the whole or a part of the expense of the trip. But in Philadelphia they were no less unfortunate, and their arrival was in the highest degree ill-timed. Madame Laborde, with the Italian opera company we have already mentioned, much more popular from its novelty than for intrinsic excellence, was just then in the city, and in the full tide of success. The wild excitement which was created by the discovery of the California gold mines, the intensity of which many comparatively young readers may still recall, was just now beginning to agitate the public mind. Altogether, the prospect seemed far from propitious.

The first concern of the members was to provide themselves with such quarters as their waning resources would permit. They engaged board at the "White Swan Hotel," then in Race street, above Third, at the certainly moderate rate of three dollars per week for each member. In order to introduce themselves more readily to the notice of the public, the society engaged the Musical Fund Hall and sent invitations to members of the press, and a large number of the most prominent musicians, music-teachers and amateurs, residing in the city.

This first performance in Philadelphia took place on the afternoon of December 4th. Its result, as well as that of the succeeding concerts, was pretty much the same story over again. Artistic success, immense; pecuniary success, infinitesimal. Four concerts were given at Musical Fund Hall, and the losses at each were so serious, that to lessen the expenses the much smaller hall of the Chinese Museum, at Ninth and Chestnut streets, was engaged. Two more concerts followed in that locality, and still, when the poor fellows undertook to figure up the results, the only figures that stared them in the face were ciphers. In a moment of desperation, they abandoned the Museum, as they had already abandoned the Musical Fund, hired a melancholy room, then known as "Arch Street Hall," and advertised a series of "Promenade Concerts," to begin on January 1st, 1849. The rent of this spacious and imposing structure was to be ten dollars per night, and on this eventful New-Year's Evening, after waiting patiently for the most persistent late-comer to arrive, the receipts amounted to nine dollars and a-half. In the middle of the concert, the worthy proprietor of the hall, taking advantage perhaps of the title given to the entertainments, himself appeared on the "promenade" and announced to the unhappy musicians that unless the ten dollars rent was forthcoming, then and there, he would turn off the gas. The despairing members one and all, with the utmost possible promptness and unanimity, desired him to "turn it off," and so ended the first and last of the "Promenade Concerts."

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The same evening the orchestra held a meeting in a gloomy back room at the "White Swan," and unanimously voted that affairs were desperate. To extricate themselves seemed a very forlorn hope. A number of propositions were made and rejected, one of the most amusing proceeding from the commander of the drums, Herr Njorth. The worthy drummer was the possessor of a very charming wife who was, withal, an "expert" at dancing, and Herr Njorth thought if she would appear between the parts of the programme in a dance or two it might produce an effect. Some of the members, the more youthful ones, seemed to favor the proposition. But it was indignantly voted down by the older ones, who regarded such an innovation with a holy horror. The meeting ended in nothing, save a general desire to be home again, and they separated still undecided as to their future.

In Philadelphia, as in New York, the few who were good judges of a musical performance were mortified and indignant at the wretched success of these concerts. They justly regarded it a calamity quite as great in its effects on our own public as on the visiting musicians. The only reparation in their power took shape, as in New York, in a complimentary concert, at which the orchestra was associated with the famous violoncellist, George Knoop. This concert, which was one of the finest ever given in Philadelphia, took place on the 6th of January. We will add here the programme entire, since it reveals a degree of richness totally beyond the experience of music-lovers at that day:

1. Overture to "Jessonda".....*Spohr.*
2. Duo. Violin and Violoncello, on Styrian Airs. Performed by Messrs. Wm. Schultze and Geo. Knoop.
3. Septette, opus 20.....*Beethoven.*
4. Overture, C minor.....*Lenschow.*
5. Concerto for Violoncello.....*G. Knoop.*
6. Concertino for two flutes, from "Robert le Diable." Performed by Messrs. Carl Zerrahn and P. Pfeiffer.
7. Double Quartette.....*Spohr.*
8. Duo. Violin and Violoncello, from "William Tell."
9. Overture. "Midsummer Night's Dream." *Mendelssohn.*

A bill so replete with sterling compositions as the above would be creditable even in these days. Twenty-three years ago it was nothing less than a musical marvel; and when given, as it was, before a crowded and attentive audience, and by such conscientious musicians, the effect produced may be imagined. For years afterward the "Germania and Knoop concert" was a subject of pleasant memories and frequent reference by many who had heard it. One such success as this, however, could not bolster up the waning fortunes of the orchestra. The men were out of money and out of spirits. After some further deliberation they resolved to disband and each shift for himself. One joined the United States service as band-master; a few returned to New York, but the greater number remained in Philadelphia. If they had possessed the means it is quite probable they would have hastened back to their native land with the utmost expedition.

A few weeks after the orchestra had separated, a profitable engagement offered at Washington, to give four concerts and to perform at an "Assembly Ball," and the grand Inauguration Ball. The offer was, of course, accepted, and the dispersed members hastily recalled. After the inauguration festivities the Society concluded to try concerts again. This time they fixed upon Baltimore, and on the 8th of March gave their first performance in that city, at Brown's building; the more fashionable resort, Carroll Hall, being engaged by Gungl's band, which performed the same evening.

The condition of musical taste in Baltimore at the present day is not very flourishing. The receipts of the symphony concerts, which were directed by Mr. L. H. Southard, of the Peabody Institute, for several years, fell short of the expenses. The field, generally, has been so far from promising, that Mr. Southard, after a number of years spent in trying to cultivate it, some time ago abandoned the undertaking and went back to Boston. The honor, however, was reserved for Baltimore at that early day, to accord the first genuine success to the Germania Society. At the first concert, although the hall was by no means crowded, the demonstrations of pleasure and approval were more decided than the players had before heard anywhere. A second performance, on the following evening, was still better, and a general excitement was created. A mass at the Cathedral followed on Sunday, and the same evening a sacred concert was given at Zion Church with the greatest possible success. Gungl and his orchestra returned abruptly to New York, leaving the Germanians in possession of the field, and of Carroll Hall. But Carroll Hall proved soon to be too small for the increasing crowds, and the per-

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formances were continued at the Holliday Street Theater.

Now followed success as great as it was unexpected. Eight concerts were given to crowded houses, and the members of the orchestra were wonderfully elated. Many excellent compositions were now performed for the first time in America, among them Beethoven's Third, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh* Symphonies, Spohr's Consecration of Tones, overtures by Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn and Spohr, a large amount of chamber music, and, in connection with the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia, Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and Romberg's "Lay of the Bell." The business agent of the orchestra, Mr. Helmsmüller, was at his wits' end to plan suitable announcements for many of these concerts. At the very beginning of the series, so unexpectedly successful, he had advertised the "Farewell Concert." Now he was obliged to follow it up with such titles as "Grand Symphonic Entertainment;" "By request, One More Concert;" "Another Farewell Concert;" "They won't let us go," &c. But at last it had to come to an end, and the posters read:—"Most Positively the *last* Farewell Concert."

Having pushed their success in Baltimore as far as prudence would seem to dictate, they now resolved upon a visit to Boston. On the route to that city concerts were given at New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, and Providence, with moderate success. They arrived in Boston on the 14th of April, and played the same evening. Here, again, a slight misunderstanding of American customs seemed likely to mislead them and disconcert their plans. The musical "season" ends in America while still at its height in London; and in the continental cities to which our artists had been accustomed the changes of season were very little regarded. But in America, even now, by the 14th of April, the concert season may be considered very far spent; and so the result of this first Boston concert was far from encouraging. They made a very small beginning indeed, the entire receipts being only twenty-three dollars.

The artistic success of this concert, however, was complete, and succeeding performances were more and more encouraging. The Boston public has enjoyed, for two generations or more, the reputation of possessing the most refined and enlightened taste to be found on this continent. With no disposition to dispute her high artistic repute, we are inclined to trace it to a somewhat different source than superior judgment and unerring taste. The chief cause of it rests in the simple fact that what her people really like they will have, and are always ready to pay for. While other cities may be haggling over terms, and other audiences are hanging back until prices fall, Boston, having found a good thing, steps in, and, outbidding every vacillating competitor, bears the prize triumphantly within her own charmed circle. It was very much in this way that Boston treated the Germania Society. The season was virtually over. According to all precedent, the violins should have been boxed up, the flutes unscrewed, the kettle-drums hustled into their musty garrets to keep company with spider-webs, and the general average of concert-goers prepared gratefully to button up their pocket-books and thank God that one expense was over.

But the first concert of the Germania Musical Society opened the Bostonian eyes, and the unfastening of the Bostonian purse followed as a matter of course. They did not stay to ask whether it was May or November. Twenty-two concerts were now given in rapid succession, and the unabated enthusiasm was highly encouraging to the members. The last five concerts were played in connection with the then famous vocalist, Fortuneda Tedesca, and the hall was invariably filled to overflowing. It is a fact worth recording that at these twenty-two concerts the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" was played entire *forty-four times*, the audience in every instance insisting upon a repetition.

The high-road to success was now at length reached, and despite the near approach of summer, engagements from other cities flowed in rapidly. Good, paying concerts were given in Lowell, Taunton, and New Bedford, directly following the Boston series; and even New York, which had so decidedly given the cold shoulder to this enterprise, now offered an engagement to play at "summer festivals" in Castle Garden. This offer was accepted, and by the end of the series summer had come in good earnest.

About this time some of the more influential pioneer visitors at Newport had set about the project of making that resort a fashionable watering-place. Their artistic taste and judgment were well shown in their engagement of the Germania Orchestra for

* It is said, by another authority, that the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven was first given in Boston about 1842.

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the entire summer. Indeed, for six successive seasons the musicians found themselves regularly coming back to Newport again from their various wanderings; and it would not be too much to say that the popularity of Newport was quite as much due to their presence as to any other influence.

During this first season their plan was to play twice a week as one band; the rest of the time they were divided among the different hotels. The guests, among whom were many of their former friends from Baltimore, listened most attentively to the music, even going so far as almost to give up dancing during the entire summer. The cozy evenings at the "Atlantic" and "Bellevue" are still recalled with great pleasure by the surviving members. The entertainments resembled promenade concerts. Regular programmes were made out by the musical portion of the guests, and the playing drew crowds of listeners, filling parlors, halls, and piazzas with an audience far more attentive than could have been expected under the circumstances.

The numerous Baltimoreans who were at Newport that summer had by no means forgotten the musicians, nor the warmth with which they had greeted the orchestra in its day of obscurity. Now that its reputation was insured, they were no less anxious to participate in its triumphs. A subscription was set on foot, and very soon raised, for a series of thirty grand concerts to be given in Baltimore during the coming season, thus insuring the stay of the orchestra during the entire winter. This unprecedented series of concerts was given between November 27, 1849, and April 6, 1850. They were all well attended, and awakened an interest, not only popular, but unmistakably genuine.

During this long stay in Baltimore, the members had formed numerous personal friendships, and the time of parting did not arrive without bringing many regrets. The hearts of the young men had not been unimpressed. It was said in those days, and widely believed, that the Germania member, who should marry, forfeited his membership. This was not literally the case; but, recognizing the difficulty of maintaining domestic ties in a life necessarily so nomadic, the members, for a long time, refrained from such ties. The director and the drummer had been benedicts before the orchestra came into being; the rest remained single.

When the day of departure at length came, numerous friends assembled to bid them farewell, and the good wishes of the entire community went with them on their way.

Now followed a tour throughout the Eastern States and Canada. Splendid success was met with everywhere. An overwhelming demonstration greeted them at Montreal, where seven concerts were given. The best portion of the citizens filled the house nightly, and the officers of the English regiments stationed there showed their appreciation and hospitality by giving the members a standing invitation to their mess, besides letters of introduction to their brother officers at other military stations.

The tour which they were now making was extended to nearly all the cities of Western New York, and lasted until the Newport season opened. It was, at this time, the custom of the orchestra to give seldom more than three concerts per week, and thus the members had large opportunities for social recreation, as well as for visiting points of interest in the various places through which they journeyed. In this way they gained a most thorough knowledge of the whole country, and it would be difficult to select an equally numerous group of American citizens who know so much of the geography of their own country, as did these peripatetic Germans.

The second season at New York began and ended with nothing eventful to record. At the close of the summer, the season of 1850–51 was again passed in Baltimore, where a second series of thirty concerts had been subscribed for. At the close of these concerts, which were fully as successful as those of the previous winter, the orchestra went on a four weeks' trip to the Southern States with Parodi, Amalia Patti, and Strakosch. Following this engagement was one with Jenny Lind, for whom they played in nearly thirty concerts, and when these were concluded, they repaired to Newport for the third summer.

At the close of the subscription concerts in Baltimore, Mr. Lenschow, the original director of the orchestra, had tendered his resignation, and Mr. Wilhelm Schultze, the leader of the violins, was chosen conductor *ad interim*. This arrangement continued with excellent results until the beginning of their Newport season, when the talents of Carl Bergmann—then in New York—becoming known to the members, he was elected to and accepted this important position.

During the season at Newport it was resolved to spend the following winter in Boston. While this resolution was pending,

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there was much difficulty in making it unanimous, and six of the members resigned. An agent, however, was at once dispatched to Germany to supply their places, and the new players arrived just at the close of the Newport season. A two-months visit through the Eastern States served to convert the fresh arrivals into valuable members, and, thus equipped, the orchestra began its season in Boston. By careful management, and the exertions of friends, a sufficient number of subscribers was obtained for twenty orchestral concerts. It was by far more difficult here than in Baltimore. The Musical Fund Society and the Boston Quintette Club, two well established instrumental organizations, had each a large subscription list, for the entire winter, and the Handel and Haydn Society, which also had its regular subscribers, would of course employ the home musicians for its oratorios. Great rivalry now took place between the organizations. The Germanians being the better performers, and enjoying, as a result of their varied experiences, far more practical management, gradually got the better of the Musical Fund Orchestra. Even the Handel and Haydn Society finally engaged the Germanians for its concerts, and from that date their professional status in Boston was unquestioned.

It was at this time that the so-called "public rehearsals," destined to be so extraordinarily popular, were first undertaken, and here the great contralto, Miss Adelaide Phillips made her first public appearance, singing at nearly all of the afternoon concerts. These so-called "rehearsals" were thus named, in part, at least, from the fact that they were given in the afternoons, and to avoid using that frequently absurd anachronism, *matinée*. But the word was doubtless shrewdly chosen also, in deference to that well pronounced disposition of the human mind to enjoy everything that seems to be exclusive, or which the masses are presumed not to have the privilege of enjoying. It was remarked by Charles Dickens that the greatest happiness of the average human being, was to go "*dead-head*" to the theater. It was no doubt partly owing to this tendency that these "rehearsals" were so popular.

At the close of the winter of 1851–52 in Boston, the Germania formed a connection with Ole Bull, traveling with him very extensively in the North and West, for nearly four months. Then, again, a delightful summer (the fourth) at Newport. During the leisure hours of this summer, plans were laid of a more ambitious character than heretofore, with a view of spending the winter again in Boston. The Boston Music Hall was now nearly completed, and in the anticipation of an increased general interest in the subject of music, it was determined to enlarge the orchestra to thirty members, besides securing additional attractions in the way of soloists.

At the close of the season in Newport, the month of October was spent in Philadelphia. Their arrival was somewhat early in the musical year, but they were welcomed with a plentiful display of enthusiasm. They gave five concerts alone, and seven in combination with Madame Sonntag. These were the most brilliant concerts that the orchestra ever gave in Philadelphia, and to use the words of a member, "they were a most astonishing contrast" to those hapless entertainments which took place there in their earlier days.

The Boston Music Hall was now quietly engaged for every alternate Saturday evening, and for every Wednesday afternoon during the whole winter. An engagement with Alfred Jaell, the pianist, and Camilla Urso, the talented lady violinist, was perfected, and thus well prepared the Germania entered upon the most successful year of their organization, and one of the most brilliant in the history of music in America. In addition to the regular Wednesday "rehearsals" and ten grand subscription concerts in Boston, series of three or four each were given in Charlestown, Taunton, New Bedford, Lowell, Newburyport, Providence, Hartford, Worcester, New Haven, and Portland, with single concerts at smaller places. Numerous performances were also given in connection with other artists, Alboni, Sonntag, etc., and with the Handel and Haydn Society.

The success of the public rehearsals on Wednesday afternoons was something prodigious. At one of them there were 3,737 tickets taken at the door, by actual count. True, the price was low—eight tickets for one dollar. At one time there were more than ten thousand tickets issued and in the hands of the public, while their use was so general that they have frequently been given and taken in "making change." It is a curious fact that seven hundred dollars' worth of these tickets were never redeemed, although a fund was reserved for a long time by the members for that purpose, even after the orchestra had finally separated. Occasionally afternoon and evening concerts were given on the same day, but the crowds continued undiminished.

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The unprecedented popularity of the organization at this time certainly exercised a powerful influence over the taste of the public. Negro minstrelsy declined. Music at the theaters became almost passable; dancing music and even street bands improved, particularly in the character of their selections, because the people demanded better food than the diet of previous years. The concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society—that unerring gauge of the musical talent of Boston—awakened a new interest. Mr. Carl Bergmann, the Germania conductor, had been chosen their director, drilling them often with the orchestra as well as without. More frequent oratorio performances were now given, and always to large houses. After Mr. Bergmann had them in charge the members of this veteran society sang with so much more force and precision than ever before, that it was apparent both to the singers and the audience. Two rival organizations, the "Musical Education Society" and the "Mendelssohn Choral Society" soon succumbed, and the "Handel and Haydn" were left masters of the field which they have ever since held, and have so widely extended.

During this great musical winter a large number of compositions were given, which had never before been heard in America. Among these, the most noteworthy was the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, with all the choral as well as orchestral parts entire. Others were Schumann's First Symphony in B flat; Gade's in C minor; the overtures to "Tannhaüser," "Nachklänge aus Ossian," &c., &c. On the 2d of April, 1853, this astonishing season was brought to a close, with a second performance of the Ninth Symphony.

An extended trip through the West was next undertaken, as far as St. Louis and Louisville. The Germania members had now become so famous that their countrymen at Rochester, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago and Milwaukee, turned out to meet them on their arrival.

This tour was a successful but exhausting one, and the musicians were glad to get back again, for the fifth year, to their summer quarters at Newport. In the autumn they went, of course, again to Boston, with numerous special attractions engaged, and after a large outlay both of labor and money. The concert season of 1853–4 was good, but not to be compared to the previous one, which indeed it was hopeless to expect, as the enthusiasm then had been strung up to a pitch too high to be permanent. The special artists whom the Germania had engaged did not generally please. Mr. Aptommas, the harpist, played very finely, but proved no attraction, as the public grew shortly weary of the instrument, even in such hands. Indeed the harp can scarcely be heard to worse advantage than in an orchestral concert. Mr. Theodore Thomas has well illustrated this in his entertainments, where even the masterly performances of Luigi on this instrument produced but a very evanescent effect.

Three several singers were engaged at different times during the winter:—Mme. Siedenburg, Miss Pintard, and Miss Hensler, none of whom, however, "took." Then again, just at this time, M. Jullien, with his splendid orchestra, nearly all soloists, was at the beginning of his dazzling career in this country, and the people had "American Quadrille" on the brain. The Germania Society having received numerous requests to play more light music, for the first time in their history, ventured to make some concessions to the *ad captandum* taste; and certainly they had no after reason to congratulate themselves upon such a misstep. They resolved to give four extra concerts, on alternate Saturday nights, where light in juxtaposition with classic music should be performed, the subscribers being admitted to either concert. This arrangement, by which they thought to please everybody, seemed, in reality, to please nobody. "It was one of the most curious phenomena," observes a member, "that we encountered during our long period of catering for the public." The real success of the campaign was the production of "Moses in Egypt," by the Handel and Haydn Society and the Germania Orchestra combined. This was brought out eight times, on eight consecutive Sundays, to crowded houses. The public rehearsals still continued in considerable favor, and, on the whole, the season could not be entitled a failure, although certainly after the previous year it marked a very decided change in the popular current.

By this time several more changes in the material of the orchestra had taken place, and but fourteen of the original members were remaining. Another Western trip was resolved upon after the close of the Boston season. This proved a somewhat disastrous undertaking. There were two Italian Opera companies in the country, besides Jullien's band, and as all were traveling, disadvantageous contact could not always be avoid-

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ed. Even at this early day, however, it is worth remarking that the best music was frequently the most popular, and in Philadelphia, especially, the concerts of the Germania, which sometimes occurred on the same nights with those of M. Jullien, were nearly always more fully attended. In order to offer something novel and attractive, the society now produced the "Midsummer Night's Dream" in a style of unusual completeness. Miss Kate Saxon read the text, Miss Lehmann gave the songs, and the orchestra performed Mendelssohn's music. The enterprise, however, did not realize their expectations either in pecuniary results or general interest.

The more recent members began to grow discouraged. They had not known adversity. Boarding at three dollars a week in fourth-class houses, and playing in ten-dollar halls to empty benches, had not been numbered among their experiences. Uninfluenced by the calmer judgment of the more experienced members, they held a private meeting to discuss the probabilities and uncertainties of the future. The older members looked upon this proceeding with regret. It denoted the clashing of two opposing interests, for the first time in the history of their cherished organization. Throughout the whole of their career, during the extremes of good and evil fortune, the orchestra had maintained an almost unbroken harmony, both of professional views and social relations. From the nature of their associations together, the formation of an opposing faction could end only in one way—by a breaking up of the orchestra.

This result, however, was delayed for a season. An offer came at this time from Mr. Barnum to take part in the "Musical Congress" at the Crystal Palace in New York. The idea was somewhat repugnant to many of the more musical spirits, and the engagement was accepted under pressure. The concerts of the "Congress" began June 15th. For a little while everything seemed to work happily. Jullien was in his glory. The "Fireman's Quadrille," as performed under his baton, drew together an immense audience, which, however, grew unfortunately smaller every day. After eleven days the affair was closed, and the expenses had largely outrun the receipts. Everything about that unfortunate Crystal Palace seemed fruitful of disaster. Part of the pay of the Germania Orchestra for their services here was given in shares of stock in the ill-fated building, and after its summary destruction by fire, the stock went up so high that the finest Munich lenses could not have discovered it.

The Barnum business was the last stroke of ill-fortune, and the end was now at hand. Again, as so often before, when the July suns began to wither the landscape, the members found themselves back at Newport. But this sixth year was widely different from the first one. The social relations were less agreeable than formerly, and the business relations had lost their old unity. The very successes of the society had helped to a certain extent in undermining its popularity. The charm of novelty was over. It was no longer an isolated circumstance to hear a fair orchestra, and instrumental concerts were no longer the popular attraction which attaches to everything that is new. For very much of this the triumphs of the Germania were directly accountable, and while they could not but be proud of such a reward, the immediate returns were far from encouraging, and the future was full of gloom.

Taking into consideration the decided change in the social and professional relations of the Society, the fourteen original members met in secret conclave and resolved upon a final separation. The event took place at Downing's Yacht-House, on the evening of September 13th, 1854. A bounteous supper was the last event which closed the checkered career of the old Germania Orchestra, and when the moment of parting came the members clasped hands in silence.

But who shall say that the Germania Orchestra had outlived its usefulness? or who shall measure the value of its offerings on the shrine of true and beautiful art? Not only is the country forever indebted to this energetic and faithful organization for its combined labors, but even after it had ceased to exist, its influences for the good of music had in many cases only just begun. Wherever a member of the Germania has settled down and made his home, there he has formed a sort of nucleus and gathered about him the very choicest musical spirits of his neighborhood. Some of these artists have achieved a reputation, since the orchestra disbanded, far wider than they had ever enjoyed before. Prominent among these is Mr. Carl Zerrahn, the original "first flute" of the orchestra, who has developed, within the past ten years, the most unusual abilities as a chorus leader, and in this department is no doubt unequaled anywhere. His companion player, Herr Pfeiffer of the sec-

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ond flute, after seven years of honorable and conscientious labor in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, sleeps in a Philadelphia churchyard. Mr. William Schultze, the first violin, has been for at least a dozen years past the leader of that far-famed Mendelssohn Quintette Club, which, although bearing the name of Boston, justly belongs to the whole country. Carl Bergmann, the last and best director, has held for fourteen years the conductor's baton of the New York Philharmonic Society, the most powerful orchestra in the country. Carl Sentz, who has been long and constantly before the public as a musical director, has done special good service in Philadelphia, where his lot has been cast since the Society separated. So, too, Mr. Carl Plagemann, the "first horn," also a Philadelphian, is much esteemed in musical circles.

Others have settled in different localities, and nearly all have done faithful service. Some — nearly one third of the original members — have passed into the realm of rewards for all earthly labor, leaving their well-written page of effort unsullied behind them. In short, while we cannot trace, at this late day, the record of its voyages, whether few or many, we feel safe in asserting that the little packet ship "Diadem" never bore a more precious cargo than when, in those autumn months, twenty-six years ago, it carried to our shores the members of the Germania Musical Society.

MORNA.

MORNA, Morna, your eyes are blue,
  And blue, they say, is true and tender;
I tremble for them, lest, too true,
  Their truth bring tears to dim their splendor.
Beware of Cupid's silver bow;
  He ever lurks near blue eyes, maiden;
His shafts are sometimes tipt with woe,
  Though seeming all with pleasure laden.
Oh, Morna! Morna! I have fears
  For the eyes so blue,
  That shine so true;
Blue eyes may look through tears.

Oh, Morna! Morna! is it so?
  You would not listen to my warning,
But yielded to the sweet-lipped foe,
  And look through tears this summer morning.
Does the spar-hawk guard the ringdove's nest?
  Do eagles mourn when lambs are bleeding?
Does the false one care when the maiden's breast
  Is anguished by his honeyed pleading?
Oh, Morna! Morna! all my fears
  For the eyes so blue
  Are true, too true;
The blue eyes look through tears.

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THE HOTEL OF THE FUTURE.

WAS it Dr. Johnson who roared out between his rapid and magnificent mouthfuls of fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, "There is nothing, sir, which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn"?

If he said it behind the screen at St. John's Gate, or outside the eating-house window in Porridge Island, one might not have felt constrained to contradict him. I suppose, indeed, he was so tremendous an autocrat that one would hardly have dared to contradict him; and is there any reason for contradicting him? On the whole, yes. Still, abstracting all that he said for the mere purpose of making an effect and challenging, not to say defying, contradiction, we have truth enough left whereon to found an essay and to rear a Grand Hotel. No man who has taken a day's journey on a railroad train but would find it easy to forgive the slight possible exaggeration of Dr. Johnson's assertion.

For an inn is better than a friend.

> "Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."

And he should heave a far deeper sigh, let us add by the way, to think it is his own fault. If a man is more welcome where he pays four dollars and a half a day for board than anywhere else, it is not owing to the heartlessness of his friends, but to his own disagreeable nature. His money is better than himself. But the contrary does not follow. That we sometimes prefer a hotel to a friend's house does not prove or even indicate that hired service is better than love's ministry. The din and dust, the smoke and cinders of a journey, make us lapse into barbarism. You have no heart to go to your friend and sit clothed and in your right mind, to be polite, good-natured, entertaining or entertained. What you want for the time is freedom to pass from the savage into the civilized state—freedom to ring for what you desire, to sit silent, to lounge, to sleep, to stare, with no sense of obligation or restraint. For these crucial moments there is nothing like a good hotel.

Seeing, then, that hotels play so important a part in national economy, it is worth while to spend time and thought, sense and science, on their construction and establishment. I do not say that they are not already admirable. I do say that, being so admirable, the wonder is they are not more so. There is apparently no stint of money. There seems, on the contrary, to be a lavish and extravagant outlay. The parlors are hushed with heavy carpeting. The windows are hung with finest lace and satin, fold on fold, all gloss, and grace, and softness. Bedrooms are bright with Brussels and silk damask, and carved wood, and polished marble; but let me give over to infamy and malediction, the name of the man who invented that abomination of desolation called a "dark bedroom."

Is man a toad that he should live in a hole excluded from light and air? Yet there are whole inns constructed on the assumption that he is. All of us probably, in the days of our infancy, have been inspired with vague awe by the dark bedroom in some schoolmate's house. As we reached years of discretion, we learned that it was but the innocent device of some ignorant carpenter and architect in one, who imagined himself to be economizing space. The clumsy contriver, finding that his rooms did not meet, that a gap yawned in some unexpected place, nailed on a lath or two, patted on a trowelful of plastering, hung a door, and called the Black Hole a bedroom. And his victims, our dear and stupid ancestors, had no more sense and spirit than obediently to walk into it and go to sleep! Now, on that dreadful Darwinian principle of selection, this accident of the fathers has become the trait of the children, and what those did by force of circumstances, these do in cold blood, of their own free will.

I name no names. Let the guilty quake! But I mind me of a hotel in which not a single bedroom has an honest inlet for the free, fresh air. It is built in the guise of a hollow square. One series of bedrooms opens upon the inner court. The inner court of a hotel, as we all know, is no garden of the gods. It is not the scent of nectar or ambrosia which freights the heavy atmosphere; nor is it Apollo's lute, or the lyre of Orpheus, or the oaten pipe of Arcadian shepherds, that clatters far into the night. If fate assign you to a suite of rooms on the outer verge of the square, you enter

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your parlor through a long, dark, narrow passage-way cut off from your bedroom. That is, the outer rooms are two deep. The parlor looks out upon the street. The bedroom has one opaque window that does not look upon the hotel corridor because it is blind; but if it could look anywhere, that is what it would see. Could benevolent diabolism go farther? A sleeping-room always in twilight, never open to the direct pure outside air! One gasps at the thought. The imagination is suffocated to begin with, and all the rest follows.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked?" asked testy Sir John. Shall I take mine ease in mine inn, even if I consent to have my pocket picked? Not if I am stifled in apprehension at the outset, and stifled in fact continually. I say nothing of the trifling matter, that, as your head is on the corridor, you are aware of all that is enacting in the hotel through the night. That should rather be mentioned on the sunny side. It is a wholesome distraction. As you lie awake, exasperated and disgusted in the dusty, musty, antiquated air, the creaking of a pair of stout boots, the shrill tones of a female voice, the gruff accents of the male in search of a lost key, the modulations of lovers, the perplexities of new-comers, the monotones of waiters, serve to divert you from the horrors of your tomb, and give a healthy, if momentary, interest to your meditations.

Be sure of this: the hotel of the future will never immure its guests in dungeons, but will give to every room an out-door exposure or perish in the attempt.

What avails the gorgeousness of our civic inns? One drop of comfort outweighs it all. I know a tavern, new, and high, and mighty, whose sins of omission and commission against art are many and grievous, but I forgive all its majestic colonnades, its Grecian pillars, its inlaid slabs of painted wooden marble, in grateful memory of its rooms, each of which, however small and single, has its clean bright bath-room, bearer of more bliss to the tired traveler than all the bowers of roses by Bendemeer's stream. Yet one can but ask what is the object of Greek style and peristyle, of silken splendor, the glory of gilding, velvet and purple, and scarlet, and fine-twined linen? Most of us have nothing so fine at home. If we have, why deny us the refreshment of change? If we have not, why make us discontented with our simplicity? I fancy—I infer, indeed—that there must be some solid reason for it. Hotel proprietors do not expend thousands where hundreds would answer equally well. They do not lavish money from pure prodigality, nor is it to be for a moment assumed that they spread out their magnificence from a benevolent desire to gratify the eyes of their poorer fellow-countrymen with the vision of a grandeur and beauty which themselves could not compass. Somehow, I suppose they must find their account in it. Somehow, I suppose, after many days, the money they have cast upon acres of velvet pile, and silken brocade, and carved and curious wood, returns to them; but when you, a tired traveler, tarrying on the Sabbath day in a strange and stifling city, can tread on nothing but hot and heavy carpets; can sit on nothing but stuffed and sweltering chairs; can look on nothing but crimson velvet everywhere, how gladly would you exchange nine-tenths of all this imperial magnificence for one little light cane sofa on which to recline in comparative comfort! Is it true that all the world prefers crimson velvet and will not pay for cool cane-work; that it loves heaviness and massiveness and deep colors, and sees no charm in lightness and grace? Is it true that if a landlord should diversify his acres of wool with an occasional straw matting, he would have the chagrin of seeing all his customers mount the steps of his neighbor's hotel across the way to sink into velvet luxury and wade in fleecy carpets, no matter how hot the weather? Then, of course, the thing which has been is that which shall be, for no man is called upon to crucify the flesh by furnishing his kind with what they ought to want, and not with what they want. It is only we reformers who do that, and the business is so little profitable, that unhappily few reformers arrive at the dignity of landlords, or learn by experience "how to keep a hotel."

But, in the hotel of the future, if we cannot change all our carpets at the "spring cleaning," and change them back again at the "fall cleaning;" if we cannot afford double suits of furniture for every room—which may well be the case until the latter part of the millennium—we shall yet look to it that each room is furnished with some light, agreeable, easily movable and wholly restful furniture, which shall seem to be cool even when the heavens are brass above our heads and the earth is dust beneath our feet. In the hotel of the future, each room shall have one graceful and simple chair which may be lightly lifted, and which shall

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not be too fine to give rest for tired feet without fear of perpetrating vandalism. Why should one dissemble? That is what you go to a hotel for—to put your feet in a chair when you come in tired. Foreigners and our own home-folk also are never weary of caricaturing the American habit of holding the feet higher than the head. It is very bad manners, but it is very good physiology. The highest medical authority declares that a horizontal position of the body is most conducive to a restoration of disturbed equilibrium and to a healthful circulation. But there are some enterprising spirits among us who do not need science to tell them what rests them when they are tired, and, carrying the principle of self-preservation too far, they have postured themselves too recklessly, and thrust their uplifted feet through all the laws of deference and courtesy. Let them be Anathema. But shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

And, oh! what madness of mockery, what satanic satire rages in the breast of the hotel proprietor, and forces him to hang the walls of his dining-rooms with mirrors? It is bad enough to come in from your day's journey or day's shopping or day's calling, tired, probably haggard, possibly frowsy, to enter a great, brilliantly lighted room, full of guests, full of waiters; to walk, frightened to death, between long rows of tables, over slippery floors, your boots clicking at every step; but it is agony, it is frenzy to see yourself reproduced in every direction, at every turn. Glance at whatever angle you may, you are dismayed by a flying cloud of hair, a ribbon fluttering awry, a ruffle rippling wrong. Mirrors to right of you, mirrors to left of you, mirrors in front of you—wherever you flee, there you are again as large as life, and, you would fain believe, ten times as ugly. But what you want is to get away from yourself; to forget yourself; to be refreshed and renewed by thinking of something novel, pleasant, entertaining. Suppose now that the money spent in filling all the space between windows with looking-glass to multiply your cross, tired, worst self a thousand times, were spent instead upon pictures. Looking-glass is not a cheap material to begin with, and it does not diminish in cost by increasing in size. The money that buys these monstrous mirrors would buy, not so many pictures, perhaps, but enough to hang four sides of a room with lovely landscapes, with beautiful faces, with tranquil and tranquilizing interiors, with stirring sea-scenes, with wild mountain views, with historic idealism. Then, while you are waiting at table for the ox to grow which is to furnish your beefsteak, you dare lift your eyes without fear of encountering the savage glance of your double—your double, do I say? Your quadruple, your octuple, your vigintivirate! You are not reduced to twirling the spoons with a sham indifference that the very waiters see through. You are not forced into an exasperated contemplation of the perfect "back hair" of your neighbors in front, with the dread certainty that your own is subject to the same prolonged survey of the army in the rear, and with a still more dread certainty that it is open to all sorts of objections. Some wide sweep of desert, some palm-tree of the South, some mountain peak white with perpetual snow, some peasant girl with the sun of Italy in her rich brown cheek and the dark splendor of her hair, fixes your roving eye, enchains your listless soul, makes you forget shops and gazers and back hair, and sends you dreaming through the delights of another world, till savory smells and the pleasing clatter of dishes recall you, refreshed and restored, to the not despicable delights of this.

And how will the morning stars sing together on that millennial day when the landlords of the earth shall pull down their curtains if need be, seeing they are usually gray as to the lace, and dingy as to the damask, and sure to gather dust and defilement, be they never so royal at the outset; shall pull up their carpets if purses be shallow, seeing the carpets are trodden by such ungenial feet as fate may send, and that the deeper the pile, the more surely it hoards its uncanny deposits for sensitive lungs, and delicate nerves, and vivid imaginations; shall give up even its frescoed finery, its breadth of gilded frame and plate-glass, if danger of bankruptcy require it; but shall hold the one indispensable luxury of a hotel to be a library! With lavish generosity, from apparently boundless resources, the proprietors of hotels have furnished their guests with numberless comforts and conveniences. They have made a marvelous outlay to fascinate the eye and to gratify the palate; but it seems never to have entered into the heart of man that this American people knows how to read. An occasional Bible in a bedroom, a gorgeously gilded book of advertisements on the center-table of the gilded and gorgeous drawing-room, a faint, vague rumor of newspapers in the outer darkness where female foot never penetrates,—

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this is all that indicates any consciousness in the hotel proprietor that the travelers of the world ever care to while away a waiting hour by the innocent diversion of reading. What doth hinder the devotion of a few hundred dollars to works of popular science, popular theology, art and literature, and history? In what quarter of the heavens shall rise that landlord of the future—is he even now disporting with his innocent infantine toes in the sunshine?—who shall send one looking-glass, one hot, heavy, horrid arm-chair, one dusty, tasseled curtain, to the auction-room, and bear into his inn from the proceeds a set of Dickens, and of Thackeray, and Scott, and Cooper, and George Eliot, and John Halifax, Gentleman, and an occasional volume of Tyndall, and Huxley, and Agassiz, and Browning, and Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold, and Macaulay? The chair and the curtain and the looking-glass would do it. I can but think that the room from which it was known that a chair, a table, and a looking-glass had been removed to make room for a choice and sensible little library, would be the most popular room in the most popular hotel in the city. Imagine the wife waiting the slow minutes of her absent-minded husband as they lapse into hours, or coming home wearied after a day's perambulation, or sitting vapid and vacuous in the great, strange parlor, watching the constantly shifting panorama till its very changing becomes monotonous—imagine that she can ring a bell and bid the swift-flying servant bring her such of several specified books as may be at the moment disengaged. How speedily does her wilderness bud and blossom as the rose! Homesickness itself vanishes before the spell of these enchanters' wands. If landlords knew how many a guest's sojourn, otherwise convenient and even desirable, is cut off, from the pure dreariness of it, the intolerable ennui and tedium which no finery diminishes, but which an interesting book would dissipate, they would bestir themselves to take advantage of the art of printing—an art invented and perfected hundreds of years ago, but as yet little patronized, if really recognized, by that class of public men who keep our public houses.

The hotel of the future, having removed every mirror from the dining-room, and having given all but one or two or a half-dozen in exchange for good and entertaining books, will remove the one glass, or the half-dozen glasses, to a dressing-room which shall be on the same floor with the dining-room, and on the direct route to it from the entrance-hall; then shall female travelers, coming in from their sight-seeing to breakfast, lunch, or dinner, not be constrained to mount one or a dozen flights of stairs and to descend the same, or else go unreconstructed to dinner; but shall find ready to hand all the appointments of a sufficient toilet. Men—well, if men are content with a seven-by-nine-inch glass in a twilight hat-rack, in a dim corridor—why, contentment with godliness is great gain. But, as for women, give them a decent dressing-room on the same floor with the dining-room, or give them death. Confess, O Sinner, when you see a woman toilsomely climbing a marble Himalaya to smooth her hair and pin her collar, that it is not a hotel you are keeping, but a slaughter-house.

What are the necessities and what are the luxuries of hotel life? Judging by an experience that ranges from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore, and from Northern Canada to Georgia, I should say that the recognized necessities of hotel life are feed, finery, and bills of fare. The luxuries of hotel life are food and cleanliness. It is comical, it is melancholy, it is annoying to see the real richness of the great hotels travestied in the coarse tinsel of some small hotels. Brocade is out of the question, but the eternal lambrequin mounts guard like the veteran it is, and roars in your deafened ears its fighting colors, which owe their sole merit to the subduing touch of time. The table-cloth is spotted and the coffee is mud, and the chocolate is cold, and the rest of the brute still lives from whom your beefsteak was cut, but the bill of fare lies by your plate with all its French and fearful viands as mysteriously formulated as if you were at the Fifth Avenue or the Sherman. And all its style and stiffness, its courses and éntrees, you would gladly give for one simple, honest, hearty meal, named with old-fashioned names perhaps, but, hot or cold, toothsome, tender, rare, and delicious, according to the statute for such case made and provided. Can you not believe, well-meaning Boniface of limited purse, that we are quite content with chintz if you cannot afford silk, and that we would even find no fault with a simple window-shade and no curtain at all; that we would far rather have a wholesome matting or an ingrain, clean and quiet, than a dirty Brussels defaced and enfouled by years of hard labor and unrecruited energy; that a dab of mutton, and a dab of veal, and a dab of fowl, and a dozen grease spots of

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vegetables, old and cold, warm and watery, would be well lost for one or two delicate and attractive dishes? Man lives on fare, not on bills of fare. One excellence is better than twenty insipidities.

When, to the comforts, conveniences, and refinements of the hotels of this present life, shall be added these few characteristics of the Hotel of the Future, with what alacrity and good cheer shall we travel life's dull round! Are my requests exorbitant? Nay, rather like Clive, reviewing the riches of Bengal, "I stand astonished at my own moderation!"

Who will be the first to display in this practical form the enthusiasm of humanity?

AWAKE!

WAKE, my beloved, the young day is treading,
Blushing and fair, over forest and lake,
Flowering life in its footsteps outspreading—
Wake, my beloved, awake!

Break the dull sleep; while love's spring-time is dawning,
Let us drink deep of its fleeting delight!
Under our feet at this moment is yawning
Dark, the compassionless night.

Love, with its turbulent, mighty pulsation,
Thrills through my veins like a quickening heat;
All my young life with its strong aspiration,
All have I thrown at thy feet.

If the wild visions of glory should blind me,
Reach me thy hand, lest I stumble and fall;
Darkness before me, and darkness behind me,
Thou art my life and my all.

Sweet 'tis to breathe in the balm of thy presence,
Sweeter to feel the warm gaze of thine eye,
While the fleet moments with bright effervescence
Whisper their gladness and die.

Then in the depths of my soul as in slumber,
Hear I great voices of world-shaking deeds,
And the pale day, with its cares without number,
Far from my vision recedes.

Ere I had seen thee, how tardily flowing
Stole from my breast the faint notes of my song;
Now, like spring freshets, their gates overthrowing,
Roll the strong torrents along.

Pale was my life, and the white mists above me
Dimmed to my sight the soft splendor of May;
Now, but a glimpse of the hope that you love me
Lights and illumines my way.

Darkling I stood; and tumultuous fancies
Surged through my soul like black billows of night;
Now, the wide future, in sun-lit expanses,
Radiant bursts on my sight.

Dost thou not see the dawn's beckoning finger,
How the young light, like a full-swelling tide,
Breaks through its flood-gates? Oh, why dost thou linger?
Wake, my beloved, my bride!

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THE GOETHE HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.

THE GOETHE HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.

THE Goethe house in the Hirschgraben at Frankfort-on-the-Main came into the possession of the Goethe family, and first began to have a history in the year 1733. In that year it was bought by Frederick George Goethe's widow, the poet's grandmother. The widow Goethe had inherited a handsome property from her first husband, the proprietor of the hotel "Zum Weidenhof." For her second husband she had married Frederick George Goethe, a tailor, who for her sake dropped the shears, and carried on the business of the hotel until he died in 1730, leaving his widow with two sons. In 1733 the eldest son died, and in the same year the widow sold the hotel and bought this house in the Hirschgraben, to which she retired with her only remaining son, John Caspar, the poet's father. The house at that time consisted of two buildings, a large and a small one, the partition walls of which had been broken through, and the different levels of the floors overcome by steps. As long as the grandmother lived the house remained in this condition, but the poet's father was for many years busied with plans for its reconstruction. In 1754 the grandmother died, and in the following year the rebuilding was begun, the future poet, at the age of six, dressed as a bricklayer, laying the corner-stone. In 1795 John Caspar Goethe's widow, the poet's mother, sold the house to Herr Blum, a wine merchant. Herr Blum sold it the same year to the widow of the Procurator Roessing. In the possession of the Roessing family the house remained until 1863, when it was bought by public subscription, and placed in the hands of an association called the Free German Foundation (Freies Deutsches Hochstift), to be held by them in trust for the German people.

Such is the simple chronology of a house whose associations render it one of the most interesting in Germany. It has been restored as nearly as possible to its original condition, and its rooms are now used for society meetings and for the purposes of reading and study. Some few articles of the original furniture have with difficulty been secured, but the chief interest to the visitor is in recalling on the spot the story of Goethe's home life. Therefore, before describing these bare though speaking walls, we pause to consider the *dramatis personæ* of the family circle in which grew up the wise poet, the reflection of whose genius has made them all illustrious.

The widow of Frederick George Goethe had spared no pains upon the education of her only remaining son, John Caspar. He had been sent to the gymnasium at Coburg, reputed one of the first schools of that day; went thence to the University at Leipsic, where he studied law, and, later, took the degree of Doctor-at-Law at the University of Giessen. A few years after he came with his mother to live in the house in the Hirschgraben, Dr. Goethe, then in his thirtieth year, made a journey to Italy. In the year 1740 a journey to Italy was an event, and it left upon the poet's father an ineffaceable impression. Twenty-six years after, when the poet in his turn was in Italy, he wrote from Naples: "I can forgive all those who go out of their wits in Naples, and remember with emotion my father, who received an indelible impression from these very objects which to-day I have seen for the first time; and as it is said that he to whom a ghost has appeared will never be joyous again, so in an opposite sense it might be said of him that he never could be unhappy, because he always in thought turned back to Naples." The father brought home engravings, curiosities, collections, and bric-à-brac of many kinds. Views of St. Peter's, the Castle of San Angelo, the Colosseum, etc., were hung about the house, and became associated with the poet's earliest recollections. The father's time and thoughts were

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occupied for many years in arranging his collections, and in writing out his diary in the Italian language with the greatest care and minuteness. He read, wrote, spoke, and sang Italian—in short, Italy became a very hobby with him for the rest of his life.

Dr. Goethe now anticipated taking a part in the world, but found his hopes quickly frustrated.

"My father," writes the poet, "as soon as he had returned from his travels, had, in accordance with his own peculiar character, formed the project—in order to prepare himself for the service of the city—of undertaking one of the subordinate offices and filling it without emolument, provided it were given him without his being subjected to the ballot. According to his way of thinking, and the conception he had of himself, and in the consciousness of his good intentions, he believed himself worthy of such a distinction, although, in fact, it was in accordance with neither law nor precedent. Consequently, when his request was refused, he fell into ill-humor and vexation—swore that he would never take any position whatever; and in order to render it impossible, procured for himself the title of Imperial Councilor (Kaiserlicher Rath), which the Chief Magistrate (Schultheiss) and the eldest judges bore as a special mark of distinction. In this way he made himself the equal of those in the highest positions, and could no longer begin at the bottom of the ladder."

The Imperial Councilor next turned his attention to matrimony, and sued for and obtained the hand of Catherine Elizabeth Textor, the daughter of the Schultheiss. The bride was not yet eighteen years old, twenty years younger than her husband, nor was this difference ever compensated for by sympathy in thought or feeling. The wife felt herself to be, as was the fact, not so far separated by years from her children as from her husband. She had married because her parents thought the offer an eligible one, and she found herself in the hands of a grim, pedantic, solemn schoolmaster; for Rath Goethe's marriage brought out in him a second hobby, namely, the most rigid pedagogy. He was a man with absolutely nothing to do, who had been carefully crammed with all the book-learning of his day, and it became with him a sort of monomania to impart his knowledge to others. The young wife was, accordingly, at once set to work at writing from dictation, playing on the harpsichord, singing, studying Italian, etc. The birth of the poet brought her her first vacation, but gradually, the children offering a fresh field for the pedagogue's labors, the wife's education came to be looked upon as completed. Goethe thus sketches the situation:

"A father, certainly affectionate and well-meaning, but grave, who, because he cherished within a very tender heart, manifested outwardly, with incredible persistency, a brazen sternness, that he might attain the end of giving his children the best education, and of building up, regulating and preserving his well-founded house. A mother, on the other hand, still almost a child, who first grew into consciousness with and in her two eldest children. These three, as they looked out on the world with healthy glances, felt a capacity for life and a longing for present enjoyment. This contradiction floating in the family increased with years. My father followed out his views unshaken and uninterrupted; the mother and children could not give up their feelings, their claims, their desires."

The poet, in recurring to his boyhood, naturally dwells upon his father's severity, which was the paramount impression of that period of his life. But we should not be unjust to Rath Goethe; he was a man to be respected, though not beloved; if formality and sternness be faults, at least they lean toward virtue's side, and as far as instruction goes, he had not simply a passion for it, but great talent. The education that he gave his son was, it is true, very different from that the son would have obtained in any school of that day or this, and seems very desultory and imperfect to those accustomed to the rigid uniformity of schools. Music, drawing, reading, writing, dancing, history, geography, fencing, languages, ancient, modern, and Oriental—everything seemed to be going on at once. Yet this want of method in so methodical a man suited the universality of the son's genius, which it might have been difficult to bind down to the routine of a school. Rath Goethe did not pay much attention to the order in which the studies were pursued, so that the children were always busied with something which he thought important. It was one of the characteristics of Goethe's activity of mind that he could all his life spring from one subject to another, even the most diverse; but it was also a part of his nature to busy himself about half a dozen different things almost at the same time, and

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leave them all incomplete. This trait must have been a severe trial to the father, for his rule was, that everything begun should be completed, and if a book which he had chosen to be read aloud in the family circle proved never so tedious, it must be read through, even if he were himself the first to set the example of yawning. In spite of the many-sidedness of Goethe's mind, there was little place there for mathematics,—a line of thought which was not very far pursued in his education, and which he never could appreciate. Later in life, when mathematicians offered to prove by geometric formulæ that his theory of colors was false, he could not comprehend them, and believed that they were trifling with him. He approached the problems of nature, not as an unimpassioned investigator, but as a poet, and the wonderful generalizations which he made in botany and anatomy,—theories which are now accepted and acknowledged,—sprang from his intense poetic conception of the necessary unity of nature.

Not a ray of the poet's genius can be traced to his father; in the son's youth and young manhood the joyous disposition and lively imagination which he received from his mother were his most conspicuous qualities; but as he grew old, he came more and more to resemble his father, and in the dignified formality of what was called Goethe's "official manner," the old Frankfort Councilor seems to appear again before us.

The rebuilding of the house was one of the great events of Goethe's childhood. The family remained in it through nearly the whole period of the work. The upper stories were supported, and the house rebuilt from below upward. Goethe writes:

"This new epoch was a very surprising and remarkable one for the children. To see falling before the mason's pick and the carpenter's axe the rooms in which they had been so often cooped up and pestered with wearisome lessons and tasks, the passages in which they had played, the walls for whose cleanliness and preservation so much care had been taken, to see this work going on from below upward while they were suspended, as it were, in the air, propped up on beams, and yet all the time to be held to an appointed lesson, to a definite task—all this brought a confusion into our young heads which it was not so easy to clear away again. But the inconveniences were felt less by the young people because they had more space for play than before, and had many opportunities of balancing on rafters and playing at see-saw with the boards."

The rebuilding was begun in the spring of 1755, and was at least so far completed before the winter that the family could resume their usual course of life. Much remained to be done for the adornment and completion of the interior. The father's books were re-arranged, and the pictures, which had been scattered through the house, were collected together, set in black and gilt frames, and hung in one room in symmetrical order. With the Herr Rath's intense love of order and minute attention to details, all these arrangements, together with the decorating and furnishing of the rooms, were extended over a long period of time. In the course of this work so much that was superfluous was found, that the Herr Rath (who never allowed anything to be lost) determined to have a sale by auction, at which, among other things, he sold his mother's clothes and house-linen. The following advertisement appeared in the "Frankfort Advertiser," April 25th, 1758:

"By superior authority, on the coming Monday, May 1st, and the following days, at the house of Rath Goethe, in the Grosse Hirschgraben, will be sold, by the sworn auctioneer, to the highest bidder, various movables in the following order: First, several fire-arms, among them a new *mousqueton;* next, various articles of wood-work, together with a still serviceable lattice* for a house-door, three large house-clocks; then, tin and brass articles, etc. Further, several empty casks; next, a violin and an ebony flute traversière; further, a number of law, practical and historical books, and among these a set of the well-known 'Elzevir Republics,' together with about one hundred and eighty-two unbound complete copies of D. Wahl's 'Dissert. de usufr. conjugum pacitio;' further, several silk and cotton dresses; and lastly, a moderate assortment of good linen articles, mostly for women, as well as various articles not included under the above heads."

Turning to the year 1794, in Goethe's diary we find a pleasant retrospect of the reconstructed, refurnished home. Nearly forty years have passed away since all were so busy with its refurnishing. The Herr Rath is long since dead; the French Revo-

* The *Geräms* through which the mischievous Wolfgang threw all the kitchen dishes for the amusement of his playmates, the Ochsensteins, across the way. See the Autobiography.

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lution has come, with the troublous times which followed it, and Goethe's mother begins to find the large house a source of anxiety and care.

"The handsome citizen's house which my mother had enjoyed since my father's death had been a burden to her ever since the beginning of hostilities, although she had not ventured to acknowledge it; yet during my last year's visit I had explained her situation to her, and urged her to free herself from such a burden. But just at that time it was unadvisable to do what one felt to be necessary. A house newly built within our life-time, a convenient and becoming citizen's residence, a well-cared for wine cellar, household articles of all kinds and in good taste for their time; collections of books, pictures, copper plates, maps, antiquities, small objects of art and curiosities; very many remarkable things which my father out of inclination and knowledge had collected about him as opportunity offered,—all was still there together; it all, by place and position, was conveniently and usefully united, and only as a whole had it really its acquired worth. Thinking of it as divided and scattered, one must necessarily fear to see it wasted or lost."

This dispersion, which Goethe looked forward to with pain, took place in the next year, 1795.

One enters the Goethe mansion from the street by three steps, and comes into a large hall extending the whole depth of the house from front to rear. On the right are rooms which were used for store-rooms and for the servants; on the left are the kitchen, in the rear, and the family dining-room, toward the street. In the latter occurred the well-known tragi-comic barber scene. It was at the time when Klopstock's "Messiah" was in the height of its popularity. Rath Goethe had been educated in the opinion, very prevalent in his day, that poetry and rhyme were inseparable; and as the "Messiah" was not written in rhyme, it was very plain to him that it could not be poetry, and he would have none of it. A friend of the family, at the same time an enthusiast for Klopstock, smuggled the book into the house. The mother and children were delighted with it, and the latter learned large portions of it by heart. Goethe relates:

"We divided between us the wild, despairing dialogue between Satan and Adramelech, who have been cast into the Red Sea. The first part, as the most violent, fell to my share; the second, a little more pathetic, my sister undertook. The alternate curses, horrible indeed yet well sounding, thus flowed from our lips, and we seized every opportunity to greet each other with these infernal phrases.

"It was a Saturday evening in winter. My father always had himself shaved by candle-light, in order to be able on Sunday morning to dress for church at his leisure. We sat on a footstool behind the stove, and while the barber put on the lather, murmured in moderately low tones our customary imprecations. But now Adramelech had to lay iron hands on Satan. My sister seized me violently, and recited softly enough, but with increasing passion:

"'Give me thine aid, I entreat thee; will worship thee if thou requirest—
Thee, thou monster abandoned; yes, thee, of all criminals blackest.
Aid me; I suffer the tortures of death, which is vengeful, eternal.
Once, in the time gone by, with a hot, fierce hate I could hate thee,
Now I can hate thee no more. E'en this is the sharpest of tortures.'

"Thus far everything had gone tolerably well; but loudly, with a terrible voice, she shouted out the following words:

"'O, wie bin ich zermalmt!
Oh, how am I crushed!'

"The good barber was startled and upset the lather basin over my father's breast. There was a great uproar, and a severe investigation was held, especially in view of the mischief that might have resulted had the shaving been actually going forward. In order to remove from ourselves all suspicion of wantonness, we confessed to our satanic characters, and the misfortune occasioned by the hexameters was too apparent for them not to be anew condemned and banished."

The wide staircase begins in the large hall on the ground floor, and leads on each story to a spacious antechamber or hall, out of which all the rooms open. These antechambers on each floor, with large windows toward the garden or court, are frequently referred to by Goethe as having been the delight of his childhood. In them the family passed much of their time during the warm season of the year, and the children found there ample space for play. On the second floor were the "best rooms." We learn in an early chapter of "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" that they had what was called English furniture, and wall-paper

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of a Chinese pattern. Hardly had the old Rath got them furnished to his mind when the Seven Years' War broke out; Frankfort was occupied by the French, and the Count Thorane from Provence was billeted upon him. The Count, a well-bred and highly cultivated nobleman, did everything in his power to make his presence as little burdensome as possible, and even refrained from hanging up his maps on the Chinese wall-paper. The friends of the family were never wearied in dwelling on the Herr Rath's good fortune that so gentlemanly an occupant had fallen to his lot. But the Herr Rath would listen to no palliative suggestions; he was almost beside himself with rage at seeing his best rooms, the apple of his eye, seized upon by strangers and enemies; and, added to this, he was so fierce a partisan for "Old Fritz," that during the whole time of the Count's stay, which extended to about three years, Rath Goethe went about with a thorn in his flesh, and on one occasion gave vent to his long pent-up wrath in such terms that only the urgent intercessions of his wife and friends saved him from immediate arrest. The mother and children were at once on the best of terms with the Count, who often sent the children cake and ices from his table; but the ices, to the children's great distress, the mother always threw out of the window, declaring, in her honest simplicity, that she did not believe the human stomach could digest ice, be it ever so much sweetened. Goethe dwells at some length on this very important period of his boyhood, and the influences upon his own growth and development which arose from Count Thorane's residence in his father's house.

The rooms which the Count occupied consist of one large central drawing-room having four windows to the street, with rooms opening out of it on each side; that on the left having two windows, and the smaller one on the right but one. The Count was subject to fits of dejection or hypochondria, at which times he would retire for days and see no one but his servant. He filled the post of Lieutenant du Roi, a sort of Judge-Advocate, whose business it was to decide upon all cases of strife arising between soldiers or between soldiers and citizens; but when his hypochondria seized him, not the most urgent cases could draw him from the little one-windowed nest to the right of the drawing-room, which he had chosen for his "growlery." The family learned from the servant's gossip that the Count once, when this fit was on him, had given what he afterward thought a very unrighteous decision, and hence his determination to retire entirely at such seasons from all participation in human affairs.

Passing up the stairs from the second to the third floor, we notice the monograms J. C. G., C. E. G., in the wrought-iron stair railing. We cross the cheerful antechamber and come to the apartments which the family occupied. The division of the rooms is slightly different from that on the floor below, the central room being smaller, with but three windows, the side rooms having each two. The central room was the family drawing-room; here, as has been mentioned, all the pictures were hung after the rebuilding, hence it was usually called the "picture-room." Count Thorane, a great lover of art, hearing the picture-room spoken of on the night of his arrival, insisted upon seeing it at once, and went over each picture with a candle in his hand. To the left of the picture-room was the Herr Rath's library, study, and special sanctum. Besides its two front windows it has a little window in the side wall, giving a good view up the street. A few lines in the Autobiography explain its use. "I slipped home," Goethe writes, "by a roundabout way, for on the side toward the kleiner Hirschgraben my father, not without the opposition of his neighbor, had had a small *guckfenster* (peep-hole) made in the wall; this side we avoided when we did not wish him to see us coming home." To the right of the picture-room was the Frau Rath's sitting-room, and behind and communicating with it, looking toward the court, the parents' bedroom,—the room in which the poet was born,—and in the wing, still further in the rear, the children's bedroom.

On the fourth floor we come to the Mansard rooms,—the poet's rooms,—which require a few words of preface. From the time of its sale in 1795 by Goethe's mother until the death of the poet in 1832, the Goethe house seems to have been little thought of. But the renewed interest in a great man's history which is always awakened by his death, brought again into notice the house in which Goethe was born. The Roessing family, in whose possession it was, were at first very much astonished at the frequent applications to see the house. The first one occurred in the year after Goethe's death, and, from that time, the number of visitors increased day by day. There is on the fourth floor a small attic

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room to which some obscure tradition was attached as having been Goethe's room. The Roessings accepted this tradition without investigation, and, thus, for thirty-five years, it was the custom to conduct visitors at once to this little attic and point it out to them as Goethe's chamber where he had written his earlier works. Of course, it was not long before it got the name of the Werther-Zimmer, and Bettina von Arnim unconsciously added to the apocryphal character of her book ("Goethe's Correspondence with a Child"), by having a view of the Werther-Zimmer engraved as a frontispiece to it. So striking a confirmation of the supposed fondness of the Muses for garrets could not fail to be noted, and many a sage visitor doubtless dwelt upon the coincidence that the rich man's son must go to the garret to mount his Pegasus. But the whole romance of the Werther attic has been crumbled in the dust by Dr. G. H. Otto Volger, who, with true German patience and industry, has so thoroughly investigated every point in connection with the Goethe mansion. It is not necessary to follow Dr. Volger into all the details of his proof. The chief points are: 1st. That the so-called Werther room is not in the *gable*, and has no rooms communicating with it. 2d. That it never has a ray of morning sun. In regard to the first point, Goethe constantly speaks of his room as a *gable room* (Giebelzimmer), having other rooms communicating with it. In regard to the second point, the fact that Goethe's room had the morning sun is established by the poet's well-known account of his morning sacrifice to the Almighty, after the Old Testament fashion, when the rays of the morning sun, concentrated through a burning-glass, were made to light the pastilles on the boy's extemporized altar. Dr. Volger selects the long celebrated attic as the place where the silk-worms were kept, and where the engravings were bleached, as so circumstantially described in the Autobiography.

Passing by the Werther room, which is directly to the right on reaching the top of the staircase, and crossing the antechamber, similar to those on the other floors, one comes to the poet's rooms. The central one is a pleasant and spacious reception-room, where the son of the house could receive with dignity, and without apology, the friends and the visitors of distinction whom the success of "Goetz" and of "Werther" attracted to him from every quarter. It stands at present bare and cheerless, but we can picture to ourselves the simple furniture, the books, the pictures, the casts from the antique—heads of the Laocoon group, and of Niobe and her children—and the minerals, and the natural curiosities which bore witness to the mental activity and versatility of its occupant. The house directly opposite is the only one in the Hirschgraben, except the Goethe mansion, which remains unchanged, so that, in looking from the poet's window, the outline and general effect of the opposite house are precisely what they were when the boy-worshiper stood in the early morning light waiting for the sun to peer over its roof and kindle his altar-fire. This house, in the Goethes' time, was occupied by the family Von Ochsenstein, whose sons were Wolfgang's playmates.

The last years of Goethe's residence at home, before he accepted the invitation of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, were those of his early fame as the author of "Goetz" and "Werther," and his growing reputation brought many new elements into the family life. Everybody of distinction, especially of literary distinction, who came to Frankfort, sought the acquaintance of Goethe, and the stately house in the Hirschgraben was enlivened by visitors of many qualities, who were received with a formal but generous hospitality. The old Rath did his best to preserve a polite silence when sentiments were uttered which shocked all his preconceptions, while the mother won all hearts by her good-nature, jollity, and sound common sense. The departure of the poet for Weimar made no very great change in this respect; the admirers of the poet came to pay their respects to his parents, and a visit to Goethe's mother, especially, was looked forward to as an honor and a pleasure. The house came to be generally known among Goethe's friends as the *Casa Santa*, a name it probably first received from Wieland.

In 1779, the poet came himself, bringing with him his friend, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Nobles, trades-people, and hotel-keepers were open-mouthed with wonder at seeing a Grand Duke dwelling in a simple citizen's house. But the disappointment of the father that his son had not followed the path of a jurist, for which he had drilled him during his boyhood, was, perhaps, amply made up for when the son returned home a Privy-Councillor (Geheim-Rath), and brought a Grand Duke to Frankfort as his guest.

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In 1782, the Herr Rath died in his seventy-second year. For thirteen years the Frau Rath lived alone in the *Casa Santa*—nominally, at least, alone, for the stream of visitors was almost constant. "I am much more fortunate than Frau von Reck," she writes; "that lady must travel about in order to see Germany's learned men, they all visit me in my house, which is by far more convenient—yes, yes, those to whom God is gracious, He blesses in their sleep."*

Our visit to Goethe's early home terminates with the inspection of his own rooms on the fourth floor. We return to the consideration of what we have ventured to call the *dramatis personæ* of the home circle, and having already spoken of the father, we now come to the sister and the mother.

The relations between Goethe and his sister Cornelia were of the most intimate kind. There was but a year's difference in their ages, and they were often taken to be twins. They shared together the joys and sorrows of childhood, and no new experience was complete until communicated to the other. The brother's departure for the University of Leipsic was their first separation, and in Wolfgang's absence, Cornelia led a weary life. All the father's pedagogy was now exerted upon her. He left her no time for social pleasures or for associating with other young girls; an occasional concert was her only relaxation. Even the relation of mutual confidence between the brother and sister was entirely broken up, as all their letters passed through the father's hands. It was therefore not strange when Goethe returned home after an absence of nearly three years, that he found the father and daughter living in a state of almost open hostility, and was himself made the confidant of his sister's complaints, and of his mother's anxieties in her position of mediator and peacemaker. Of his sister Goethe writes:

"She had by turns to pursue and work at French, Italian, and English, besides which he (the father) compelled her to practice at the harpsichord a great part of the day. Writing also was not to be neglected, and I had already remarked that he had directed her correspondence with me, and communicated to me his teachings through her pen. My sister was, and still continued to be, an indefinable being, the most singular mixture of strength and weakness, of obstinacy and compliance; which qualities acted, now united, and now separated, at her own will and inclination. Thus she, in a manner which seemed to me terrible, had turned the hardness of her character against her father, whom she did not forgive, because during these three years he had forbidden or embittered to her many an innocent pleasure, and she would acknowledge no single one of his good and excellent qualities. She did all that he commanded or directed, but in the most unamiable manner in the world; she did it in the established routine, but nothing more and nothing less; out of love or favor she accommodated herself to nothing, so that this was one of the first things about which my mother complained in a private conversation with me."

Cornelia seems to have inherited many of her father's traits of character, and the Herr Rath found his own inflexibility matched against the same quality, which had been transmitted to his child.

On Wolfgang's return from Leipsic the old confidential relations were resumed between the brother and the sister. All their thoughts and feelings were shared; Cornelia read his letters from his University friends, and went over with him his replies to them. These were the happiest days of Cornelia's life; they amount, deducting Wolfgang's absence for a year and a half at Strasburg, to about three years and a half. They are most interesting to us in connection with Cornelia's influence upon the production of "Goetz von Berlichingen," as Goethe thus relates it:

"I had, as I proceeded, conversed circumstantially about it with my sister, who took part in such matters with heart and soul. I so often renewed this conversation without taking any steps toward beginning work, that she at length, impatient and interested, begged me earnestly not to be ever talking into the air, but once for all to set down on paper that which was so present to my mind. Determined by this impulse, I began one morning to write, without having first sketched out any draft or plan. I wrote the first scenes, and in the evening they were read to Cornelia. She greatly applauded them, yet qualified her praise by the doubt whether I should so continue; indeed she expressed a decided unbelief in

* "Já, já, wem 's Gott gönnt giebt er 's im Schlaf,"—an idiomatic phrase difficult to translate; a similar one, "Gott giebt es den Seinen im Schlaf" (God blesses his own in their sleep), is in frequent use in Germany. "Im Schlaf" is used to express anything that has been obtained without personal effort; for example, should any one become rich by inheritance or a sudden rise in values, the Germans would say, "Er ist reich geworden im Schlaf" (He has become rich in his sleep).

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my perseverance. This stimulated me only the more. I went on the next day and the third; hope increased with the daily communications, and everything, step by step, gained more life as I became thoroughly master of the subject. Thus I kept myself uninterruptedly at the work, which I pursued straight onward, looking neither backward nor to the right or the left, and in about six weeks I had the pleasure of seeing the manuscript stitched."

Cornelia's memory is still further associated with her brother's first success by the discovery of her portrait sketched by Goethe in pencil on the margin of a proof-sheet of "Goetz." A copy of it is given by Professor Otto Jahn in his collection of "Goethe's Letters to his Leipsic Friends." The resemblance to Goethe is strongly marked in the prominent nose, and, above all, in the large eyes, of which he wrote: "Her eyes are not the finest I have ever seen, but the deepest, behind which you expected the most; and when they expressed any affection, any love, their brilliancy was unequaled." The face is interesting, but one that would be ordinarily classed among the very plain. Cornelia became early conscious of this, and tormented herself with the conviction that no woman without personal beauty could expect to inspire any man with love. It does not seem to have occurred to her that mental accomplishments might make up for the lack of beauty. Probably she had little idea of her own mental qualities, the state of isolation in which she was brought up having deprived her of the means of comparing herself with other girls of her own age, and kept her in ignorance of her superiority—a superiority due, first, to her own mental powers, and, secondly, to her father's unflagging instructions. In her diary, which is given in Professor Jahn's book, she indulges at great length in these self-tormenting reflections. Hapless Cornelia! the world reads this diary, which was her one secret from her brother, and which she wrote in French, perhaps with the idea that, should it be mislaid, the foreign tongue would keep it secret from many. It is addressed to one of her female friends. She has been reading "Sir Charles Grandison," and thus gives utterance to her feelings in school-girl French:

"Je donnerais tout au monde pour pouvoir parvenir dans plusieurs années à imiter tant soit peu l'excellente Miss Byron. L'imiter? Folle que je suis; le puis-je? Je m'estimerais assez heureuse d'avoir la vingtième partie de l'esprit et de la beauté de cette admirable dame, car alors je serais une aimable fille; c'est ce souhait que me tient au cœur jour et nuit. Je serais à blame si je désirais d'être une grande beauté; seulement un peu de finesse dans les traits, un teint uni, et puis cette grace douce qui enchante au premier coup de vue; voilà tout. Cependant ça n'est pas et ne sera jamais, quoique je puisse faire et souhaiter; ainsi il vaudra mieux de cultiver l'esprit et tâcher d' être supportable du moins de ce côté-là."

Further on:

"Vous aurez déjà entendue que je fais grand cas des charmes extérieures, mais peut-être que vous ne savez pas encore que je les tiens pour absolument nécessaires au bonheur de la vie et que je crois pour cela que je ne serai jamais heureuse. * * * Epouserai-je un mari que je n'aime pas? Cette pensée me fait honeur et cependant ce sera le seul parti qui me reste, car où trouver un homme aimable qui pensât à moi? Ne croyez pas, ma chère, que ce soit grimace: Vous connaissez les replis de mon cœur, je ne vous cache rien, et pourquoi le ferais-je?"

These words show by what sentiments she was actuated in accepting the hand of John George Schlosser. Her brother's absence at Strasburg had brought back again to her the wearisomeness of her home life. Goethe had now returned from Strasburg a Doctor-at-Law, but was soon to leave again for Wetzlar in continuation of his juristical studies, as marked out years before by his father. Cornelia saw the world opening to her brother, and felt that her only happiness was slipping from her grasp. Her life at home without Wolfgang was intolerable to her, and to escape from it she accepted the offer of marriage.

John George Schlosser was an early friend of her brother. He was ten years older than Goethe, and when he visited Leipsic during Goethe's stay there, the difference in age caused the latter to look up to Schlosser as in many respects his superior. Schlosser afterward edited a literary journal at Frankfort, to which Goethe contributed, and the intimate relations with the brother led to the acquaintance with the sister.

The bridegroom had been promised an appointment in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and expected to be placed at Carlsruhe, the capital. But hardly had the newly married pair reached Carlsruhe, when they learned that they were to reside in Emmendingen, a little village on the borders of the Black Forest, where Schlosser was to fill the

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post of Chief Magistrate of the County of Hochberg. Goethe humorously hints that probably neither the Grand Duke nor his ministers cared to come too often in contact with Schlosser's blunt honesty, a view which is confirmed by Lavater's description of him, as a man made to tell princes truths which no one else would dare to communicate to them. With this very honest and not very lively companion, for whom she had no stronger feeling than esteem, Cornelia went to her exile in the Black Forest. Schlosser was very much occupied with his duties as magistrate, and devoted his leisure moments to writing moral and religious catechisms for the people. Rath Goethe said of his son-in-law that he seemed never to be done with having books printed, and all his friends exerted themselves to moderate this mania for rushing into print. But, in spite of them all, he became a very voluminous writer of books, all of which, with the exception of some translations from the Greek, have long since gone into oblivion. Fancy a woman whose intellectual powers had been aroused and developed in the most intimate relations with a mind such as the world has rarely known—fancy such a woman shut up in the Black Forest with a man who wrote catechisms and replies to Pope's "Essay on Man!" In a town, she would have gathered about her a circle of which her great gifts would have made her the center. Goethe says: "I must candidly confess that when I dwelt often in fancy upon her lot, I could not think of her as a wife, but rather as an abbess, as the head of some honored community. She possessed every qualification that so lofty a position requires, but lacked those which the world persistently demands." In the lonely house in the Black Forest there was nothing left for Cornelia but intellectual and social starvation, to which was added ill health. She writes: "We are here entirely alone; there is no soul * to be found within three or four miles. My husband's occupations allow him to pass but little time with me, and so I drag slowly through the world with a body which is fit for nothing but the grave. Winter is always unpleasant and burdensome to me; the beauties of nature afford us here our single pleasure, and when nature sleeps, everything sleeps."

Cornelia died in childbed in the fourth year after her marriage, leaving two daughters, of whom the younger died in her sixteenth year, and the elder married Professor Nicolorius. Schlosser survived his wife many years, married again, died, and was buried at Frankfort; but pitiless fate left to Cornelia not even her remote and lonely grave at Emmendingen. The grave was obliterated during an enlargement of the church-yard, and thus, while the oaken coffin containing the remains of Wolfgang Goethe lies in state by that of Schiller in the Grand Ducal Vault at Weimar, the last resting-place of Cornelia is not merely unmarked, but unknown.

The most widely known and loved member of Goethe's family was his mother. She possessed the qualities which win affection—a joyous temperament, a strong desire to please every one, a lively imagination, hearty good nature, and great common sense. Her youth and inexperience at the time of her marriage have already been alluded to. But she could not long remain a child in the difficult position in which she found herself between the children and the stern exacting father. All her energies were bent to securing tranquillity in the household, and she was the pilot who, with ready skill and quick wit, carried them all safely through many a stormy passage. The Frau Rath survived her husband twenty-six years, and this was the happiest period of her life, when she saw realized all her fondest anticipations of her son's genius, and felt that there was no prouder title than that of Goethe's mother. She concealed her joy and exaltation behind no thin mask of shyness, but openly laid claim to the honor she thought her due. She was very fond of singing in the circle of her friends her son's songs, which had been set to music by Reichardt; the song in "Faust," "Es war einmal ein König," she was especially fond of; she would call upon the company to make a chorus, and at the conclusion would place her hand upon her heart and proudly exclaim, "Den hab' ich geboren." *

The coronation of the Emperor Leopold in 1790 filled Frankfort to overflowing, and guests were billeted upon all the inhabitants. The Frau Rath writes to Friedrich von Stein: "The quartermasters have not yet been here. Consequently I do not venture outside the door, and in this magnificent weather sit as it were in the Bastile, for if they should find me absent, they might take the whole house; these gentlemen are confounded quick at

* That is, no one her equal in education or position.

* Literally, "Him I bore," or as an English-speaking mother would probably have expressed it, "He is my son."

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taking, and when they have once marked rooms, I would not advise any one to dispose of them in any other manner."

Two Mecklenburg Princesses were assigned to her, one of whom became afterward Queen of Hanover, and the other the celebrated Queen Louisa of Prussia.

These princesses, young girls, glad enough of a little freedom and liberty from the restraint of a court, begged to be allowed, for a frolic, to pump water from the old pump in the court-yard. The Frau Rath was only too glad to afford them so simple a pleasure; but when their governess found it out she was struck with all the horror becoming to a right-minded governess in such an emergency. The Frau Rath, accustomed all her life to stand between youth and authority, used every argument she could think of to divert her from her purpose of putting a stop immediately to such unprincess-like behavior; and finding all argument unavailing, pushed the governess into her room, and locked her in. "For," said she, "I would have brought down on my head the greatest annoyance sooner than have disturbed them in their innocent amusement, which was permitted to them nowhere except in my house." The Frau Rath conceived a great affection for these princesses, always speaking of them as "*my* princesses." They were afterward taken on a visit to the Elector's Court at Mayence, where a lady of high position at the Court, Frau von Coudenhoven, reproved the Princess Louisa for appearing with long sleeves, which circumstance, coming to the knowledge of Frau Rath Goethe, filled her with indignation. Some years later, when the Princess Louisa had become Queen of Prussia, she came to Frankfort, and invited the Frau Rath to visit her at Wilhelmsbad, near Frankfort. The Queen took her to the spring, and had her sit by her side while the guests came to pay their respects. The Frau Rath asked the name of every one, and among them was Frau von Coudenhoven. "What! the one who was so cross? Please your Majesty, order her to cut off her sleeves!" exclaimed she in the greatest rage.

After she sold the house in the Hirschgraben, the Frau Rath lived in hired apartments in a house on the Rossmarkt, near the central guard-house. The windows looked down the whole length of the Zeil, the principal street of Frankfort, and the lively old lady doubtless found much companionship in the busy scene. Before she died she had spent nearly all of her property. It was once suggested to Goethe that his mother should be placed under guardianship, a suggestion which he warmly resented, declaring that his mother had the right to spend everything, if she wished, after having borne close restraint so many years with the noblest patience.

She died on the 13th of September, 1808, having given, as Goethe relates in a letter to Zelter, the minutest directions in regard to her funeral, even to the kind of wine and the size of the cakes which were to be offered to the mourners. Others have added that she impressed it upon the servants not to put too few raisins in the cake, a thing she never could endure in her life-time, and which would vex her in her grave. Hearing in the house the voice of an undertaker who had come to offer his services, she sent him a sum of money, with her regret that the arrangements had been already made.

The church-yard where the members of the Goethe family were buried is now a public promenade; here and there a monument or head-stone protected by a paling remains to tell of its former use. The Goethe burial-place had long fallen into neglect, and been forgotten, when the centennial celebration of Goethe's birthday in 1849 awakened attention to it. The position of the Herr Rath's grave could not be definitely ascertained, but the grave of Goethe's mother was found, and a simple stone was placed over it, inscribed, "Das Grab der Frau Rath Goethe," with the dates of birth and death. The grave is near the outside wall of the enclosure, a few rods from one of the gates. Few visitors to Frankfort fail to step aside to read the brief inscription, and note the appropriateness of the spot. As the daughter of a Chief Magistrate of Frankfort, and sprung from a family for many years represented in its councils, no more fitting burial-place could be found for Goethe's mother than in the very heart of the city where all her life was passed, and with which she so thoroughly identified herself. The busy life of the city goes on all about her grave, roses bloom over it, children play about it, and the whole place seems thoroughly in unison with the memory of this genial, large-hearted woman, one of the flowers of the Frankfort civilization of the last century.

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RED LILIES.

STRIKE fuller chords, or let the music rest!
Of tender songs the world has yet no dearth,
Which scarce survive the moment of their birth.
Be thine in passionate cadences expressed,
And banish morning-glories from thy breast!
A purple dream-flower of the woods is worth
So little in the gardens of the earth;
If gift thou givest, give what we love best.
Since Life is wild with tears, and red with wrongs,
Let these red lilies typify thy songs,
If with full fame thou would'st be comforted.
Since Life is red with wrongs, and wild with tears,
Oh move us, haunt us, kill our souls with fears,
And we will praise thee,—after thou art dead!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Magazine's New Year.

ELSEWHERE the publishers have displayed to our readers their tempting bill of fare for the new year. It is not necessary to rehearse it "from the top of the table;" but we wish to call attention to the fact that we are endeavoring to make an American magazine. It seems as if American readers must be tired by this time of the ordinary English-society-novel, procurable in any quantity at a cheap rate. It has to do with a form of social life more conventional than our own, with scenery less grand and attractive, with personalities more feebly individualized, and with events and incidents as much less interesting than those of American life as the conditions of English life are more artificial than ours. Men may talk as they choose, or as they believe, about age as being necessary to the creation of an atmosphere of romance. We do not agree with them. A child's age of romance is its own childhood. The life it lives, and the things it sees about it, form its romantic realm; and the childhood of a nation is peculiarly its romantic age, not only to the age which succeeds it, but to itself. There is nothing more interesting to an American than a good story, either of his own time or of the time which has hardly retired from his personal memory. As in the realm of fiction, so in the department of philosophical and speculative discussion, we propose to make the magazine specifically American, so that all the questions of the time, relating either to others or ourselves, shall be treated from the American stand-point. If anybody prefers to import either his fiction or his opinion, he can easily do so in English books and magazines, which furnish the appropriate vehicle for them.

The two leading novels of the year upon which the present issue of our magazine enters, could only have been written in America by Americans. Both relate to social and political beginnings, and are full of incident and character only to be developed in exceptional conditions of society, and only to be found on the American continent. Both will be surcharged with interest, and they are sure to have a universal reading. The Revolutionary Letters which we are to publish, the articles on American Colleges, with their host of brilliant illustrations which are to be produced, with a hundred essays, poems, and sketches of travel, will all go to the making up of a magazine which we intend shall not only satisfy readers at home, but fitly represent American literature abroad.

So (changing our figure), with all sails set, and colors flying, we float off into the new year, the cheers of a generous press ringing in our ears, and a great company on board, for whom we are to provide entertainment for a golden twelvemonth. May the skies be kind and the wind prosperous to passengers, officers, and crew!

The Political Outlook.

WE have a number of men and several parties in training for the Presidency. It would be very easy to name the men who are shaping their course and manipulating the wires for their personal advancement to that post, and at least two parties that are wondering what principles it will be best, on the whole, to adopt, in order to secure the ascendency. It is the old trick, which grows more and more disgusting every year; but it is to be played again. The people have nothing to say—the politicians everything. The man who wants to be President, and the cluster of politicians who wish to make him President, expect to wheedle the American people into their support. On one side or the other, they

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will do this. No nomination, and no declaration of principles, will emanate from the people. Platforms will come forward at the proper time, all ready for the endorsement of the people, and a man will be nominated for their support. They are to be led, used, and despised by a set of political hacks, who hope to run the country for their own personal advantage. We shall be informed that there is "a crisis;" we shall be summoned to the support of "the principles of free government;" we shall be assured that Tubbs is our man, and that now is our time to rebuke corruption in high places, and "vindicate the majesty of the American people."

The position of the American voter is not a very dignified one. Theoretically, he has something to say and do in the selection of the man who is to rule over him. Practically, he has nothing to do but to endorse or condemn the man selected by a circle of politicians. Theoretically, a democratic government affords a fine opportunity for the selection of the best man for the highest office by the voice of a grateful, trusting, and admiring people. In fact, the best man never gets the highest office, and would never stoop to the low tricks and disgraceful compromises of personal dignity and political principle by which alone, under the present condition of things, the highest office can be secured. Instead of having a government of the people, we have a government of rings. The rings may not always be flagrantly corrupt; but they are rings nevertheless, and Tweed's ring, in its day, was no more real or vital than the rings which are now endeavoring to get the control of the country.

Still, the voters have the privilege of scolding, of warning, of protesting. It does not amount to much in practical results, but it helps to work off indignant feeling, and carries the semblance of independence. And now, "on behalf of many voters," and with no man and no party to serve, there is one word that we take the privilege of saying to the politicians, viz., that there is a single question which, in making up their platforms, and selecting their man, they will do well to consider very carefully, and handle very wisely. It relates to the currency of the country, and it has but one right side. "Much may be said on both sides," undoubtedly, by the office-seekers and politicians; but sound policy lies with the truth. No party in the next Presidential election can make itself responsible for the continuance of our present anomalous system of currency—much less for an exaggeration of it—without ruining itself, to say nothing of ruining the country. A nation, in the exceptional circumstances of a war, may live through its crisis on paper lies; but the moment the necessity retires, as peace comes in, it must take its lie along with it, for it can only remain as a curse. No nation can thrive permanently on irredeemable paper money. We can never have good times again until we do our business with truths, and not with falsehoods. We are living, not only in defiance of all sound financial policy, but in discord with the whole business world. Every dollar that we handle is practically a protested note, and has no value save as it rests upon another promise, not matured, and sure to be indefinitely renewed. The system is rotten, root and branch, and, if the nation cares for its life, the quicker it gets "out from under" the better.

It is strange that at this very time, when there is more money than can be used—when men do not know what to do with the money they have—there can be anybody who seriously proposes to increase its volume, and preserve its basis. "Coined paper" is not money, and can never be used as anything but a representative of money. Our paper does not even represent money. We buy it and sell it for money, and it goes up and down in the market like paper rags. It is subject to just as many mutations as flour or potatoes. The paper a man takes to-day, at any given price, he may be obliged to sell to-morrow at a discount. The rise and fall of gold, as they relate to the price of paper, are constantly changing the values of everything, so that we have this element of uncertainty added to all the other elements. Wheat sells high or low, not simply through the operation of the law of demand and supply relating to itself, but through the operation of the law of demand and supply as it relates to gold.

No, this state of things cannot, must not, last, and the party that will give us release from it is the party of the immediate future. Any success achieved by adherence to the present policy must be temporary. Nothing but disaster has come of it; nothing but disaster can come of it; and the adoption of it into any national platform, by any party, will be sufficient reason, to any rational man, for leaving that party. We have arrived at the golden age of bolting, and voters, even though they have little to do with forming platforms and nominating men, can bolt. If they fail to exercise that privilege, they prove themselves to be the tools which politicians suppose them to be. Here is where the people can reach the politicians, and cause their opinions to be respected; and we really know of no other point where the politicians are so helplessly vulnerable. Let us all be ready to try it, if we have occasion.

Mr. Moody and his Work.

We suppose there is no question that Mr. Moody has done a marvelous work in Great Britain. There is a great deal of curiosity here to know exactly what it was, and how it was done. The remarkable thing about it seems to be that there was no remarkable thing about it, save in its results. Not a revivalist, but an evangelist; not a stirrer up of excitement, but a calm preacher of Jesus Christ, Mr. Moody went to the British people, and talked in his earnest, homely way upon those truths which he deemed essential to their spiritual welfare, in this world and the next. Men went to hear him not only by thousands, but by tens of thousands. Not only the common people "heard him gladly," but very uncommon people—prime ministers, earls, duchesses, members of Parliament, doctors of the law, doctors of divinity, and clergymen by the hundred. All testified to the power of his preaching. The doubters were convinced, the wicked were

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converted, weary teachers of religion were filled with fresh courage and hopefulness, and there was a great turning of thoughts and hearts Godward. Mr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer were not very much in men's minds while Mr. Moody was around. One thing was very certain, viz.: the people wanted something that Mr. Moody had to bestow, and they "went for it."

Since the return of Mr. Moody to America, with his companion, Mr. Sankey, the interviewers have ascertained from both of those gentlemen that the work they have seemed to do has not been done by them at all, but by the Spirit of the Almighty. It looks like it, we confess. Either the truth which Mr. Moody preached was wonderfully needed, and wonderfully adapted to human want; either the multitudes were starving for the bread of their souls' life, or there was some force above Mr. Moody's modest means which must be held accountable for the stupendous results. This is a scientific age. England is a scientific country. The great lights of science now engaged in uprooting the popular faith in Christianity live there. Sir Henry Thompson and the prayer-gauge originated there. Here is a nut for them to crack. Was there enough in Mr. Moody's eloquence, or personal influence, to account for the effect produced? Would it not be very unscientific to regard these little means sufficient to account for these results? It is a fair question, and it deserves a candid answer. Until we get this answer, people who have nothing but common sense to guide them must repose upon the conviction that the power which Mr. Moody seemed to wield was in the truth he promulgated, or that it emanated from a source which he recognized as the Spirit of God.

But not alone have the scientists received a lesson from the wonderful results of Mr. Moody's simple preaching. The Christian ministry, all over the world, have found instruction in it which ought to last them during their life-time. As nearly as we can ascertain by reading the reports, Mr. Moody has not paid very much attention to the preaching of Judaism—involving a theism and a system of doctrine which Christ came to set aside and supersede. He has not paid very much attention to Old Testament theology, in short. Paul resolved that he wouldn't know anything but Jesus Christ, and we are inclined to think that Mr. Moody doesn't know anything but Jesus Christ. It is a fortunate ignorance for him, and for the world. Our preachers, as a rule, know so many things besides the Master; they have wrought up such a complicated scheme, based on a thousand other things besides Jesus Christ, that they confess they don't understand it themselves. The man who offered a pair of skates to the boy who would learn the catechism, and a four-story house, with a brown stone front, if he could understand it, risked nothing beyond the fancy hardware; and yet we are assured that the path of life is so plain, that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. And, considering the fact that Christ is the veritable "Word of God"—that he is, in himself alone, "*the* Way, *the* Truth, and *the* Life," and considering also the use that has been made of the Bible in complicating and loading down his simple religion with the theological inventions of men, it may legitimately be questioned whether the progress of Christianity has not been hindered by our possession of all the sacred books outside of the evangelical histories.

At any rate, we see what has come to Mr. Moody from preaching without much learning, without much theology, and without much complicated machinery, the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. A salvation and a cure he has somehow and somewhere found in the life, death, and teachings of this wonderful historical personage. For the simple story of this personage, he has found more listeners than could count his words—attentive, breathless, hungry, thirsty, believing. They have flocked to the refuge he has opened for them like doves to their windows. He has helped to start tens of thousands in the true way of life. He has done well not to be proud of his work. He has done well to refuse the wealth they were ready to bestow upon him. In this, he has exemplified the religion of his Master, and shown a just appreciation of the real sources of the power which he has been enabled to exert.

Against such demonstrations of the power of Christ and Christianity as are afforded by the London meetings, infidelity can make no headway. They prove that man wants religion, and that when he finds what he wants, in its purity and simplicity, he will get it. They prove that Christianity only needs to be preached in purity and simplicity to win the triumphs for which the Church has looked and prayed so long. The cure for the moral evils of the world is just as demonstrably in the Christian religion as the elements of vegetable life are in the soil. Penitence, forgiveness, reformation, the substitution of love for selfishness as the governing principle of life, piety toward God, and good-will to men—in short, the adoption of Christ as Savior, King, exemplar, teacher—this is Christianity—the whole of it. Christianity reveals the fatherhood of God, and men want a father. Christianity reforms society and governments by reforming their constituents, and there is not a moral evil from which the world suffers that is not demonstrably curable by it. If there is any man who cannot find its divinity and its authority in this fact, we pity his blindness.

We believe that Mr. Moody has done a great deal of good directly to those who have come to him for impulse and instruction; but the indirect results of his preaching, upon the Christian teachers of the world, ought to multiply his influence a hundred fold. The simple, vital truth as it is in Jesus Christ, and not as it is in Moses, or Daniel, or Jeremiah, or anybody else, for that matter, is what the world wants. And when the Christian world gets down to that, it will get so near together that it will be ashamed of, and laugh at, its own divisions. It is nonsense to suppose that the Divine Spirit is any more willing to bless Mr. Moody's work than that of any other man, provided the work done is the same. The fact that his work has prospered more

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than that of others, proves simply that it is better,—that Christianity is preached more purely by him than by others. It becomes religious teachers, then, to find out what he does preach, and how he preaches it. The work they are now doing is not sufficiently encouraging in its results to warrant them in refusing to learn of one who has learned what he knows, as directly as possible, from the Great Teacher himself.

American Honesty.

ANY man who has traveled in Europe knows what the temptation is to buy and bring home articles that can be procured more cheaply there than in America, under the expectation that the customs officers will let them in free of duty; and every observer knows that millions of dollars' worth of goods are imported annually in this way that pay no revenue to the Government. It is notorious, too, that many of our citizens go to Canada to buy clothing, and wear it home for the purpose of cheating the Government. Men of wealth and luxuriously living women, who would scorn to deal dishonorably by their neighbors, rejoice in the privilege of cheating their own Government, and boast of their success in doing so. They do not even suspect that they are doing wrong in this thing. They have no idea that they are acting meanly or dishonestly. They look upon this genteel kind of smuggling as a smart and harmless trick, and display to their friends the results of their shrewdness with pride and self-gratulation. We may find among these smugglers thousands who look upon the corruptions of politicians with indignation, yet not one of them could succeed in his smuggling enterprises save through the unfaithfulness of public officers, whom they reward for their treachery with a gift.

Would it not be well for us to remember, before we condemn the dishonesty which is so prevalent in the public service, that the politicians and office-holders are, on the whole, as honest as the people are? All that either of them seem to need is a temptation to dishonesty to make them dishonest. The office-holder takes advantage of his position to cheat his Government, and every genteel smuggler who lands from a European vessel, or crosses the Canada line, does the same thing from the same motive. The radical trouble, with people and politicians alike, is the entertainment of the idea that stealing from the Government is not stealing at all—that a man has a right to get out of his Government all that he can without detection. They have not only brought their consciences into harmony with this idea, but they willfully break the law of the land. In short, for the sake of a trifling advantage in the purchase of goods, they are willing to deceive, to tempt public officers to forswear themselves, to break the laws of their country, and to deprive the Government that protects them of a portion of the means by which it sustains itself in that service.

It is a startling fact that there is never a train wrecked without pickpockets on board, who immediately proceed to plunder the helpless passengers. These may not be professionals. They may never have picked a pocket in their lives before, but the temptation develops the thief. There is never a battle fought in any place where there are not men ready to plunder the slain. The devil, or the wild beast, has been there all the time, only waiting for an invitation to come out. Men look on and see a great city badly managed—see mayors and aldermen and politicians engaged in stealing and growing rich on corruption; but these men find thousands ready on all sides to engage in corrupt contracts, to render false bills of service, and to aid them in all rascally ways to fill their pockets with spoil. The men whom we send to our Legislatures to represent us seem quite willing to become the tools of corrupt men, and it is marvelous to see with what joy the residents of any locality receive the patronage of the Government, whether needed or not. That member of Congress who secures to his district the expenditure of Government money for the building of any "improvement," no matter how absurdly unnecessary, does much to secure his re-election. There is no denying the fact that the people are just as fond of spoil as the politicians are.

We find fault with the management of corporations, but all our corporations have virtuous stockholders. Did anybody ever hear of these stockholders relinquishing any advantage derived from dishonest management? Do they protest against receiving dividends of scrip coming from watered stock? Do they not shut their eyes to "irregularities," so long as they are profitable, and do not compromise their interests before the law? There is not a corporation of any importance in America which is not regarded as a fair subject for plunder by a large portion of the community. If a piece of land is wanted by a corporation, it is placed at once at the highest price. Any price that can be got out of a corporation for anything is considered a fair price. Corporations are the subjects of the pettiest and absurdest claims from all sorts of men. Men hang upon some of them like leeches, sucking their very life blood out of them.

And now, what do all these facts lead to? Simply to the conclusion that dishonesty in our Government and dishonesty in all our corporate concerns is based on the loose ideas of honesty entertained by our people. We have somehow learned to make a difference between those obligations which we owe to one another as men, and those which we owe to the Government and to corporations. These ideas are not a whit more prevalent among office-holders and directors than they are among voters and stockholders. Men are not materially changed by being clothed with office and power. The radically honest man is just as honest in office as he is out of it. Corrupt men are the offspring of a corrupt society. We all need straightening up. The lines of our morality all need to be drawn tighter. There is not a man who is willing to smuggle, and to see customs officers betray their trust while he does it; willing to receive the results of the sharp practice of directors of corporations in which he has an interest; willing to receive the patronage of the Govern-

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ment in the execution of schemes not based in absolute necessity; willing to take an exorbitant price for a piece of property sold to the Government or to a corporation, who is fit to be trusted with office. When we have said this, we have given the explanation of all our public and corporate corruption, and shown why it is so difficult to get any great trust managed honestly. All this official corruption is based on popular corruption—loose ideas of honesty as they are held by the popular mind; and we can hope for no reform until we are better based as a people in the everlasting principles of equity and right-doing. If we would have the stream clear, we must cleanse the fountain.

THE OLD CABINET.

ANY one who has had the opportunity of seeing the manuscripts which have been offered to a periodical, or a publishing-house of any kind, will remember that a large number of these manuscripts were chiefly "declined" because of their sentimentality. The curious thing about it is, that the sentimentality is not confined to the writings of sick persons and young children, but is found in the sketches, stories, or essays of adults in good bodily health, of people who are not without practice in "composition," of persons whose business it is to teach others, and especially the young, how to write. We should be pleased to base these desultory observations upon a collection of papers contributed by the Professors of Rhetoric, of English Literature, and the like, in our seminaries and colleges. Such a collection, if we mistake not, would have a vast deal of sentimentality sugared through it. It would have a great deal of that kind of gush, more or less stately and grammatical, which it is of some consequence that young people should be taught to avoid, both in their private and printed communications. After reading what Charles Francis Adams so forcibly said in his Amherst address, on what should be taught in the higher institutions of learning, we wished that some one would make an equally impressive harangue on this precise point of teaching teachers not to teach sentimental writing.

If it is true that everybody is born with a tendency toward sentimentalism, which requires a great deal of drill to overcome, then, of course, it is important to begin this drill in youth. Here, it will be seen, is work for teachers, and for writers of children's books.

The other day we came upon a French book for children, which is a case in point. Behold the early history of Mademoiselle Mouvette, by P. J. Stahl, with designs by Lorentz Frœlich! Now be it known that Mlle. Mouvette was not six weeks old before she had already given anxiety to her family by the turbulence of her character. In fact she was not a little girl; she was an eel. Her nurse declared that her veins were full—not of blood but of quicksilver. It was impossible to hold her. Try it, said the nurse to her mother. Her mother did try it, and in a moment Mlle. Mouvette was on the floor. In the picture you may see this young lady as she appeared upon touching the carpet. Her small, but active legs are bound up, chrysalis fashion; her cap is pulled down on one side of her head; her arms are lifted in the air in the most spirited manner, and her face wears a very intelligent and mischievous expression.

One day Mlle. Mouvette was found on the floor at the foot of the bed, her extremely small nose giving sign of what is known in the ring as "punishment." Ah! even sleep cannot repress her extraordinary vivacity—even in her sleep she leaped like a fish. It is necessary to see the portraiture of Mouvette when discovered lying there on the floor at the foot of the bed, which she has left in so sudden and singular a manner: *le nez tout en sang*—but the face bright and contented notwithstanding. For Mouvette is a shining example to every person in misfortune. All the world can hear her laugh—not one can say that he has ever heard her weep!

We cannot follow all her fascinating story. But we must not fail to note her affection for the fire, from which no jumping-jack, no pasteboard dog that goes *ouah! ouah!* could distract her. "The fire, the fire! nothing pleased her but the fire!"—into which she at last tumbled, only to emerge cheerful and chipper as ever. We can only allude to her wonderful ladder-feat, when she climbed into the gutter among the swallows and pigeons, who, of course, thought her some new kind of bird; to her fall into the thorny rose-bush; her escape from her bonne in the garden of the Tuileries; the robbery there of her necklace, ear-rings, and muff, by an old rogue of a woman who pretends that it is in order to keep them from tempting some passing thief; her rescue by a sergeant de ville; her appearance before the commissary of police, who takes her to her house, and dramatically restores her to her weeping parents. But how fresh and natural and sprightly the whole delightful story; how graphic every touch of pen and pencil; how admirable the delicate suggestion of naïveté in the description of the chattering bonnes in the garden of the Tuileries. Even the old thief—there is a vein of satire, a veritable dramatic quality in her little speech to the lost Mouvette. And then the moral purpose is so well sustained—without cant or sentimentalism, or over-solemnity, or stupidity of any kind; the anguish of the unhappy Rosalie, through whose inattention the child is lost; the distress of her parents; her own fright and misery and shame; the tear that steals down her cheeks, and seems to be about to drop into her spoon as she

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eats her hurried dinner far up under the Mansard roof of the commissary; her evening prayer, unaided by the kisses of her mother; her final reformation, when she turns all the remarkable energy of her character into the exercise of sewing—as so well illustrated by M. Frœlich in the last engraving; none of these points are omitted, and there are many others—gentle, touching, and admonitory. It was interesting for us to remark the gravity with which this story of Mouvette was read by our bright little French friend, whose father had brought her the book. It was interesting, also, to see the tears that her good grand'maman shed when she read of the happy return of Mouvette to her father and mother.

If we take an instance from the French, it is not because there is a lack of like instances in American books and periodicals.

Is it necessary to draw a comparison between such literature for the young and the sentimental stuff that publishers find it profitable to supply to the family and Sunday-school library? In this same farm-house where we met this summer with the delicious chronicle of Mlle. Mouvette, we found upon the parlor table a Sunday-school hymn and tune book, published by a firm whose works of this kind sell, according to their own proud boast, by the hundred thousand. This little book was declared, both by its title and preface, to be a select and especial collection. That very many of these select verses were brainless and unbeautiful was not so much a matter of regret as that so many of them should be tinctured with a mawkish sentimentality. It was appalling to contemplate the mass of sweetish, sickening nonsense thus forced into the mouths of we know not how many hundreds of thousands of innocent little children all over this Christian land; forced into their mouths by their *teachers*, mind you; by those who should be busy in protecting them from such an outrage.

When one comes to criticise sentimentality in connection with religious exercises, one comes upon delicate ground. But we suppose there is little doubt that just in so much as the element of sentimentality enters into these exercises, whether they are carried on in the regular course of church services, or in unusual ways, just in so far are these exercises unhealthy; for sentimentality is not a mere point of dilettanteism. There is an acknowledged distinction between sentiment and sentimentality. The dictionaries only partially acknowledge the distinction; but to say that a piece of writing has sentiment is understood to be very different from saying that it is sentimental. The difference is, that sentiment is a genuine thing, and sentimentality is a false thing. There can be no question that whatever is false is bad—in religion as in everything else.

SENTIMENTALITY is false in two ways. It is false because it has a taint of insincerity and affectation, even though the writer may not himself at first be aware of it. It is false, also, because to those whose eyes have been opened to the severe truth of things it seems trifling and superficial.

SENTIMENTALITY is an element of disintegration in every work of art into which it is permitted to enter. If the books of the Bible had not been free from it, they would not have lasted till this day. No piece of sentimental writing has come down to us from the far past; and no work of literary or other art of our own day, no matter how wide its present vogue, can exist long if it has this poison in its blood. It is truth that lives, not falsehood. We may look with keen regret upon the fading away of reputations dear to us; we may deprecate the lessening acceptance, both with ourselves and others, of some contemporaneous book which had a lesson for us—that once held us by a charm not altogether sentimental; but the law is inexorable. The instances which will occur to the reader of works in which there is the sentimental quality, but which still have held their own quite well, and promise a longer life than is consistent with the foregoing remarks—these apparent exceptions may possibly prove the rule, for it may be in spite of their sentimentality, and by reason of other vital and overpowering qualities, that they retain the consideration of mankind. The poison, then, is a mere surface matter—it has not entered the blood.

IT will be at once perceived that here is an excellent opportunity for a Professor of Rhetoric to write a vigorous essay on the sentimentality of the press, and especially of the popular magazines. He or she will, we trust, not neglect to make this point, namely, that there are things as bad as, if not worse than, sentimentality, and one of these things is an assumption of superior taste, and of a more robust intellectual habit. And furthermore, that perhaps the most virulent sort of sentimentality is the affectation of being unsentimental.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Boys' Room.

TOO little attention is paid by young people, when buying or building a house, to the future requirements of the babies still in their cribs. The time passes more quickly than they thought. Bob and Joe and Tom are soon big burly lads, apt to shoulder and kick each other if brought into too close contact; and Nelly and Bess, young ladies, each with her array of bosom friends, books, love-letters and crimping-irons; and for them all there are but the two small chambers, one of which has often to be vacated when a guest arrives. The boys

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in most cases fare worse than any other members of the family. Their sisters' chamber is dainty and prettily furnished, while they are huddled into the garret or whatever other uncomfortable cubby-hole offers itself in which they can "rough it;" in the case of farmer's sons this apartment often is the loft of the carriage-house. Now, if a boy's tendency is stronger than a girl's to be disorderly, untidy in his habits, and lacking in personal reserve or a love for the beautiful, it is the more necessary that he should be taught these things from his earliest childhood. Much of the want of refinement, the nervous debility and other evils of both body and mind which inhere to Americans, are caused by the habit of crowding boys together into ill-ventilated, ugly, meagerly furnished chambers. No weak, nervous child can sleep with one of stronger physique without suffering a loss of nervous vitality and power. Each child in a family should have its own bed, and at the proper age its own chamber; beds and chambers to be clean, orderly, and as prettily furnished as the parents' means will allow. Especially is this a necessity with the daughters of a house. Every mother will remember how dear to herself, in her girlish days, was the chance of seclusion—the chest of drawers where she could store away her laces, ribbons and other dearer trifles; the locked desk with the diary inside; the white chamber, with its snowy curtains, where she could hang her dried ferns and photographs, and sit alone to ponder over her compositions, or read her Bible. A boy has his fancies, tastes, hobbies, as well as a girl. He may not want seclusion, but he does want elbow-room, and he ought to have it. Bob is a mighty fisherman, and clutters up the one closet with poles and lines, hooks, and books of flies. Jim has reached the autograph stage, and must have a desk and quires of paper with which to assault everybody mentioned in the newspapers, from Longfellow to Buffalo Bill. Tom has a mass of old rubbish collected at junk-shops, having caught the curiophobia from his mother; and Bill heaps on top of all, his balls, bats, old shoes, and half-eaten apples.

Of course it is expensive to give to each boy room for his hobbies and belongings, but, after all, it will not cost half as much as to refurnish the drawing-room with Turkish rugs and furniture from Sypher's. And do we owe most to our neighbors, or our boys? Whose tastes, habits of order, cleanliness, delicacy, ought we to cultivate?

We wish, however, especially to urge upon mothers the propriety of giving up to the boys, as soon as they reach the age of twelve or fourteen, one room (not a bedchamber), for whose (reasonably) good order they shall be responsible, and which they shall consider wholly their own. The floor should be uncarpeted, of oiled wood; the furniture of the same material. Let it be papered, curtained, decorated according to the boys' own fancy; if the taste is bad, they will be interested after a while in correcting it. There should be plain book-cases, a big solid table in the center, by all means an open fire, and room after that for Joe's printing-press, or Charley's box of tools, or Sam's cabinet of minerals; for chess and checker boards, or any other game which is deemed proper. To this room the boys should be allowed to invite their friends, and learn how to be hospitable hosts even to the extent of an innocent little feast now and then. Father, mother, and sisters should refrain from entering it except as guests; and our word for it, they will be doubly honored and welcomed when they do come.

Somebody will ask, no doubt, what is the use of pampering boys in this way, or of catering to them with games and company? Simply because they will have the amusement, the games and company somehow and somewhere; and if not under their father's roof with such quiet surroundings as befit those who are to be bred as gentlemen, the games may be gambling, and the company and suppers those which the nearest tavern affords. As for the cost, no money is ill spent which develops in a right direction a boy's healthy character or idiosyncrasies at the most perilous period of his life, or which helps to soften and humanize him, and to make more dear and attractive his home and family. If it can be ill spared, let it be withdrawn for this purpose from dress, household luxury, the sum laid by for a rainy day—even from other charities and duties. We do not wish to help the lad sow his wild oats, but to take care that the oats are not wild, and are thoroughly well sown.

Daily Charities.

THERE is a queer, one-sided notion of charity which a very large number of people, especially religious, conscientious women of small means, are apt to adopt, and to carry out rigidly in their daily domestic lives. It is, that duty requires them to save money in every legitimate way, and then give a certain amount to the church or to the poor. A certain little woman that we know inexorably sets aside a tenth of her small income for charity,—a most admirable resolve, as everybody will acknowledge. But, in order to increase this tithe, she lays burdens on herself, her husband and her servants, hard to bear. Diet in her system is reduced to its plainest and least tempting conditions; economy is brought to bear on the quality of the meat, its seasoning—the very coal, and the time required for its preparation. The boys sit down day after day the year round to the bare, uninviting table with its coarse cloth and meager dishes of oatmeal porridge, and stewed apples, or chops and potatoes, which they know have been counted before they were boiled. Their mother wonders why their appetites flag, and why her dinner-table is never the pleasant, jolly place of meeting which the boys declare their Aunt Rousby's to be. She "will not think so ill of her sons," she declares, "as to believe that their tempers would be improved, or their love for their mother quickened, by occasional gratification of their stomachs," or, as she puts it, "their carnal appetites." But the fact remains that the Rousby boys are rosy and happy, and as long as they live will remember mother's custards or chicken pie as a way in which she showed her love for them, while

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their cousins know and care nothing about their mother's hours of prayer and wakefulness on their behalf. This charitable woman, too, wears the coarsest and ugliest costumes for the sake of economy and self-mortification, and yet is miserable because her husband has long ago ceased to pay her lover-like compliments, and so often notices Jane Rousby's rosy cheeks and pretty breakfast-caps. In a word, she makes her home bare, niggardly, uninviting to her husband and sons, and drives them elsewhere for amusement and comfort. She is mean to the very outer edge of honesty in her dealings with butcher, milkman, and baker. She hires her servants at the lowest wages, and takes advantage of the hard times to bring down the washerwoman's pay per dozen to starvation rates. She has traffic in a small way with twenty poor people—hucksters, cobblers, sewing-women, all struggling honestly to keep soul and body together through this hard year. Liberal pay for their labor, a few pennies here, a dollar there, given as wages, not alms, with hearty praise for work well done, would have helped many a sore heart and warmed many a cold hearth; but she will tell you that duty requires her to give, not pay, her tithe of charity. It goes, therefore, to applicants of whom she knows nothing, or to organized associations; is sometimes well and as often ill bestowed.

The quality of mercy and its substance, whether that be money, old clothes or cold victuals, is much more apt to bless those who give than those who take, unless there be personal sympathy given with it. The poorest beggar takes mere alms with a sullen sense of injustice. If our conscientious friend, and our readers who are of her persuasion, would contrive to turn the alms given from their household into wages, and their homilies into sympathy, the coming winter would not prove so prolific in well-fed tramps and starving tradesmen.

There are other kinds of charity which are much more helpful than money-giving, and are frequently practicable by those who have least money to give. There is influence; the personal trouble required to write a letter or to make a call, in order to find pupils for the poor visiting governess, or more work for the cobbler, or a better position on the railroad for the young fellow across the way who supports his mother and sisters. There is the magazine carefully saved and forwarded to the poor teacher among the hills who cannot afford a subscription; there is the glimpse of town given to the country cousins, the fortnight at the sea-shore for the seamstress and her pale little baby. There is the invitation now and then, and the hearty welcome always, to the lads alone in the great city who know only our own family; in short, the giving of trouble and sympathy, not money, to those who need help. Some few women have that witch-hazel power which enables them to find out the human nature in their cook or washerwoman, as well as in the people they receive in their drawing-rooms. Such women are benefactors, though they should never be worth a dollar of ready money; and however cheap their house or poor their table, nobody can cross their threshold without feeling that he has drawn nearer to the sun, and has been there royally warmed and fed.

Don't Give up the Garden!

If, as the illustrious Verulam asserts, a garden be "the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man," one would naturally conclude that the refreshment ought to be available when most needed; namely, in the fierce midsummer heats. But how few gardens do we find in full beauty in July and August? Most people give up their gardens about this time; others hold on pretty well until the first light frosts, when they seem to think that all is over, and retire from the field. I have a garden in my mind's eye that belongs to one of these Fainthearts; it was trim and gay in April, gorgeous in June; but toward the middle of July there was a perceptible falling-off. Flowers were allowed to go to seed, the grass was not cut often enough, and weeds began to show their heads; and in October, if I had not watched the rise and fall of this floral empire, I should not have suspected that there had been even an attempt at floriculture in the vicinity. Less than a mile from this ruined Eden lies a garden that is attractive for nine months in the year. This is the beloved domain of a born gardener—an Eve, who smilingly says, pointing to her floral treasures, "I have got back to Paradise." When asked the secret of her success she replied: "I work a little in my garden every day. Flowers are like children—to thrive they must have constant and loving care." I went to see my Eve one day last fall after the frost had set in. I found her in the garden, shears in hand, clipping off frosted flowers; here and there a tender plant had been killed, but most of the flowers looked as bright as in June. Many flowers will bear a good deal of frost, and if the injured ones are removed the garden may be kept presentable quite into the edge of winter; especially if there be a goodly collection of chrysanthemums, and a reserve of pansies in the cold-frame or seed-bed. Pansies for late-blooming should be sown in June, and the flowering retarded by removing the buds; then they will burst forth with wonderful beauty in the cool autumn weather, and will endure considerable frost; though it is best to protect them at night. After even these hardy blooms have succumbed, much may be done to facilitate spring work. New beds should always be laid out in the fall; especially where sod is to be moved, for, if it is turned under, it will rot during the winter, and so make the best of flower-food. Then the hardy bulbs must not be forgotten. Tulips should be more generally planted than they are; the price (fifty cents per dozen for mixed varieties) brings them within the reach of all. A neighbor last fall was induced by my representations to invest a small sum in Parrot tulips, and this spring her little garden-plot was the show-place of the country-side. A fine Parrot tulip, to him who sees it for the first time, must indeed be a revelation. Many kinds of annuals do best when sown in the fall. Lists of seeds for fall sowing may be found in the floral catalogues, but I have never seen either petunias or verbenas in

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these lists; yet both will seed themselves, and all flowers that do this may be safely planted in the fall. My verbenas last year were all from self-sown seed, and they were never more varied and beautiful. There was a good assortment of the verbena colors, with fine, large trusses of bloom, and they were delightfully fragrant besides. They are not constant, however, and new seed should be procured frequently from some reliable florist, and this should be started in the hot-bed, for florists' seed is often several years old, and will not always germinate readily. It is a good plan to have verbenas succeed hardy bulbs; treated in this way they are very little trouble, and there is no hurry about getting them into bloom, if one has even a small collection of good perennials. They come along in time to take the place of the Sweet Williams, columbines, pinks, lilies, and June roses. Yonder in the grass-plot are three circular beds that have sown themselves for several years in succession. One is a bed of Drummond phlox; one contains petunias, and the other verbenas. They are always covered in the fall with their own growths, and sometimes leaves are added. Early in the spring the covering is removed, and a dressing of leaf-mold from the woods is applied; then they are protected by light brush and left to sun and shower.

When the seedlings come up they will generally require thinning and a little arrangement, as they will not be always evenly distributed over the beds. Borders of white candytuft are very pretty for beds set in the green grass; but it must not be sown too soon, as it blooms early and does not last long. These beds require renovating once in three or four years. I dug up one of mine this spring, and the excavation we made was so considerable, that it attracted general observation. Opinions were divided on the subject. One neighbor feelingly inquired if we were digging a grave. Some thought we must be going to build a cave or an ice-house; another suggested a grasshopper-trap; but that it was nothing but a posy-bed nobody would believe.

To Polish Wood.

GIVE it to a regular furniture polisher. This is the best way, and the one most likely to give entire satisfaction.

If you wish to undertake the polishing yourself, you will need the following articles: a great deal of patience; a steady hand; some sweet oil; some old linen; a little cotton wool; alcohol; sand-paper; and a little shellac (dark or light, according to your wood) dissolved in alcohol.

I am aware that this last item is rather vaguely defined, but how can I help it? It is impossible to tell the exact proportions of the ingredients in some mixtures. There are "gems" for instance—not precious stones, but the bread known under that name. My cook asks me how to make them, and I tell her to stir into a pint of milk, flour enough to make a thin batter, such as would be suitable for griddle cakes; and to have her molds hot when she pours it in. Away she goes and does it, and such blotchy, flabby, heavy things as come out of those molds! She says she did not know when the batter was right. Why, it is the simplest thing! *I* never have the least trouble with them. I stir the flour into the milk *until it is thick enough;* I know the exact moment. I pour that batter into the molds, and the lightest and most delicate cakes are turned out of them. You can almost blow them away with a puff of your breath. My cook looks on with astonished eyes, and declares she did just as I told her, and just as I did. But, of course, she did not.

The best plan is to make the shellac tolerably thick, and try it on some refuse wood. If too thick, thin it until it is right.

Happily, the other directions are quite plain, and not to be misunderstood. Make a dabber of the cotton wool, cover it with linen, and tie this firmly. Wet it with the shellac, drop on it a drop of sweet oil, and rub it on the wood with a quick, even pressure, *in circles*, all over the surface. Be sure to distribute the polish evenly and quickly, and to give the same amount of rubbing to every part. Continue this wetting and rubbing until the wood begins to reflect. Then you had better stop, to give time for the wood to absorb the polish. The next day you must repeat the process, and the next, and the next, and so on until you are satisfied.

When the polish is sufficiently bright for your fancy, or your back aches too much to continue your work, you must make a fresh dabber, dampen it slightly with alcohol, and rub it softly and evenly over the wood. This will bring out the polish, and "fix" it. But you cannot put on any more polish after using the alcohol.

Magazine Burning.

NASHVILLE, TENN., August 21, 1875.

Editor Scribner's Monthly: I have thought somewhat of the uses to which your magazine might be put as the numbers accumulated and remained, good as new, about the house. They had proved such a source of satisfaction, pleasure and instruction to father, mother, two daughters, and four sons, including the writer, the oldest child, to say nothing of our guests, that it was suggested to my mind that something ought to be done with the copies we had. So your advice to "burn" the old numbers was only needed to set me to work. I gathered together twelve consecutive issues, taking pains to mark what you said under "Burn your Magazines" in one of them, and then set them afire; that is, I gave them to a young laboring man to show his wife and children, all of whom, he assures me, enjoyed the reading and illustrations hugely. After they had consumed the magazines they turned them over to a neighbor, who followed suit. These copies have now passed through ten families, and been read by about seventy people, and are amazingly well preserved, considering the burning they have had. Very truly yours, J. L.

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CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Caton's "Summer in Norway."*

MR. CATON is not our ideal traveler, but he possesses some of those qualities which an ideal traveler could least of all afford to dispense with. He is an excellent observer, and his interest in the scenes he describes is singularly sincere and unaffected. His practical intelligence, unobscured by learned prejudice, acts as an excellent reflector, representing the objects as they are, with the faintest imaginable tinge of individual coloring. A book of travel of this description is, naturally enough, not quite so entertaining as it would have been if the author had dispensed his colors with a more lavish brush; but where the Horatian *utile dulci* is beyond realization, we would far rather renounce the superficial æsthetic pleasures of reading, if, as in the present case, we are to gain in exchange this supreme confidence in the author's strict adherence to fact. And we appreciate this feature the more, because Norway has actually suffered so much in the past from the exaggerations and misstatements of hasty travelers, that it is well if we may now at last acquire some reliable knowledge concerning the national character, and the industries and institutions of the country.

Some thirty or forty years ago Harriet Martineau, probably with the very best intention, wrote her "Feats on the Fjord," in which she handled the legends and traditions of the Norwegians with a poetic nonchalance which did more honor to her imagination than to her truthfulness; for even legends have their laws, which cannot be violated with impunity. The Norwegian peasants were by her represented as a chatty, nimble, and sentimental race, demonstrative in their emotions, and with choicely polished phrases always on their tongues' ends. Since then English sportsmen have annually made their *début* in literature by fantastically inaccurate extracts from the Norse Sagas, intermingled with strange popular legends and personal adventures, until at length it has become well-nigh a tradition that every aspirant for literary laurels who is too shallow-brained to produce anything of independent merit, may, by indulging his unbridled fancy during a summer's sojourn in Norway, gain an enviable distinction at his club, and moreover add to his name a faint aroma of authorship. The result of all this extravagant scribbling is, that Norway is to-day far less known, and more unfavorably known, than it deserves to be, and that regarding the national habits and characteristics, the most contradictory opinions find their way into our political papers, magazines, and even into the text-books used in our schools.

Mr. Caton has evidently no theory to support about the peculiarities of Goth and Gaul, and, judging from the straightforward and unphilosophical way in which he relates what he saw and heard, we should say that he has never read Taine. He saw no drunkenness in Norway, he says, although he traveled from one end of the country to the other. He is clearly not aware that the Goth, from immemorial times, has got drunk, and that it must have been a deficiency in his eyesight if he did not discover that the Norwegians were drunk when he saw them. Again, at the country inns, where he and his party spent the nights, they had clean bed-linen, and the inhabitants whom they visited, with the exception of the Lapps, did not show any constitutional aversion to soap and water. Another *lapsus linguæ;* the uncivilized Goth has never been remarkable for cleanliness.

These statements, however, are very easily reconcilable with the accounts of Bayard Taylor and other travelers, whose observations seem to point in the opposite direction. It is a world-old tradition among the Norwegian peasantry that at weddings, funerals, and family festivals, it is quite respectable to be drunk; and at the fishing seasons, when great numbers of peasants are huddled together in miserable little sheds, and suffer from cold and wet, vast quantities of brandy are consumed; but, nevertheless, drunkenness is even then rare. The same observation was made some twenty years ago by Mr. Charles Loring Brace, whose book, "The Norse-Folk," is one of the best descriptions of Norway which we have ever read.

We have praised Mr. Caton's conscientious avoidance of hasty generalizations; but, in spite of his good intentions, his book is not altogether free from blemishes. On page 289, for instance, he speaks of *fast* and slow stations, translating the Norwegian adjective *fast* by its English cognate; the Norse word, however, is only equivalent to the English in the sense of *fixed*, and can never mean *rapid*. Again, he interprets the Norwegian adverb *saa* as meaning assent or approval, while, like the German *so*, it is merely expressive of attention, and indicates that the person addressed is listening. Once, during a ramble along the Alten River, the author comes across a monument of that class which the natives call a *Bautasten*, and here indulges in a vague historical reverie which shows his ignorance of the actual historical facts. We should, on the whole, wish that Mr. Caton had contented himself with Norway of to-day, which he saw and knew, without essaying an ambitious flight into the remote Saga world. His historical notes are full of errors, and their inaccuracy mars an otherwise valuable record of travel.

* A Summer in Norway. With Notes on the Industries, Habits, Customs, and Peculiarities of the People; the History and Institutions of the Country, its Climate, Topography, and Productions. Also an Account of the Red Deer, Reindeer, and Elk. By John Dean Caton, LL.D., Ex-Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

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"Mohammed and Mohammedanism."*

AMONG the traditions of a New England college is one which may serve as a text wherewith to introduce our notice of this interesting volume. The story is to this effect. It was the custom of the college to require attendance at the religious services in its chapel, except in the case of students who had conscientious preferences for some other denomination than that to which the college church belonged. Such students were permitted to select some church of their own denomination, where they were expected regularly to attend. But, to the great perplexity of the college authorities, upon the entrance of a certain new class, one of its members avowed himself a Moslem; and, as the quiet college town, though abundantly supplied with churches of almost every Christian name, contained no mosque, the young man's religious privileges were seriously curtailed.

But, if Mr. Bosworth Smith had been a resident rector near the college, it would seem that the disciple of Mohammed might have attended on his ministry without just ground of complaint or fear of offended prejudices. For the estimate in which Mr. Smith holds the Arab prophet is so lofty, and his apology comes so near to being a eulogy, that it is at times a little difficult to see what more he would claim for Mohammedanism if he were writing as one of "the faithful," instead of as an unbeliever; and the noteworthy fact about it is that his enthusiasm seems spontaneous and disinterested. Apparently, it is not because he is a student of the Arabic literature in its original, nor because he has been an observer of practical Mohammedanism in lands where it has become a prevalent religious faith, that his estimate of it is so high; but rather, having taken up his subject as one likely to be interesting, and one to which there is a side which has been insufficiently heard by Christian audiences, he glows with the fervor of his advocacy, and his enthusiasm "grows by going." We are forced to the conviction that it has grown unduly. And, indeed (if it be not too severe a criticism), Mr. Smith's enthusiasm for Mohammedanism seems to have grown at the cost of his admiration for Christianity. We may admit the study of "comparative theology," and of "the science of religion" to be a legitimate scientific study; but when we are asked to concede the improbability "that Islam will ever give way to Christianity in the East, however much we may desire it, and whatever good would result to the world," or that Mohammedanism is "perhaps the nearest approach to Christianity which the unprogressive part of humanity can ever attain in masses,"—we are asked to leave out of sight, in our scientific study, an essential characteristic of Christianity. For, while it is, in its spirit, tolerant of other religions, and while its master claims to have "other sheep that are not of this fold,"—yet it promises to be the universal religion, and claims more, a great deal, for itself, than a primacy *inter pares*, or a restriction of itself to the "progressive part of humanity." Its divinity is largely proved by its fitness to succeed, and by its actual successes, among all nations and kindreds and tongues. And it is a strange misconception of its genius and spirit to suppose that such a compromise or such a partnership as Mr. Smith suggests is for a moment possible to it.

Moreover, Mr. Smith is not fortunate in his assertions concerning the excellencies of Mohammedanism in practice. He has to resort, for example, to some special pleading, in an appendix, to defend Mohammedanism in Africa against the damaging testimony of Dr. Livingstone. Since then we have had Livingstone's "Last Journals," in which is additional testimony more serious and damaging than ever. It is hard to put confidence in his assertions of fact which have no personal observation to justify them, and which, in some instances, require special explanation, and some fervor of advocacy, to make them seem to stand.

And yet there is something to be said on Mr. Smith's side. It happened years ago to the writer of this criticism to come upon a Mohammedan mosque in the remote Chinese city of Foo-chow. After a day spent among Buddhist temples, with their innumerable images, and in dirty streets and noisome alleys of the crowded city, it was an immense relief to come suddenly into the quiet and cleanliness of this mosque. There were no images; there was (comparatively) no dirt. The legends written on the walls spoke of the Unity of God. The calm and dignified old Tartar in charge of the place, recognizing us as Christians, claimed fellowship with us, as, in a sense, co-religionists. Nor were we any way unwilling to admit the claim and to reciprocate the fellowship. It was a purer spiritual atmosphere to breathe than that of polytheism.

Mr. Smith's book is very readable; and the Messrs. Harper have greatly added to the value of it by giving in an appendix Mr. Emanuel Deutsch's famous "Quarterly Review" article on Islam.

Gautier's Travels.*

GAUTIER had a captivating way of throwing himself into harmony with a new landscape, of getting from an old view new lights and tints. He was both poet and painter, and these two books on lands that lie at the two extremities of Europe, are models in the line of rapid, sketchy travel. They belong strictly to these modern times when the Correspondent flourishes, but their want of depth is made up by Gautier's sympathetic nature, his marvelous sensitiveness to color, and unequaled ability to flash picture after picture before the reader's eyes, all at their most favorable point of vantage. He never nods; all is brisk life, hurry, and joyousness. In the Russian book we get, in the midst of a long-sweeping sleigh journey over snowy steppes, a sudden photograph. It is only a beautiful young Jewess in rags in some squalid Polish town, but the hand that drew her was masterly in its own way, and the picture remains.

* Mohammed and Mohammedanism. By R. Bosworth Smith. New York: Harper & Brother.

* A Winter in Russia. Translated by M. M. Ripley.—Constantinople. Translated by R. H. Gould from the French of Théophile Gautier. New York: H. Holt & Co.

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Nadal's "Impressions of London Social Life."*

THE leading sketches in this volume won recognition upon their first appearance in the magazines, not only for the correctness of their descriptions, but because they showed the touch of a new hand in our literature. In their present form, the reader will, we think, be more than ever impressed by the qualities which first attracted him.

If we should say that Mr. Nadal's book bore the same relation to Emerson's "English Traits" that the study of the landscape gardening of England bears to the study of its geology, we should give, doubtless, a false idea of Mr. Nadal's book, which, while dealing in a discursive and very amusing manner with the surface of things, does not fail also to go occasionally to the very foundations. If in one chapter we are treated to a most graphic and entertaining account of the Dancing School in Tavistock Square, in others we find some of the most profound observations upon English life and character which have been made by any American.

In Hawthorne's "Our Old Home" we are aware of a subtile (and not unnatural) assumption of spiritual superiority—a tone which was doubtless aggravated by the peculiar state of the author's mind—the bitter melancholy of a high and tender nature—at the time (during the war) when the book was in the making. The present author does not betray a tone like this, but certainly he does not seem to be troubled by any painful sense of inferiority in the presence of the mighty and the immemorial. There is no assurance; but, also, there is nothing that can disturb the writer's critical temper. On the other hand, whatever faults of style or treatment one might detect, it would be easy to refer to a literary modesty which prevents a proper self-appreciation. We sometimes feel that our author has not made the most of his sentence; sometimes that he has not done justice to himself in the treatment of his subject.

We speak of the new touch that is recognizable in Mr. Nadal's writings. If we say that he reminds us of Charles Lamb, or of Thackeray, we only mean that here is a writer, altogether original, who has a charm of style, not borrowed from those masters, but legitimately inherited. He has, too, an *esprit* which will suggest the French, and is fortunate in having escaped influences which have given to some of our younger writers a self-conscious, microscopic habit, of whose hinderance they must themselves be sometimes keenly aware. And yet the self-consciousness of the book is one of its charms. There is a naïveté which is not the original, genuine article; nor is it, on the other hand, a matter of affectation. It is this literary naïveté which our author so skillfully makes use of. Take, for instance, this from the chapter on "Childhood and English Tradition:" "How ready is an American to greet in England any realization of these dreams of his childhood! With what pleased recognition does he exclaim: 'Oh, this is you!' and 'I have heard of you before.' I once went upon a visit to a friend of mine, who was an officer in a yeomanry regiment, at that time mustering in a town in one of the western shires of England. The colonel, to whom I was introduced, had been a younger son, had gone into the army, and been to India. But he had come into his property, and was now a country squire, with a large family and handsome fortune. I at once recognized the kind of man. They said he had eleven daughters. (What a fine old English sound they have!) During the mess dinner the regimental band played from a hall adjoining. The colonel, who had put me next him, said, 'I wanted to see if the band could play "Yankee Doodle," but I find they don't know it.' 'How good of you!' I exclaimed, deprecating the mention of such a distinction. 'Yes, yes,' he answered, with the determined manner of one who, though now an old rustic, perhaps, had yet, in his youth, seen something of the world, and knew how things should be done, 'I believe in every honor for the diplomatists.' As I sat there listening to his honest talk, my mood grew strangely friendly. 'Should war's dread blast against them blow,' I felt that I wished to be ranged on the side of the kind colonel and his eleven daughters."

The British swell is analyzed in these pages with great cleverness. "When in England," the author writes, "I saw that a swell, so soon as he perceives that his distinctions do not pay, relinquishes them. It will be seen that these distinctions appeal for admiration to persons in a certain middle condition of education. Those who appreciate such graces to the full must be somewhat civilized, and yet somewhat immature. A degree of impressibility in the men who look on is the condition of the exercise of the swell's talent. What sort of impression would *insouciance* make upon a hungry tiger? Nor would it impress an educated and acute man who insists upon submitting reverie to the test of definition and criticism. It is to the shop-boy, and the writer for the spring annual, that such graces appeal."

Americans who suffer severely from the effect of these graces when brought to bear upon themselves, and who find a sweet solace in the critical pages of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Lowell, will delight in many such wittily philosophical passages as the above; but they will, too, find some bitter in their cup of rejoicing, for the author does not spare American any more than English character. The word bitter is, however, not well chosen, for we fail to find bitterness here. The criticism throughout is good-natured, though penetrating, and the author purposely refrains from writing about the disagreeable people whom he had the misfortune to meet.

Perhaps the most timely word in Mr. Nadal's book is his view of "English and American Newspaper-Writing." We think that newspaper men of the more intelligent class will read this paper with interest, and be glad to give its statements currency. It is the faith of many newspapers, he says, that the people do not like sense and information; that they prefer nonsense or commonplace which has the appearance of originality. Our author thinks, on the contrary,

* Impressions of London Social Life, with Other Papers suggested by an English Residence. By E. S. Nadal. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

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that the "average man" is well contented with either. "He likes sense and information, if they are not put in such a way as to tire or shock him. He is willing enough to put up with commonplace which imitates originality, for he finds nothing to object to in the commonplaces; but he has not sufficient confidence in his own judgment to detect the counterfeit originality. But it is a mistake to imagine that there is always a popular demand for any foolish fashion of writing which happens to exist. That very lack of discrimination which marks the uneducated man renders him quite as ready to accept sense as nonsense. But as nonsense only is given him, he accepts nonsense. Who is he that he should set up his opinion against persons who express themselves in such fine and confident words, whose sentences are printed in such elegant type, in papers sold at such grand hotels, and scattered by the thousand in such great cities? What is known as a popular demand might be more accurately described as a popular acquiescence. It seems very formidable when we think of the immense number of persons who form it; but then it is only skin-deep. Instead of a popular state of mind being, as we are apt to think it, a recondite and almost inscrutable matter, it is oftener the result of an obvious and even contemptible cause. Instead of there being a deep-seated and characteristic taste with which public caterers must comply, the fashion is often given the people from above. After the fashion is fixed, men write in accordance with it, and explain its existence by the fiction of a demand."

Mr. Nadal has given us a very delightful volume,—full of good things that one feels like marking with the pencil, or reading aloud, or quoting in a "book notice;" but we confess that these "Impressions" most interest us by the promise of their qualities. There are phases of American life,—and one of them at least he himself points out in the paper on "English Sundays and London Churches,"—which are waiting for appropriate treatment at the hands of a writer whose tone is so high and reverent of truth, who has just such quick and subtile insight, just such exquisite poetic feeling, free from all taint of sentimentality.

Miss Phelps's "Poetic Studies." *

ONLY those whose occupation it is to listen closely to all the utterances and echoes of the period, in imaginative literature, can fully know the relief that comes with hearing unexpectedly, amid the uproar, a single note of genuine, spontaneous song. Such a note we seem to distinguish in Miss Phelps's modest volume, though the manner of uttering it is not quite so much her own as we could wish it to be, seeing how fine and how distinctive is the quality of her feeling. It is not that one blames a poet for resemblances which may be as natural as that close friends should have kindred tastes, and members of one family develop like features; and, if Miss Phelps's poetic accent recalls, here and there, the time of Browning or Emerson, it is no less a ground for pride that she can write in their modern strain two poems like "What the Shore says to the Sea" and "What the Sea says to the Shore." It is, perhaps, not doing Miss Phelps justice to call attention first to these hints of poetic kinship; but rather the offering of a crumb to very strict literary consciences. The maxim of some readers as well as critics seems to be, "First *catch* your poet:" we have shown them how to do it in this case. But even in "Petronilla," a poem, the peculiar lace-like texture of which we should be tempted most strongly to call Point of Browning, we find a strange, visionary effect in the description of miracle, which seems quite new and very notable.

The most simply pleasing, and possibly therefore the healthiest verses in the book are, we think, those called "Did you speak?" They relate a childish anecdote of the sort which women poets have brought into literature; and we owe humble thanks for the simple, naïve, hearty sweetness imparted through them. Of "The Light that never was on Sea or Land," we must speak in a very different tone. This is a poem which brings criticism into the attitude of silent awe; not so much for its art (though that is singularly subtle) as for its pure, far-reaching feminine holiness. Here again is a revelation which only a woman could have made, because she alone knows the depths of feeling whence it came.

If we speak solely of literary value, we must think Miss Phelps wise in calling her poems "studies." In the main, they are simply this,—not, of course, cold, mechanical studies, but efforts in certain directions carried only to a given point. Some go farther than others, and several deserve a degree higher than that assigned by the title. But if these also are only "studies," we look with great hope for "works" to follow.

"An Idyl of Work." *

A DEFENSE may be found for the strict literary conscience which we have alluded to in speaking of Miss Phelps. It is this. The alien notes in a poet's singing come there in two ways,—either through a semi-unconscious demand of a voice strong enough to carry them without hurt, or through adoption on theory. In the first case, of course, the defect excuses itself, in a measure. In the second, though the theory may be as unconscious as the distinctive demand was in the first case, it proves itself theory by the weakness of the voice, and cannot excuse itself—can only *be* excused.

When a poem in blank verse, something over four thousand lines long, is about to be written, it is advisable to reflect long and seriously whether the subject-matter takes the proposed form voluntarily, and whether it has in itself the peculiar elements and tendencies which will uphold the ponderous shaping, and keep it buoyant and battle-proof to the last. It seems to us that this was not safely to be

* Poetic Studies. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Author of "The Gates Ajar," etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company.

* An Idyl of Work. By Lucy Larcom. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company.

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predicated in the case of Miss Larcom's work, and a thorough reading of it has made us wish that, with such high intentions, and such a knowledge of the life to be described, the poetess had cast her story in a more elastic form. All along through this tale of mill-girls' life there are gleams of that austere, pathetic kind of beauty which has made the far more meager peasant-life of Norway, for example, famous.

A natural error seems to have led to the adoption of the (in some ways) most poetic of all forms but the pure dramatic, in order to escape a strong sub-current of prosiness in the scenery. But this has only emphasized the obstacles. The verses are broken on the mill-wheels, as it were, at every turn; whereas a strong, musical prose would have put a spell on the machinery, and made the commonplace forcible and attractive in spite of itself. Take this scrap of talk:

> "If she were from Connecticut,
> She might be—my third cousin."
> "May be—is"
> "That is her native State."
> "Permit me, sir,
> To call upon her with you."

This is clear and unrelieved prose, and is by no means an exceptional passage. Yet we sympathize entirely with Miss Larcom's brave effort to rescue, even by a mistaken method, the recondite and valuable romance of obscure lives; and we must add that, not only is her sentiment always true and dignified, but often her expression is very fortunate. These two facts, two extracts will prove:

> "Woman can rise no higher than womanhood,
> Whatever be her title."

This has the right luster, but in a more successful setting it might have met readier recognition.

> "One baby sister blossoms like a rose
> Among her thorny brothers, all grown rough
> With farm-work,"

is like a breath of pure country air.

The plot is light and vague, but, with more distinctness and a poetic pitch more clearly sustained, the book might have been what we may still look to its author for, a long lever to advance American poetry on its true path.

"Foreign Dramatists under American Laws."

THE recent case in the New York Superior Court, brought by Mr. Sheridan Shook of the Union Square Theater, to prevent Mr. Augustin Daly from producing at the Fifth Avenue Theater the French play "Rose Michel," is the same in its main features as those discussed in our article on "Foreign Dramatists under American Laws." "Rose Michel" is a manuscript play from the pen of M. Blum, a French dramatist. It has been represented in Paris, but has not been printed there or here. A copy of the French manuscript, and one of the English translation, were purchased from the assignee of the author by Mr. Shook, with the exclusive privilege of representing the play in the United States, excepting New England. Mr. Shook thus acquired a common law right of property in the manuscript, just the same as he would in a lot of scenery or costumes purchased in Paris. The Court protected this right as a common law right, and not under the copyright statutes. This general principle of law was not disputed by Mr. Daly, but he had also bought a copy of the manuscript which purported to come from an alleged assignee of the author in England. The question, therefore, before the Court was, whether Daly's title was good as against Shook's, and the decision was in favor of the latter. Daly, therefore, himself claiming title from the author, was not in a position to raise the question whether the public representation of the play in Paris was an abandonment of the author's rights. If this issue had been raised, it could have been argued only on the ground that the play had been obtained through the memory of one or more persons who had witnessed the performance in Paris. But it is probable that even this theory will never again meet with any favor in our courts, which will, doubtless, hold to the better doctrine, that the representation of a manuscript play is not a publication destructive of the author's proprietary rights.

Some of the comments on the decision in the case of "Rose Michel" assume that the rights here accorded to a foreign dramatist are withheld from other foreign authors. This, however, is not so. Any foreign author has the right to make exclusive public use of his work in this country, provided it be kept in manuscript. The same protection thrown around the play of "Rose Michel" will be extended to a lecture or a musical composition given from manuscript to the public, or to an original painting on exhibition, notwithstanding they are foreign productions. Mr. Charles Reade may read in public a manuscript novel from New York to San Francisco, and his common law right of property therein will be protected by our courts.

A Reading-Room for the Blind.

To the Editor of "Scribner's Monthly": Within the limits of New York city, there are now about six hundred blind. Nearly all of the children thus afflicted are in the Institution for the Blind on Ninth Avenue, near Thirty-fourth street; a few are in the Asylum on Blackwell's Island. Of the men, most have become blind since they reached manhood, and sadly remember what it was to see.

The amount of literature accessible to the educated blind is very small. Of this, there are two kinds: the raised letter, which, with some slight modifications, is the same in form as the Roman, and the point-print, in which the alphabet is represented by an arrangement of raised dots. The two systems are so dissimilar, that a proficiency in reading one is no assistance whatever in the acquisition of the other. The bound volumes of this print are cumbrous and expensive, the Bible consisting of some eight volumes, of a total weight of fifty pounds. Despite the greatest care of experienced attendants, the raised letter often becomes flattened by finger-reading, and wholly illegible to the blind. To the greater number of those who are educated in it, finger-reading is a process too slow and laborious to afford much pleasure. As a rule, the blind are very poor; moreover, their relatives are in the same condition, and can spare neither the money to buy such books, nor the time to read them to their sightless friends, were the books provided. Very few are self-supporting: their life is one of enforced leisure, with many a dreary waste of time; and yet, in none of

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our great cities is there a reading-room for the blind. The writer believes such a project not only practicable, but comparatively inexpensive, and desires to offer some suggestions on the subject.

A reading-room of this kind need not be a separate institution. One of the many side-rooms of our large libraries, with the addition of a few fixtures, would be sufficient to make the experiment. The cases should contain at least one copy of every book printed in blind letter. Tables and writing materials should be provided for those who are able to take notes in point-print. The chief feature, however, should be oral reading by some intelligent person employed for that purpose, who might also act as librarian. The reading should be of two kinds: the daily news and literature.

The part of the newspapers which would interest the men could first be read, and afterward that which would interest the women. The hours of these various readings should be well known and rigidly observed. The intervals between the oral readings would be the time for the consultation of the raised-letter books.

The second class of readings should be given in two courses in consecutive hours, so that those who desired could attend both without extra travel or tedious waiting. For example, a two hours' daily reading, for two weeks, might comprise history for the first hour, and poetry for the second. This reading should be strictly secular, embracing in the year's course, history, science, poetry, and fiction. Perhaps the plan might include those who, though not blind, are unable to read. If a number of blind persons should desire religious reading, and agree upon the matter to be read, no doubt a special arrangement could be made, which would be open to no objection.

This experiment must not be labeled charity—a word that has become an epithet, except when used poetically—or it will be a failure. It is the establishment of a means of education for a class of people shut out from our common schools, and debarred from the ordinary and the greatest avenue of knowledge.

Yours very truly, P. B. K.

French and German Books.

Das Sprachstudium auf den Deutschen Universitäten. D. Delbrück.—These are some practical remarks for students of philology from a Jena Professor of Sanscrit, which will be of service in telling what languages are the most important in a modern comparative study of tongues. Besides Sanscrit, he considers Greek, Latin, and German indispensable but sufficient, laying great stress upon Greek. Inscriptions should be well studied for the variations of language which they exhibit. The grammars which treat these languages in the best scientific way are mentioned for the benefit of students, and some short remarks indicate the value of the science itself, an allusion to which might seem unnecessary, if persons were not still to be found who, irritated by the continual mention of Sanscrit, lose no opportunity to underrate the importance of that great elder sister among Indo-European tongues. Of course Professor Delbrück considers languages from their philological point of value, and not with reference to speech or literature.

Der Islam im XIX. Jahrhundert. Vambéry.—A man who has seen as much of Asia as Vambéry, and in such an intimate way, is at once an authority. It will be remembered that he traveled up and down Asia disguised as a dervish, and thus came in contact with the real people, sharing their misery and hardships, and learning to feel himself one of them in all their characteristic traits of fanaticism, sluggish resignation, and, it may be said, vice and filth. Since that time he has traveled in more conspicuous positions in Persia and elsewhere, has become a Professor at Budapest, and has followed the Eastern question with the singular advantage of knowing both Asia and Europe thoroughly, without having cause to lean unduly in favor of one or the other. Hence we read his absorbing book with good faith in his knowledge of the subject, and that faith is not betrayed when we meet impartiality and calmness of reasoning on every page. Vambéry is not a Humboldt; he might be called a light weight when compared to some men Germany can offer, but he is a capital observer, a strict holder to the truth; and, as far as these qualities go—and they go far—the right man in a little-explored field.

Heinrich Heine. Essay by S. Born.—After reading what Vambéry has to say about Asia, it is not a little striking to come upon an essay on Heine, himself an Asiatic—an Oriental mind looking about in a sea of German Philistinism. His was the romantic soul, the witty, tuneful brain that Vambéry finds nationally at home in the East, but also the will too weak to resist temptations successfully and bear with ugly and trivial things; least of all, to apply the brain persistently to one end. The essay is excellent in its sympathy with a poet, and in pointing out the large lines on which he failed.

Reden und Vorlesungen. F. Hecker, LL.D. St. Louis.—A German refugee of 1848, Friedrich Hecker has further claims upon our notice, because he fought in our Rebellion, and is the possessor of a gift of public speaking, which makes him a mouthpiece of our fellow-citizens of German tongue. If we may trust the portrait that accompanies these his Speeches and Readings, he is in appearance as thorough a Teuton as his enthusiastic, close-pressed sentences argue him to be in mind. It is this quality which makes his words pleasant reading; there is no half way with him; he has not only the courage of his opinions, but wields a trumpet with which to blow them abroad in the ears of men. It is a pity there is not an English translation of all that he has to say, both because we ought to know what our German neighbors think, and because there are many among ourselves whom this kind of writing and no other will reach. He is not unlike some of our own public speakers of the past generation; not as fine as the best, but without the failings of the second best in the way of knowledge and good taste. The samples of his work before us combine speeches at festivals and meetings of *Turnvereine*, a Defense of the Republic, a parallel between office-holders here and abroad, another between Lincoln and Cromwell, much to the advantage of the former, and an impressive bit of German thunder against woman's rights. Although very unequal, all these pieces possess a vital breath of conviction, and are well disposed to stir slothful minds into looking about them, and seeing what manner of land this is, especially what advantages they possess in their own country, and what national sins must be crushed. Like many persons of positive temperament, Herr Hecker is sometimes a partisan, even to inconsequence. He should not slur over the difficulty in Alsatia by say-

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ing that, because the inhabitants speak German, they ought to belong to Germany, or that theirs is land stolen from Germany. It would be more consistent in a refugee of 1848, and an ardent upholder of our institutions, to advocate freedom of choice for the victims (as they now think themselves) of Prussian tyranny. When Alsatia was taken from France and tacked willy-nilly on to the German Empire, there was no slavery question or certainty of national disruption, as when South Carolina hurried us into a great war.

Beruf der Frauen zum Studium und Ausübung der Heilwissenschaft. W. V. Zehender.—A speech delivered at the University of Rostock reflects pretty well the sentiments of most educated physicians, not only of conservative Germany, but even of the United States, in regard to the question of the study and practice of medicine on the part of women. It is needless to say that the opinion is adverse as far as the practice is concerned; as to the study, that the speaker would leave to women themselves. He advocates giving them all possible advantages, but thinks them better fitted for nurses than doctors. The number of women who can stand the hard study and hard work of practicing the profession is so small, that it is not possible to recognize them as a class; but if diplomas are open to one they must be open to all. The inference is, that the few abnormal women who are mentally and physically equal to the strain must go without the usual formal recognition of graduation, although nothing shall stand in the way of their self-improvement. The number of poor physicians is already great enough, without turning on a flood of imperfectly capacitated women doctors. The real genius will show without diploma.—Schmidt.

Le Mariage de Gérard. Une Ondine. A. Theuriet.—Slight plots moving in charming scenes of provincial life make these a very pleasing brace of novels, which will not "raise a blush to the cheek" of that young person famous in modern English literature. The heroines are, of course, *Parisiennes* in manners and attractive wiles, but their caprices only make them all the more charming in contrast with stiff provincials. The author strains a point of conscientiousness, when he acknowledges his obligations to an English novel called "Good-bye, Sweetheart," for the idea of "Une Ondine;" such pains are hardly necessary, his own story being very different and much the better.—Christern.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

The Hydro-Carbon Furnace.

AFTER being the subject of elaborate and costly experiment for a number of years this furnace has recently assumed an interesting and apparently successful form near this city. In this instance it was employed in heating "wrought scrap" (refuse wrought iron, boiler plates, etc.) for rolling into plates. An old furnace, with a steam-boiler on top, was used, and immediately in front of the fire door was erected the new apparatus. The design of this furnace is to reduce crude petroleum to an inflammable vapor by the aid of superheated steam. To do this, a "generator" and a simple form of superheater are employed in combination with a brick "mixing chamber" and a kind of "Bunsen burner" made of fire-brick. The generator consists of an upright cast-iron vessel, somewhat higher than wide, and containing a series of thin iron shelves, one above the other, from top to bottom. At the top is an inlet for the oil, and an escape-pipe for the resulting vapor. At the bottom is an inlet for the steam, and below, enclosed in brick-work, is the superheater, made of a coil of iron pipe, resting in a small furnace. Steam under ten pounds pressure is taken through this coil, and, becoming incandescent, it enters the generator. Crude petroleum is then allowed to flow into the generator, and, as it drips downward from shelf to shelf, it meets the slowly ascending steam, and becomes completely vaporized, and is taken up and carried forward in the form of vapor through the escape-pipe to the furnace. To burn this combined oil and steam, air must be supplied, and it is led into the "mixing chamber." This is a brick chamber erected just where the fire door stood when the furnace employed coal for fuel. Air is here mingled with the vapor through a regulating-damper, and the mixture flows on, still under pressure, to the "combustion chamber." In a solid brick wall, forming one side of this chamber, is left an opening opposite the pipe that discharges the vapor from the generator. Here is a tier of fire-bricks, 18 inches thick, and so arranged as to present a net-work of openings through the wall. This serves to break up the stream of mingled air and vapor, and the flame that burns immediately behind it spreads out and fills the entire furnace. Six piles of scrap-iron, averaging 500 lbs. each, are placed in the furnace, and in the dazzling white heat of the hydro-carbon flame are reduced to a workable condition in less time and with less trouble than by the usual coal-burning process. The flame and heat, after passing the furnace, flow on through the tubular boiler overhead, and there make steam for driving the rolling-mills, where the reheated scrap is finally made into plates. The advantages claimed

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for this pattern of hydro-carbon furnace are: a gain in time in heating the furnace and raising steam, a large saving of labor, entire freedom from dust, soot, cinders, and smoke in the furnace and boiler-flues, and a greatly improved quality of iron. The number of hands employed in maintaining the fire is reduced, and the cost of fuel and labor is much lessened. The experiments were entirely satisfactory in every respect, and hopes are entertained that the hydro-carbon question may by this apparatus reach a satisfactory solution. The same plan is about to be tried upon a first-class locomotive. Details of the results will be promptly furnished as soon as the engine is in operation.

Mercurial Safety-valve.

THIS new apparatus does not differ in its action from the ordinary weighted lever-valve. In place of the usual sliding weight upon a solid arm, is a hollow arm carrying metallic chambers at each end. This arm passes through eyes in the top of three small uprights over the valves. One of these is jointed; one, in the center, is fixed to the top of the valve, and the other moves up and down in guides. Set screws hold the hollow bar in these at any desired position, and a locked cover prevents access to them. At the weighted end of the hollow lever, and communicating with it, is a cast-iron chamber made heavy by a thick base. At the opposite end of the lever is another and smaller chamber. When ready for use the large chamber is filled with mercury. When the steam pressure exceeds the desired limit the valve rises and lifts the lever. The mercury at once flows through the lever to the chamber at the opposite end. This transfer acts as a counterpoise, and the valve instantly opens wide and the steam escapes freely. When the pressure is relieved the lever falls, and the mercury flows back to its former position. The object of this device is to prevent the usual hesitation in safety valves, and in practice it is said to work well.

Artillery Practice.

THE race between guns and plates has been quite even for the past few years. Recently, a novel application of electricity to the firing of guns seems to place the guns ahead. Four or more guns having been shotted and trained upon the target, are fired simultaneously by wire. The combined shots striking at the same instant, shatter the target in a manner that no armor plates could survive. This method of firing opens a new field in artillery practice, and places plates as a means of defense at a disadvantage. In shells, a new application of gun-cotton and water forms a formidable and destructive shot known as the water-shell. This is a common iron shell charged with half an ounce of gun-cotton, and provided with a suitable fulminate and fuse. These are placed in the shell, and the remaining space is filled with water. When exploded, the shell breaks into a great number of very small fragments. The common powder-charged shell breaks into only a few large pieces, and for this reason is less destructive. The theory of this is, that the powder burns slowly, and that the shell splits only in places where the pressure is first exerted. Gun-cotton, on the other hand, explodes instantaneously, and the shock being communicated by the uncompressible water to all parts of the shell at once, it is more thoroughly shattered, and the resulting cloud of missiles is greatly increased, in number and destructiveness.

The Phonometer.

THIS apparatus is designed to assist the signal-man on steamships in marking the intervals of time at which the fog-horn or whistle is to be blown, and to regulate the sounds in such a way as to cause them to announce the ship's course. It consists of a horizontal clock, placed, face up, in some convenient position in sight of the signal-man. The face is about eight inches in diameter, and indicates seconds only, the minute and hour figures and hands being upon a small dial near one edge, just as the second-hand is placed on watches. The second-hand has four arms at right angles with each other, and above the face is a movable disk, or dumb card, that obscures about three-fourths of the whole dial. Around the edge of the clock face are painted sections or segments. One of these covers ten seconds' space; four mark five seconds each, and between each are blanks of three seconds each. Outside of the clock is a flat brass ring, having the points of the compass marked upon it. In using the phonometer, the disk is moved round till the open part comes opposite the ship's head and in line with her course. The segments on the dial that are then visible indicate the number of blasts to be given on the whistle. The second-hands, as they then come into view, give the duration in seconds of each blast and each pause. The signal-man has no thought or choice in the matter. He merely watches the hands as they traverse the segments in sight, and sounds his whistle accordingly, and it is impossible to commit an error. The sounds, if they follow the instrument, announce the ship's direction. For instance, one blast of ten seconds indicates that the ship is steering within the points north and east, quarter north. Two blasts of five seconds each, with an interval of three seconds between them, would announce the ship's direction as between east and south, quarter east. Three blasts, and two pauses of five and three seconds, would mean south to west, quarter south, while four blasts of five seconds, with the same pauses, would indicate the ship's course to be between west and north, quarter west. These signals would be sufficient to give a general idea of the direction from which the unseen steamer was approaching, and the formula, being easily remembered, would be quickly and readily understood by all. The disk employed is designed to prevent mistakes, and the four hands serve to save time in watching for their appearance and journey over the visible portion of the dial.

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Ribless Boats.

SAIL-BOATS, for coast and river fishing, "built up" without ribs, are very popular in Massachusetts Bay, on account of their speed, lightness, cheapness, and ease of construction. They are so easily and quickly made that Eastern fishermen are becoming independent of the boat-builders, and each man builds his own boat at his leisure. To make one, the only material needed are good clear pine boards, each the whole length of the intended boat, a few pounds of small nails (galvanized), and the material for the stem, keel, and stern-post. The boards are run through a saw-mill and cut into strips about an inch and a-half wide, and out of these the boat is built up according to working models. These models are merely patterns of wood that give the outside of a half-section of the boat. They give the shape of the boat at every foot of her length, and are formed from some existing boat or drawn from a scale designed by some competent boat-builder. The keel, stern-post and stem are set up and secured together firmly, and then to the keel two strips are fitted horizontally, one on each side, and having been planed down at each end to fit the model, holes are bored through them and they are securely nailed to the keel. Over each is laid another strip, and with the plane and shave it is fitted to them in such a way as to conform to the shape of the boat, and then each is nailed down as before. In this simple manner the work proceeds. As the strips are nailed one over the other, they are bent to conform to the shape of the boat, and beveled to give the sides the right form.

A single day's practice in fitting the strips to the shape of the boat will enable a good carpenter to do the work with neatness and dispatch, and any person skillful with plane and hammer could in time turn boat-builder. When the sides rise to the gunwale, a broader and thicker strip of oak or ash is laid over all, to act as a fender and gunwale. During the whole process, the strips are kept heavily painted with white lead, and, when all is finished, we have a ribless shell, showing no nails except at the top, and exactly conforming on the outside and in to the model. To give lateral strength, shorter pieces of the strips are built up from the keel inside, and carefully fitted to the sides. The seats are placed over these, and then decks, store-room and cabin may be added as desired. Boats made in this way are very light and buoyant, and, being smooth on the outside, are good sailers. In case of injury, they are easily repaired by cutting out the broken place and inserting new strips, secured by backing on the inside. In practical use, such boats are found to be swift, dry and safe. They make good sea boats, and are said to resist injury with ease. In sailing they demand plenty of ballast, to compensate for their lightness. Their cheapness and ease of construction are rapidly bringing them into favor, as the cost is about one-third less than by the ordinary method. Two men with the materials in hand can easily make a boat 18x6 in sixteen days.

Riveted Joints.

THE increased demand for plate and boiler-work has stimulated scientific investigation, and brought out many facts of general interest. The value of a piece of plate-work depends on the strength of the riveted portions. Calling the strength of an unpunched plate at 100, the strength of a double-riveted joint is reckoned at 66, a single-riveted joint at 50. Pinched rivet-holes, by means of the tearing and splitting caused by a smashing blow, are found to be less valuable by 15 per cent. than drilled holes. Oval rivet-holes have been tried with success. The long diameter of the rivet is placed in line with the length of the plate, thus reducing the space between the holes in its weakest direction. Sir W. Fairbairn suggests rolling-plates with thickened edges, so that the line of rivet-holes will be relatively stronger. This idea is now undergoing experiment. Boiler-plates are also being riveted diagonally, with the joints at an angle of 45 with the axis of the boiler. As the relative strength of iron and steel plates is—iron, 50,000 lbs.; steel, 60,000 lbs., many boilers are now being made of steel for the sake of this difference in strength.

Enameled Ceilings.

A REFRESHMENT saloon in London has been finished inside in such a manner as to be readily washed out with a hose. The floor is paved, the walls are of majolica, and the ceiling is covered with enameled sheet iron. When it is desired to clean the room, the furniture is removed, the hose is laid on, and the place is simply drenched and flooded till clean. The ceiling is the novel feature of the room. To prepare it, large pieces of sheet iron were coated with white enamel in the usual manner, and were then handsomely painted in colors. After baking to secure the colors, the sheets were affixed to the beams of the floor overhead. The joints are made to fit tight, and once in place, the enameled plates will last as long as the building stands. This style of ceiling is partially fire-proof, and saves all the expense, repairs and dangers of laths and plaster. There is no patent on this system of ceilings, and any enameling firm may make the sheets in plain colors, clear white, or in patterns to fit any refreshment-room, bath-room, laundry, dairy, or other room where a washable ceiling is desired.

Asbestos Paper.

ASBESTOS pounded in a mortar till reduced to a cotton-like mass, and then freed from earthy matter in a sieve, has been put in a paper vat, and good sheets of laid paper produced in the usual way. The sheets, on being written upon, were placed in the fire, but came out uninjured, though the writing was burned out and effaced. Such sheets of paper might be easily available if the letters in the writing were punched through it.

Morse's alphabet would be useful here, as the letters would be mere slits and minute holes, not liable to tear the paper.

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Graphic Illustrations of Music applied to Decoration.

THE oscillations of illuminated tuning-forks are often used to exhibit graphically the curves that result from the union of harmonic vibrations. Bits of glass are fixed to the forks, and, by the aid of a lamp, reflections from the little mirrors are cast upon the screen. On sounding the forks, the spots of reflected light assume various curves and figures upon the screen. A fork sounding a note, and another giving its octave, give one figure; two forks, tuned a fifth apart, give another, and so on. In every case the figures are fixed for each chord, and so well known are the curves produced in this way, that each chord is readily recognized, and the curves are named the octave, the third, the fifth, the seventeenth, etc. All of these harmonic figures have more or less beauty of form. Some of the more complex are exceedingly interesting and attractive on account of their grace of outline and detail. Drawings of these figures have been made; but aside from their scientific interest, they did not prove of any special value. Another and more simple method of producing them has led to a new application of these curves, and they can now be produced in a permanent form that makes them available in decorative art. This method is well known to students of sound, and may be easily carried out after a little practice. A stiff wooden bar (a yard-stick will answer) is supported at the ends in a horizontal position. From this is suspended a short piece of string in the form of a loop, each end being fixed to the stick. The string is drawn through a common four-hole button, and from this is hung a single piece of string, having a cup or hollow pendulum at the end. This pendulum has a small hole in the bottom, and when in use is filled with sand. This compound pendulum has a universal motion upon a horizontal plane. Set the string swinging in the line of the loop, and the pendulum will perform backward and forward excursions in that direction. Let the string rest and swing the loop, and the pendulum will make journeys at exactly right angles with the first directions. Set both loop and string in motion in the two directions, and the pendulum will describe curves that represent the combined or resultant motions. It is easy to see that the lengths of the string and the loop may be so adjusted to each other as to bear the same relation as a note to its octave, its third, fifth, etc. If arranged in this way, the pendulum will then make its excursions in curves, exactly representing the figures shown upon the screen in graphic illustrations of harmonic intervals by the aid of tuning-forks. To make the pendulum record its motions, it is filled with sand. This escapes in a slender stream through the hole in the bottom, and is distributed along its path. A plate of glass held beneath the pendulum will be covered with the sand laid down in lines corresponding to the figure it describes. To fix the sand permanently, the glass is first painted lightly with "French varnish." When this is cold and hard, the sand figure is laid upon it by the pendulum. On exposing the under side of the glass to a gentle heat (without disturbing the sand), the varnish is melted, and the sand quickly adheres to it. On cooling the plate, the varnish sets, and a portion of the sand is fixed. The loose sand is rubbed off, and a perfect and permanent picture of the harmonic curves is permanently secured to the glass. Glass decorated in this way may then be treated as lights in window decoration; or, framed, may be hung upon the wall. In place of sand, smalt may be employed to give color to the designs. Tiles for exterior walls might have the same figures laid upon them in the various vitreous colors used in tile-painting, and, properly burned, would give an entirely new style of architectural decoration.

Memoranda.

A NEW device for controlling the tension of the thread in sewing-machines has been brought out which has some features of interest. In place of the usual tension is a horizontal disk fixed to a standard placed at the end of the machine opposite the needle, and at the operator's right. This disk has a slight up-and-down motion, and is connected by a short arm that is geared to a small wheel on the shaft under the table. At each revolution of the wheel the arm raises and lowers the disk, alternately biting and holding the thread, and throwing it loose at every stroke. By this simple device the tension of the thread follows the motion of the needles automatically, and adjusts it to whatever kind of work is passing through the machine.

In the straw-burning engines now in use the straw is fed to the fire in a loose stream, and consumed as fast as it enters the fire-box. The consumption is therefore rapid and continuous. A device for retarding the combustion of straw, and for the utilization of a vast supply of fuel in the form of dead leaves, grass, etc., has been brought out, and good results are claimed for it. The grass or straw in the stove is compressed into a solid mass by a movable follower or weight that rests upon it. By thus applying pressure to the straw only the sides of the mass can burn, the top and bottom being protected by the follower and grate. By regulating the draft the fire may then be placed under control.

In place of a needle in ships' compasses two concentric circles mounted upon a cross piece of aluminum are recommended. The maximum of magnetization is at the north and south sides of the rings, and decreases to the neutral points east and west. The advantages claimed for this ring-compass, and recommended by the naval experts who have examined it, are greater sensitiveness, a less sluggish motion, and more freedom from the motion of the ship.

In photography the simple device of local heating of the plate during development is announced as producing better definition. In the case of children and other restless sitters, a lighted wax match held under the face brings out that part of the picture into greater distinctness.

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BRIC-À-BRAC.

"Words and their Uses."

BY A MYSTIFIED QUAKER.

RESPECTED WIFE: From these few lines my whereabouts thee'll learn—
Moreover, I impart to thee my serious concern:
The language of this people is a riddle unto me,
And words, with them, are figments of a reckless mockery!

For instance: As I left the cars, an imp with smutty face,
Said "Shine?" "Nay, I'll not shine," I said, "except with inward grace!"
"Is 'inward grace' a liquid or a paste?" asked this young Turk;
"Hi Daddy! What *is* 'inward grace?' How does the old thing work?"

"Friend," said I to a Jehu, whose breath suggested gin,
"Can thee convey me straightway to a reputable inn?"
His answer's gross irrelevance I shall not soon forget—
Instead of simply yea or nay, he gruffly said "You bet!"

"Nay, nay, I shall not bet," said I, "for that would be a sin—
Why don't thee answer plainly: Can thee take me to an inn?
The vehicle is doubtless meant to carry folks about in—
Then why prevaricate?" Said he, perversely, "Now yer shoutin'!"

"Nay, verily, I shouted not!" quoth I, "my speech is mild;
But thine—I grieve to say it—with falsehood is defiled.
Thee ought to be admonished to rid thy heart of guile."
"See here! my lively moke," said he, "you sling on too much style!"

"I've had these plain drab garments twenty years and more," said I,
"And when thee says I 'sling on style,' thee tells a willful lie!"
At that he pranced around as if "a bee were in his bonnet,"
And, with hostile demonstrations, inquired if I was "on it!"

"On what? Till thee explains thyself, I cannot tell," I said.
He swore that something was "too thin;" moreover it was "played!"
But all his jargon was surpassed, in wild absurdity,
By threats, profanely emphasized, "to put a head on" me!

"No son of Belial," said I, "that miracle can do!"
Whereat he fell upon me with blows and curses, too,
But failed to work that miracle—if such was his design—
Instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite off mine!

Thee knows I cultivate the peaceful habit of our sect,
But this man's conduct wrought on me a singular effect;
For when he slapped my broad-brim off, and asked, "How's that for high?"
It roused the Adam in me, and I smote him hip and thigh!

The throng then gave a specimen of calumny broke loose,
And said I'd "snatched him bald-headed," and likewise "cooked his goose;"
Although, I solemnly affirm, I did not pull his hair,
Nor did I cook his poultry—for he had no poultry there!

They called me "Bully boy!" although I've seen nigh threescore year;
They said that I was "lightning" when I "got up on my ear!"
And when I asked if lightning climbed its ear, or dressed in drab,
"You know how 'tis yourself!" said one inconsequential blub!

Thee can conceive that, by this time, I was somewhat perplexed;
Yea, the placid spirit in me has seldom been so vexed;
I tarried there no longer, for plain-spoken men—like me—
With such perverters of our tongue, can have no unity.

—*Frank Clive, in the "Buffalo Courier."*

Apropos of the Centennial, we republish from "The New York Ledger" of January 6, 1872, the following little poem by the Poet Laureate. The Editor stated at the time that this was the only poem ever written by Mr. Tennyson for an American publication:

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Mr. Tennyson writes to the editor of the "Ledger:" "The poem, which I send herewith, is supposed to be written or spoken by a liberal Englishman at the time of our recognition of American Independence."]

O thou, that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

What wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood!

But thou rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine—The single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

Edgar Allan Poe.

FARMDALE, KY., September 10, 1875.

I NOTICE in your September number fac-simile of a poem by Poe, dated in March, 1829, and said to have been written after he left West Point. E. L. D.

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is in error. Poe was a member of my class at the Military Academy—which entered the Academy in June, 1830, and he left the Institution sometime in 1831. I remember him well. While at the Academy he published a small volume of poems which were not thought to have much merit. He was too much occupied with his poetry to attend to the severe studies of the course at the Academy, and hence resigned, in order to devote his whole time to poetry.

The writer, having graduated, left the Academy in 1834, and, while visiting a friend in Baltimore in the fall of that year, was asked by a casual acquaintance if he knew Edgar Allan Poe, who had informed the gentleman alluded to that he was acquainted with me. On responding in the affirmative, I was told that *Poe was then working in a brick-yard in Baltimore, being engaged in wheeling clay in a wheelbarrow.* This may throw light on that part of his history immediately after his leaving the Academy.

R. T. P. A.

(R. T. P. Allen, of the Class of 1834, late Superintendent of Kentucky Military Institute.)

Faithless.

I WONDER if it seems as long
To you; three years have passed, or more,
Since, loath to speak the final word,
We parted at the vine-wreathed door.

The graceful gesture of your hand,
Your wistful eyes, I see them yet,
And hear from out those pleading lips,
The whispered mandate, "Don't forget."

Ah, was it that your faith in me
Was weak, or that my thoughts you read,
And guessed the plot my brain conceived,
Black as the heavens overhead?

Fast fell the rain; the pallid moon
Was hidden by the tempest's rack.
"Adieu!" you cried; "now, don't forget
To bring our best umbrella back!"

H. B.

The Literary Assistance Bureau.

Mr. H. R. E., of New Haven, writes to us, confidentially, that while recently engaged upon an American novel, he received the following communication by mail. As the circular is a private one, our readers will please say nothing about it:

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

The Metropolitan Literary Assistance Bureau, learning that you were engaged on a work of fiction, and appreciating the vast difficulty as well as importance of the career you have undertaken, respectfully submit the claims of their establishment for your consideration. Our business has flourished for many years, and we can show testimonials from the most successful novelists of the day as to our honesty and efficiency. We pledge you our perfect integrity, and we expect from you, in return, inviolate good faith. Be pleased, then, to consider this communication expressly confidential.

Knowing the difficulties which beset the conception and execution of fiction, we have collected at great expense all the materials for the novelist's work that he can possibly need. We ask your attention to the following goods.

Our stock of heroes and heroines is large and well assorted. The line of heroes includes all grades and shades of young man, college graduate, curate, peasant, poet, etc., etc. We deal as well in all standard heroes of a ripe or advanced age. We have only recently added three rescuers from burning buildings, one honest bank clerk, and other novelties. We show a prime lot of heroines, with or without sheeny hair. We have the lovely but wayward, the homely but interesting (freckled, lame, one-eyed, red-haired, pock-marked and consumptive), the fascinating, innocent, etc. One fine heroine with a hump, who dies young—a great favorite.

We have, too, all the common and many rare scoundrels, braggarts, misers, and eccentrics. No author in want of villains should fail to examine this department. All these characters sold either with or without appropriate names.

You may wish to know more definitely with regard to some of our specialties, yet we can scarcely discriminate amid such a wealth of stock. We call your attention, however, to the following. *Ex pede Herculem.*

A very old lady with a stoop. Can be used as a scandal-mongering old hag of fashion. Has also served as a witch.

One fine sailor boy, with a marline-spike to knock down mutineers with. Also, a gross of maritime oaths.

A half-pay major to say "Gad." (Companion piece to old lady.) His false teeth drop out very amusingly.

A noble red man (cheap, being somewhat dingy, through long disuse). He is six feet and a half high in his moccasins, is of swarthy hue, with eyes which alternately flash like the wild cat and beam softly as the doe. He says "Umph!" whenever squeezed. His rifle, "Hit—peanut—mile—off," is very rare and valuable.

A detective. He can find out anything. Has the highest recommendations from Wilkie Collins, who knows him intimately.

A kitchen-maid with ten smart speeches and four kisses for policemen. Also a dairy-maid with a fine color and pretty ankles. This pair are very old, but far from decrepit. They both seem to possess wonderful vitality.

For those in quest of the aged and infirm, we have a fine old negress, blind and fond of the Scriptures She dies easily after the hero has met the heroine, while the latter is reading to the Afric from the Sacred Word, instead of attending the Ball.

A young lord. His locks are raven, and curl; very wicked.

A plow-boy, to thwart him. (These two never sold separately.)

An Irishman to make bulls; and others too numerous to mention.

Our supply of Plots is rich and varied. A complete assortment of Social Wrongs, now so fashionable: Political Corruption, Hospital Mismanagement, Trade Combinations, Ill-Assorted Marriages, etc. Our satires on Fashion have been repeatedly used, and always with the greatest satisfaction. Plots sold whole or in separate incidents. Examine our Scrap-Book Department. We have thousands of incidents of Real Life in stock suitable for working over into first-class fiction.

Buyers should notice our stock of Difficulties, which includes a rich assortment of Misunderstandings, Family Quarrels, Accidents to life and limb, Shipwrecks, Adventures with Pirates (very choice) and Snakes. ☞ Stony-hearted Parents in great variety.

A good precipice (somewhat worn).

A Cave on the Irish Coast, for smugglers or rescuers from rising tides.

Harpsichords, bowers, and moons in profusion.

Digressions,—an endless variety. Now, when every third chapter of a novel is expected to be an animated sermon, this department of our stock is very popular among the guild. Discussions on morals, philosophy, politics, or society, sold by the page, or single epigram. Come and see us.

Quotations, in stock or made to order. Our Thackeray and Shakespeare selections have been often admired. Some prime extracts from obscure authors. Original quotations furnished by the dozen or hundred. In ordering, please state whether they shall be labeled "Anon." or "Old Song." We also keep the standard Scriptural allusions, and have many pleasant references to familiar authors and characters. Also, a good stock of valuable geographical localities, much used, but in perfect repair, such as Louvre, Pall Mall, Ducal Palace, Mer de Glas, etc. Our Manual, the novelist's *vade mecum*, obviates the necessity of personal travel.

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Respectfully soliciting your patronage, we remain,
Your most obedient servants,
The Metropolitan Literary Assistance Bureau,
New York.

Accompanying the above was:

A General Recipe for a Modern Novel.

Stir in a fool to make us laugh!
Two heavy villains and a half;
A heroine with sheeny hair,
And half a dozen beaux to spare;
A mystery upon the shore;
Some bloody foot-prints on a floor;
A shrewd detective chap, who mates
Those foot-prints with the hero's eights,
And makes it squally for that gent—
Till he is proven innocent;
A brown stone front; a dingle dell;
Spice it with scandal; stir it well;
Serve it up hot;—and the book will sell.

A curious slip occurs in a catalogue issued a short time ago by a well-known bookseller. A work on block-printing at the beginning of the fifteenth century, is catalogued, which is said to contain "sixty-nine engravings, either from wood or metal, twelve of which bear inscriptions representing scenes of Christian mythology, figures of patriarchs, saints, devils, and other *dignitaries of the Church.*"

Talfourd introduced Dickens to Lady Holland. She hated Americans, and did not want Dickens to visit us. She said, "Why can't you go down to Bristol and see some of the third and fourth rate people, and they'll do just as well."

Montaigne was importuned by a sturdy beggar, in good health, to give alms; the philosopher asked him why he begged when so able to work and earn a livelihood. He replied: "If you only knew how *lazy* I am, you would have pity on me!"

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment, said Bishop Horne, and I have known a man to come home in high spirits from a funeral, merely because he had had the management of it.

In a case of manslaughter a Somersetshire witness thus testified: "He'd a stick and he'd a stick, and he hit he, and he hit he; and if he'd a hit he as hard as he hit he, he'd a killed he, and not he he."

During his first success at Drury Lane, Kean overheard a knot of old stage carpenters discussing the various performers of Hamlet they had seen in their day. "Well," said one, "you may talk of Henderson, and Kemble, and this new man; but, give me Bannister's Hamlet. He was always done twenty minutes sooner than any one of 'em."

Prof. —— tells the following: "During the after-dinner talk, the rough specimen for whom I was surveying remarked that mathematics had always seemed a very wonderful thing to him. Thinking to interest him somewhat, I began to illustrate some of the wonders; among others, tried to show him the way in which Neptune was discovered. After some twenty minutes of elaborate explanation, I was somewhat taken aback to hear him say: 'Yes, yes; it *is* very wonderful, very; but (with a sigh) there's another thing that's allers troubled me, and that is, why you have to carry one for every ten; but, if you don't, 'twon't come out right.'"

"Now, my fellow citizens, let me ask you again whether you will submit to the incendiary incursions of a bonded oligarchy [*Cries of 'No,' 'No,' 'Never!'*], whether you will tamely," etc., etc.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XI. DECEMBER, 1875. NO. 2.

THE TOUR OF THE NILE.

THE SPHINX IS DROWSY,
HER WINGS ARE FUELED;
HER EAR IS HEAVY,
SHE BROODS ON THE WORLD.—*Emerson.*

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NAPLES, ITALY, December 27.

OF the many beautiful landscapes which are seen by the European voyager, the harbor of Naples is perhaps the most cherished; and especially picturesque does it seem to us, this mild December evening, as, having bestowed our traveling effects in the cabin of the stanch ship "Olympus," we go upon deck to obtain a farewell glimpse of the matchless Italian bay.

The steamer speeds swiftly oceanward as the evening falls.

Immediately before us are multitudes of lanterns and colored signal-lights, dancing like fire-works upon the tall masts of the frequent vessels which fill the harbor; and beyond, shining out clearly in the glare of its household fires, rises afar the crescent city, which encircles the wide harbor; while yet, farther and farther back, upon the distant slopes of surrounding hills, glimmer lonely or clustering fire-fly flashes, which bespeak the frequent villages or solitary homes.

As we plow onward, through the thickening gloom we see the grim isles of Ischia and Capri, looming up like dark sentinels—seeming guardians of their beautiful mistress, over whose enchanted life yet more jealously towers the giant Vesuvius. Its purple flames shed a lurid light upon the scene, and from its depths are heard occasional foreboding sounds, like the murmur of discontented voices.

But, as we speed far away into the night, the lesser lights die slowly out, like the stars upon the clouding night, and soon little is to be seen but the high, bright, fitful breath of the Vesuvian genii, condensing into massive vapors, which hang, menacing and black, over the unstable habitations which nestle among these treacherous hills.

Early morning finds us approaching the Sicilian shores; we are awakened, and by the time we arrive upon deck, our good ship is plunging into the swift and turbulent current of Messina, into whose straits, urged on by the strong south wind, the boisterous sea is surging.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, January 1.

After a somewhat tedious voyage, the fifth day finds us refreshing ourselves with the luscious oranges of Egypt, while our feverish blood is fanned by the soft breezes which blow upon the African coasts, balmily tempered by the dry winds from the Lybian Deserts.

Our disembarkment at Alexandria is, indeed, a grotesque scene. The steamer is surrounded by a multitude of row-boats, whose crews are composed of from two to a dozen men, clad in all colors and forms of raiment, and comprising the various nationalities of the East—the thick-lipped Ethiopian and the curved-nosed Arabian; the acute Greek and the bright Armenian; the long-skirted "fellah" and the full-costumed European guide, who, the health officer permitting, is soon to take charge of us, and worry us through the hubbub of landing.

There are no docks, nor even lighters; a wide open harbor, and but these cockle-shells of boats to convey us ashore over the tossing waves. After much quarantine and official ceremony, we are, however, glad to embark with even such motley and hooting crews for oarsmen, and are clumsily but safely rowed past numberless ships and quaint old barges toward the low-lying sand-beach, beyond which rises the city of Alexandria,—some modern-looking houses, a few palaces, and an army of wind-mills stretching away down the shore.

Happily landed, at length, at the low quay, the mummery of the custom-house over, and safely ensconced in our snug hotel, we begin to realize that we are in Egypt,—the land of This and Sesostris; of the Star-gazers; of Isis and Osiris; of Moses and the Pharaohs; of the Bull and the Beetle; of Alexander and the Ptolemies; of the Cat and the Ibis; of the Crocodile and the Mummy; of Cleopatra and Cæsar; the land of obelisks, pyramids, and temples; of the Sphinx; the kingdom of the sun and of eternal summer, where flows the mysterious Nile, upon whose banks well might some epicurean hope to discover eternal life!

After much-needed refreshment at one of the two principal hotels, we saunter through the broad avenues of modern Alexandria; and we drop in at the Turkish bazaars, followed by a crowd of oddly shaven donkeys, with still odder names, punched along by the blue-shirted driver boys, who shout out the charms of each beast in a deafening chorus of "ride 'Hankee Dudu,' 'Big Injun,' 'Tom Thumb,' and 'Prince Charlie;' him bery good donkey; go much fast; you try 'im, Howadji." Guides, too, besiege us in all languages, and throngs of beggars, pleading as only an Egyptian can, for "buck-sheesh."

The bazaars are a curious congregation of little shops, the passages between them being roofed over with palm-tree mattings to keep out the fierce noonday sun. The

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merchants, either frantic to sell or decidedly apathetic, sit cross-legged upon the counters, and with a stretch of their arm may reach you anything from their stock. We buy some clay pipes made from the Nile mud and much noted for their sweetness, and some genuine "kouranee," and then push on past the boys and the donkeys, the beggars, the peddlers, the dogs, the half-naked men, and the vailed and barefooted women.

The dress of the women is a single long gown, not over scrupulously repaired nor too closely confined. But there hangs, also, back from the head a loose sort of wrap, which is bound at the forehead by a kind of brass spring to a long strip called a vail, little of the face being seen save the dark, sunken eyes of the early maturing African maiden; yet their modesty is a matter of the face alone, for the heat is too intense for much clothing,—so much so, that the very young or very old women dispense with this frequently even suffocating vail. Such is, however, the dress only of the lower and larger classes. The higher "fashionables" affect the Turkish modes from Constantinople. They usually ride, and seldom go out unattended; and, whether bestraddling a donkey, their little red, pointed slippers peeping coquettishly out from their baggy trowsers, or reclining in a sedan chair or basket wagon, the bright-colored robes and the dark expressive eyes of the Oriental ladies peeping through their gauzy vails, form a most attractive feature of the Egyptian promenade, as you crowd through the cosmopolitan bazaar.

There, in the streets or passages, sits the money-changer, clinking his coppers; he will give you a hatful for a napoleon. There, are venders of corn cake and pumpkin cake, fresh fig and date cake, and all sorts of greasy and dyspeptic edibles; and there are endless arrays of odd things in the shops themselves—from curious idols, scarabees, and crocodiles' teeth, to the antiquated crooked stick plow; from the delicate embroidery in silk, to the blue overall stuff of the commonest quality. A characteristic feature of the picturesque panorama is the long troop of camels, that come swaying, careening through the mart, in file. But we may not tarry too long in the streets of Alexandria.

CAIRO, January 5.

A rail ride of one hundred and forty miles over the plain of the Delta, and we have exchanged the harbor city, with its column, its obelisks, and its long stretch of sand beach, for the Mussulman's "Musr," the Cairo of the Frank. Cairo vies with Damascus and Constantinople for the position of the proudest of the Eastern capitals. Replete with the evidences of its former greatness in its ruined yet majestic mosques, its monumental tombs, its mammoth statues, monoliths, sphinxes, and pyramids, the Egyptian capital is not without signs of the great art and enterprise of modern times.

Fairy mosques, imposing public buildings, convenient hotels and dwellings, princely palaces and marts of commerce, fitting indications of a new and prosperous metropolis, and springing up as by enchantment upon broad avenues, beautiful parks and graded streets, all attest the wise and progressive government of the beneficent King.

The palace of the Viceroy, situated upon the river's bank, is an exquisite structure without, and gorgeously decorated within, and the palace park is a gem of landscape gardening. It is stocked with native and curious animals, and abounds in rare and tropical plants—the orange and the lemon-tree, the palm, the magnolia, and the century-tree, with all the beautiful flowers which flourish in this genial clime.

Our first thoughts are of those mysterious and melancholy monitors of time, the great pyramids and the Sphinx, and we hasten to visit them. But not in the old-time traditional manner—breakfast by candle-light and an all day's donkey ride, with but an hour for a well-earned lunch at the pyramids. In two hours we are driven in a comfortable barouche down the "Shoobrah," a long avenue, and the fashionable city drive; thence along new, broad, and well-graded highways, skirted with trees, winding through cultivated and well-watered fields, out to the very plateau upon which stand those deathless monuments of an inscrutable and magnificent era.

Words cannot picture the sublime effect of these often described and wonderful structures; and our illustration of the Sphinx, as perfect as it may be, can yet give but a faint expression of the patient dignity of that mysterious being—statue it can scarcely be called. The primeval sphinx-mother of ancient races, she yet stands, care-worn indeed, but calm and forbearing—fit shrine for the pilgrims of the young and impatient peoples of these later times.

Returning home, we visit the petrified trees, the interesting tombs of the Mamalukes, and the museums of antiquities.

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The season being somewhat advanced, it is decided to make immediately the tour of the Nile, and to explore the innermost sanctuaries of Cairo and the guide-books upon our return; but we ride about leisurely for a day or two, and visit "Old Cairo," and stroll through the "Mouskee," and through the great labyrinth of the bazaars—Persian caps and silks and sashes, turquois, amber and antiques, embroidered cloths, slippers and gauze fabrics, attar of roses and sandal-wood carvings, ancient armor and quaint costumes—all jumbled into miniature shops, crowded into a labyrinth of narrow, covered passages. We bask in the warm sun, and are soon as lazy and self-satisfied as the most indolent of Arabs.

ON THE NILE, January 15.

Our company of four bargains with a dragoman—a real, bona fide dragoman—fez, embroidered jacket, broad sash folded about the waist, over which dangles a glittering watch-chain, with numberless curious charms attached; brown baggy trowsers, and white canvas shoes—all setting off a sharp, almost Italian face, swarthy and black-eyed. Tadros speaks four languages—Arabic, English, French, and Italian—and is altogether a model dragoman.

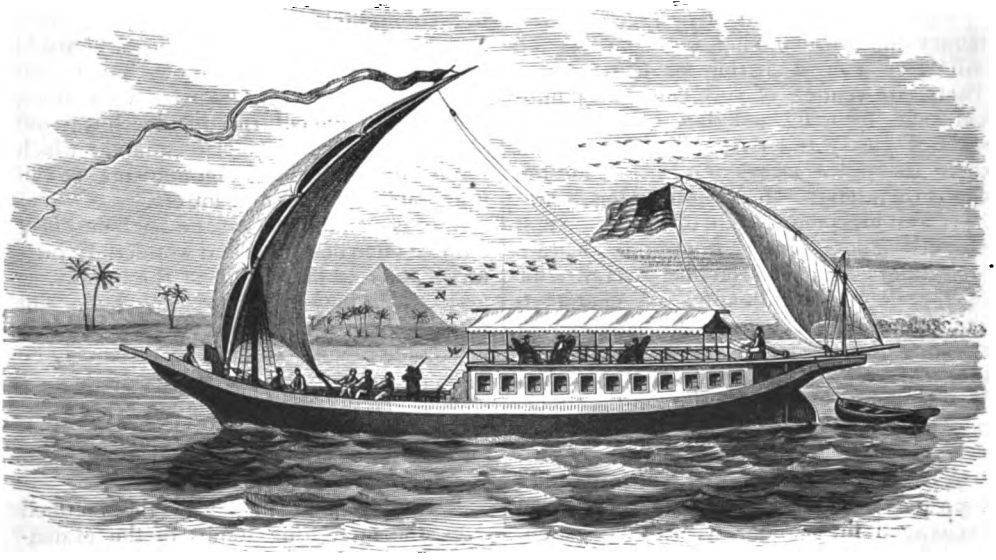
We select a dahabeih, and equip speedily for a two months' cruise along the Nile. With our American flag and pennant flying from the tall lateen masts, we are off on our long-cherished tour amid the acclamations of a score of friends from the hotel—travelers like ourselves, awaiting the equipment of their dahabeihs, or perhaps intending "to do the Nile" later on in one of the decidedly unromantic steamer trips.

But we have come, filled with a desire for the unadulterated, dreamy, Oriental pleasure tour, and we find ourselves not in the least disappointed in our leisurely boat-life. We amuse ourselves with chess, cards, sketching, and reading the histories of Lepsius, Wilkinson, and Sharpe, together with the many romances of Eastern life. And thus, floating on along the enchanted Nile, we paint us many an historic picture—of a princely people and incursive hordes, of peace and plenteousness, of famine and devastation, of love and luxury, vailed in the mysterious halo which pervades this enduring, yet changeful paradise.

The ascent of the river is made with few halts, consisting principally of an occasional promenade ashore, some "wild goose chases," and a stoppage at Thebes for letters,—for advantage is taken of favorable breezes to overcome the current of the stream, leaving the sight-seeing and excursions for the return trip. We skim along swiftly, and before many days arrive at the foot of the cataract of Asswan, 725 miles from the sea-coast, and near the confines of Nubia—the southern limit of our trip.

ASSWAN, February 5.

Here, opposite to the small island of Elephantine, where stands a celebrated



OUR DAHABEIH.

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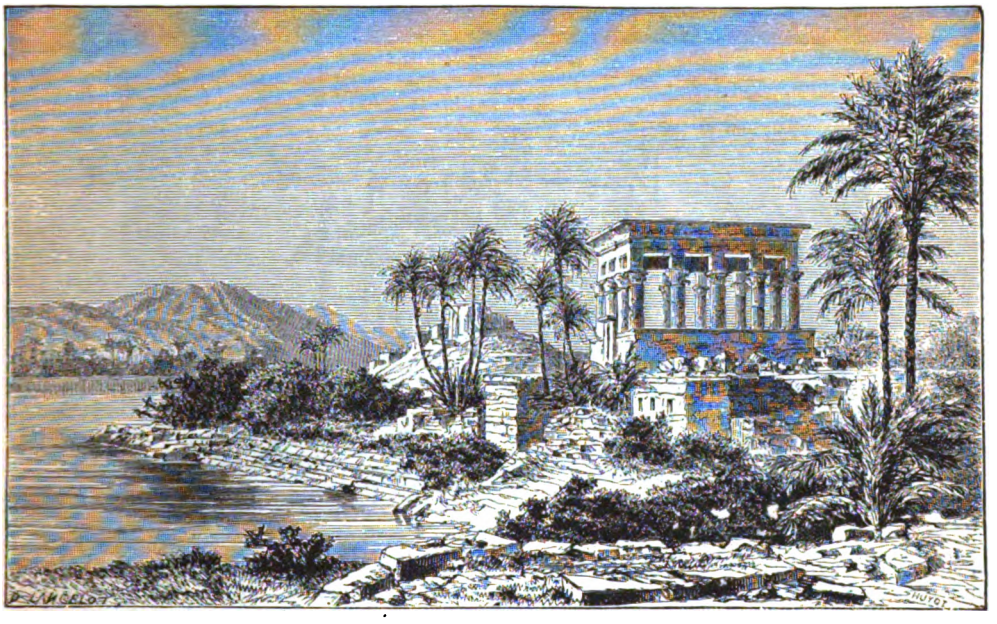
Nilometer, and upon which was situated the earliest Egyptian capital, 4000 B. C., we tie up, and are greeted with a heavy shower—an unusual experience here.

Upon the following day, we pay our compliments to the ruins of our first veritable temple, which is, at the same time, probably the most beautiful and picturesque temple of Egypt. Mounting our donkeys, we set out early upon a seven-mile jaunt. The road lies part way over the sandy desert, and partly through huge piles of bare, worn rocks, strewn about in irregular, fantastic heaps. Coming abruptly to the stream, from out this wild and barren waste, we observe a little island clad in green, upon whose bosom reclines a temple of the heathen god. We are ferried over in a little old scow by a ragged old man, and wander at length delighted among the far-famed ruins of Philæ,—built in the third century B. C., and representing the very culmination of Egyptian art.



SMALLER TEMPLE OF PHILÆ, ON AN ISLAND IN THE NILE.

Returning to Asswan, we note certain peculiarities of the Nubian dress. The women do not trouble themselves about vails, and wear seldom more than the single long blue gown. The men wear simply white cotton cloth girdles; and the children, from six to eleven, a short leathern fringe, hanging, Indian fashion, from the waist. The little ones, very dirty, wear nothing at all. They brought us many interesting mementos—ostrich eggs and feathers, crude implements of war, and various antiques.

Returning along the river by the road, we obtain a near view of this much-talked-of cataract, which we find at this season to be merely a rapid stream, about three hundred feet wide, falling some six feet in a total length of four hundred, and running among large bowlders.

Approaching Syene—the modern name for Asswan—we visit the great granite quarry, which contains a celebrated obelisk, measuring one hundred feet in length and twelve feet square at the larger end. It is partly hewn out from its bed, as are other unfinished blocks of stone, which have lain thus since Rameses the Great, who reigned some thirty-three hundred years ago.

A night's drifting down stream brings us to Kom Ombos—a cluster of great columns and cornices protruding from a sand-drift, which has almost covered it up. Some of these columns are seven feet thick and forty high, supporting great roof-stones, some of which measure, in the larger structures of Egypt, as large as forty by ten or fifteen feet, with a thickness of three or four feet. We here enjoy a day's pigeon-shooting—single shots on the wing, for we deem it but murder to shoot at the flocks, so tame and abundant are they. These pigeons of Egypt

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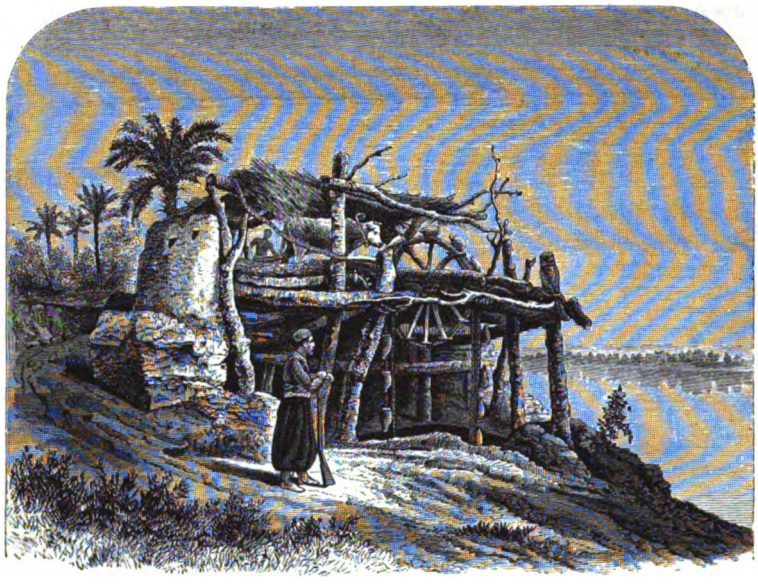
are a sight in themselves, and are indeed a luxury to the traveling sportsman, both for sport and the table.

The Nile is bordered by cities, of which Cairo is chief, containing a population of about three hundred thousand; by towns, of which Osioot is the largest, with some twenty thousand inhabitants; and by frequent small villages, containing from one hundred to a thousand people.

The habitations of the latter are simply rude huts, built of mud and straw bricks, and surmounted by a mud tower, which bristles with pigeon-roosts, and within which are the nests. Thus lives the pigeon with the Arab, as the ass with the Syrian, or the goat with the Swiss. The villages are located on high ground, and are sheltered by palm groves, and, during an unusual rise of the river, a rough dike is thrown up to fence off the water.

As a people, the Arabs may be called dirty; they sleep with their mats on the ground, indoors or out, in the midst of the fleas and other insects; and so strong is the power of tradition or caste, that it will be long before the more civilizing European customs can prevail; and, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts which the present Viceroy is making to elevate his people, many seasons will yet show to the traveler the same Arab village, with its gray-headed sheik, its indolent men, coy women, and naked young beggars.

We frequently observed the use of crooked sticks for plows, and the camel was sometimes seen yoked with the cow, pulling the crude plowshare. The "shadoof" and the "sakia" are yet quite as crude implements of toil. They are used to elevate the river water for purposes of irrigation. The former consists of a long well-sweep



THE SAKIA.

pole, with leathern basket attached, hung upon a crotched stick, and counterbalanced by a weight of mud, and is worked by hand. The sakia is a clumsy gear, with wooden pins for cogs, and turned by camels, donkeys, or buffalo cows, walking around with the long lever. The large wheel winds up an endless succession of earthen pots tied to a rope, which empty perhaps half their contents into the trough which conducts the water to the dry fields, the other half being wasted in the uncertain ascent. Still another mode obtains, even more crude than either of these. Two men, swinging a basket between them, toss up the water from one ditch to another until it is thrown to the top of the bank. It seems incomprehensible that such crude contrivances can be employed in these days, and in a country so fertile, and withal so convenient to the great markets of the world—in the very land, where, it is said, thousands of years ago, the wise Archimedes invented his memorable screw.

Not far from Kom Ombos we pass the great sandstone quarries of Silsileh, from

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which tier upon tier has been quarried down in terraces, back from the shore, along which the quarries stretch for miles—significant indeed of the extent of building and the populations of those earlier times.

Some miles further on, we approach the magnificent temple of Edfou. This ruin, formerly called Apollinopolis, the handsomest and most perfect now seen in Egypt, was constructed 160 B. C., in the reign of Philometor, the seventh of the Ptolemies, whose beneficent line governed the country from the death of Alexander to the conquest of Cæsar—300 to 30 B. C.

Still onward to the temple of Esneh, the Catopolis of the ancients, now nearly covered up by the accumulating dirt of the literally "growing" town; so much so, that the modern village is nearly on a level with the roof of the temple. The accumulations of sand and filth have, however, been removed from the ruin; and descending, we walk through the dingy, yet noble old colonnaded hall, lighted with only a faint glimmer of sun from above. With the aid of torches, which are rapidly smoking up some of the most interesting frescoes and sculptures of all the ruins, we are enabled to distinguish much of the original coloring upon the bas-reliefs of the columns and walls.

Esneh is notorious as the head-quarters of the "dancing girls of the Mamalukes," who were banished by Mohammed Ali from Cairo. They are hoydenish, bold-mannered, yet pretty girls; whose dancing is varied to the taste of the audience. In the neighborhood lies the fair temple of Cleopatra, at Erment, the ancient Hermonthis. Upon its outer walls is to be seen the famous large outline relief of the beautiful queen, cut in the old angular perspective, appropriate shrine for the fair Ghawazee maidens of Esneh!

THEBES, February 20.

Now drifting in seasons of calm, now spurting under the impulse of the oars, now blown along with favoring winds, we are borne in due time to the great shrine of Thebes. And here—130 miles from the cataract, and 450 from Cairo—we do homage to Washington's birthday; which, being also the birthday of one of our party, is made the occasion of a grand dinner and evening carnival.

Invitations are extended to friends, who arrive in a neighboring boat, and we dine in a princely manner. Illustrative of our mode of life—and this day's feasting is but little better than our usual living—I give the items of our "bill of fare:"

Thebes, February 22, 18—.

Soup. Fish.
Radishes. Olives.
Boned Goose and Duck.
Roast Mutton. Boiled Capon.
Vegetables (canned and fresh).
Pigeons with Salad.
Cabinet Pudding. Méringue.
Preserves. Oranges. Nuts and Figs.
Wines. Coffee.
Cigars.

The dragoman, with whom a contract is made, by the day or for the round trip, is supposed to provide every possible comfort, with the exception of wines and similar extras. Of the latter, we have laid in a capital stock, and are quite prepared to entertain hospitably; for our Tadros has proved most generous in provisioning, and fortunate in his selection of cook.

Our dahabeih cabin seeming rather cramped, we extemporize a gala table beneath the awning upon the hurricane deck, where we toast the sun as he retires in good season into the broad bed of the Lybian plain; we toast the stars too, as they timidly come to look after the sun. Later, our masts are festooned with banners, Chinese lanterns and chemical lights, as are numerous other dahabeihs; and the whole scene is rendered more weirdly beautiful by the brilliant moon rising full over the low horizon of sandy desert. Later, the sailors sing us a serenade chorus; and as the cool air grows chiller and our guests are departing, we drink to our glorious home in the West.

The Nile Valley varies from less than a mile to a dozen miles in width. At Thebes it spreads out into a broad and fertile plain; and here was an early, and probably the most powerful of all the capital seats, and even now most of the ruins are clustered here.

Most famous of these are the temples of Karnak and Luxor on the east side of the river, and the twin statues of Memnon, the temples of Medinet-Abou, and the Memnonium, with its colossal granite statue of Rameses, upon the western plain.

The great statues of Memnon sit upon the plain with their backs to the western hills, and facing the river

Grand monuments, requiring each a single sandstone, forty-eight feet high and eighteen feet square, from which to be chiseled!

To the north of these lies the crumbled old palace and temple of Rameses Mei-Ammon, the celebrated Sesostris (1440 B. C.),

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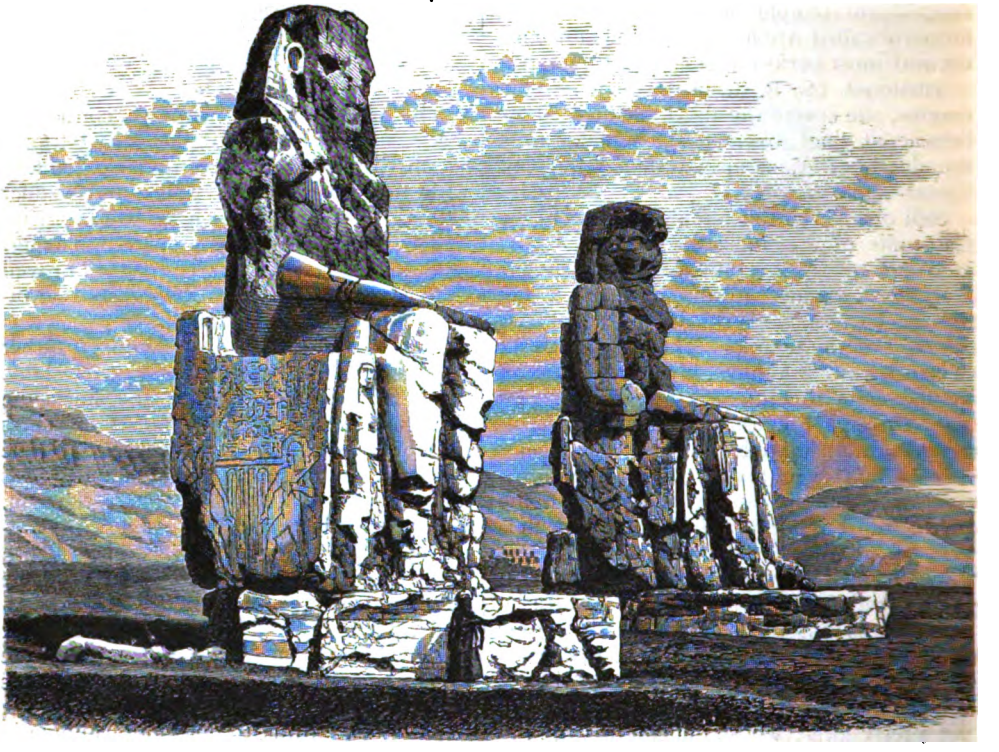
who built the great bulk of Egyptian temples and statues, who scooped out the wonderful rock temple called the Speos of "Phra, at Ipsamboul," with the mighty colossi guarding its portals; who built also



THE STATUES OF MEMNON.

the grand temples of Karnak and Luxor, the vocal Memnon, and this Memnonium of which we speak, before which arose the greatest statue known in history. It was of the same size and posture as the statues of Memnon, *but of granite;* but it suffered, alas! the especial wrath of the conqueror Cambyses (521 B. C.), and now lies lowly and broken.

At the other end of the plain, to the southward, lies Medinet-Abou, the palace and temple of Rameses III, 1270 B. C., probably a grandson or great-grandson of the great Sesostris.

In the hills back of Medinet-Abou are the mummy-pits, where the corpses are packed in like herrings; and we hasten to visit them.

We enter the black cavern and look down the preliminary pit-hole, only to shrink back affrighted; but we *must* carry home a small bit of a mummy. So we clamber down the black chasm along a dark alley; then we creep on all-fours, until we emerge, begrimed, into the smothering pit of the mummies. Our heads touch the ceiling; our feet tread the bodies; the heat is intense, and the stench appalling. With a grab at a few relics we hasten forth to the pure light of day, and, as we assort our specimens, we recall the words of Hamlet:

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"

Still further, over the hills in which are the mummy-pits is a crater-like valley, walled round with precipitous cliffs, in the bases of which are the square, yawning black mouths which lead down into the "Tombs of the Kings."

We descend, bearing torches, down the square spacious hall, which is flanked by occasional small chambers, the walls of which are ornamented with frescoes, as fresh as though lately painted, crudely detailing the histories of these royal lines.

Soon we come to a large architectural grotto; then on, down another incline until we arrive at the spacious apartment in which rested the sarcophagus. We explore several

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of these royal tombs, all very similar in construction. Most of the great stone sarcophagi have been taken to foreign museums, lest the Goth and the Vandal of travel should destroy them with hammer and chisel. These tombs have been only lately discovered, so ingeniously were they obscured by the *débris* fallen or thrown down from above over the bases of the cliffs in which are the entrances.

The principal entrance or exit of this kingly cemetery is through a scraggy gorge called "The King's Gateway," up which we clamber; and from the hill-top we obtain an extensive view of the Theban plain, a great fertile campagna, hemmed in by a girdle of desolate hills, and through which threads the silvery serpentine river.

Descending the hill, we explore, not far from its base, upon our return to the river, the great underground tomb of Assasseef, a high priest of about 700 B. C. It is several hundred feet deep, and lateral passages lead nine hundred or a thousand feet to the crypt of his Highness. Its many dark recesses are well stocked with rats and vermin.

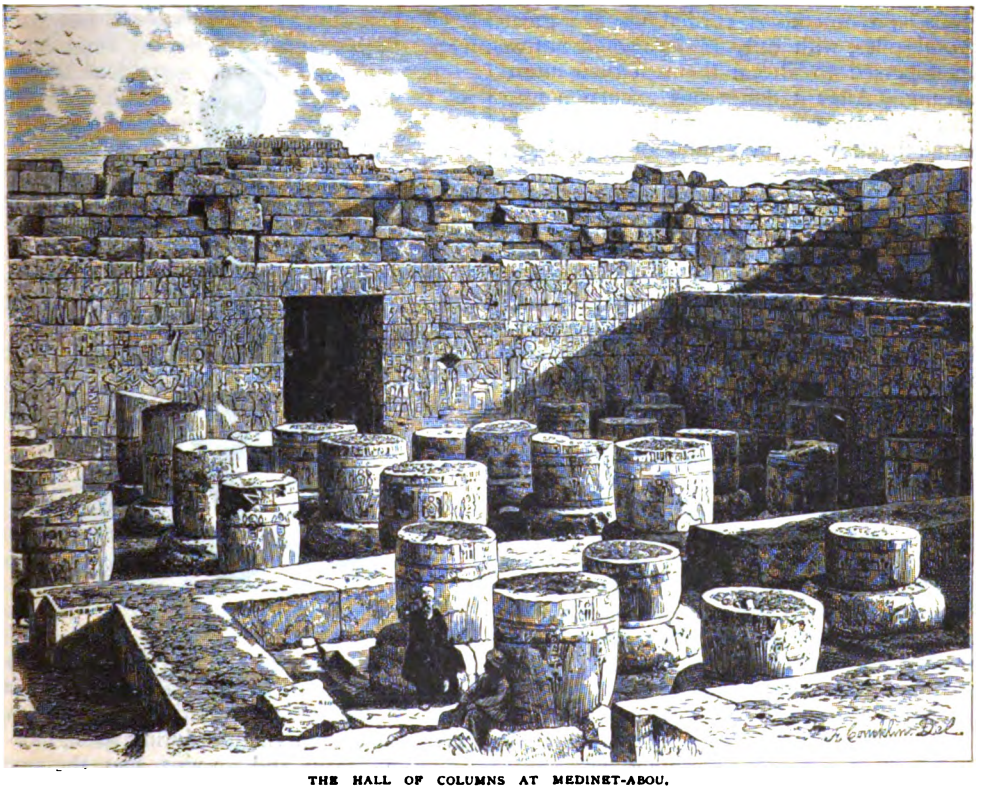
The great "Hall of Columns" is very impressive; and the cleanly cut granite obelisks are as chaste as though fresh from the master's chisel.

One approach to these widely scattered ruins is through an avenue of sphinxes which formerly connected these temples with those of Luxor, of which latter there now remains only a great portico of columns, with some statues and an obelisk.

Thebes is the principal market for antiques, and the value of some of the little stone beetles, called scarabees, is surprising, those bearing royal cartouches being invaluable to science and historic research. But soon our few pleasant days in this garden of ancient Egypt are over, and with many regrets we push away from its hospitable shores.

A few days of leisurely drifting brings us far down, to Girgeh; looking in, *en route*, upon Denderah, and the dethroned and dismantled Abydos, the site of the This of the ancients, six thousand years old!

Still on with the on-flowing tide to Osioot, the largest and the cleanliest town of all; picturesque, in spite of its likeness to other market towns. Its mud hovels seem



THE HALL OF COLUMNS AT MEDINET-ABOU.

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surrounded by fresher palm groves, and its mud bricks are squared, and its window lattices repaired. The houses are oftener two-story mansions, with separate stabling for pigeons; and there is a suggestion of trade in its market-place, where a pair of tall ostriches stalk at their will.

Another night's rowing to the measure of the Arab sailor's hymn, and early morning finds us under the lee of a bank upon which we are to see the famous Sheik Selim, the saint. Reminding one of the Syrian Stylites or the Indian Pranporee, this old man sits by the side of the Nile, where he is said to have sat for a number of years, extending beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant —naked, and only occasionally warmed by a fire. When the Nile rises, he drags his bent and stiffened body further up the bank; and the natives have a superstition that when he waves his long arm the river begins to fall. Here, year after year, fed by the faithful, he prays on, a mummy before his time.

Near Maabdeh are the celebrated crocodile pits, within whose fatal caverns several explorers have met their death by suffocation. Here, in stifling subterranean recesses, are laid away these mummied gods—the crocodiles, corded up like great wood piles, with only an occasional native interspersed to attend them at their future arising. After a dangerous excursion into this noisome cemetery, one of our friends came back with an armful of legs, eggs, teeth, and crocodiles, the latter consisting of small bundles of infant crocodiles swaddled in mummy cloth.

A day's sail further on are the tombs of E'dayr and Antinoë, upon whose walls may be seen the most noted of all the mural paintings, illustrating the removal of massive bodies of stone. It presents the idea of a roadway upon which is a sledge laden with a colossus, which is being drawn by some two hundred men. As a measure of the size of the statue, an Egyptian standing upon the knee of the giant, directing its removal, reaches scarcely up to the statue's massive chest. We ride back from the barren hills of the desert, in which are situated these tombs, through great fields of beans, maize, and sugar-cane, which, with wheat and cotton and the invaluable palm-tree,—supplying, as it does, shelter, raiment, ropes, matting, and dates for food,—constitute the principal products of the country.

We are scarcely seated upon the deck of our boat, regarding the luxuriant vegetation and enjoying a balmy siesta, when we see a picturesque group of maidens coming down to the river for water, bearing their empty jars in their hands. They seem excessively modest, for we scarcely obtain more recognition than a few timid side glances, before they troop off demurely erect, with their water jars jauntily perched on their heads.

The famous tombs of Beni-Hassan next demand inspection. Their principal interest lies in a series of frescoes illustrating the history of the era of Memphite predominance. From the histories one may read from them it would seem that the twentieth century before Christ was only slightly to be contrasted with this the twentieth century after, in the habits and customs of human kind.

Minieh, one hundred and sixty miles south of Cairo, is the present terminus of the railway; and here are situated the largest of the half dozen sugar refineries of the Viceroy. These produce him large revenues, greatly enhanced by the almost gratuitous work of his subjects. They are supervised by European skilled labor, and are worked by European machinery.

THE CARRIAGE RUNNER.

With full canvas, and borne onward by the swift current, we approach the meager ruins of Memphis, covered up layer upon layer by modern villages during these thousands of years; and we visit, also, the near pyramids of Sakkara and the interesting

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tombs of the sacred bulls. These seen, we hasten over the last twenty miles of our trip. A dangerous gust of wind recalls to our minds the point called Gebel Tookh—Aboofeyda, near to Girgeh, where the winds rise frequently into whirlwinds, as the storms blow around the precipitous cliffs and strike fear to the hearts of the not too courageous Arabian sailors. Yet our crew seem to fight with changeable winds like true muscular seamen. They are good-natured fellows, ready to run of an errand or after our game, or to bear us ashore on their great brawny backs. The crew consists of twelve—a captain, steersman, eight sailors, cook, and waiter. And there is our dragoman and a bright little Nubian boy, always at our elbow to fetch us a book or an orange as we lie in our ship chairs upon deck. The sailors coil up in a rough sack on the deck to sleep, and are up at the slightest call to their duty—to shift the lateens, or to jump into the stream and lift off the boat from some treacherous sand-bar.

Their food consists of coarse flour baked with water, which is then crumbled and dried in the sun, afterward boiled and mixed with beans or lentils. The sailors sit around the kettle-pot and partake of this in the most primitive fashion, each dipping the first two fingers of the right hand into the pot. An occasional contribution of a sheep is received by them with great manifestation of gratitude; and their happiness seems completed by a few piastres for the purchase of some onions and sugar-cane.

Favorable winds give light labor to our sailors, and they recompense us amply with singing and dancing and ludicrous attempts at impromptu theatricals—chiefly burlesques of a king, who, perhaps, is ultimately poisoned or assassinated amid the applause and laughter of the whole stock company, king and all.

And thus, with daily some newly discovered enjoyment, an hour's hunting, a ludicrous donkey race or excursion ashore, a quaint vein of native humor, or perhaps some touching poem of sorrow caught in passing; impressive ruin, picturesque landscape, or rare sunset, "our slow drift moves onward," until we may hail once again the distant Cairo, with its delicate minarets, and the cupola of the citadel mosque of Mohammed rising up like the wonderful dome of St. Peter's.

Once more we may roam through the quaint streets and entertaining bazaars of "old Cairo," re-enjoying their objects of beauty and strangeness. We may go to the great crumbling Mosque of Hassan, called after the Sultan who built it, or drive out again to the tombs of the Mamalukes, fast turning into the desert from which they arise in their grimness, or revisit the obelisk

THE MILK-CART IN CAIRO.

and be hauled up the pyramids, and do homage once more to the great Sphinx.

CAIRO, March 15.

We are glad to be once again in our quiet and immovable rooms at Shepherd's Hotel, and we partake with relish of the busy scenes of cosmopolitan life. We canter about gayly on the trim little donkeys, punched on by half naked little "fellahs." Here, shouting, comes the lithe carriage runner, who, bred to the business, can outrun the horses for hours, as he hurries along to make room for a Pasha, who lolls complaisantly back in his carriage as it rolls through the crowds that press back for its passage.

There, walks a lady of Cairo, closely vailed, and attended by a toothless old woman, who watches her closely. And here goes a merchant prince, slipping awkwardly along on a richly caparisoned camel. And here is a waterman under our noses who pours us a drink for a "thank you;" and his friend, the street sprinkler, staggers hard by with an enormous load in a goat-skin, from which he scatters a crystalline shower upon the dusty highways.

There, is the milk-cart of Cairo—a mild-featured nanny goat, who suffers herself to be led to your threshold, there to be milked by the gray-turbaned Arab, and thus gives you her best, undiluted.

On every side is to be seen thus some primitive and homely custom; the very body-servant sleeps leaning against the door of the master's apartments; and the street

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HOWADJI'S ARRIVAL AT SHEPHERD'S HOTEL, CAIRO. (AFTER A PAINTING.)

porters may be awakened in the early morning coiled up in their matting-sacks, their heads upon the door-steps.

How primitive must be the habits of the beggars and donkey-boys! But here is the typical citizen—a smart, active Arab, who steps briskly and erect, with an air which would bespeak a proud and intelligent destiny in another land than this; but he is now but a bonded Egyptian, and he hurries along to his labor, while his daughter turns pensively from him, her sad face repressing a sorrow not rare in this Sphinx-land—this land of enslavement and bondage.

It must not, however, be considered from this, that the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century fails to be felt in Egypt; for the general condition of these Egyptians is already very much ameliorated by the present sovereign, Ismail Pasha. He has promoted the original industries of the country, he has created new industries, and opened up new avenues and fields, with well-built railways and extensive canals; and, while ornamenting his large cities with useful and tasteful structures and parks, and while developing the material resources of the kingdom at large, raising it up to the standard of an independent and formidable power, he has not neglected the education and æsthetic culture of his subjects, but has steadfastly pursued a progressive policy.

But we may not repose longer in this interesting capital, for we fain would do homage to other great shrines of the Orient. So we tie up our traps for our journey to the Suez Canal; and, as we sit in our hotel windows awaiting the moment of departure, we enjoy a last tableau of Cairo. A long train of camels files by, each one attached to the tail of the one preceding. They march on erect beneath the large building stones with which they are laden. They look innocent, even sad; yet they are said to bristle with rage if provoked beyond measure. These have hardly passed when there follows a wedding procession. At the head pipes a piper upon a reed, which squeaks mightily; then two drummers supply with great volume what the reed lacks in sweetness. Now follow long lines of Arabs arm in arm across the highway; then the bridegroom, bestraddling a donkey. Throngs kiss his hands, and prophesy happiness. Now follow women; thickly vailed walks the bride between two bridesmaids, who support her, and seem to address her with much gesticulation, as if to tease her; but perhaps they are giving her lessons in marital matters. Four gayly decked boys bear a canopy over her head, and she moves with the air of a stage-queen. Behind these, with much talking and shouting, come the rabble; and the vile little donkey-boys, congregating in numbers before the hotel, when not besieging some easy-going excur-

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sionist, take part in the merry procession by pushing the bright little donkeys among them. The beasts take the brunt of the beating with gentleness, but appear not to relish the fun.

All aboard! we descend to our carriages, and are whirled off through the throngs of donkeys and camels; the peddlers, snake-charmers, tricksters, hawkers, and motley groups of travelers by the hotel, and soon are ensconced in the rail-car—that sad innovation upon Eastern romance.

SUEZ CANAL, March 27.

Seven hours' flight through fertile fields, and over the Syrian Desert, and we arrive at Ismailia, equidistant from Port Said and Suez, on Lake Timsah, a clean little town in the very desert, but bright with made gardens and flowers. It flourished during the building of the canal, but is now silent, though proud in the home of De Lesseps.

The day following, our tug-boat moves through in the wake of a magnificent steamship, which meets with no obstruction whatever, to Port Said, where the French steamer lies waiting to bear us to Jaffa.

With a glimpse at the town, and its harbor, made out into the sea with great walls of manufactured stone, we mount the tall sides of the steamer; the low, yellow desert sinks into the sea, and the glories of Egypt are lost to our sight.

THE LAST OF THE NARWHALE.

THE STORY OF AN ARCTIC NIP.

"AY, AY, I'll tell you, shipmates,
If you care to hear the tale,
How myself and the royal yard alone
Were left of the old Narwhale.

"A stouter ship was never launched
Of all the Clyde-built whalers,
And forty years of a life at sea
Haven't matched her crowd of sailors.
Picked men they were, all young and strong,
And used to the wildest seas,
From Donegal and the Scottish coast,
And the rugged Hebrides.
Such men as women cling to, mates,
Like ivy round their lives;
And the day we sailed, the quays were lined
With weeping mothers and wives.
They cried and prayed, and we gave 'em a cheer,
In the thoughtless way o' men.
God help them, shipmates—thirty years
They've waited and prayed since then.

"We sailed to the North, and I mind it well,
The pity we felt and pride
When we sighted the cliffs of Labrador
From the sea where Hudson died.
We talked of ships that never came back,
And when the great floes passed,
Like ghosts in the night, each moonlit peak
Like a great war-frigate's mast,
'Twas said that a ship was frozen up
In the iceberg's awful breast,
The clear ice holding the sailor's face
As he lay in his mortal rest.
And I've thought since then, when the ships came home,
That sailed for the Franklin band,
A mistake was made in the reckoning
That looked for the crews on land.
'They're floating still,' I've said to myself,
'And Sir John has found the goal;
The Erebus and the Terror, mates,
Are icebergs up at the Pole!'

"We sailed due north, to Baffin's Bay,
And cruised through weeks of light;
'Twas always day, and we slept by the bell,
And longed for the dear old night,
And the blessed darkness, left behind,
Like a curtain round the bed;
But a month dragged on like an afternoon
With the wheeling sun o'erhead.
We found the whales were farther still,
The farther north we sailed:
Along the Greenland glacier coast,
The boldest might have quailed,
Such Shapes did keep us company
No sail in all that sea,
But thick as ships in Mersey's tide
The bergs moved awfully
Within the current's northward stream;
But, ere the long day's close,
We found the whales and filled the ship
Amid the friendly floes.

"Then came a rest: the day was blown
Like a cloud before the night;
In the south the sun went redly down—
In the north rose another light,
Neither sun nor moon, but a shooting dawn,
That silvered our lonely way.
It seemed we sailed in a belt of gloom,
Upon either side, a day.
The north wind smote the sea to death;
The pack-ice closed us round—
The Narwhale stood in the level fields
As fast as a ship aground.
A weary time it was to wait,
And to wish for spring to come,
With the pleasant breeze and the blessed sun,
To open the way toward home.

"Spring came at last, the ice-fields groaned
Like living things in pain;
They moaned and swayed, then rent amain,
And the Narwhale sailed again.

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"EACH MOONLIT PEAK
LIKE A GREAT WAR-FRIGATE'S MAST."

With joy the dripping sails were loosed,
And round the vessel swung;
To cheer the crew, full south she drew,
The shattered floes among.
We had no books in those old days
To carry the friendly faces;
But I think the wives and lasses then
Were held in better places.
The face of sweetheart and wife to-day
Is locked in the sailors' chest;
But aloft on the yard, with the thought of home,
The face in the heart was best.
Well, well—God knows, mates, when and where
To take the things He gave;
We steered for Home—but the chart was His,
And the port ahead—the Grave!

"We cleared the floes; through an open sea
The Narwhale south'ard sailed,
Till a day came round when the white fog rose,
And the wind astern had failed.
In front of the Greenland glacier line
And close to its base were we;
Through the misty pall we could see the wall
That beetled above the sea.
A fear like the fog crept over our hearts
As we heard the hollow roar
Of the deep sea thrashing the cliffs of ice
For leagues along the shore.

"The years have come, and the years have gone,
But it never wears away—
The sense I have of the sights and sounds
That marked that woful day.

Flung here and there at the ocean's will,
As it flung the broken floe—
What strength had we 'gainst the tiger sea
That sports with a sailor's woe?
The lifeless berg and the lifeful ship
Were the same to the sullen wave,
As it swept them far from ridge to ridge,
Till at last the Narwhale drave
With a crashing rail on the glacier wall,
As sheer as the vessel's mast—
A crashing rail and a shivered yard;
But the worst, we thought, was past.
The brave lads sprang to the fending work,
And the skipper's voice rang hard:
'Aloft there, one with a ready knife—
Cut loose that royal yard!'
I sprang to the rigging, young I was,
And proud to be first to dare:
The yard swung free, and I turned to gaze
Toward the open sea, o'er the field of haze,
And my heart grew cold, as if frozen through,
At the moving Shape that met my view—
O Christ! what a sight was there!

"Above the fog, as I hugged the yard,
I saw that an iceberg lay—
A berg like a mountain, closing fast—
Not a cable's length away!
I could not see through the sheet of mist
That covered all below,
But I heard their cheery voices still,
And I screamed to let them know.
The cry went down, and the skipper hailed,
But before the word could come
It died in his throat, and I knew they saw
The shape of the closing Doom!

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"No sound but that—but the hail that died
  Came up through the mist to me:
Thank God, it covered the ship like a vail,
  And I was not forced to see—
But I heard it, mates: O, I heard the rush
  And the timbers rend and rive,
As the yard clung to swayed and fell

"I lay on the ice alive!
  Alive! O Lord of mercy! ship and crew and
    sea were gone!
The hummocked ice and the broken yard,
  And a kneeling man—alone!

"A kneeling man on a frozen hill-
  The sounds of life in the air—
All Death and Ice—and a minute before
  The sea and the ship were there!
I could not think they were dead and gone,
  And I listened for sound or word;
But the deep-sea roar on the desolate shore
  Was the only sound I heard.
O mates, I had no heart to thank
  The Lord for the life He gave;
I spread my arms on the ice and cried
  Aloud on my shipmates' grave.
The brave strong lads, with their strength all vain,
  I called them name by name,
And it seemed to me from the dying hearts
  A message upward came—
Ay, mates, a message, up through the ice
  From every sailor's breast:
'Go tell our mothers and wives at home
  To pray for us here at rest.'

"Yes, that's what it means: 'tis a little word;
  But, mates, the strongest ship
That ever was built is a baby's toy
  When it comes to an Arctic Nip."

THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEREIN MR. BELCHER, HAVING EXHIBITED HIS DIRTY RECORD, SHOWS A CLEAN PAIR OF HEELS.

THE first face that Mr. Belcher met upon leaving the Court-House was that of Mr. Talbot.

"Get into my coupé," said Talbot. "I will take you home."

Mr. Belcher got into the coupé quickly, as if he were hiding from some pursuing danger.

"Home!" said he, huskily, and in a whimpering voice. "Home! Good God! I wish I knew where it was."

"What's the matter, General? How has the case gone?"

"Gone? Haven't you been in the house?"

"No; how has it gone?"

"Gone to hell," said Mr. Belcher, leaning over heavily upon Talbot, and whispering it in his ear.

"Not so bad as that, I hope," said Talbot, pushing him off.

"Toll," said the suffering man, "haven't I always used you well? You are not going

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to turn against the General? You've made a good thing out of him, Toll."

"What's happened, General? Tell me."

"Toll, you'll be shut up to-morrow. Play your cards right. Make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness."

Talbot sat and thought very fast. He saw that there was serious trouble, and

"The devil's to pay."

"I'm glad of it," said he. "I hope you'll get it all out of him."

"It's too late for joking," responded the man, seriously. "We want to see you at once. You've been overreached in this matter of the Air Line, and you've got some very ugly accounts to settle."

"WORKIN' UP A CORNER IN SALT RIVER."

questioned whether he were not compromising himself. Still, the fact that the General had enriched him, determined him to stand by his old principal as far as he could, consistently with his own safety.

"What can I do for you, General?" he said.

"Get me out of the city. Get me off to Europe. You know I have funds there."

"I'll do what I can, General."

"You're a jewel, Toll."

"By the way," said Talbot, "the Crooked Valley corporation held its annual meeting to-day. You are out, and they have a new deal."

"They'll find out something to-morrow, Toll. It all comes together."

When the coupé drove up at Palgrave's Folly, and the General alighted, he found one of his brokers on the steps, with a pale face.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Belcher.

"I'll be down to-morrow early," said the General.

"We want to see you to-night," said the broker.

"Very well; come here at nine o'clock."

Then the broker went away, and Mr. Belcher and Mr. Talbot went in. They ascended to the library, and there, in a few minutes, arranged their plans. Mrs. Belcher was not to be informed of them, but was to be left to get the news of her husband's overthrow after his departure.

"Sarah's been a good wife, Toll," he said; "but she was unequally yoked with an unbeliever, and hasn't been happy for a good many years. I hope you'll look after her a little, Toll. Save something for her, if you can. Of course, she'll have to leave here, and it won't trouble her much."

At this moment the merry voices of his children came through an opening door. The General gave a great gulp in the en-

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deavor to swallow his emotion. After all, there was a tender spot in him.

"Toll, shut the door; I can't stand that. Poor little devils! what's going to become of them?"

The General was busy with his packing. In half an hour his arrangements were completed. Then Talbot went to one of the front rooms of the house, and, looking from the window, saw a man talking with the driver of his coupé. It was an officer. Mr. Belcher peeped through the curtain, and knew him. What was to be done? A plan of escape was immediately made and executed. There was a covered passage into the stable from the rear of the house, and through that both the proprietor and Talbot made their way. Now that Phipps had left him, Mr. Belcher had but a single servant who could drive. He was told to prepare the horses at once, and to make himself ready for service. After everything was done but the opening of the doors, Talbot went back through the house, and, on appearing at the front door of the mansion, was met by the officer, who inquired for Mr. Belcher. Mr. Talbot let him in, calling for a servant at the same time, and went out and closed the door behind him.

Simultaneously with this movement, the stable-doors flew open, and the horses sprang out upon the street, and were half a mile on their way to one of the upper ferries, leading to Jersey City, before the officer could get an answer to his inquiries for Mr. Belcher. Mr. Belcher had been there only five minutes before, but he had evidently gone out. He would certainly be back to dinner. So the officer waited until convinced that his bird had flown, and until the proprietor was across the river in search of a comfortable bed among the obscure hotels of the town.

It had been arranged that Talbot should secure a state-room on the "Aladdin," to sail on the following day, and make an arrangement with the steward to admit Mr. Belcher to it on his arrival, and assist in keeping him from sight.

Mr. Belcher sent back his carriage by the uppermost ferry, ate a wretched dinner, and threw himself upon his bed, where he tossed his feverish limbs until daybreak. It was a night thronged with nervous fears. He knew that New York would resound with his name on the following day. Could he reach his state-room on the "Aladdin" without being discovered? He resolved to try it early the next morning, though he knew the steamer would not sail until noon. Accordingly, as the day began to break, he rose and looked out of his dingy window. The milk-men only were stirring. At the lower end of the street he could see masts and the pipes of the great steamers, and a ferry-boat crossing to get its first batch of passengers for an early train. Then a wretched man walked under his window, looking for something—hoping, after the accidents of the evening, to find money for his breakfast. Mr. Belcher dropped him a dollar, and the man looked up and said feebly: "May God bless you, sir!"

This little benediction was received gratefully. It would do to start on. He felt his way down-stairs, called for his reckoning, and when, after an uncomfortable and vexatious delay, he had found a sleepy, half-dressed man to receive his money, he went out upon the street, satchel in hand, and walked rapidly toward the slip where the "Aladdin" lay asleep.

Talbot's money had done its work well, and the fugitive had only to make himself known to the officer in charge to secure an immediate entrance into the state-room that had been purchased for him. He shut the door and locked it; then he took off his clothes and went to bed.

Mr. Belcher's entrance upon the vessel had been observed by a policeman; but, though it was an unusual occurrence, the fact that he was received showed that he had been expected. As the policeman was soon relieved from duty, he gave the matter no farther thought, so that Mr. Belcher had practically made the passage from his library to his state-room unobserved.

After the terrible excitement of the two preceding days, and the sleeplessness of the night, Mr. Belcher, with the first sense of security, fell into a heavy slumber. All through the morning there were officers on the vessel who knew that he was wanted, but his state-room had been engaged for an invalid lady, and the steward assured the officers that she was in the room, and was not to be disturbed.

The first consciousness that came to the sleeper was with the first motion of the vessel as she pushed out from her dock. He rose and dressed, and found himself exceedingly hungry. There was nothing to do, however, but to wait. The steamer would go down so as to pass the bar at high tide, and lie to for the mails and the latest passengers, to be brought down the bay by a tug. He knew that he could not step from his hiding

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until the last policeman had left the vessel, with the casting off of its tender, and so sat and watched, from the little port-hole which illuminated his room, the panorama of the Jersey and the Staten Island shores.

His hard, exciting life was retiring. He was leaving his foul reputation, his wife and children, his old pursuits, and his fondly cherished idol, behind him. He was leaving danger behind. He was leaving Sing Sing behind! He had all Europe, with plenty of money, before him. His spirits began to rise. He even took a look into his mirror to be a witness of his own triumph.

At four o'clock, after the steamer had lain at anchor for two or three hours, the tug arrived, and as his was the leeward side of the vessel, she unloaded her passengers upon the steamer where he could see them. There were no faces that he knew, and he was relieved. He heard a great deal of tramping about the decks and through the cabin. Once, two men came into the little passage into which his door opened. He heard his name spoken, and the whispered assurance that his room was occupied by a sick woman; and then they went away.

At last the orders were given to cast off the tug. He saw the anxious looks of officers as they slid by his port-hole, and then he realized that he was free.

The anchor was hoisted, the great engine lifted itself to its mighty task, and the voyage was begun. They had gone down a mile, perhaps, when Mr. Belcher came out of his state-room. Supper was not ready—would not be ready for an hour. He took a hurried survey of the passengers, none of whom he knew. They were evidently gentlefolk, mostly from inland cities, who were going to Europe for pleasure. He was glad to see that he attracted little attention. He sat down on deck, and took up a newspaper which a passenger had left behind him.

The case of "Benedict *vs.* Belcher" absorbed three or four columns, besides a column of editorial comment, in which the General's character and his crime were painted with a free hand and in startling colors. Then, in the financial column, he found a record of the meeting of the Crooked Valley Corporation, to which was added the statement that suspicions were abroad that the retiring president had been guilty of criminal irregularities in connection with the bonds of the company—irregularities which would immediately become a matter of official investigation. There was also an account of his operations in Muscogee Air Line, and a rumor that he had fled from the city, by some of the numerous outgoing lines of steamers, and that steps had already been taken to head him off at every possible point of landing in this country and Europe.

This last rumor was not calculated to increase his appetite, or restore his self-complacency and self-assurance. He looked all these accounts over a second time in a cursory way, and was about to fold the paper, so as to hide or destroy it, when his eye fell upon a column of foreign despatches. He had never been greatly interested in this department of his newspaper, but now that he was on his way to Europe they assumed a new significance; and, beginning at the top, he read them through. At the foot of the column he read the words, "Heavy Failure of a Banking House;" and his attention was absorbed at once by the item which followed: "The House of Tempin Brothers, of Berlin, has gone down. The failure is said to be utterly disastrous, even the special deposits in the hands of the house having been used. The house was a favorite with Americans, and the failure will inevitably produce great distress among those who are traveling for pleasure. The house is said to have no assets, and the members are not to be found."

Mr. Belcher's "anchor to windward" had snapped its cable, and he was wildly afloat, with ruin behind him, and starvation or immediate arrest before. With curses on his white lips, and with a trembling hand, he cut out the item, walked to his state-room, and threw the record of his crime and shame out of the port-hole. Then, placing the little excerpt in the pocket of his waistcoat, he went on deck.

There sat the happy passengers, wrapped in shawls, watching the setting sun, thinking of the friends and scenes they had left behind them, and dreaming of the unknown world that lay before. Three or four elderly gentlemen were gathered in a group, discussing Mr. Belcher himself, but none of them knew him. He had no part in the world of honor and of innocence in which all these lived. He was an outlaw. He groaned when the overwhelming consciousness of his disgrace came upon him—groaned to think that not one of all the pleasant people around him could know him without shrinking from him as a monster.

He was looking for some one. A sailor engaged in service passed near him. Stepping to his side, Mr. Belcher asked him to

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show him the Captain. The man pointed to the bridge.

"There's the Cap'n, sir—the man in the blue coat and brass buttons."

Then he went along.

Mr. Belcher immediately made his way to the bridge. He touched his hat to the gruff old officer, and begged his pardon for obtruding himself upon him, but he was in trouble, and wanted advice.

"Very well, out with it; what's the matter?" said the Captain.

Mr. Belcher drew out the little item he had saved, and said:

"Captain, I have seen this bit of news for the first time since I started. This firm held all the money I have in the world. Is there any possible way for me to get back to my home?"

"I don't know of any," said the Captain.

"But I must go back."

"You'll have to swim for it, then."

Mr. Belcher was just turning away in despair, with a thought of suicide in his mind, when the Captain said:

"There's Pilot-boat Number 10. She's coming round to get some papers. Perhaps I can get you aboard of her, but you are rather heavy for a jump."

The wind was blowing briskly off shore, and the beautiful pilot-boat, with her wonderful spread of canvas, was cutting the water as a bird cleaves the air. She had been beating toward land, but, as she saw the steamer, she rounded to, gave way before the wind, worked toward the steamer's track on the windward side, and would soon run keel to keel with her.

"Fetch your traps," said the Captain. "I can get you on board, if you are in time."

Mr. Belcher ran to his state-room, seized his valise, and was soon again on deck. The pilot-boat was within ten rods of the steamer, curving in gracefully toward the monster, and running like a race-horse. The Captain had a bundle of papers in his hand. He held them while Mr. Belcher went over the side of the vessel, down the ladder, and turned himself for his jump. There was peril in the venture, but desperation had strung his nerves. The Captain shouted, and asked the bluff fellows on the little craft to do him the personal favor to take his passenger on shore, at their convenience. Then a sailor tossed them the valise, and the Captain tossed them the papers. Close in came the little boat. It was almost under Mr. Belcher. "Jump!" shouted half a dozen voices together, and the heavy man lay sprawling upon the deck among the laughing crew. A shout and a clapping of hands was heard from the steamer. "Number 10" sheered off and continued her cruise, and, stunned and bruised, the General crawled into the little cabin, where it took only ten minutes of the new motion to make him so sick that his hunger departed, and he was glad to lie where, during the week that he tossed about in the cruise for incoming vessels, he would have been glad to die.

One, two, three, four steamers were supplied with pilots, and an opportunity was given him on each occasion to go into port, but he would wait. He had told the story of his brokers, given a fictitious name to himself, and managed to win the good-will of the simple men around him. His bottle of brandy and his box of cigars were at their service, and his dress was that of a gentleman. His natural drollery took on a very amusing form during his sickness, and the men found him a source of pleasure rather than an encumbrance.

At length the last pilot was disposed of, and "Number 10" made for home; and on a dark midnight she ran in among the shipping above the Battery, on the North River, and was still.

Mr. Belcher was not without ready money. He was in the habit of carrying a considerable sum, and, before leaving Talbot, he had drained that gentleman's purse. He gave a handsome fee to the men, and, taking his satchel in his hand, went on shore. He was weak and wretched with long seasickness and loss of sleep, and staggered as he walked along the wharf like a drunken man. He tried to get one of the men to go with him and carry his burden, but each wanted the time with his family, and declined to serve him at any price. So he followed up the line of shipping for a few blocks, went by the dens where drunken sailors and river thieves were carousing, and then turned up Fulton street toward Broadway. He knew that the city cars ran all night, but he did not dare to enter one of them. Reaching the Astor, he crossed over, and, seeing an up-town car starting off without a passenger, he stepped upon the front platform, where he deposited his satchel, and sat down upon it. People came into the car and stepped off, but they could not see him. He was oppressed with drowsiness, yet he was painfully wide awake.

At length he reached the vicinity of his

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old splendors. The car was stopped, and, resuming his burden, he crossed over to Fifth Avenue, and stood in front of the palace which had been his home. It was dark at every window. Where were his wife and children? Who had the house in keeping? He was tired and sat down on the curb-stone, under the very window where Mr. Balfour was at that moment sleeping. He put his dizzy head between his hands, and whimpered like a boy.

"Played out!" said he; "played out!"

He heard a measured step in the distance. He must not be seen by the watch; so he rose and bent his steps toward Mrs. Dillingham's. Opposite to her house, he sat down upon the curb-stone again, and recalled his old passion for her. The thought of her treachery and of his own fatuitous vanity—the reflection that he had been so blind in his self-conceit that she had led him to his ruin, stung him to the quick. He saw a stone at his feet. He picked it up, and, taking his satchel in one hand, went half across the street, and hurled the little missile at her window. He heard the crash of glass and a shrill scream, and then walked rapidly off. Then he heard a watchman running from a distance; for the noise was peculiar, and resounded along the street. The watchman met him and made an inquiry, but passed on without suspecting the fugitive's connection with the alarm.

As soon as he was out of the street, he quickened his pace, and went directly to Talbot's. There he rang the door-bell, once, twice, thrice. Mr. Talbot put his head out of the window, looked down, and, in the light of a street lamp, discovered the familiar figure of his old principal.

"I'll come down," he said, "and let you in."

The conference was a long one, and it ended in both going into the street, and making their way to Talbot's stable, two or three blocks distant. There the coachman was roused, and there Talbot gave Mr. Belcher the privilege of sleeping until he was wanted.

Mr. Talbot had assured Mr. Belcher that he would not be safe in his house, that the whole town was alive with rumors about him, and that while some believed he had escaped and was on his way to Europe, others felt certain that he had not left the city.

Mr. Belcher had been a railroad man, and Mr. Talbot was sure that the railroad men would help him. He would secure a special car at his own cost, on a train that would leave on the following night. He would see that the train should stop before crossing Harlem Bridge. At that moment the General must be there. Mr. Talbot would send him up, to sit in his cab until the train should stop, and then to take the last car, which should be locked after him; and he could go through in it without observation.

A breakfast was smuggled into the stable early, where Mr. Belcher lay concealed, of which he ate greedily. Then he was locked into the room, where he slept all day. At eight o'clock in the evening, a cab stood in the stable, ready to issue forth on the opening of the doors. Mr. Belcher took his seat in it, in the darkness, and then the vehicle was rapidly driven to Harlem. After ten minutes of waiting, the dazzling headlight of a great train, crawling out of the city, showed down the avenue. He unlatched the door of the cab, took his satchel in his hand, and, as the last car on the train came up to him, he leaped out, mounted the platform, and vanished in the car, closing the door behind him. "All right!" was shouted from the rear; the conductor swung his lantern, and the train thundered over the bridge and went roaring off into the night.

The General had escaped. All night he traveled on, and, some time during the forenoon, his car was shunted from the trunk line upon the branch that led toward Sevenoaks. It was nearly sunset when he reached the terminus. The railroad sympathy had helped and shielded him thus far, but the railroad ended there, and its sympathy and help were cut off short with the last rail.

Mr. Belcher sent for the keeper of a public stable whom he knew, and with whom he had always been in sympathy, through the love of horse-flesh which they entertained in common. As he had no personal friendship to rely on in his hour of need, he resorted to that which had grown up between men who had done their best to cheat each other by systematic lying in the trading of horses.

"Old man Coates," for that was the name by which the stable-keeper was known, found his way to the car where Mr. Belcher still remained hidden. The two men met as old cronies, and Mr. Belcher said:

"Coates, I'm in trouble, and am bound for Canada. How is 'Old Calamity?'"

Now in all old and well-regulated stables

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there is one horse of exceptional renown for endurance. "Old Calamity" was a roan, with one wicked white eye, that in his best days had done a hundred miles in ten hours. A great deal of money had been won and lost on him, first and last, but he had grown old, and had degenerated into a raw-boned, tough beast, that was resorted to in great emergencies, and relied upon for long stretches of travel that involved extraordinary hardship.

"Well, he's good yet," replied Old man Coates.

"You must sell him to me, with a light wagon," said Mr. Belcher.

"I could make more money by telling a man who is looking for you in the hotel that you are here," said the old man, with a wicked leer.

"But you won't do it," responded the General. "You can't turn on a man who has loved the same horse with you, old man; you know you can't."

"Well, I can, but in course I won't;" and the stable-keeper went into a calculation of the value of the horse and harness, with a wagon "that couldn't be broke down."

Old man Coates had Belcher at a disadvantage, and, of course, availed himself of it, and had no difficulty in making a bargain which reduced the fugitive's stock of ready money in a fearful degree.

At half-past nine that night, "Old Calamity" was driven down to the side of the car by Coates's own hand, and in a moment the old man was out of the wagon and the new owner was in it. The horse, the moment Mr. Belcher took the reins, had a telegraphic communication concerning the kind of man who was behind him, and the nature of the task that lay before him, and struck off up the road toward Sevenoaks with a long, swinging trot that gave the driver a sense of being lifted at every stride.

It was a curious incident in the history of Mr. Belcher's flight to Canada, which practically began when he leaped upon the deck of Pilot-Boat Number 10, that he desired to see every spot that had been connected with his previous life. A more sensitive man would have shunned the scenes which had been associated with his prosperous and nominally respectable career, but he seemed possessed with a morbid desire to look once more upon the localities in which he had moved as a king.

He had not once returned to Sevenoaks since he left the village for the metropolis; and although he was in bitter haste, with men near him in pursuit, he was determined to take the longer road to safety, in order to revisit the scene of his early enterprise and his first successes. He knew that "Old Calamity" would take him to Sevenoaks in two hours, and that then the whole village would be in its first nap. The road was familiar, and the night not too dark. Dogs came out from farm-houses as he rattled by, and barked furiously. He found a cow asleep in the road, and came near being upset by her. He encountered one or two tramps, who tried to speak to him, but he flew on until the spires of the little town, where he had once held the supreme life, defined themselves against the sky, far up the river. Here he brought his horse down to a walk. The moment he was still, for he had not yet reached the roar of the falls, he became conscious that a wagon was following him in the distance. Old man Coates had not only sold him his horse, but he had sold his secret!

"Old Calamity" was once more put into a trot, and in ten minutes he was by the side of his mill. Seeing the watchman in front, he pulled up, and, in a disguised voice, inquired the way to the hotel. Having received a rough answer, he inquired of the man whose mill he was watching.

"I don't know," responded the man. "It's stopped now. It was old Belcher's once, but he's gone up, they say."

Mr. Belcher started on. He crossed the bridge, and drove up the steep hill toward his mansion. Arriving at the height, he stood still by the side of the Seven Oaks, which had once been the glory of his country home. Looking down into the town, he saw lights at the little tavern, and, by the revelations of the lantern that came to the door, a horse and wagon. At this moment, his great Newfoundland dog came bounding toward him, growling like a lion. He had alighted to stretch his limbs, and examine into the condition of his horse. The dog came toward him faster and faster, and more and more menacingly, till he reached him, and heard his own name called. Then he went down into the dust, and fawned upon his old master pitifully. Mr. Belcher caressed him. There was still one creature living that recognized him, and acknowledged him as his lord. He looked up at his house and took a final survey of the dim outlines of the village. Then he mounted his wagon, turned his horse

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around, and went slowly down the hill, calling to his dog to follow. The huge creature followed a few steps, then hesitated, then, almost crawling, he turned and sneaked away, and finally broke into a run and went back to the house, where he stopped, and with a short, gruff bark scouted his retiring master.

Mr. Belcher looked back. His last friend had left him.

"Blast the brute!" he exclaimed. "He is like the rest of 'em."

As he came down the road to turn into the main highway, a man stepped out from the bushes and seized "Old Calamity" by the bridle. Mr. Belcher struck his horse a heavy blow, and the angry beast, by a single leap, not only shook himself clear of the grasp upon his bit, but hurled the intercepting figure upon the ground. A second man stood ready to deal with Mr. Belcher, but the latter in passing gave him a furious cut with his whip, and "Old Calamity" was, in twenty seconds, as many rods away from both of them, sweeping up the long hill at a trot that none but iron sinews could long sustain.

The huge pile that constituted the Sevenoaks poor-house was left upon his right, and in half an hour he began a long descent, which so far relieved his laboring horse, that when he reached the level he could hardly hold him. The old fire of the brute was burning at its hottest. Mr. Belcher pulled him in, to listen for the pursuit. Half a mile behind, he could hear wheels tearing madly down the hill, and he laughed. The race had, for the time, banished from his mind the history of the previous week, banished the memory of his horrible losses, banished his sense of danger, banished his nervous fears. It was a stern chase, proverbially a long one, and he had the best horse, and knew that he could not be overtaken. The sound of the pursuing wheels grew fainter and fainter, until they ceased altogether.

Just as the day was breaking, he turned from the main road into the woods, and as the occupants of a cabin were rising, he drove up and asked for shelter and a breakfast.

He remained there all day, and, just before night, passed through the forest to another road, and in the early morning was driving quietly along a Canadian highway, surveying his "adopted country," and assuming the character of a loyal subject of the good Queen of England.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHICH GIVES THE HISTORY OF AN ANNIVERSARY, PRESENTS A TABLEAU, AND DROPS THE CURTAIN.

THREE months after Mr. Belcher's escape, the great world hardly remembered that such a man as he had ever lived. Other rascals took his place, and absorbed the public attention, having failed to learn—what even their betters were slow to apprehend—that every strong, active, bad man is systematically engaged in creating and shaping the instruments for his own destruction. Men continued to be dazzled by their own success, until they could see neither the truth and right that lay along their way, nor the tragic end that awaited them.

The execution in satisfaction of the judgment obtained against Mr. Belcher was promptly issued and levied; claimants and creditors of various sorts took all that the execution left; Mrs. Belcher and her children went to their friends in the country; the Sevenoaks property was bought for Mr. Benedict, and a thousand lives were adjusted to the new circumstances; but narrative palls when its details are anticipated. Let us pass them, regarding them simply as memories coming up—sometimes faintly, sometimes freshly—from the swiftly retiring years, and close the book, as we began it, with a picture.

Sevenoaks looks, in its main features, as it looked when the reader first saw it. The river rolls through it with the old song that the dwellers upon its banks have heard through all these changing years. The workmen and workwomen come and go in the mill, in their daily round of duty, as they did when Phipps, and the gray trotters, and the great proprietor were daily visions of the streets. The little tailoress returns twice a year with her thrifty husband to revisit her old friends, and she brings at last a little one, which she shows with great pride. Sevenoaks has become a summer thoroughfare to the woods, where Jim receives the city-folk in incredible numbers.

We look in upon the village on a certain summer evening, at five years' remove from the first occupation of the Belcher mansion by Mr. Benedict. The mist above the falls cools the air and bathes the trees as it did when Robert Belcher looked upon it as the incense which rose to his lordly enterprise. The nestling cottages, the busy shops, the fresh-looking spires, the distant woods, the more distant mountain, the old Seven Oaks

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upon the western plateau, and the beautiful residence behind them, are the same to-day that they were when we first looked upon them; but a new life and a new influence inform them all. Nature holds her unvarying frame, but the life upon the canvas is what we paint from year to year. The river sings to vice as it sings to virtue. The birds carol the same, whether selfishness or love be listening. The great mountains rejoice in the sun, or drape their brows in clouds, irrespective of the eyes that regard them.

This one fact remains good in Sevenoaks, and the world over. The man who holds the financial power and the social throne of a town, makes that town, in a good degree, what he is. If he is virtuous, noble, unselfish, good, the elements beneath him shape themselves, consciously or unconsciously, to his character. Vice shrinks into disgrace, or flies to more congenial haunts. The greed for gold which grasps and overreaches, becomes ashamed, or changes to neighborly helpfulness. The discontent that springs up in the shadow of an unprincipled and boastful worldly success dies; and men become happy in the toil that wins a comfortable shelter and daily bread, when he to whom all look up, looks down upon them with friendly and sympathetic eyes, and holds his wealth and power in service of their good.

Paul Benedict is now the proprietor of Sevenoaks; and from the happy day in which he, with his sister and child, came to the occupation of the mansion which his old persecutor had built for himself, the fortunes and character of the town have mended. Even the poor-house has grown more comfortable in its appointments and administration, while year by year its population has decreased. Through these first years, the quiet man has moved around his mill and his garden, his mind teeming with suggestions, and filling with new interest in their work the dull brains that had been worn deep and dry with routine. All eyes turn upon him with affection. He is their brother as well as their master.

In the great house there is a happy woman. She has found something to love and something to do. These were all she needed to make her supremely self-respectful, happy, and, in the best degree, womanly. Willful, ambitious, sacrificing her young affections to gold at the first, and wasting years in idleness and unworthy intrigue, for the lack of affection and the absence of motive to usefulness and industry, she has found, at last, the secret of her woman's life. and has accepted it with genuine gratitude. In ministering to her brother and her brother's child, now a stalwart lad; in watching with untiring eyes and helping with ready wit the unused proprietor in his new circumstances, and in assisting the poor around her, she finds her days full of toil and significance, and her nights brief with grateful sleep. She is the great lady of the village, holding high consideration from her relationship to the proprietor, and bestowing importance upon him by her revelation of his origin and his city associations.

The special summer evening to which we allude is one which has long been looked forward to by all the people in whom our story has made the reader sympathetically interested. It is an anniversary—the fifth since the new family took up their residence in the grand house. Mr. and Mrs. Balfour with their boy are there. Sam Yates is there—now the agent of the mill—a trusty, prosperous man; and by a process of which we have had no opportunity to note the details, he has transformed Miss Snow into Mrs. Yates. The matter was concluded some years ago, and they seem quite wonted to each other. The Rev. Mr. Snow, grown thinner and grayer, and a great deal happier, is there with his wife and his two unmarried daughters. He finds it easier to "take things as they air," than formerly, and, by his old bridge, holds them against all comers. And who is this, and who are these? Jim Fenton, very much smoothed exteriorly, but jolly, acute, outspoken, peculiar as ever. He walks around the garden with a boy on his shoulder. The "little feller" that originally appeared in Mr. Benedict's plans of the new hotel is now in his hands—veritable flesh and blood; and "the little woman," sitting with Mrs. Snow, while Mrs. Dillingham directs the arrangement of the banquet that is being spread in the pagoda, watches the pair, and exclaims: "Look at them! now isn't it ridiculous!"

The warm sun hides himself behind the western hill, though still an hour above his setting. The roar of the falling river rises to their ears, the sound of the factory bell echoes among the hills, and the crowd of grimy workmen and workwomen pours forth, darkening the one street that leads from the mill, and dissipating itself among the waiting cottages. All is tranquillity and beauty, while the party gather to their outdoor feast.

It is hardly a merry company, though a

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very happy one. It is the latest issue of a tragedy in which all have borne more or less important parts. The most thoughtless of them cannot but feel that a more powerful hand than their own has shaped their lives and determined their destinies.

The boys are called in, and the company gather to their banquet, amid conversation and laughter.

Mr. Balfour turns to Jim and says:

"How does this compare with Number Nine, Jim? Isn't this better than the woods?"

Jim has been surveying the preparations with a critical and professional eye, for professional purposes. The hotel-keeper keeps himself constantly open to suggestions, and the table before him suggests so much, that his own establishment seems very humble and imperfect.

"I ben thinkin' about it," Jim responds. "When a man has got all he wants, he's brung up standin' at the end of his road. If thar ain't comfort then, then there ain't no comfort. When he's got more nor he wants, then he's got by comfort, and runnin' away from it. I hearn the women talk about churnin' by, so that the butter never comes, an' a man as has more money nor he wants, churns by his comfort, an' spends his life swashin' with his dasher, and wonderin' where his butter is. Old Belcher's butter never come, but he worked away till his churn blowed up, an' he went up with it."

"So you think our good friend Mr. Benedict has got so much that he has left comfort behind," says Mr. Balfour with a laugh.

"I should be afeard he had, if he could reelize it was all his'n, but he can't. He hain't got no more comfort here, no way, nor he used to have in the woods." Then Jim leans over to Mr. Balfour's ear, and says: "It's the woman as does it. It's purty to look at, but it's too pertickler for comfort."

Mr. Balfour sees that he and Jim are observed, and so speaks louder.

"There is one thing," he says, "that I have learned in the course of this business. It does not lie very deep, but it is at least worth speaking of. I have learned how infinitely more interesting and picturesque vulgar poverty is than vulgar riches. One can find more poetry in a log cabin than in all that wealth ever crowded into Palgrave's Folly. If poor men and poor women, honest and patient workers, could only apprehend the poetical aspects of their own lives and conditions, instead of imagining that wealth holds a monopoly of the poetry of life, they would see that they have the best of it, and are really enviable people."

Jim knows, of course, that his old cabin in the woods is in Mr. Balfour's mind, and feels himself called upon to say something in response.

"If so be as ye're 'ludin' at me," says he, "I'm much obleeged to ye, but I perfer a hotel to a log cabin, pertickler with a little woman and a little feller in it, Paul B. by name."

"That's all right, Jim," says Mr. Balfour, "but I don't call that vulgar wealth which is won slowly, by honest industry. A man who has more money than he has brains, and makes his surroundings the advertisement of his possessions, rather than the expression of his culture, is a vulgar man, or a man of vulgar wealth."

"Did ye ever think," says Jim, "that riches rots or keeps accordin' to their natur'? —rots or keeps," he goes on, "accordin' to what goes into 'em when a man is gittin' 'em together? Blood isn't a purty thing to mix with money, an' I perfer mine dry. A golden sweetin' grows quick an' makes a big show, but ye can't keep it through the winter."

"That's true, Jim," responds Mr. Balfour. "Wealth takes into itself the qualities by which it is won. Gathered by crime or fraud, and gathered in haste, it becomes a curse to those who hold it, and falls into ruin by its own corruptions. Acquired by honest toil, manly frugality, patient endurance, and patient waiting, it is full of good, and holds together by a force within itself."

"Poor Mrs. Belcher!" exclaims Mrs. Dillingham, as the reflection comes to her that that amiable lady was once the mistress of the beautiful establishment over which she has been called upon to preside.

"They say she is living nicely," says Mr. Snow, "and that somebody sends her money, though she does not know where it comes from. It is supposed that her husband saved something, and keeps himself out of sight, while he looks after his family."

Mr. Benedict and Mrs. Dillingham exchange significant glances. Jim is a witness of the act, and knows what it means. He leans over to Mr. Benedict, and says:

"When I seen sheet lightnin', I knows there's a shower where it comes from. Ye can't fool me about ma'am Belcher's money."

"You will not tell anybody, Jim," says Mr. Benedict, in a low tone.

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"Nobody but the little woman," responds Jim; and then, seeing that his "little feller" in the distance is draining a cup with more than becoming leisure, he shouts down the table: "Paul B.! Paul B.! Ye can't git that mug on to yer head with the brim in yer mouth. It isn't yer size, and it doesn't look purty on ye."

"I should like to know where the old rascal is," says Mrs. Snow, going back to the suggestion that Mr. Belcher was supplying his family with money.

"Well, I can tell ye," replies Jim. "I've been a keepin' it for this very meetin'."

"Oh, Jim!" exclaim half a dozen voices, which means, "we are dying to hear all about it."

"Well," says Jim, "there was a feller as come to my hotel a month ago, and says he: 'Jim, did ye ever know what had become of old Belcher?' 'No,' says I. 'I only knowed he cut a big stick an' slid.' 'Well,' says he, 'I seen 'im a month ago, with whiskers enough on 'is ugly face to set up a barberry-bush.' Says I, 'Where did ye seen 'im?' 'Where do ye guess?' says he. 'Swoppin' a blind hoss,' says I, 'fur a decent one, an' gettin' boot.' 'No,' says he; 'guess agin.' 'Preachin' at camp-meetin,' says I, 'an' passin' round a hat arter it.' 'No,' says he, 'I seen 'im jist where he belonged. He was tendin' a little bar on a S'n' Lor'nce steamboat. He was settin' on a big stool in the middle of 'is bottles, where he could reach 'em all without droppin' from his roost, an' when his customers was out he was a-peekin' into a little lookin'-glass as stood aside of 'im, an' a combin' out his baird.' 'That settles it,' says I; 'you've seen 'im, an' no mistake.' 'Then,' says he, 'I called 'im 'General,' an' he looked kind a skeered, an' says 'e to me, "mum's the word. Crooked Valley an' Air Line is played out, an' I'm workin' up a corner in Salt River—" laughin', an offerin' to treat.'"

"I wonder how he came in such a place as that?" says Mrs. Snow.

"That's the funniest part on't," responds Jim. "He found an old friend on the boat as was much of a gentleman—an old friend as was dressed within an inch of his life, an' sold the tickets."

"Phipps!" "Phipps!" shout half a dozen voices, and a boisterous laugh goes around the group.

"Ye've guessed right the fust time," Jim continues, "an' the gentlemanlest clerk an' the poplarest man as ever writ names in a book, an' made change on a counter, with no end o' rings an' handkercher-pins, an' presents of silver mugs, an' rampin' resoloo-tions of admirin' passingers. An' there the two fellers be, a-sailin' up an' down the S'n' Lor'nce as happy as two clams in high water, workin' up corners in their wages, an' playin' into one another's hands like a pair of pickpockets; and what do ye think old Belcher said about Phipps?"

"What did he say?" comes from every side.

"Well, I can't tell percisely," responds Jim. "Fust he said it was proverdential, as Phipps run away when he did; an' then he put in somethin' that sounded as if it come from a book—somethin' about tunin' the wind to the sheared ram."

Jim is very doubtful about his quotation, and actually blushes scarlet under the fire of laughter that greets him from every quarter.

"I'm glad if it 'muses ye," said Jim, "but it wasn't anything better nor that, considerin' the man as took it to himself."

"Jim, you'll be obliged to read up," says "the little woman," who still stands by her early resolution to take her husband for what he is, and enjoy his peculiarities with her neighbors.

"I be as I be," he responds. "I can keep a hotel, an' make money on it, an' pervide for my own, but when it comes to books ye can trip me with a feather."

The little banquet draws to a close, and now two or three inquire together for Mr. Yates. He has mysteriously disappeared! The children have already left the table, and Paul B. is romping with a great show of equine spirit about the garden paths, astride of a stick. Jim is looking at him in undisguised admiration.

"I do believe!" he exclaims, "that the little feller thinks he's a hoss, with a neck more nor three feet long. See 'im bend it over agin the check-rein he's got in his mind! Hear 'im squeal! Now look out for his heels!"

At this moment there rises upon the still evening air a confused murmur of many voices. All but the children pause and listen. "What is coming?" "Who is coming?" "What is it?" break from the lips of the listeners. Only Mrs. Yates looks intelligent, and she holds her tongue and keeps her seat. The sound comes nearer, and breaks into greater confusion. It is laughter and merry conversation, and the jar of tramping feet. Mr. Benedict suspects

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what it is, and goes off among his vines in a state of painful unconcern. The boys run out to the brow of the hill, and come back in great excitement to announce that the whole town is thronging up toward the house. Then all, as if apprehending the nature of the visit, gather about their table again, that being the place where their visitors will expect to find them.

At length Sam Yates comes in sight around the corner of the mansion, followed closely by all the operatives of the mill, dressed in their holiday attire. Mrs. Dillingham has found her brother, and, with her hand upon his arm, she goes out to meet his visitors. They have come to crown the feast, and signalize the anniversary by bringing their congratulations to the proprietor and the beautiful lady who presides over his house. There is a great deal of awkwardness among the young men, and tittering and blushing among the young women, with side play of jest and coquetry, as they form themselves in a line, preparatory to something formal, which presently appears.

Mr. Yates, the agent of the mill, who has consented to be the spokesman of the occasion, stands in front, and faces Mr. Benedict and Mrs. Dillingham.

"Mr. Benedict," says he, "this demonstration in your honor is not one originated by myself, but, in some way, these good people who serve you learned that you were to have a formal celebration of this anniversary, and they have asked me to assist them in expressing the honor in which they hold you, and the sympathy with which they enter into your rejoicing. We all know your history. Many of those who now stand before you remember your wrongs and your misfortunes; and there is not one who does not rejoice that you have received that which your own genius won in the hands of another. There is not one who does not rejoice that the evil influence of this house is departed, and that one now occupies it who thoroughly respects and honors the manhood and womanhood that labor in his service. We are glad to acknowledge you as our master, because we know that we can regard you as our friend. Your predecessor despised poverty—even the poverty into which he was born—and forgot, in the first moment of his success, that he had ever been poor, while your own bitter experiences have made you brotherly. On behalf of all those who now stand before you, let me thank you for your sympathy, for your practical efforts to give us a share in the results of your prosperity, and for the purifying influences which go out from this dwelling into all our humble homes. We give you our congratulations on this anniversary, and hope for happy returns of the day, until, among the inevitable changes of the future, we all yield our places to those who are to succeed us."

Mr. Benedict's eyes are full of tears. He does not turn, however, to Mr. Balfour for help. The consciousness of power, and, more than this, the consciousness of universal sympathy, gave him self-possession and the power of expression.

"Mr. Yates," says Mr. Benedict, "when you call me master you give me pain. When you speak of me as your brother, and the brother of all those whom you represent, you pay me the most grateful compliment that I have ever received. It is impossible for me to regard myself as anything but the creature and the instrument of a loving Providence. It is by no power of my own, no skill of my own, no providence of my own, that I have been carried through the startling changes of my life. The power that has placed me where I am is the power in which, during all my years of adversity, I firmly trusted. It was that power which brought me my friends—friends to whose good-will and efficient service I owe my wealth and my ability to make life profitable and pleasant to you. Fully believing this, I can in no way regard myself as my own, or indulge in pride and vainglory. You are all my brothers and sisters, and the dear Father of us all has placed the power in my hands to do you good. In the patient and persistent execution of this stewardship lies the duty of my life. I thank you all for your good-will. I thank you all for this opportunity to meet you, and to say to you the words which have for five years been in my heart, waiting to be spoken. Come to me always with your troubles. Tell me always what I can do for you to make your way easier. Help me to make this village a prosperous, virtuous, and happy one—a model for all its neighbors. And now I wish to take you all by the hand, in pledge of our mutual friendship and of our devotion to each other."

Mr. Benedict steps forward with Mrs. Dillingham, and both shake hands with Mr. Yates. One after another—some shyly, some confidently—the operatives come up and repeat the process, until all have pressed the proprietor's hand, and have received a

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pleasant greeting and a cordial word from his sister, of whom the girls are strangely afraid. There is a moment of awkward delay as they start on their homeward way, and then they gather in a group upon the brow of the hill, and the evening air resounds with "three cheers" for Mr. Benedict. The hum of voices begins again, the tramp of a hundred feet passes down the hill, and our little party are left to themselves.

They do not linger long. The Snows take their leave. Mr. and Mrs. Yates retire with a lingering "good-night," but the Balfours and the Fentons are guests of the house. They go in and the lamps are lighted, while the "little feller—Paul B. by name—" is carried on his happy father's shoulder to his bed upstairs.

Finally, Jim comes down, having seen his pet asleep, and finds the company talking about Talbot. He and his pretty, worldly wife, finding themselves somewhat too intimately associated with the bad fame of Robert Belcher, had retired to a country seat on the Hudson—a nest which they feathered well with the profits of the old connection.

And now, as they take leave of one another for the night, and shake hands in token of their good-will, and their satisfaction with the pleasures of the evening, Jim says:

"Mr. Benedict, that was a good speech o' yourn. It struck me favorble an' s'prised me some considable. I'd no idee ye could spread so afore folks. I shouldn't wonder if ye was right about Proverdence. It seems kind o' queer that somebody or somethin' should be takin' keer o' you an' me, but I vow I don't see how it's all ben did, if so be as nobody nor nothin' has took keer o' me an' you too. It seems reasomble that somethin's ben to work all the time that I hain't seed. The trouble with me is that I can't understand how a bein' as turns out worlds as if they was nothin' more nor snow-balls would think o' stoppin' to pay 'tention to sech a feller as Jim Fenton."

"You are larger than a sparrow, Jim," says Mr. Benedict, with a smile.

"That's so."

"Larger than a hair."

Jim puts up his hand, brushes down the stiff crop that crowns his head, and responds with a comical smile:

"I don' know 'bout that."

Then Jim pauses as if about to make some further remark, thinks better of it, and then, putting his big arm around his little wife, leads her off, upstairs.

The lights of the great house go out one after another, the cataracts sing the inmates to sleep, the summer moon witches with the mist, the great, sweet heaven bends over the dreaming town, and there we leave our friends at rest, to take up the burden of their lives again upon the happy morrow, beyond our feeble following, but still under the loving eye and guiding hand to which we confidently and gratefully commit them.

THE END

THE MOCKING-BIRD.*

BROTHERS, I greet you! wond'ring at the call
Which bids me lift my voice within this hall.
Was there such dearth of singers in the land
That you must seek for one in gown and band?
Misled Committee! what induced your dream
That verse like preaching could be done by steam?
Why bid me *rhyme*, when everybody knows
The Parson's ancient vested right to prose?
Is not his Pegasus a stable hack,
Equally poor for saddle, road or track?
Does shepherd's pipe pertain to Pastor's crook?
Lisps he in numbers (save the Pentateuch)?
Shall he attempt to wake the living lyre
With Sternhold's pathos and with Hopkins' fire?
What could you look for save a sermon song,
Dull as a Dudleian, and twice as long?

Yet, since you bade me, at the call I come
To beat the old ecclesiastic drum.
I feel the mantle of my Pilgrim sires
(N. B.—All Quakers cooked at Pilgrim fires)
Descend upon me.—Cotton Mather, aid!
Materialize, and cease to be a shade;
Add to the wonders of New England's shore
In me, thy medium, one last marvel more!
So may my hour 'mid shouts of glee expire,
Each minute winged with wit that does not tire.
And you, oblivious of the boiled and roast!
Of crisp oration, and of crackling toast,
May bid me, as the good old custom was,
"Turn up the sand, and take another glass."

* This poem was delivered in the Chapel of Harvard University, Thursday, July 1, 1875, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

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But since the wished afflatus don't display
It's operation in the normal way,—
(To quote a line which critics failed to mend)—
"Innoculation, heavenly maid, descend!"
Let me, as skillful cooks a banquet make
From one poor cantle of tough equine steak,
By condiments, adroitly from their shelves
Mixed till the viands hardly know themselves—
So, by judicious and adaptive art,
Let me from many minstrels take a part—
Beg, borrow, steal (the wise "convey" it call)
Some unconsidered trifle from them all.

Yet Æsop warns the poet who presumes
Like fabled daw to strut in pilfered plumes,
That fate may force him in the critic strife
To drop his quills and scamper for his life.
Taught by such risks, I copy not the crow,
Of whom the hunchback prattled long ago;
But fain would emulate a wiser fowl,
Bird of the night (I do not mean the owl).
No; let my theme be with approval heard—
Type of my country's muse—THE MOCKING-BIRD—

Subdued in plumage, sensitive of ear,
Gliding through thickets when there's danger near.
He does not prink, true poets never do;
He leaves such fopperies to the cockatoo,
The parrot tribe, whose ear-offending notes
Betray their breeding when they ope their throats.
Graceful in motion, elegant though shy,
His is the style we judge not by the eye.
Fine feathers mark the finch of gilded wing;
The bird of genius calmly waits to sing.
Ah, then! the magic of his art is shown
In twenty voices, none of them his own;
Now thrush, now robin,—then to hear, you think
The sweet bravura of the bobolink,
The blackbird's lilting call, the bluebird's sharp
Staccato chiming with the March wind's harp.
The round he runs of each familiar strain,
We scarce catch one before he's off again—
With the hawk's scream, the frighten'd hen deceives;
Twitters like sparrows underneath the eaves;
Trills till the vexed canary in his cage
Sulks on his perch in jealous, baffled rage;
Yelps like the puppy—like the kitten mews,
The lazy pigeon on the barn outcoos,
And crowns the whole with one triumphant note
Of joyous laughter from the human throat.
But when in midnight's hush the full moon's beam
Flings the black shadows on Pilatka's stream,
Silv'ring the summits of the moss-hung pines,
And decks with diamond dews the tangled vines,
Then, when all else is hushed, hear him repeat
His native love-notes, witching, wild and sweet.

Then take the slender fancy I pursue,
It shall be varied, if it is not new.
Hear first the legend of the youth of Lynn,
The sad, sad story of what might have been.

Sam Silsbee on Commencement Day
Saw the Governor's escort fill the way.

Beneath his drab vest ran a thrill
As the band struck up at Dana Hill,

And unfriendlike yearnings drew his eyes
To the vain parade with a shy surprise.

He followed on where the elms between
The steeple-house o'ertopped the green.

He slipped by the men with the staves of red
Guarding the door, and, hat on head;

Stared at the stage where, row by row,
Sate the goodly professional show.

He heard with awe the stately swell
With which the Salutatory fell

From practiced lips, whose accents free
Were all of them sounded to "issime:"

Then listened with feelings of relief
To vernacular disquisitions brief;

Drank in with delight the oration bold,
Which American scholarship's mission told.

"And oh," thought he, "if I might dare
Some day to stand at that antique chair,

"And bow the neck that has never bent
In response to that gray old President,

"And hear, ere I took my proud A. B.,
'Oratio expectatur' from me.

"Thereafter," thought he, "I might come to sport
My lore in the great and general court;

"Or, clad in the sable garment trim,
Give out from a pulpit a sounding hymn;

"Or rise to plead in the cause of Doe
The wrongs inflicted by Richard Roe;

"Or, fingering pulses ill at ease,
Coin from their throbbing golden fees;

"Or, best of all, in a silken gown
Sit 'mid those grave professors down."

But September's sun with dusty ray
Made hot the noon of that autumn day,

And Samuel turned from the arched door,
And went back to his native Lynn once more;

To the "thee" and "thou" and the ceaseless din
Of pegs on the lapstone hammered in;

To Woolman's journal and Barclay quaint,
Untinctured by pagan learning's taint;

To the ways of Friends, precise and calm,
Unvexed by sermon and metric psalm.

Yet oft on a "First-day" afternoon,
In the dreamy days of leafy June,

He gazed the marshy levels o'er
To the hooded turrets of Gothic Gore,

That rose above the elm trees fair,
And his heart grew hot with a secret care

As he thought of the books in those alcoves dim,
All sealed volumes unto him;

And he sighed—"O Fox, thy 'inward light'
Is outer darkness upon my sight.

"And I would that mantle drab of thine
Had fallen on other shoulders than mine."

"O bird irreverent! O unblushing bard!
Knowest thou not that what is mocked is marred?"
I hear you murmur. Bear with me awhile—
I do but ask a recognizing smile.
Forgive me, then—if imitation be,
As saith the proverb, truest flattery,

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I cannot flatter,—scarce find fitting praise
For him who charmed me in my school-boy days.
And earnest admiration gives the art
To catch the trick of verses known by heart.

Who next? 'Tis one whose master-hand defies
The cruder copy which the tyro tries.
A dab of yellow tinged with rays of white
Stands for a daisy to the poorest sight.
But who can match with subtle workmanship
The azure fringing of the gentian's lip?
Or, when the pencil on the page has set
The tender veinings of the violet,
Can bid the mimic petals breathe the breath
Of ling'ring odors, loveliest in death?

Here is the spot,—stand still and mark
The old Plantation's site,
Once trimmer than an English park,
A garden of delight.

The wild-weed springs from mold'ring heaps,
Where once the portal wide
Echoed the tread of him who sleeps
By blue Potomac's side.

Here was the sunny garden spot,
The planter's special joy,
Where, unrebuked and fearing not,
Disported oft the boy.

Sole relic of that by-gone time,
Ghost-like there meeteth me,
In shadowy semblance of its prime,
A solitary tree.

The gum incrusts its wrinkled bark,
Of limb and leaf bereft;
You scarce can trace one moss-grown mark
A hostile steel hath left.

Was it the tomahawk that bit
That deeply graven scar?
Oh, no—upon yon page is writ
A nobler record far.

And now before my dreaming eye
Unfolds the storied past,
When of a manhood, chaste and high,
The horoscope was cast.

Rebukingly the senior stands
Inquiring of the deed,
And, ranged around, the sable bands
Await with anxious heed.

Unquailingly and firm, the boy
Confronts the father's glance,
As when he saw at York deploy
The Briton's proud advance.

Serene, as when, like ambushed stag,
Brave Braddock bled in vain,
When flew the Bourbon's lilied flag
Above the Fort Duquesne;

Or when he rallied wasting ranks
Against the troops of George,
Beside the Brandywine's red bank
And snows of Valley Forge.

And to his sire in accents low,
But firm, bursts the reply:
"Father, my hatchet struck the blow,
I cannot tell a lie."

Pardon presumption, which perhaps in vain
Once more essays the imitative strain.
A monarch sees, unvexed, his jester try
To wear the crown he carelessly put by.
Laughs first and loudest at the regal ape
Wrapping the ermine round his motley shape,
And can afford with lenient eye to look
On tricks which one less royal might not brook.
Sure he is monarch, who can find no peer,
"Long" must we look to find his "fellow" here.

Change we the note, and call upon the stand
New England's Plato from Lake Walden's strand.
Wordsworth in nature worship, Keats in art
Of classic culture, but indeed in heart
Fresh and unhackneyed as the breeze that sweeps
The granite ledges of Monadnoc's steeps;
For whom in place of laurels we must twine
A wreath of May-flower, woven with ground pine.
Then from our Western Wordsworth let me catch
The mystic meaning of THE SPELLING MATCH.

Blushing and giggling maidens throng
The school-house knife-scarred desks along,
Ranged in row the rivals stand,
Equally counted band by band.
Rustic youths in Sunday clothes,
Conscious of their thumbs and toes;
Serious urchins, quick of ear,
Waifs of thought's unfathomed sphere,
Prompt to meet the coming trial,
Stubborn against Fate's denial;
Scions of the old pine tree,
Chips of pilgrim ancestry.

Head of one band, the Parson dark,
Orthographic hierarch;
Trained to answer to the call
Of discourse hebdomadal,
Wherein the Saxon's rugged strength
Gives place to phrase of classic length,
Till his pen, polysyllabic,
Latin, Greek, and Mozarabic,
Equally in turn distills,
As the brooklet from the hills,
Swollen with the winter's snow,
Irrigates the plain below.
So from his pulpit falls the shock
Of Sunday deluge on his flock.

Head of the other, see the Master,
Pledged to redeem the day's disaster.
Something he would attempt as well,
Ponderous decasyllable;
Word lurking in the darkest nook
Of the dog-eared spelling book—
Term borrowed from the technic arts,
Familiar to the city marts;
Catch-word, involute, or quaint,
Seldom-heard name of Hebrew saint.
Each and all the Master dares,
While Gershom grins and Silas stares.

Dropping 'neath the steady fire,
One and another must retire.
Hard is the unlooked-for fate,
Twenty-four reduced to eight.
Three to left and five to right
Manfully maintain the fight.
Though the combat seem unequal,
No seer can surmise the sequel.
Between cup and lip,
There is capacity of slip.
Into the unknown, who can read?
Haste ill-timed is doubtful speed.

Two go down on the Parson's side:
One of the Master's three must hide
Face suffused behind her fan,
Vowel-vanquished Cynthia Ann.
Reuben, Peleg Bissel's son,
Stumbles at "Iguanodon;"
And the last of the Sorosis
Trips upon "metempsychosis."
One after another slain,
Church and State alone remain.
Parson and Master stand alone,
Rival mastiffs o'er a bone.
Loth that either now should yield,
Ajax or Hector quit the field,

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The umpire flings his truncheon down,
Ruler of mahogany brown,
Ordering the match as drawn,
Lest the conflict last till dawn,
And unquiet solution shame
Our New England's Isthmian game.

"Enough!" you say. Then let your fancy fly
Across the seas to greet another sky.
A wreath of vine-leaves, blended with the gray
Of dusty olive boughs, should crown his lay
Who knows to wield with perfect mastership
The Tuscan language on the Roman lip,
And with Italian artifice has wrought
The sturdy common sense of English thought!

Roberto, called Brunino of the Borg,
Guardian of certain droves by Thrasymene,
Which find cool plashy pastures near the lake,
Fell into doubt upon a point of law,
Which, being minded to steal counsel on,
He to the notary, Gian Battista, went,
And, tramping up the long, white, dusty road,
Beneath the massy walls the One-eyed built,
Was busy in his fine Italian brain
Weighing the pros and cons, until he came
To the cool piazetta's shade, where, robed
In black, trimming his quills, Battista sate.
Good, now, you mark the sequence, shall he tell
His case at once, and, looking blankly out
Of his two eyes, discharged of meaning quite,
Demand his answer, "is it thus, or so?"
Or, putting the Campagna cunning forth
Against the city shrewdness, fence awhile
Like one that plays at morra—flashing out
Well practiced fingers, "uno, cinque, sei,"
Reading the other's purpose on his lip?
"Who softly goes, goes safely," quoth the saw.
Therefore, with brief preamble, he began:
"Signor, you know my Brindle—if it please
"You, Eccelenza, to take heed of beasts—
"Corpo di Baccho—plague upon the brute,
"A quarrelsome, ill-tempered, ugly thing.
"I think his mother must have lowered herself
"Into forbidden wedlock—buffaloes—
"Or the mal' occhio crossed him when a calf.
"Your oxen, now, Signore, gentle, yet
"Pure-bred Toscani, mouse-colored, with soft,
"Deep, dreamy eyes, like the Madonna's own.
"Sicuro, Signor Avocato—they
"Could ne'er have done my bull an injury.
"My bull, I say—for, mark me, I'm a plain
"Man of the people, quite unskilled to put
"Learn'd suppositions from the civil law,
"As Caius thus and so, and Manlius thus—
"But seek to tell the plain, unvarnished tale,
"Just as it happened. Well, *my* bull, I say,
"Did gore *your* ox—the one, you know; the plump,
"Brown-backed one; he with just a thought of dark
"On his fore-shoulder. Or—you do not know,
"Having less care of oxen than of courts.
"Well, as I said, this maladetto bull
"Of mine hath hurt your ox, and so I come,
"Supposing I am bound to pay the cost,
"Having some certain scudi ready here.
"And now, 'celenza, tell me am I right;
"Or must I bring my neighbors in to prove
"The damage, and seek judgment in the court?"

Then Gian Battista, turning sidewise round
His parrot-beak of nose, and fingering at
A score of tape-tied parchments on his desk,
Turned and replied: "Sicuro, if the case
"Be as you say, and if it were *your* bull
"That hurt *my* ox. I have a bull, I think,
"Not sweetly tempered; but I keep him penned.
"No oxen that I wot of—*if*, I say,
"The damage be a damage, which the law
"Rightly takes count of—then if it be shown
"*I* kept *my* oxen to their proper bound,
"And that *your* bull was negligently watched,
"Mio Roberto, I am loth to think
"Il Brunonino careless in his craft,
"Cortona knows his merit—*if*, I say,
"This doth appear, by witnesses of trust,
"Sworn on the Gospel—not your country louts,
"Who scarce can tell their right hand from their left;
"Or some birbone of the market-place,
"Who for a paul would swear that black were white,
"But like Tommaso yonder, or yourself,
"Supposing you not party to the case—
"Why, then I should consider that the suit
"Was one, which, bating needful steps of law,
"Circuitous, may be, for justice' sake,
"Might come before the judges in a year,
"Madonna helping—after which, you know,
"'Who seeks to eat his cake, must tarry still,
"Until the meal be bolted.' But we hope!
"Meanwhile,—and this advice I give you in
"Three colonati pays your present cost.
"I think you said you had the coin in hand,
"Meanwhile, in case *my* ox were like to die.
"Were he killed quickly, I might save his meat
"Franzino pays cinque centesimi
"Per pound for such, too little; but we know
"Beggars must not be choosers—vain to cry
"For milk when pails o'erturn; what must be, must.
"And, mi' Roberto, when you next essay
"To lead a lawyer to convict himself,
"Relying on the trick of Æsop's age,
"Remember that, now, 'Abbiamo Noi
"Tutto reverso'—we have changed all that."

Who follows? One whose varied gifts are such,
'Tis hard to put his merits to the touch.
Unwittingly his perfect ear retains
Remembered music from all rival strains.
Just lingers in his thoughts some trick of art
From the last verse he loved and learned by heart.

But, as the fabled philosophic stone
Transmuted what it touched and made its own,
So, in his pure alembic, fused and fined,
The dross departs, the gold remains behind.
With him the children's nursery trick I'll try;
"Play I was he, and play that he was I."
And take these lines as coming from *his* hand,
Writ on myself—of course you understand.

There's a poet whose fortunate culture combines
The fresh growth of the fields with the toil of the mines,
Who can catch the rude accents of primitive speech
From the men of the furrow and men of the beach:
While at home, in the pages of Marlowe and Drayton,
Ford, Fletcher, and Webster, and Taylor and Leighton,
Old English and New English equally known,
And used with a grace that is simply his own.
When the bird sings outside of his library still,
And the poet just dreams to its jubilant trill,
'Mid the blossoming scents of the lilacs in June,
When the breeze and the sunlight with both are in tune,
The verse from his pen and the bird's warbled strain
Are twined in one lyric's melodious chain,
Till bird-song with bird-song so lovingly blends,
No critic can tell which begins and which ends.

Then his wit lights each line with a vibrating spark,
Like a linden with fire-flies aglow in the dark.
For the natural flow of his Helicon runs
In a radiant ripple of laughter and puns,
Till paronomasia expands to a science,
Which sets the hard angles of speech at defiance;
And the pure ores of feeling through every word gleam,
Like the gold-flakes beneath California's stream.
What at first appears rubbish—unless I o'erpraise,
The longer you "pan it," the better it pays.
If a bard be a prophet, of old called a seer,
We count in the canon the prophet Hosea,
The author of papers, whose title we spell
With a big L O W—E—double L.

Once more across the waters—yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
Which knows its rider. He who runs may read
The latest name that honors England's shore
In the quaint dance revived, which tracked the green
When Robin Hood was king—Maid Marian queen.

Gunhild of Bathstead,—daughter of Gudarm,
King Eric's Bonder, of the upland farm—
Numbered ten summers since the hawthorn spray
Made white the church-yard on her christ'ning day.
What time an eight days' infant to the font
They bore her, as was ancient use and wont

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Among Norse-folk, who ever used to say,
Ill-haps as gossips waited on delay.
Now lithesome, gleeful, fair was she and tall,
Able to range alone, and loving all
Innocent pastimes. Most she counted dear,
A snow-white lamb, which followed her anear.

So to the little lowly cot, where came
Unto the tendance of an outland dame
The many children of the neighbor farms,
Blithe-voiced, light-footed, bearing on their arms
Their satchels filled. With these Gunhilda fared,
While after her, cropping the green, unscared
At sound of voice, with recognizing bleats,
Followed the lamb. Then to the oaken seats,
Filed in with curt'sy, each discipula
Greeting, as in she went, the Domina.

Short time endured the lamb such loneliness
Waiting without, and presently 'gan press
His forehead 'gainst the unlatched door, and then
Pushed with impatient foot, and pushed again,
And ere the earliest tasks were duly said,
Thrust in a head and neck engarlandéd.
Then with uncertain, pattering steps, began
To tread the floor, at seeing which, there ran
A half-hushed titter on from lip to lip
Of all the rosy, fresh-hued scholarship;
And shy-faced little ones peeped up and caught
Glee from their elders' eyes and looks distraught.
But when one hoof uplift the lamb and laid
Upon the dunce-stool, as if he essayed
Thereon to mount and show his lack of wit,
Yet knew not rightly how to compass it,
Then bubbled up the laughter unrestrained,
And e'en the Domina no longer feigned
The formal sternness which beseemed her rule,
Seeing such unused presence in her school.

Yet bade she put him forth, and bar the door
Securely, till at noon the tasks were o'er.
So did the school resume its drowsy head,
Of numbers droned, and syllables y-read.

But when the hot noon called them out of door,
Cropping the daisies was the lamb once more,
Who, with brisk bounds, to his dear mistress came,
Much marveled then to see the beast so tame
The rest, and questioned the Domina,
"Why loveth so the lambkin Gunhilda?"
Whereat the dame, seeking a moral nigh,
Made answer to the eager children's cry:
"Gunhild doth love the lamb, you know, and hence
You still may bind in loving confidence
Each gentle animal, if it but find
Unto its gentleness that you are kind.
And in such ways is given the device
To wm once more the Earthly Paradise."

Before I pluck a new name from the urn,
I ask the privilege that we adjourn
To yonder stately and memorial pile,
Where dinner waits (and still must wait awhile).
That is to say, for purposes poetic,
Uninfluenced by the true fact dietetic,
Yon hall may serve the hungry Sophomore,
Phi Beta Kappa seeks an humbler door.
Thus ardent youth pursues his guiding star,
Thinking where fame's proud temple shines afar;
But, sobered down by time and trial, looks
For a safe refuge 'mid forgotten books.
Too pleased, if on some alcove's spell enshrined,
One modest volume keeps his name in mind.

I say, in fancy please to gather there,
Picture the President within the chair.
The audience hushed, then bursting with applause,
As from his *sleeve* some lines the poet draws.

What! called again. I must protest; the thing is past a joke,
To bid the sapling's tender green reclothe the ancient oak.
You'd scarce expect one of my age to furnish fun for lads,
Who had not donned their primal pants, when you and I were grads.

What, though you've brought from Harvard Hall the old familiar faces,
Who used from gilded frames to watch us youths put through our paces,
When Warren from the table's head called up each luckless wight,
And with a double-barreled pun shot speakers left and right.

Perhaps you think because *they* show no sign of time's decay,
"Age cannot wither, custom stale," our youthful fancy's play.
Though Madame Boylston's silks are fresh as when she smoothed them down
To let the painter catch the shades of that immortal brown.

Is that a reason why the robes of evanescent thought,
One moment flashing in the sun, the next resolved to nought,
Should be patched up with threadbare fun which every darn displays,
When through these bright-hued panes pours in the light of other days.

No, Mr. President, 'twon't do; my memory lets slip
The jests that made the board resound in Plaucus' consulship.
The Seniors have played out our game, let Freshmen have their day,
Nor match with modern trotting gigs the deacon's one-horse shay.

I've practiced at the bar below, 'tis now my turn to sit
Above upon the Supreme bench, adjudicating wit.
If the court understand herself—and that, it thinks, she do—
Holmes versus Harvard has been tried, now call on something new.

Forgive me, brothers, if I still prolong
These cadences of imitative song.
One more I would attempt, whose early lays
Are linked with memories of my college days,
Who charmed my fancies through the happy realms
Of dreamland 'neath yon immemorial elms;
Who won the quest, which Dryden sought in vain,
"And raised" to life "the Table Round again,"
In whose high-thoughted verse there mingles not
"One line which, dying, he could wish to blot."
Knight-like in thought and word he tells his tale,
Peer to the seekers of the Holy Grail.

Sir Lancelot had come to Joyeuse Gard,
By Bamborow, beside the Northern Sea,
Where, with his kinsmen, once he drew to head
Against the forces of the blameless King,
After his sin with Guinevere was known.
Not as of old now came he, but at rest,
Borne on a bier of leveled lances four,
Upheld by weeping knights, and, after him,
His steed, led by a squire, champed at the bit,
Vexed with the solemn pace, and tossed his head,
And flung white foam-flakes on his housings black,
And whinnied low, and toward the dead man's face
Cast wistful looks, not knowing what it meant;
And missing still the presence masterful
That used to curb him in his glad career.

So came they where the forest, opening out
Across the meadow swale, gave view of towers,
Red in the low ray of the setting sun,
And on the topmost turrets, from the staff
Hung, half-way raised, a drooping pennoncelle,
Argent a splintered lance and azure field.
Upon the barbican a score of knights
Kept watch, and underneath the archway wide
Stood silent groups in weeds of russet clad.
The fields were silent,—no man at the plow
Went calling to his team,—no milk-maid sang,—
No wood-man swung his axe, and on the mere
The mild swan circled, fearless of the shaft,
For none were there but mourned for Lancelot!

So bare they him, till at the hollow cave
Of the great archway paused the train, and drew
Deep breaths of resting, while pealed overhead
A single trumpet note, long, wailing, shrill.
And from the city walls, and gabled ends
Fronting the streets, where every window showed
Its knot of faces, whitely looking out
Over black hangings, burst a sudden cry
Of one great shock of grief—and children wept,
Not knowing why, seeing their elders weep.

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Then from the minster-gate, beside the towers
Of Joyeuse Gard, a sound of chanting rose,
And the low dirge crept nearer, and a flare
Of torches flickered on before the march,
Casting weird shadows down the market-place.
Vested in white, with sable, hood, and stole,
Bare-headed, sandal-footed, four and four,
Paced on the priests, and at their head, as chief,
One whilom Bishop of Caerleon-on-Uske:
And, after, hermit, hard by Almesbury.
So, with due tendance, took they up the corpse,
And raised it from the leveled lances four,
And laid it on a bier, and bore it in
Unto the chancel to the altar's foot.

So, fifteen days within the lofty choir,
From noon to noon, the psalm and dole were sung,
And prayers said, and tapers burned, and thick
The incense rose, in blue and golden clouds,
Athwart the checkered blazon of the panes,
And the slow sunbeam crept across the space,
Where, with hands crossed above his heart, was laid
Lancelot, man of men, and all men came
To look upon his face; his face was bare,
As is the wont for men right worshipful,
That all might come and see him where he lay.
And all who looked were sad—none other smile
Was in the minster, save the dead man's smile,
Full of high grace, as one who dies forgiven.

But, on the fifteenth morning, rang a tread
Of nailed feet along the shadowy nave,
Till the priests paused to listen, and the dirge
Broke half-way off, as breaks the woodlark's song
When the black hawk's wing shadows overhead;
And through the press of men-folk pushed a knight,
Dusty with travel, red and stained with clay,
Like one who headlong heedeth not his path,
For haste to bear a word of life or death.
So, with pale forehead, and lips grimly set,
And blankly staring eyes, and vizor raised,
Came he unto the bier, and all men knew
Ector de Maris, brother to the Dead.

Then reeled he in his walk, and, kneeling down
At the high altar's step, did off his helm,
And cast his shield upon the rush-strewn floor;
And in its hollow put aside his sword,
And strove within himself, and seemed to swoon,
Either with shock of grief or stress of way,
And manned himself, and signed the cross, and prayed,
Silent with lips that moved, but made no sound.
Then, looking up at length, beside him saw
The Bishop with the crosier in his hand,
And, on the other side, Sir Bors, and both
Looked sadly on him, and their eyes were wet.

Then rose Sir Ector, and upon the arm
Of Bors he leaned a little space, and moved
To nearer look upon the dead man's face
That smiled—where none did smile except the Dead,
And with low, hollow voice, as one who speaks
Words not his own, by some strong spirit's will,—
He spoke his requiem over Lancelot.

"Sir Lancelot, thou wert head of Christian knights.
Ah, Lancelot; ah, my brother, there thou liest,
Thou that wast never matched of earthly knight,
The curtiest that ever bore a shield,
The truest friend that ever horse bestrode,
The truest lover of a sinful man,
That ever sought the love of womanhood;
The kindliest man that ever struck with sword,
The goodliest form that came in knightly press,
The gentlest and the meekest man that e'er
Ate amongst ladies in the banquet hall,
And to thy mortal foe the sternest knight
That ever put his spear into its rest."

A moment more,—since there remains alone
One strain uncopied,—I may call my own.
I see his critic eye upon me cast,
Who served two famous "years before the mast."
I know that Forbes's art has made less hard
The seaman's labor by the double yard.
But 'twas of old, the nautical belief,
Its threefold creed—"to hand, to steer, to *reef*."
Then of this ancient doctrine hear a lay,
Sung by a landsman, once of Buzzard's Bay.

And if some phrase should ears marine offend,
I got my learning from "The Seaman's Friend."

Three hand-spike raps on the forward hatch,
A hoarse voice shouts, down the fo'castle dim,
Startling the sleeping starboard watch,
Out of their bunks, their clothes to snatch,
With little thought of life or limb.

"All hands on deck! d'ye hear the news,
Reef topsails all—'tis the old man's word.
Tumble up, never mind jackets or shoes!"
Never a man would dare refuse,
When that stirring cry is heard.

The weather shrouds are like iron bars,
The leeward backstays curving out.
Like steely spear-points gleam the stars
From the black sky flecked with feathery bars,
By the storm-wind swerved about.

Across the bows, like a sheeted ghost,
Quivers a luminous cloud of spray,
Flooding the forward deck, and most
Of the waist; then, like a charging host,
It rolls to leeward away.

"Mizzen topsail, clew up and furl;
Clew up your main course now with a will!"
The wheel goes down with a sudden whirl
"Ease her, ease her, the good old girl,
Don't let your head-sails fill!"

"Ease off lee braces, round in on the weather;"
"Ease your halyards—clew down, clew down;"
Haul out your reef-tackles, now together."
Like an angry bull against his tether,
Heave the folds of the topsails brown.

"Haul taut your buntlines, cheerly, men, now!"
The gale sweeps down with a fiercer shriek.
Shock after shock on the weather bow
Thunders the head-sea, and below
The throbbing timbers groan and creak.

The topsail yards are down on the caps,
Her head lies up in the eye of the blast;
The bellying sails, with sudden slaps,
Swell out and angrily collapse,
Shaking the head of the springing mast.

Wilder and heavier comes the gale
Out of the heart of the Northern Sea,
And the phosphorescent gleamings pale
Surge up awash of the monkey rail
Along our down-pressed lee.

"Lay aloft! lay aloft! boys, and reef,
Don't let my starbolines be last,"
Cries from the deck the sturdy chief;
"'Twill take a man of muscle and beef
To get those ear-rings passed."

Into the rigging with a shout
Our second and third mates foremost spring.
Crackles the ice on the ratlines stout,
As the leaders on the yards lay out,
And the foot ropes sway and swing.

On the weather end of the jumping yard,
One hand on the lift, and one beneath,
Grasping the cringle, and tugging hard,
Black Dan, our third mate, grim and scarred,
Clutches the ear-ring for life or death.

"Light up to windward." cries the mate,
As he rides the surging yard-arm end,
And into the work we throw our weight,
Every man bound to emulate,
The rush of the gale, and the sea's wild send

"Haul out to leeward," comes at last,
With a cheery ring from the fore and main;
"Knot your reef-points, and knot them fast,
Weather and lee are the ear-rings passed,
And over the yard we bend and strain.

"Lay down men, all, and now, with a will,
Swing on your topsail halyards, and sway;
Ease your braces, and let her fill,
There's an hour below of the mid-watch still,
Haul taut your bowlines—well all—belay!"

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UNTIL a very recent period Kioto, the ecclesiastical capital of Japan, was the literary and artistic center of the Empire. The place of residence of the Mikado or Spiritual Emperor, it was long the Rome of Japan. Thither went the poets, who found there the recognition denied them in the provinces, or the commercial and military capital of Yeddo. There, too, were found the painters and draughtsmen whose works not only set the fashion in art throughout Japan, but who, themselves, took from the Court of the Mikado those suggestions which have left an indelible impression upon the national taste.

In the Court of the Empress at Kioto were found the rarest brocades, ear-rings, lacquer-work, and paintings. In her reception-room, where she sat in proud isolation on a dais, before which the court ladies squatted in semicircles, were grouped rich tables or cabinets incrusted with mother-of-pearl, and filled with illuminated books of poetry, biography, and fairy lore. Marvelous paintings hung upon the screens, and rare effects of color covered the bamboo blinds that intercepted the light of day. Gilded leaves, upon which were printed rare conceits in prose or verse, circulated from hand to hand,—or delicate drawings in India ink or sepia, the work of favorite artists and noble women, were decorously admired by this critical assemblage.

When the courtly throng, so much resembling a brilliant flower-bed, dispersed, it was only to prepare fine things in art or litera-

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ture, always under the careful direction of masters, for the next festal reception. At the close of the Winter, "the awakening of Nature," the wits, artists, and court ladies

A FIGURE IN THE POPULAR STYLE.

assembled in the gardens of the palace and generously emulated each other in selecting the most appropriate verses in honor of the return of Spring. The white cedar fan, whose shape was prescribed by antique canons of art, was ornamented with leaves of ivy and blossoms of the convolvulus, and inscribed with verses chosen by the company. Souvenirs of painted satin or paper made from the delicate fiber of the mulberry-tree were given and received; and, we doubt not, much tender sentiment took shape in verse or prose, or in the artistic emblems that exchanged ownership.

This picture of courtly pastime in Japan in the time of the Mikado's isolation, reminds us of the calm seclusion of the women of European courts in the medieval age. The artificial manners and customs of that epoch have left their impression upon Japanese art. Painting in miniature was greatly affected at Kioto, as it was in Western Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Conventional forms and modes of expression had their origin in the courtly models of an ancient Japanese civilization. The same rigorous taste that insisted upon a perpetually repeated cadence in poetical lines, prescribed and established rules of art which are now esteemed classic. To this day, therefore, the division between the severe style of high art in Japan, and the flowing freedom of the popular manner, is as distinctly marked as that which separates the work of Gustave Doré from that of the royal artist who wrought the Bayeux tapestry. But it would not be fair to the so-called popular style of Japanese art to intimate that the classic types have the sole claim to antiquity. As has just been said, Kioto, with its highly cultivated court circle, is supposed to have given the principles of high art to the nation; and Kioto art-work has its unmistakable stamp of design wherever found. But, so far as we

THE CLASSIC STYLE OF DRAWING.

know, popular art, with all its marked characteristics, is as ancient as any other. Japanese art may be said to preserve a perennial freshness and youth; but no department of it has made the slightest advance in centuries.

The two figures which I have given very

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clearly illustrate the radical difference between the classic and popular methods of handling kindred subjects. Both of these are mythological figures; and, the severe, almost poverty-stricken treatment of one is sharply contrasted by the flowing curves and riotous freedom of the other. Somebody has compared Japan and China in art with Greece and Rome, respectively. There is certainly a Greek simplicity in the so called "noble" style of Old Japan, which is never found in the coarser outlines of any Chinese work whatever. The influence of fashion upon art in Japan is more perceptible in delineations of the human face and figure than elsewhere. Official rules hindered the development of the highest conceptions in art; and the human face in all subjects for the pencil had only one type and few variations. It is a singular fact that, while Japanese artists have solved all mysteries of colors, and have caught the grace and life of animal and vegetable nature, they seem to have missed the true idea of the human form, its characteristics, and its infinite variety of expression. To some extent it is true that a conventional type, fixed ages ago, is adopted by the Japanese artists of to-day. Every American by this time has learned to recognize the long, oval face, bud-like little mouth, almond eyes, painted eyebrows, and inexpressive nose, with which the Japanese artist endows the female face divine. These insipid beauties simper at us from the multitudinous fans that agitate the air of the American Republic from Maine to California.

It has been said that the Japanese artist is as unsuccessful in his attempts to delineate domestic animals as he is in human portraiture. Though this may not be strictly true, it must be confessed that the native artist, whether hampered by ancient traditions or not, does not catch the spirit and movement of animals that make their home with man, as well as he does that of the beasts of the thicket field, and forest. A single page of one of the Japanese picture-books is covered with drawings of domestic cats in every imaginable attitude, and each one is as admirably given as if caught instantaneously on a photographic plate. Yet the same artist furnishes us a picture of a gentleman on horseback, reproduced in these pages, in which the horse is simply a copy of the *yema* or pictorial effigy of a steed, furnished the dead for their celestial journey. The artist calls this "Riding to Far Countries," and the intention of the clumsy rider, as well as the headlong haste of the *betto*, or running groom, are certainly very well represented. But it should be borne in mind that the artist is slyly laughing at horse, rider, and footman. The truly popular artist constantly "drops into" caricature.

"RIDING TO FAR COUNTRIES."

In the works of Hoksai, the favorite artist of Japan, we have some charming glimpses of common life, animal fun, and floral grace. The fancy of this artist is nimble, and his imagination is most fertile. Hoksai belongs to a class of draughtsmen whose works, printed on double sheets of mulberry-bark paper, and neatly stitched in stiff paper covers, afford infinite diversion to the common people of Japan. One of these books, consisting of fifty or sixty pages, and completely filled with spirited pictures in tint and ink, may be bought at native bookstalls for a few small copper coin—equivalent to less than three cents of our currency. One of these now before me is entitled "Sketches by Hoksai. Tenth Volume. Complete." The preface sets forth the fact that "By reading books, one can understand very well, but not so quickly as by looking at sketches of men, animals, birds, flowers, and things imagined," etc. This tenth volume of the prolific Hoksai is filled with pictures of jugglers, gnomes or banshees, allegorical beings,

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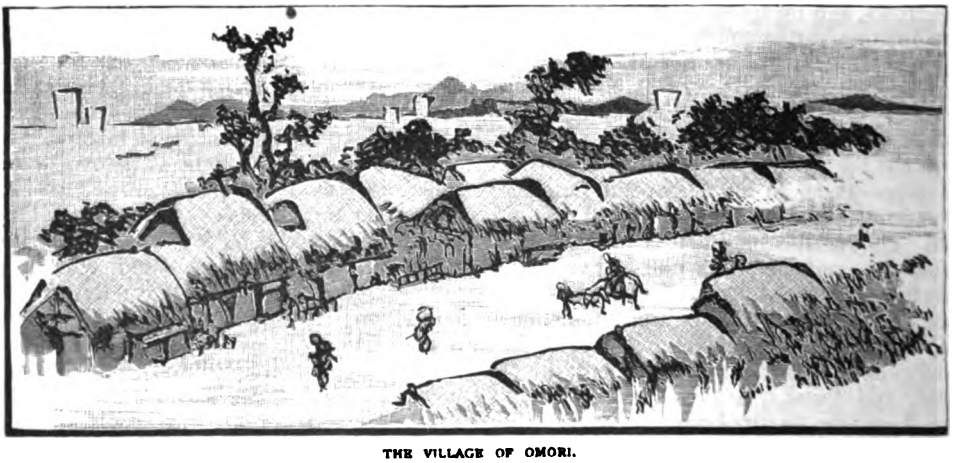
common people at their work or play, animals, legendary and real; and heroes of Japanese fairy lore. Hoksai, more than any other Japanese artist known to foreigners, has succeeded in giving variety of expression to the human face. It must be confessed that the artistic type of the female face is more conventional and unreal than the male countenance. The group of people looking at a juggler's performance, drawn by Hoksai, will give the reader a fair idea of the artist's power of conveying an expression by a few simple lines. This cluster of five heads certainly shows considerable individuality, and it should be remembered that it is an accessory in a larger picture; the artist has only cared to make us feel that the people who compose this side group are interested, if not absorbed, in the feats of the juggler. So have I seen in the face of a figure, not so large as these, and printed on a common fan, an admirable expression of senile pleasure. An old man is standing with a child on a high platform overlooking a scene on the Inland Sea. The feeling of height is produced by soft tints below the bold color of the platform. A high horizon gives a bird's-eye view of the bay or gulf, and in the group of figures gazing on this charming panorama, is noticeable the chubby face of the child, whose eager curiosity is expressed by a few slight lines. The old man, with both hands resting on his staff, is wrinkled and brown; but there is no mistaking the air of grandfatherly fondness and delight with which he regards the urchin beside him. And all this is a slight work done on a cheap fan. Moreover, it is one of a series of panoramic views on the Inland Sea, and curious labels on, or over, villages, headlands, and mountain peaks, fix the names of the localities with topographical accuracy.

Thoughtless people, scrutinizing a bit of Japanese ware, are diverted with what they

LOOKING AT THE JUGGLER.

are pleased to call "the comical lack of perspective" in the ornament. The Japanese artist does not undertake to produce aërial effects or linear perspective on plates, bowls, and vases. We must look to European art for such absurdities as landscapes and architectural drawings on spherical surfaces. In a Japanese workshop, the decorator *feels* just where a bright mass of color or a flowing line is wanted. He knows exactly where a single spot of gold or crimson will be most effective. He seems to have an intuitive appreciation of the relation which color and line have to the general mass before him. Therefore he makes no



THE VILLAGE OF OMORI.

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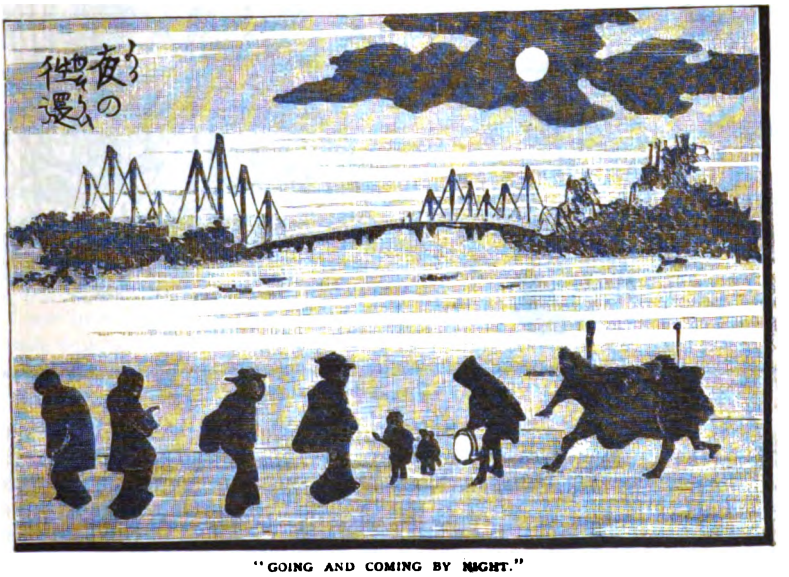
mistakes. The bunch of brilliant azaleas, the flight of storks, or the floating butterflies, are each placed where they belong on the object; with unerring accuracy, each ornament finds its true position in decorative art. The space left undecorated is only an intellectual balance to the weight of color or mass on the other side. Precisely what geometrical rules determine the value of these lines, or govern the disposition of masses, we may not be able to say. But we may be sure that such agreeable, harmonious, and complete designs as those furnished by Japanese artists, are the result of serious study of certain fixed principles.

The apparent disregard of the commonest rules of perspective, for mere decorative effect, may mislead superficial critics. The Japanese painter does not aim to fix a landscape on a plate; if it happen that the familiar lines of the cone-like peak of Fusiyama, or the feathery sprays of a willow grove, best suit his design, he seizes these with absolute freedom, but with equal truth of outline. How tenderly and feelingly he can manage aërial and isometrical perspective is shown in the accompanying view of the village of Omori, drawn by a native artist of renown. The hard surface of our paper cannot give the reader a correct idea of the delicacy and lightness of touch with which the Japanese draughtsman has printed this pretty little landscape on the soft mulberry-fiber paper of the Japanese picture-book. But, from the mechanically exact drawing of the village street, to the dim vacuity of the distance, and the vague uncertainty with which the sail-boats melt into the mists of the bay, everything is drawn with a nice firmness of touch which reveals the hand of the true artist.

In these misty effects, the work of a most refined taste and skill, the Japanese artists greatly excel. In one of Hoksai's books of birds and animals is a group of water-fowl sporting in a sequestered pool bordered by reeds. The drawings are printed in black ink with a single half-tint, but so delicately is this done that one discerns under the flowing lines of the water the shadowy forms of those parts of the birds that are below the surface. The head of a duck feeding on the plants on the bottom is not cut off. It re-appears beneath in a half-tint that defines the shape with sufficient distinctness; and this is merely a common print stamped from a wooden block. I have seen in a cheap colored picture, printed on joined sheets of mulberry fiber, a moonlight view thrown carelessly into the distance and framed by an open window. The full moon is partly vailed by a floating cloud, which is faithfully repeated in the lake below. Vague masses of trees loom large against the sky, and their forms are weird and shadowy where they melt into the darkened horizon. The feeling of distance, somberness, and gloom in such a scene is perfect. Yet this simple bit of color, with the vivid group of lamp-lighted figures in the fore-



"GOING AND COMING BY NIGHT."

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ground, was only a single leaf from the millions scattered through Yeddo toy shops for the amusement of the multitude. Some such tenderness of touch is evinced in the "Going and Coming by Night," which we have tried to reproduce from the Japanese form of a gigantic one-eyed head, with a wonderfully distorted mouth. Kasana finds the surviving partner of her greedy speculations resting himself on a road-side fence. Him she reproaches in awful tones. The crafty old man, affecting not to see the hor-

A LANTERN FEAST INTERRUPTED.

print bearing that name. The original drawing gives the air of mistiness and uncertainty of night. The belated passengers seem to hurry. The lantern-bearer is not needed to show that this is "at night," but his single spark of light has its true value in the picture.

This ghostly effect in drawing is repeated over and over again in Hoksai's works. He delights in hobgoblins, specters, and spooks. Indeed, Japanese literature is full of themes that must engage the pencils of artists who have the least inclination to the grotesque and weird. The ghost of Sakura, a murdered retainer, fastened to the fatal cross, rises and confronts his tyrannical lord. The wife of the murdered man, accompanied by their infant, both uttering piteous cries and presenting a cup filled with Sakura's blood, appears in the air, is seen on the floor of the guilty man's chamber, and crawls to the feet of the fear-stricken nobleman. Or, the unsatisfied spirit of Kasana, an avaricious old woman, appears in the rible head and shadowy claws above him, turns about and argues with the goblin damned, while he fingers his rosary by way of exorcism. Or the ghost of some poor woman who died in childbed rises with her infant in her arms, crying to the belated traveler, "Take my child, that I may rest."

In "A Lantern Feast Interrupted," the artist has seized on one of these uncanny incidents as a subject for his pencil. In some parts of Japan, once a year, the people assemble in the cemeteries with lanterns painted with roses. These are placed over the graves of the dead, and, with much innocent diversion, eating and drinking, the "Feast of the Rose Lanterns," as it is called, goes on for the night. Next night the lanterns are again lighted, and a glittering procession descends from the hill of burial to the shore of the bay, where frail barks, like toy ships, are prepared with flowers, incense, and small coin, to bear away again the spirits of the dead. Each bark carries a lantern and a soul. The fleet

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of tiny craft is lost in the night or melted in the sea. By daylight no trace of the ghostly argosy remains. Once upon a time, a hypocritical fellow of the *Samourai* or two-sworded class, offering his rose lantern at the grave of his deceased wife, was unexpectedly confronted by the spirit of that lady, who, according to all accounts, had led a hard life with him when on earth. The husband, somewhat alarmed, attempted to draw his sword, when the reproachful ghost reminded him that even the best steel of Kioto was of no avail against spirits of the air. So saying, she sunk into the sea, leaving her faithless spouse in "a state of mind." The gentle humor which pervades almost every popular historical work in Japan modifies the tragedy of this scene. The servant who takes to his heels, dropping his master's votive lantern, is an element of the grotesque. This, the artist thinks, will prevent his sketch from being too horrible to look upon.

The Japanese artist is most completely at home with the animal creation in its seclusion from the haunts of men. There is solitude itself expressed in his charming sketches of lonely streams, flowery thickets, and quiet fields. Here are all the field-mice in council, or the birds marshaled by twos and threes, or hares and foxes holding a mock council of war under a temporary armistice. A few simple touches give a sense of animal *abandon* that is most delightful. We know by the attitude of the romping badger that he is fearless of human interruption. The quails and pheasants walk deliberately about their leafy alleys, secure from man's intrusion and perfectly at home. Somehow, and at some time, the artist has seen these pretty creatures in their native haunts; he has studied their manners, motions, and employments, and we feel that he has given us as accurate and honest a picture of home life as if he had gone into a foreign land with camera and photographic apparatus.

Not only so, but even the time of day is told us accurately by means of a few tints or lines. A moon floating in the midst of a pale sky, washed with India ink, looks down upon a night-prowler, which, seated on its haunches, beats its white breast and emits a prolonged howl, which we can almost *see* coming out of the open jaws. A few graceful reeds and water-plants show us that this is a desolate swamp, and a drifting cloud approaching the moon adds to the lugubriousness of the scene. It is hardly fair to call that people, to whom so much delicate and subtile sentiment is addressed, "semi-barbaric."

In the decorative art of Japan we see a constant repetition of lines, figures, and patterns suggested by natural and animated objects. A casual examination will show in a single design for mosaic work the waves on the beach, the leaves of trees, petals of flowers, and flying birds. Ages ago, the Japanese adopted (or invented) the so-called Greek fret, "the honeysuckle pattern" of Western art, and used the lotus leaf and flower in art. One of the princely families

"A FLIGHT OF STORKS."

of Japan has borne the familiar Gothic trefoil on its badge for untold centuries. How the clover leaf was adopted into this design, and how it was borrowed by the Saracens, or from them by the Japanese, we can only surmise. We certainly may

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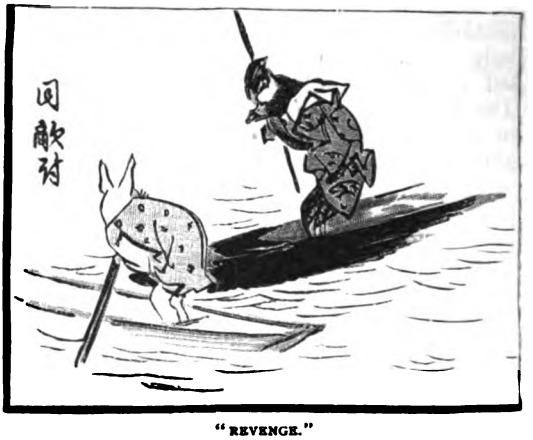
credit the latter with a wonderful faculty for discovering fine artistic forms in the commonest natural objects. A flight of migratory birds, high in air, instantly suggests a combination of lines. The outline of a bit of paper flying in the wind recalls to the imaginative observer a bird. So he gives us a skillful juggler, whose airy sheets of paper turn into flying storks as he blows them upward. The gradual transformation of the floating sheets into birds is precisely the transition which the unreal makes from the real in the human imagination. It is a practical illustration of that puzzle of the fancy which sees the drifting cloud "backed like a weasel."

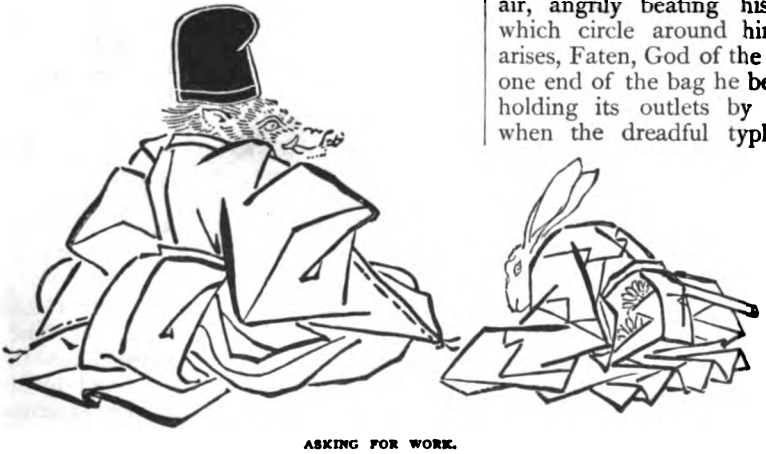
This fertility of imagination of the Japanese has peopled earth, air, and sky with a multitude of beings. Even their story of creation and the origin of the human species is a fantastic myth. Anciently, they say, the heavens and the earth were not separated. The germ of all things, in the form of an egg, was tossed on the troubled sea of chaos. From this egg arose vaporized matter; the pure and transparent formed the heavens, while the opaque and heavy fell downward and coagulated into the form of earth. A divine being, born in the midst, was the first of creation. An island of soft earth swam like a fish on the terrestrial waters. At the same time, betwixt heaven and earth was born something resembling the tender shoots of a plant. It was metamorphosed into a god, and became the first of the Seven Celestial Spirits. He and his successors each reigned a fabulous number of years, reproducing their kind, male and female, by mutual contemplation. Finally, a male and female spirit descended and dwelt upon the soft island which swam in the waters below. The story of their meeting, courtship, and union, is unique and highly



"REVENGE."

interesting. From this primal pair came the rivers, mountains, forests, and, in fact, all earth. The sun and moon were at first created to govern the world; but the first was too mighty, and he was sent above to govern the day of the sky; the second was too beautiful, and she was sent to rule the night of the sky. The stars are the offspring of other deities. The first ruler of Japan was, therefore, of divine origin; and in Japan was the pillar of heaven by which the Celestials descended to earth.

The divine essence, Japanese philosophers believe, is everywhere and in everything. The pantheism of the Greeks was not more universal—nor, we may add, was it more poetic. Does it thunder? Raïden, the Thunder God, is drifting through the upper air, angrily beating his immense drums which circle around him. When a gale arises, Faten, God of the Winds, has opened one end of the bag he bears upon his back, holding its outlets by his hands. And when the dreadful typhoon bursts upon sea and shore, Latsmaki, the Dragon of the Typhoon, descends miles beneath the waves, upheaving great masses of water; he shrieks in the upper air, or smites with tail and claw forests, villages, cities, and fleets of



ASKING FOR WORK.

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ships. The trees are alive with good and evil spirits. Animals are endowed with human speech on occasion, and for special purposes they become the friends or enemies of man, pressing into their service the fruits, flowers, and grain. These in their turn, acquire a language of their own, are metamorphosed into dwarfs, gnomes, or goodly human shapes, and so play their several parts in the great drama of life.

It is easy to see how, with such a mythology, and such a store of legendary lore to suggest subjects for the pencil, the imagination of the Japanese artist may run riot without ever once producing any fancy unworthy of popular acceptance. As I have said, his favorite class of subjects is found among the animals. These he deliberately endows with reason and sometimes with a semi-human form. To them he ascribes human motives and sentiments. The vast volume of Japanese fable furnishes him with an inexhaustible store of these subjects for illustration. The story of the "Crackling Mountain," for example, relates how the hare befriended, and the badger persecuted, a worthy couple. After innumerable adventures and conflicts, in which the man and his wife were destroyed, the badger saw the hare launching a wooden boat. "Where are you going, my friend?" asked the deceitful badger. The hare replied politely, "To the moon." This was not a joke, for the Japanese affect to see a hare where we discover "the man in the moon." The badger expressed a desire to accompany his ancient enemy on this voyage, but the wary little fellow pushed off without him. The badger then built a boat of baked clay and followed, determined on further mischief. Overtaking the hare, he sculled alongside, when the hare, dexterously pushing the side of his wooden craft against the brittle prow of his enemy's boat of clay, which had now begun to dissolve in the water, caused it to break up; and so the wicked badger miserably perished.

"THE FOXES' WEDDING."

Observe the comical, semi-human attitude of the hare boatman. He is meek, but determined; his long, inoffensive ears almost protest against the violence on which his determined little legs are resolved. The badger is just the brutal fellow which his long life of viciousness and cruelty has prepared us to expect him to be. In this, as in most of the other pictures reproduced in this paper, the artist puts his title in a few characters near the figures. The translation is given below.

The adventures of animals often, in the hands of Japanese artists, assume a purely human interest. These unconscious actors are made to represent the trials, troubles, foibles, and labors of mankind. In the story of the accomplished and lucky tea-kettle there is much hidden wisdom. The kettle had the power of turning into a badger at will, and its antics were made a source of great profit to its owner. The story of the

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career of this wonderful kettle and its master is told in a multitude of ways, and always to the unbounded delight of the native hearer. Pictures innumerable illustrate in books, or on fans, trays, and screens, the career of the accomplished tea-kettle.

"THE HIDING PLACE."

We may say that these pictures, as well as most popular Japanese drawings, are pervaded with a spirit of caricature. In nearly all of them, the artist appears to stand off from his work and laugh with the observer. He is never unconscious of the fun which he is making. In the picture of the little hattomoto asking for work, which I have given as a specimen of a popular subject in the classic style, we have a very bold caricature. The rank of the boar is high; he wears the noble cap or toque of a great functionary. The hattomoto, or wandering retainer, is a harmless and timid hare. The abasement of the poor little fellow in quest of employment, and the brutal imperiousness of the great personage, tell their own story too well for us to suppose that the purpose of the artist was not instantly appreciated in feudal Japan.

While the hare is a favorite figure with Japanese artists who desire to illustrate amiable traits of character, the fox and the badger are invariably burdened with most of the craft and wickedness of the world. The fox, indeed, has more personal characteristics, and a greater variety of them, than any of the tutelary divinities of Japanese mythology. He is more than Reynard the Fox, of German fable. He is hated and despised as a mischief-maker and a liar, coaxed and cajoled as a powerful instrument for good or evil, worshiped as the source of all luck, and heartily enjoyed as the inventor of fun, practical jokes, and various little games. A poor woman, weeping over her dead child, asks why she is thus bereft. The funeral lamp casts her shadow grotesquely on the wall. She sees that it assumes the outline of a fox; and she has her answer. The *ignis fatuus* floating over the swamp is the light of the fox going to a feast of witches. The rain falling in the sunshine is the foxes' wedding. And this common meteorological phenomenon is a favorite topic for illustration. It recalls a good story.

A certain white fox of high degree, and without a black hair upon him, sought and obtained the hand of a young female fox who was renowned for her personal beauty and her noble connections. The wedding was to be a grand affair; but, unhappily,

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the families of the betrothed pair could not agree upon the kind of weather to be ordered for the occasion. The parents of the bride thought it good luck that a shower should fall on a bridal procession. The bridegroom and his friends objected to having their good clothes spoiled thus, and to the damper which a rain would put upon their merriment. There was danger that the match should be broken off, when a very astute old fox suggested a compromise. They might have sunshine and rain together. This happy thought was received with acclamations, and the order was given accordingly; the bride's palanquin or *norimon* was borne to the house of her future husband with blissful satisfaction on all sides. In Japan, a sun-shower is called "The Foxes' Wedding." In New England, the natives mysteriously remark: "The devil is whipping his wife with a cod-fish tail."

One of Hoksai's most popular series of pictorial works is called "Pictures of this Floating World." By the floating world *(Ka-sai)*, he means the changing, transitional, and uncertain world. Accordingly, we find the book filled with fancies and realism so grotesquely mixed, that we can hardly tell how much is fancy and how much is fact. Here we see a plaintive youth fastened

A TRAINED HAWK.

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by his shoulders to a tree, while the field-mice nibble his toes. He wriggles, cries, and curls up his feet; the mice nibble on with apparent amusement. Then we light upon a street scene, where a Japanese troubadour, seated on a low bench, with his

"AT HOME."

eyes half closed and his mouth wide open, is evidently singing an improper song. A couple of passing revelers dance to his music, for he accompanies himself on a sort of mandolin. Another drops a bit of coin into the musician's tray as he passes; and a couple of women, abashed at so much naughtiness, pause, and regard the scene curiously over the tops of the fans with which they hide their blushes. Then we have a votive bonfire in a grave-yard. It is cold, and the mourners, who warm their fingers by its cheerful blaze, are unconscious of the shadowy procession of lame, halt, and blind, who hover near the warmth. We barely see the vague outlines of these ghosts, printed in a tint so fine that they seem like "water-marks" in the fabric of the paper.

Here, too, we find a group of mice engaged in the rice trade. In his admirable work on Japan, M. Humbert, adopting this popular picture, calls it "The Rat Rice Merchants." It is known in Japan as "The Hiding Place," and it gives us a glimpse into the imaginary doings of these pilferers from storehouses and barns. Below, a party of mice-porters are tugging at a sack of rice, the fruits of a night's foraging. Above, and at the left, the rice is packed in mats, and heaped up for storage, and on the stack sits an accountant with his bead reckoning-frame. The whole scene, with the porters staggering along under the weight of baskets of copper coin, principals examining their books, and customers waiting near by, is charmingly done. It is impossible not to admire the gentle humor with which this semblance of real life is pictured.

For obvious reasons, birds are not so available for purposes of caricature and airy fun as animals. The Japanese draughtsman is often puzzled to extract from the inexpressive countenances of the featured tribes that half-human gleam of intelligence with which he endows the beasts of the forest and the field. But the noble picture of a hawk, a spirited drawing in ink, which forms a frontispiece to an illustrated book on hawking, is a fair example of serious work of this sort. The book is called "A Picture Mirror of Hawking," and it is a panorama of the adventures of a hawking party, from the beginning of the hunt until the return at night. The noble pastime of hawking, or falconry, was peculiar to the feudal age in Japan, as it was to the medieval age of Europe. Marco Polo describes the fowling of Kublai Khan with "trained eagles," when that mighty personage, too lame with gout to travel in any other way, was borne to the hunt in a gold-incrusted chamber, carried on the backs of four elephants. The Emperors of Japan had less pretentious outfittings; but the book before me gives illustrations of the handsome trappings of one of these dignitaries, whose adventures furnish the material and title of the work.

Birds form a conspicuous feature in the more refined popular art of Japan, as they do in Japanese poetry. One of the native traditions of the origin of man is to the effect that the two divinities, previously alluded to as the primal pair of earth, were once standing on the bridge of Heaven, when a pair of wagtails, fluttering in the air, engaged their attention. Pleased by the amorous dalliance of these feathered lovers, the deities invented the art of love, which

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they took with them to the earth beneath. The subject is often found penciled or painted in the innumerable works of Japanese artists. Flowers and birds combine to form some of the happiest conceits of Oriental poetry and art. With these, in Japanese as in Persian verse, the poet woos or bewails, finds his sweetest solace and his purest joys. The Japanese song-writers make pictures in their verses, and these again find expression in the drawings which amuse and refine the commonest people of the Empire.

Japanese fans have made us familiar with all of the best-known varieties of flowers of Japan. Here we have the convolvulus, double and single pinks, azaleas, honeysuckle, fruit blossoms, and an inexhaustible sheaf of blooms unknown to American gardens. The bamboo, with its tender shoots, graceful stalks, and feathery foliage, is a favorite subject for pen and pencil. A rugged pine, which is sometimes dwarfed and grown in flower-pots, is another capital study for the draughtsman, and a combination of these two species of arboreal growth forms the title-page and frontispiece of one of the popular picture-books of Japan. This design, which we have borrowed for a frontispiece to this paper, fairly shows the lightness and grace which the native artist brings to his work, even when the product of his skill is not for the delectation of connoisseurs in high art, but for the fly-leaf of an humble book of drawings for "the million."

In the original print of this design, by the way, the title of the book was printed exactly as an ingenious home artist has designed our title, "Some Pictures from Japan," though it is needless to say that the original inscription was something quite different. A native Japanese student, attempting to read the imitation of Japanese printed in this design, gave it up as an unknown character, not being able to advance beyond the second letter of the last word, "a" in "Japan." This sign stands for "moon" in Japanese writing. He had begun to read, of course, from right to left, down each column. When asked to try by reading, "English fashion," from left to right, he struck the meaning suddenly, and said, with infinite amusement: "Oh! that is what you call a sell!"

Fairy tales and stories of Buddhist mythology are the very first books put into the hands of the Japanese children. We may be sure that the picture-books, however, are early thumbed by the rising generation of the Empire of the Sun. The cheapest of these are printed on mulberry-bark paper in two tints from wooden blocks. How such delicate and thoroughly artistic work can be executed with such simple means our plate printers ought to discover. For example, in "The Feast of Abis-ko," herewith reproduced, the Japanese artist was given a soft but well-defined outline, filled in with black and two neutral tints, each so delicately

"THE FEAST OF ABIS-KO."

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SKETCH OF MONKEYS.

shaded that the general effect is that of skillful work with brush and India ink. The texture of the cloth-like paper adds much to the tenderness of the execution; but the whole, while finished with precision, is actually shaded and blended in the printing by some process unknown outside of Japan. In like manner a series of colored plates, entitled "Pictorial History of Brave Men of Tai-hai-ki," contains numerous examples in which a single mass of body color is as finely shaded from dark to light as if it were done with a brush. This book, a blaze of gorgeous color, is an admirable illustration of the skill with which the Japanese artist combines striking general effect with nicety of detail. The colors would seem impossible of harmony, they are so positive and elementary; yet their arrangement is agreeable though startling, and under all is an elaboration of detail in texture, fiber, and design within design, that is marvelous. The robe of a prince is shaded from the loins downward to the bottom, exactly as if washed in with a brush. Purple and green are set against each other without violence, and all the fine damasked work of coats of mail and the quaint designs of brocaded stuffs, are sharply given. All this is done by block-work, in a printed book, and sold for a few cents to the common people of a semi-barbarous Empire. When shall we see such artistic work done in our picture-books for the people?

The feasting scene above referred to is one of those pictures of every-day life that have made Hoksai so well beloved in Japan. It is from his "Floating World," and represents a party of *bon vivants* welcoming with gusto and applause the appearance of the *abis-ko*, a bright red fish, resembling our rock cod in appearance, and eaten on this particular holiday. The expression of pleased triumph on the face of the host, and of mingled gratification and expectancy in the sitting group, is very funny. There is a little vein of caricature through the whole. The artist does not mean that you shall think that he altogether approves of this exhibition of greediness. Nevertheless, he enjoys it, and he means that you may.

Whatever may be said of the inexpressiveness of the Japanese female face as given by native artists, it must be confessed that the men are generally given with sufficient

A BUDDHIST SAINT.

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life and expression. In one of Hoksai's pictures of a supper party, *al fresco*, this difference in handling faces is very curiously perceptible. A few plants dashed in the background show that the scene is out of doors. The full moon in a watery sky fixes the time of day, and the group of men squatted about the festive board shows one old fellow roaring at some good joke, another opening his mouth expectantly as he contemplates the dainties; a third mopping his bald head with an air of discomfort, and a fourth arguing with his neighbor, gesticulating with his tea-cup the while. Yet in this lively party the central figure wears a face as void of expression as the tea-pot which she holds; and a female guest is artfully drawn with her gorgeous back to the spectator, as if her millinery and elaborate back hair were of more account than her countenance. Perhaps all this is the fault of the traditions of Kioto. If so, it is a pity, for some of the Japanese ladies are exceedingly fair to look upon.

When we reflect that pictures in Japan reach the multitude chiefly through the medium of the printed pages of cheap books, we shall understand why the art of pictorial printing and coloring has been carried to such a high degree of perfection. There are no picture galleries for rich or poor—not even shops with show windows, those picture galleries of the people. Scrolls, emblazoned with an infinite variety of designs, hang on the walls or form the movable screens of fine houses, and the temples bear allegorical or religious subjects, in outline and color, about their interiors. But the inexpensive hand-books, with or without a text, educate and amuse the mass of people. It is more true of Japan than of any Western country, that the men and women are but children of a larger growth. The native Japanese delight in the picture-book; and, while the young ones gloat over the bright designs of the artist, elders discover, wrought into the background in colored inks, like an arabesque, the quaint characters that tell the story.

But there are printed many slight sketches which have a purely artistic value alone. These appeal to finer perceptions than we are wont to credit to any mass of people. The sketch of monkeys, reproduced here from a native print, is the work of a true artist, who certainly thought enough of this slight thing to touch in his signature where it seems a bunch of leaves at the end of a hanging vine. Here we have the capricious attitude of the swinging monkeys rendered with as much spirit as if carefully elaborated in detail; and the fluffiness which a few strokes give their texture would seem to show that the draughtsman was illustrating the force of Ruskin's dogma, that there is no such thing as outline. In this

"THE RETURN AT NIGHT."

pretty little sketch, the canons of art are faithfully observed. The mass is thoroughly agreeable and harmonious; the action is free and unconstrained; the figures are simple; and the sprays of the pine overhead inclose the design with fitness. Such a bit of drawing, though a trifle, evinces much talent, as well as absolute familiarity with some of the fundamental principles of art.

The same is essentially true of the off-hand sketch of a Buddhist saint or *sennin*, which we give elsewhere. The tiger, which

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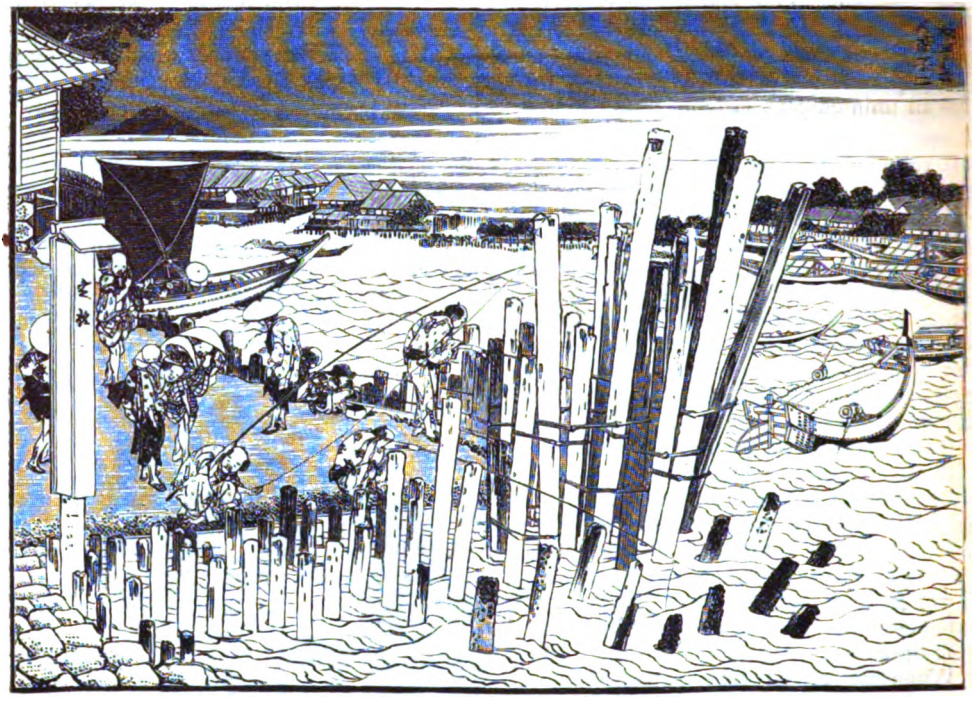

A HARBOR VIEW.

this famous personage subdues by the mere exercise of his superhuman goodness of heart, is described by a few rapid touches and dashes. The outline is left to the imagination of the observer; and we may be sure that even this vague suggestion of a form is sufficient for the quick fancy of the native critic. The averted face of the saint transfers our interest to his action rather than his thought. He is caressing and leading his subdued enemy. His attitude is given by a single line; and the folds of his robe are represented by a careless stroke which may be only a blot.

"The Return at Night," reproduced from the tail-piece of the work on hawking heretofore alluded to, is another capital example of that confidence in a popular artistic feeling to which the Japanese artist often appeals. It is impossible to give on our finished paper the exquisite softness and vagueness of the original picture. It seems as if drawn in India ink, the figures lightly dabbed in with a few rapid touches. It represents the procession of footmen returning by night, the obscurity with which they melt in the distance and darkness being given by softening the outlines until the last are only blurred spots of ink in the background. It must be admitted that this is skillfully done, considering that there is no opportunity whatever for artificial effect by means of linear perspective. Whatever idea of distance there is to be given must be conveyed wholly by means of loss of outline on a white surface. The stooping figure in the foreground signifies that the head of the train has reached a stopping-place. He drops the paper lantern and extinguishes the light within. Along the shadowy line we see the implements of the chase, the trophies of the day's sport, and the figures of the tired retainers. It is all very suggestive; and we can only say of it that it is just what the conscientious artist intended to make it.

Very different from this is the Harbor View, given above. In this, the native artist has happily conveyed that outdoor atmosphere and feeling which belong to such a picture. Our engraving is reduced from a large two-page print. But its original sharpness and brilliancy are not impaired. It is a picture of some of the occupations of the common people, in illustrating which, Japanese artists appear to take great delight.

It is not long since we began to learn something of the people of Japan, their industries, social and political life, manners

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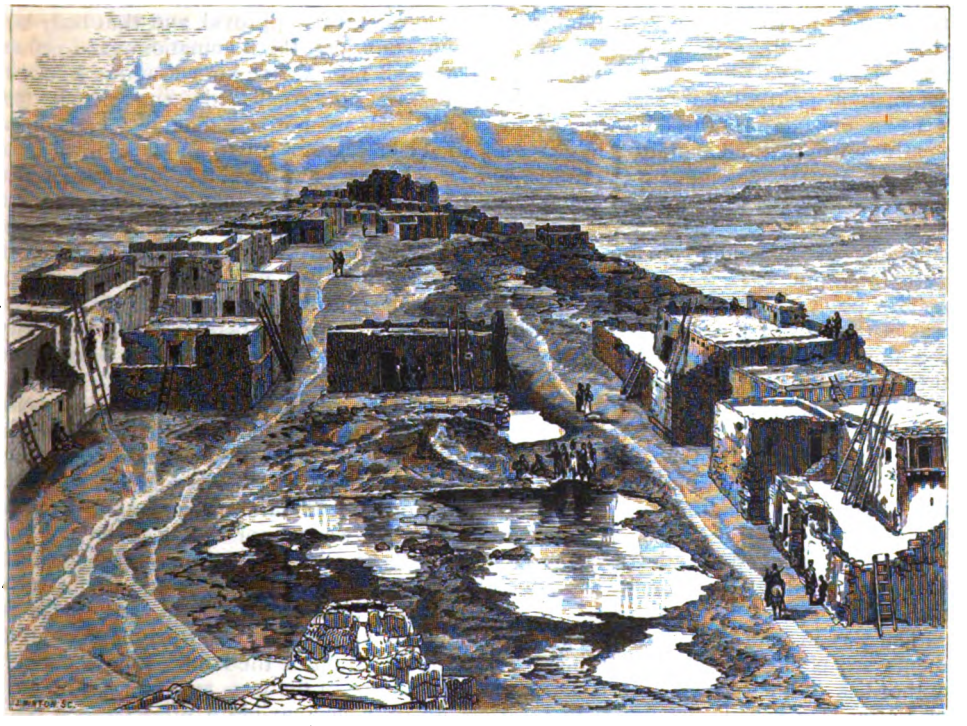
and customs. Our knowledge of their art and æsthetic culture comes late. It is quite possible that much of the present popularity of Japanese art-work in this country is due to an unintelligent fashion, rather than to a desire to study this unique branch of art for the value of its suggestions. In time, we shall learn the real benefit which may be secured by an appreciative observation of every form of the art of this remarkable people.

THE ANCIENT PROVINCE OF TUSAYAN.

BY MAJOR J. W. POWELL.



WOL-PI, A VILLAGE IN THE TUSAYAN COUNTRY.

It was the 23d of September. We had made an overland trip from Salt Lake City to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado,* and were now on the bank of the Kanab, on the way back to the rendezvous camp at the upper springs of the river, which was yet about forty miles away, and which was to be our point of departure for the "Province of Tusayan."

Since the exploration was made of which

* See SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for October, 1875.

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I am giving a general account in these papers, this stream has been carefully surveyed. Let me describe it. It is about eighty miles long, and in its course runs through three cañons, which we have called the upper, middle, and lower Kanab cañons. Along its upper course for about a dozen miles it is a permanent stream, but just before entering the first cañon the water is lost in the sands. It is only in seasons of extreme rains that the water flows through this cañon, which is dry sometimes for two or three years in succession. The bed of the stream is usually dry between the upper and middle cañon. At the head of the middle cañon the water again gushes out in springs, and there is a continual stream for a dozen miles. About five miles below this cañon the water again sinks in the sands, and for ten miles or more the stream is lost, except in times of great rains, as above. This usually dry course of the stream is along a level plain where the sands drift, and sometimes obliterate all traces of the water-course. At the head of the lower cañon springs are again found, and the waters gather so as to form, in most seasons, a pretty little creek, though, in seasons of extreme drought, this is dry nearly down to the Colorado; but, in seasons of great rains, immense torrents roll down the gorge. Thus we have a curiously interrupted creek. In three parts of its course it is a permanent stream, and in two parts intermittent.

The point where we struck the Kanab was at the foot of the middle cañon, where the flow of waters is perpetual, and just there we found a few pioneers of a Mormon town, to be called, after the stream, Kanab. At that time these people were living in what they called a "fort"—that is, several little cabins had been built about a square, the doors and windows opening toward the plaza, the backs of their houses connected by a rude stockade made of cedar poles planted on end. This "fort" was intended for defense against the Indians.

The way in which these Mormon settlements are planted is very interesting. The authorities of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints" determine to push a settlement into a new region. The country is first explored and the site for a town selected, for all settlements are made by towns. The site having been chosen, it is surveyed and divided into small lots of about an acre, with outlying lots of five or ten acres. Then a number of people are selected "to go on mission," as it is termed. The list is made out in this way: The President of the Church, with his principal bishops and other officers, meet in consultation, and select from the various settlements throughout the territory persons whom they think it would be well to send to the new place. Many are the considerations entering into this selection. First, it is necessary to have an efficient business man, one loyal to the Church, as bishop or ruler of the place, and he must have certain counselors; it is necessary, too, that the various trades shall be represented in the village—they want a blacksmith, shoemaker, etc. Again, in making the selection, it is sometimes thought wise to take men who are not working harmoniously with the authorities where they are residing; and thus they have a thorough discussion of the various parties, and the reasons why they are needed here and there; but at last the list is made out. The President of the Church then presents these names to the General Conference of the Church for its approval, and that body having confirmed the nominations (and perhaps there is no instance known where a nomination is not confirmed), the people thus selected are notified that at a certain time they are expected "to go on a mission" to establish a new town. Sometimes a person selected, feeling aggrieved with the decision of the Church, presents his reasons to the President for wishing to remain, and occasionally such a person is excused, but the reasons must be very urgent. So far as my observation goes, there is rarely any determined opposition to the decision of the Conference.

So the people move to their new home. Usually there are four lots in a square, and four persons unite to fence the same, each receiving a garden. The out-lots are fenced as one great farm. The men, living in covered wagons or tents, or having built cabins or other shelter for themselves, set to work under the bishop or one of his subordinates to fence the farm, and make the canals and minor water-ways necessary to the irrigation of the land. The water-ditch and fence of the farm are common property. As soon as possible a little store is established, all of the principal men of the community taking stock in it, usually aided more or less by "Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution," the great wholesale establishment in Salt Lake City. In the same way saw-mills and grist-mills are built.

Such is a brief outline of the establish-

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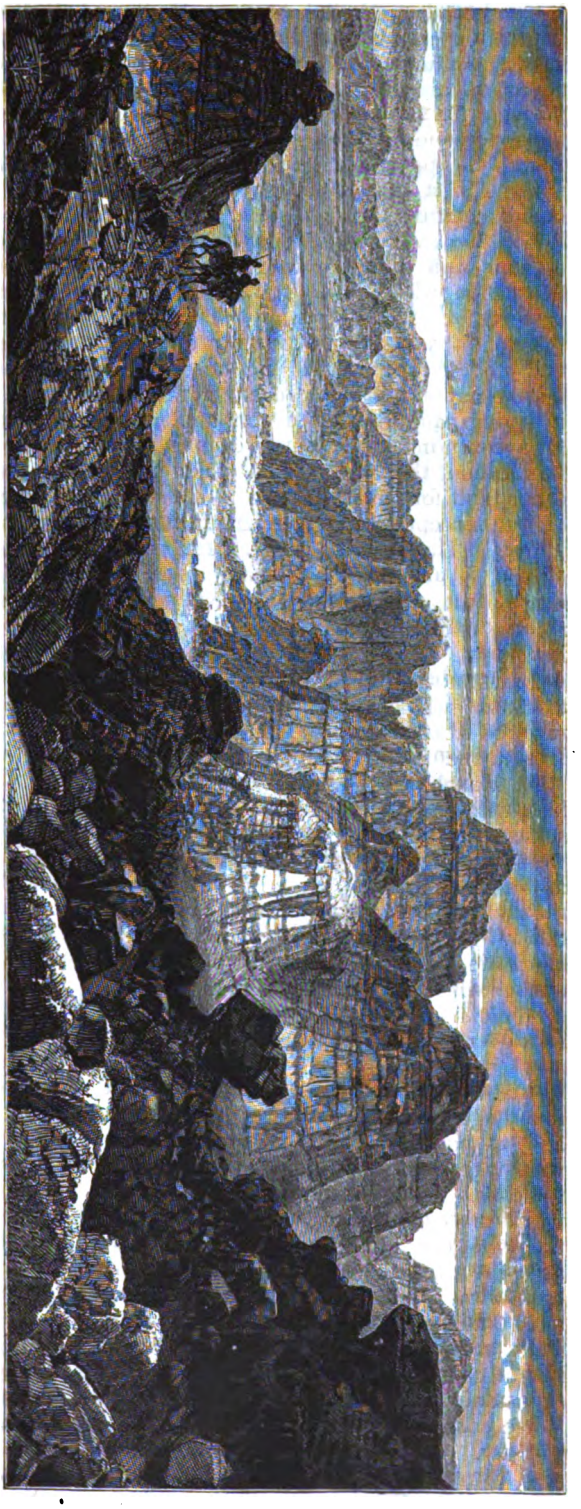
ment of a Mormon town; in like manner, all of the towns throughout the territory of Utah have branched out from the original trunk at Salt Lake City, so that they are woven together by a net-work of communal interest.

The missionary, Jacob Hamblin, who was traveling with us, came here two or three years ago and established himself in a little cabin, about which during the greater part of each season a few Indians were gathered. When we came to the place, we found the men at work cutting and hauling hay, while a number of squalid Indians were lounging in the "fort," and many children of white and Indian breed were playing in the meadow. Such a community is a strange medley of humanity. There are no physicians here, but the laying on of hands by the elders is frequently practiced, and every old man and woman of the community has some wonderful cure—a relic of ancient sorcery. Almost every town has its astrologer, and every family one or more members who see visions and dream dreams. Aged and venerable men, with solemn ceremony, are endowed by the Church with the power of prophecy and the gift of blessing. So the grandfather recounts the miracles which have been performed by the prophets; the grandmother tells of the little beast that has its nest in the heart, and when it wanders around toward the lungs causes consumption; the mother dreams dreams; the daughter consults the astrologer, and the son seeks for a sign in the heavens. At every gathering for preaching on a Sunday morning, or dancing on a week-day night, a prayer is offered. When they gather at table, thanks are rendered to the Giver of Bounties, and on all occasions, and in the most earnest manner, when a stranger is met, the subject of miracles, the persecution of the saints, and the virtue and wisdom of polygamy are discussed.



ALCOVE BAD LANDS.

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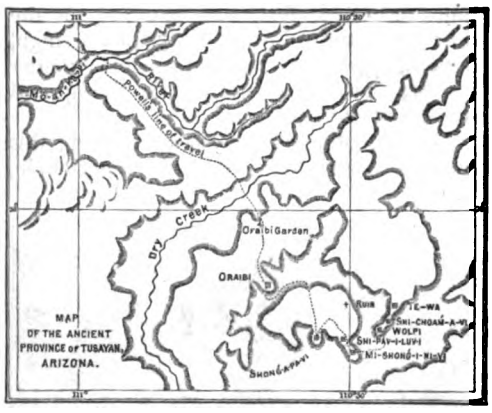
Good roads are built to every settlement, at great expense and with much labor. The best agricultural implements are found on the farms, and the telegraph clicks in every



village. Altogether, a Mormon town is a strange mixture of Oriental philosophy and morals, primitive superstitions and modern inventions.

I must not fail to mention here the kind treatment which I have almost invariably received from the people living in the frontier settlements of Southern Utah.

At Kanab, the party divided, Mr. Hamblin, with one man, going to Tokerville—a settlement about fifty miles to the northwest—for the purpose of procuring some additional supplies. With the remainder of the party I proceeded up the Kanab. The trail was very difficult; it was impossible to climb the cliffs and go over the plateau with our animals, and we had to make our way up the cañon. In many places the stream runs over beds of quicksand, sweeping back and forth in short curves from wall to wall, so that we were compelled to ford it now and then; again, there is a dense undergrowth, and, at many places, the stream is choked with huge bowlders which have fallen from the cliffs. The plateau, or terrace, through which this cañon is cut, slopes backward to the north, and, by ascending the stream, we at last reached its summit, and found it covered with a sea of drifting sands, golden and vermilion; so we named it Sand-Dune Plateau. Just before us, there was another line of cliffs—a great wall of shining white sandstone, a thousand feet high.

We soon entered another cañon, but this was dry. At some very late geological period a stream of lava has rolled down it, so that we had to pass over beds of black clanking basalt. At night, having emerged from the upper cañon, we found the Kanab a living stream once more, and camped upon its bank.

The next day we passed up the beautiful valley for ten miles, and arrived at the rendezvous camp. Here I was to wait for a few days for Mr. Hamblin's arrival. I kept the Indians and one white man with me, and Mr. Nebeker, with the remainder of the party and a single Indian guide, started for the Colorado River, at the mouth of the Paria, by a well traveled Indian trail. We had brought a quantity of lumber to this point with wagons, for the purpose of building a ferry-boat on the Colorado. These boards were cut into short pieces and packed on mules, and Mr. Nebeker was to push on to the river, construct the boat, get the train across, and have everything in readiness, on the opposite side of the river, by the time of our arrival. My purpose was to demonstrate the practicability of this route to the river, then to cross at the mouth of the Paria, and proceed thence to the "Province of Tusayan," in north-eastern Arizona.

The Indians we had with us were not acquainted with the country beyond the

ASH-TISH-KEL, A CHIEF OF THE NAVAJOS.

river, and it was necessary to obtain some new aids, so I sent Chu-ar to the Kaibab Plateau, a hundred miles to the south-east, with instructions to collect the Indians who inhabit that region at a designated spring, and hold them until my arrival.

I waited a week in the upper valley of

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the Kanab, the time being chiefly spent in talking with the Indians, and trying to learn something of their language. By day the men hunted, and the women gathered berries and the other rich fruits that grow in that country, and at night they danced. A little after dark a fire was kindled, and the musicians took their places. They had two kinds of instruments. One was a large basket tray, covered with pitch inside and out, so as to be quite hard and resonant; this was placed over a pit in the ground,

THE THOUSAND WELLS.

and they beat on it with sticks. The other was a primitive fiddle, made of a cedar stick, as large around as my wrist and about three feet long; this was cut with notches about three inches apart. They placed one end on a tray arranged like the one just described, placed the other end against the stomach, and played upon the fiddle with a pine-stick bow, which was dragged up and down across the notches, making a rattling, shrieking sound. So they beat their loud drum and sawed their hoarse fiddle for a time, until the young men and maidens gathered about and joined in a song:

"Ki-ap-pa tú-gu-wun,
Pí-vi-an-na kaí-va."

(Friends, let the play commence;
All sing together.)

Gradually they formed a circle, and the dance commenced. Around they went, old men and women, young men and maidens, little boys and girls, in one great circle, around and around, all singing, all keeping time with their feet, pat, pat, pat, in the dust and sand; low, hoarse voices; high, broken, screaming voices; mellow, tender voices; but louder than all, the thump and screech of the orchestra.

One set done, another was formed; this time the women dancing in the inner circle, the men without. Then they formed in rows, and danced, back and forth, in lines. the men in one direction, the women in another. Then they formed again, the men standing expectant without, the women dancing demurely within, quite independent of one another, until one maiden beckoned to a lover, and he, with a loud, shrill whoop, joined her in the sport. The ice broken, each woman called for her partner; and so they danced by twos and twos, in and out, here and there, with steadily increasing time, until one after another broke down and but three couples were left. These danced on, on, on, until they seemed to be wild with uncontrollable motion. At last one of the couples failed, and the remaining two pattered away, while the

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whole tribe stood by shouting, yelling, laughing, and screaming, until another couple broke down, and the champions only remained. Then all the people rushed forward, and the winning couple were carried and pushed by the crowd to the fire. The old chief came up, and on the young man's head placed a crown of eagle feathers. A circlet of braided porcupine quills was placed about the head of the maiden, and into this circlet were inserted plumes made of the crest of the quail and the bright feathers of the humming-bird.

INTERIOR OF ORAIBI HOUSE.

On the first of October, Mr. Hamblin having returned from Tokerville, we started for the Kaibab Plateau to meet the Indians, as had been arranged with Chu-ar. That night we camped in the cañon of the Skoom-pa. This is really a broad cañon valley, the walls of which are of red sandstone. On the lower reaches of these walls, near some springs, there are many hieroglyphics, some of them so high up as to be beyond reach, in the present condition of the talus at the foot of the cliffs.

The next day our course was through barren sage plains until, about four o'clock, we came to the foot of the Kaibab Plateau, and went up a gulch, where we hoped to find water in a limestone pocket, but were disappointed. This compelled us to continue our journey long into the night. The direction traveled was now to the south, and our way was up a long cañon valley, with high mountains on either side. At last we reached a spring, and camped.

Three hours' travel the next morning brought us to the spring at which we were to meet the Indians, but none were seen. High up on the mountain to the east was a signal smoke, which we understood, by previous arrangement, meant that we were to cross the Kaibab Plateau. We staid in camp the remainder of that day to rest.

The next day we started early, climbing to the summit of the plateau, more than two thousand feet up a long, rocky gulch; then through a forest of giant pines, with glades here and there, and now and then a lake. Occasionally a herd of deer was started. In this upper region, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, even the clouds of northern Arizona yield moisture sufficient for forest growth and rich meadows. At dusk we descended from the plateau

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on the eastern side, found a spring at its foot, and camped.

The next day we crossed a broad valley to the foot of the line of Vermilion Cliffs, and at two o'clock reached the designated spring, where we found our Indians. They had already arranged that Na-pu and To-ko-puts (Old Man and Wild Cat) should be our guides from the Colorado River to the "Province of Tusayan."

During the evening I was very much interested in obtaining from them a census of their little tribe. They divided the arithmetic into parts, each of four men taking a certain number of families. Each sat down and counted on his fingers and toes the persons belonging to the families allotted to him, going over them again and again until each finger and toe stood in his mind for an individual. Then he would discuss the matter with other Indians, to see that all were enumerated, something like this: "Did you count Jack?" "Yes; that finger stands for Jack." "Did you count Nancy?" "Yes; that one is Nancy." Each of the census [illegible] becoming satisfied that he had correctly enumerated his portion, he procured the number of sticks necessary to represent them and gave them to me. Adding the [illegible] together, I had the census of the tribe [illegible]-three. Then I set them to dividing them severally into groups of men, women and children, but this I found a hard task. They could never agree among themselves whether certain persons should be called children, or not; but, at last, I succeeded in obtaining the number of males and females.

The next morning I distributed some presents of knives, tobacco, beads, and other trinkets, and we pushed on toward the Colorado River. We found a difficult trail, having to cross the heads of many abrupt, but not very deep cañons. Down and up we climbed all day long, winding about here and there, and always among the rocks, until at night we joined our party at the mouth of the Paria, and were ferried over to their camp.

Early the next morning I climbed the Vermilion Cliffs. This great escarpment or wall of flaring red rock in a general direction faces south, from Saint George on the Rio Virgen to a point many miles east of the Colorado River, a distance of more than three hundred miles as we follow the meandering line. There is a deep re-entrant angle at the mouth of the Paria, where I climbed. Standing on an elevated point on the cliffs, and looking southward, I could see over a stretch of country that steadily rose in the distance until it reached an altitude far above even the elevated point of observation; and then, meandering through it to the south, the gorge in which the river runs, everywhere breaking down with a sharp brink, and the summits of the walls appearing to approach until they merged in a black line; and could hardly resist the thought that the river burrowed into, and was lost in, the great inclined plateau. This gorge was Marble Cañon, described in a previous article.

While I was climbing, the train pushed on, in a direction a little to the east of south, along the foot of the Vermilion Cliffs. By mid-afternoon I overtook it. The trail by which we were traveling led up into a deep gulch, and we came to a clear, beautiful spring, gushing from beneath a rock a thousand feet high. Here was indeed "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and here we camped for the night. All about us were evidences of an ancient town or hamlet, foundation walls of houses half buried in débris, fragments of pottery painted with rude devices, and picture writings etched on the cliffs.

For another day, our journey was at the foot of the Vermilion Cliffs, in a direction a little east of south, over naked hills of sand and marls, where we found briny springs occasionally, but no fresh water, and no grass; a desert, but a painted desert; not a desert plain, but a desert of hills, and cliffs, and rocks—a region of alcove lands. At night we found a little water, in a basin or pocket, a mile from the trail.

The next day we went to the top of the *mesa* by climbing the cliffs, and found a billowy sea of sand-dunes. The line of cliffs, separating the mesa above from the deeply gulch-carved plain below, is a long irregular and ragged region, higher by many hundred feet than the general surface of the mesa itself. On the slope of this ridge, facing the mesa, there is a massive, homogeneous sandstone, and the waters, gathering on the brink of the ridge and rolling down this slope, have carved innumerable channels; and, as they tumble down precipitously in many places, they dig out deep pot-holes, many of them holding a hundred or a thousand barrels of water. Among these holes we camped, finding a little bunch grass among the sand-dunes for our animals. We called this spot the Thousand Wells.

Leaving the wells, we trudged for a day among the sand-dunes, and at night found

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a deep cave in a ledge of rocks, and, in the farther end of the cave, a beautiful lake. Here our Indian guides discovered evidences that led them to believe that our track was followed by some prowling Indians. In the sands about the cave were human tracks; these our guides studied for some time, and, while they were thus engaged, the white men of the party also

A NAVAJO BOY.

talked the matter over, with a little anxiety, for we were now in the country of the Navajos, who had lately been making raids on the Mormon settlements, stealing horses and cattle, and occasionally killing a man, and we feared that they might be following us. In talking with Na-pu, he assured me that they were not Navajos, but doubtless belonged to a band of Indians known to our tribe as Kwai-an-ti-kwok-ets, or "Beyond the river people," and were their friends. His reasons were these: The tracks which they made in the sand were evidently made with moccasins having projecting soles, like those worn by our Indians and their friends, while the moccasins worn by the Navajos have no such projecting soles. Again, one of the tracks, as he showed me, was made by a lame man, with his right leg shortened, so that he could only walk on the toes of that foot, and this, he said, was the case with the chief of the Kwai-an-ti-kwok-ets. Again, said Na-pu, they would not have walked in places where their tracks would be exposed had they been unfriendly. The conclusion he came to was that they were anxious to see us, but were afraid we had hostile intentions. I directed him to go to an eminence near by and kindle a signal-fire. This he did, and, an hour afterward, three Indians came up. We sat and talked with them until midnight; but they seemed surly fellows, and the conversation was not satisfactory to me. At last they left us; but, for fear they would attempt to steal some of our animals, I had the latter collected, and, finding that we should lose our rest by watching them, I concluded that we might as well continue our journey. So, at two o'clock, everything was packed, we took breakfast, and started, finding our way across the country in the direction we wished to travel, guided by the stars.

Na-pu, the old Indian guide, usually rode with me, while To-ko-puts remained with the men who were managing the pack train. The old man was always solemn and quite reticent, but that day I noticed that he was particularly surly. At last I asked him why. "Why you never call me 'a brick'?" he replied. The answer, of course, astonished me; but, on thinking, and talking with him a little further, I understood the matter. For the previous two or three days we had been quite anxious about water, and the other man, To-ko-puts, when camping time came, usually ran ahead after consulting with Na-pu; finding the watering-place, he would kindle a signal-smoke for us to come on. On arriving, the men, pleased with the Indian's success, would call him "a brick," and thus, it seemed to the old man, that the younger took all the honors away from him; and he explained to me that in his boyhood he had lived in this country,

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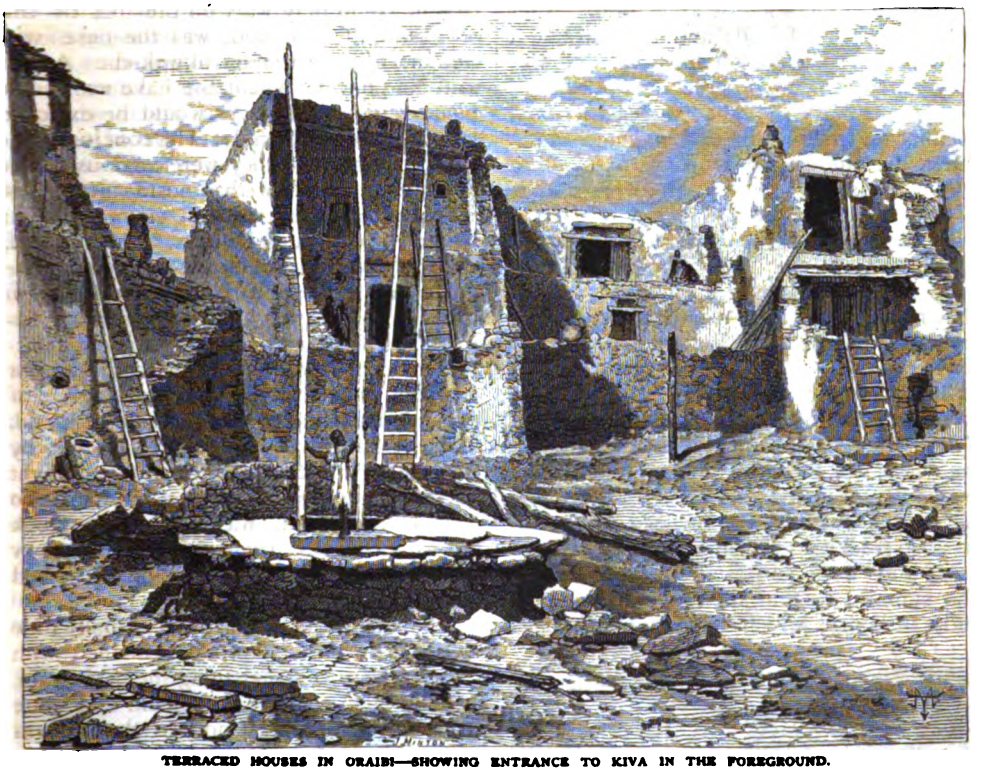
and that it was his knowledge that guided To-ko-puts altogether. I soothed his wounded feelings in this way. He could see that To-ko-puts laughed and talked with the "boys," and was a boy with the rest, but that he (Na-pu) and I were old men, and I recognized his wisdom in the matter. This satisfied him, and ever after that he seemed to be at great pains to talk no more with the younger members of the party, but always came to me.

At ten o'clock we came in sight of a deep depression made by the Mo-an-ka-pi, a little stream which enters the Colorado Chiquito. Before us, two or three miles, was the meandering creek, with a little fringe of green willows, box-elders, and cotton-woods; from these, sage plains stretched back to the cliffs that form the walls of the valley. These cliffs are rocks of bright colors, golden, vermilion, purple and azure hues, and so storm-carved as to imitate Gothic and Grecian architecture on a vast scale. Outlying buttes were castles, with minaret and spire; the cliffs, on either side, were cities looking down into the valley, with castles standing between; the inhabitants of these cities and castles are a million lizards: great red and black lizards, the kings of nobles; little gray lizards, the common people, and here and there a priestly rattlesnake.

We went into camp early in the day, and, with Mr. Hamblin, I started away to the north to visit what had often been described to me as an artificial wall extending across the country for many miles, and one, two, or three hundred feet high; it was claimed, further, that the blocks of which the wall was composed had been carried from a great distance, from the fact that they were not rocks found in that region, but only to the north-west, among the mountains. We were well mounted and rode across the country at a good gallop, for nearly a score of miles, when we came to the wonderful wall, the fame of which had spread among all the Mormon towns to the west. We found it in fact to be an igneous dike, the blocks composed of columnar basalt. In the joints between the blocks there is often an accumulation of a whitish mineral, having the effect, in a rude way, of suggesting mortar. It is not, in fact, a single dike, but a number, radiating from a



TERRACED HOUSES IN ORAIBI—SHOWING ENTRANCE TO KIVA IN THE FOREGROUND.

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common center, a great mass of basalt, forming quite a large hill, which the Indians call Kwi-pan-chom, a word signifying "axe hill," for here the Indians of the adjacent country obtain the material for their axes.

Late in the evening a number of Navajo Indians rode up to our camp. One of them could speak a little Spanish or Mexican *patois*. After a little conversation, they concluded to stay with us during the night, tempted, perhaps, by the sight and odor of biscuits and coffee. They were fine-looking fellows, tall and lithe, with keen eyes, sharp features, and faces full of animation. After supper, our new friends and the Kai-bab-it guides sat down for a conference. It was very interesting to observe their means of communicating thought to each other. Neither understood the oral language of the other, but they made maps with their fingers in the sand describing the whereabouts of the several tribes, and seemed to have a great deal of general discussion by means of a sign language. Whenever an Indian's tongue is tied he can talk all over; and so they made gestures, struck attitudes, grunted, frowned, laughed, and altogether had a lively time.

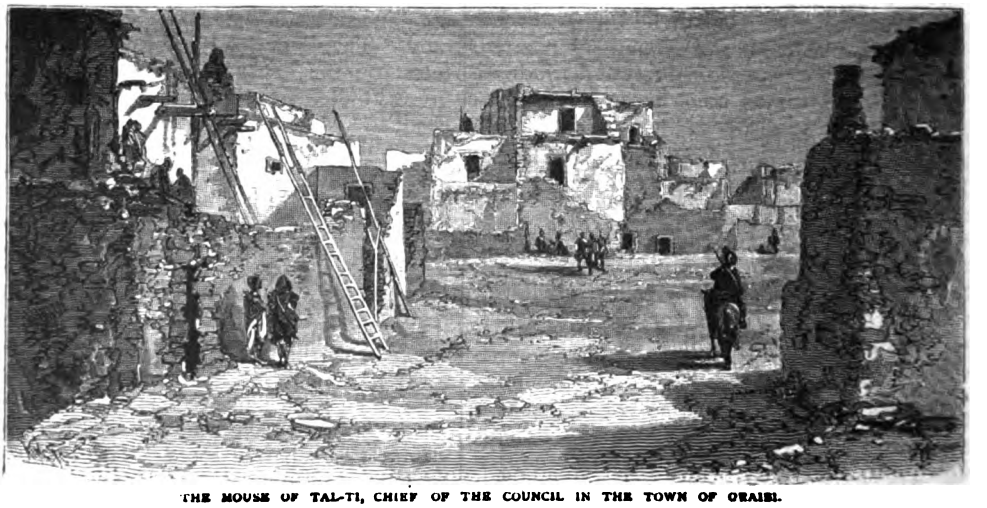
The next morning a Navajo boy offered to go with us to Oraibi, for the purpose of showing us the shortest way. After dinner, we descended from the table-land on which we had been riding, into a deep valley, and, having crossed this, commenced to ascend a steep rocky mesa slope by a well-worn trail, and were surprised, on approaching the summit, to find the slope terraced by rude masonry, which had evidently been made with great labor. These terraces, two or three acres in all, were laid out in nice little gardens, carefully irrigated by training water from a great spring in little channels among the garden plats. Here we found a number of men, women and children from the town of Oraibi gathering their vegetables. They received us with hearty welcome and feasted us on melons. Then we pushed on in company with our new-found friends, rather a mixed crowd now—white men, Kai-bab-its, Navajos, and Shi-nu-mos.

A little before sundown we arrived at Oraibi, the principal town in the "Province of Tusayan," and were met by some of the men, who, at our request, informed us where we could find a good camp. Later in the evening, the chief, who was absent when we arrived, came to camp, and placed our animals in charge of two young men, who took them to a distance from the town and herded them for the night.

The "Province of Tusayan" is composed of seven towns—Oraibi, Shi-pau-i-luv-i, Mi-shong-i-ni-vi, Shong-a-pa-vi, Te-wa, Wol-pi, and Si-choam-a-vi. The last three are known as the Moqui Towns.

We remained nearly two months in the province, studying the language and customs of the people; and I shall drop the narrative of travel, to describe the towns, the people, and their daily life.

Oraibi and the three Moqui towns are greatly dilapidated, and their original plans are not easily discovered. The other three towns are much better preserved. There are now about two thousand seven hundred inhabitants in the seven towns, probably but



THE HOUSE OF TAL-TI, CHIEF OF THE COUNCIL IN THE TOWN OF ORAIBI.

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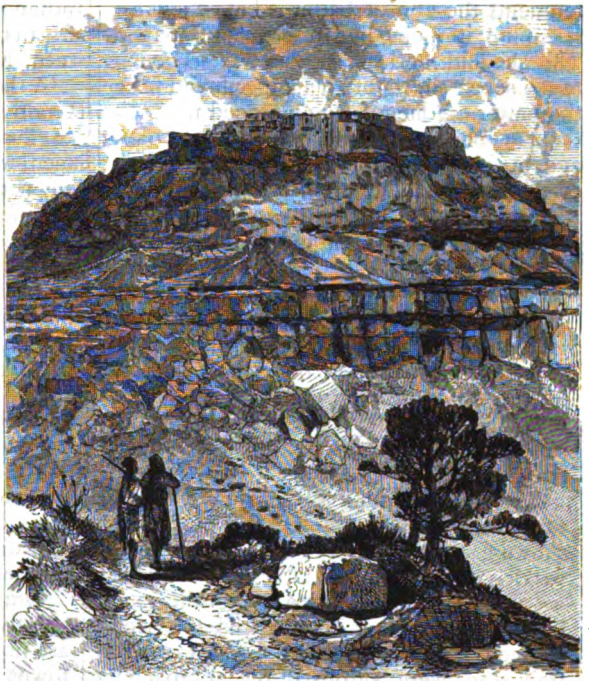
a small proportion of what they at one time contained. The towns are all built on high cliffs or rocks, doubtless for greater security against the common nomadic enemies, the Navajos on the north and Apaches on the south. Each town has a form peculiar to itself and adapted to its site—Shi-pau-a-luv-i the most regular, Oraibi the most irregular. Shi-pau-a-luv-i is built about an open court; the exterior wall is unbroken, so that you enter the town by a covered way. Standing within, the houses are seen to be two, three, and four stories high, built in terraces—that is, the second story is set back upon the first, the third back upon the second, the fourth upon the third; the fourth or upper story being therefore very narrow. Usually, to enter a room on the first story from the court, it is necessary to climb by a ladder to the top of the story, and descend by another through a hatchway. To go up to the third or fourth story you climb by a stairway made in the projecting wall of the partition. The lower rooms are chiefly used for purposes of storage. The main assembly-room is in the second story, sometimes in the third. The rooms below are quite small, eight or ten feet square, and about six feet high. The largest room occupied by a family is often twenty to twenty-four feet long by twelve or fifteen feet wide, and about eight feet between floor and ceiling. Usually all the rooms are carefully plastered, and sometimes painted with rude devices. For doors and windows there are openings only, except that sometimes small windows are glazed with thin sheets of selenite, leaf-like crystals of gypsum. In a corner of each principal room a little fire-place is seen, large enough to hold about a peck of wood; a stone chimney is built in the corner, and often capped outside with a pottery pipe. The exterior of the house is very irregular and unsightly, and the streets and courts are filthy; but within, great cleanliness is observed. The people are very hospitable and quite ceremonious. Enter a house and you are invited to take a seat on a mat placed for you upon the floor, and some refreshment is offered—perhaps a melon, with a little bread, perhaps peaches or apricots. After you have eaten, every thing is carefully cleaned away, and, with a little broom made of feathers, the matron or her daughter removes any crumbs or seeds which may have been dropped. They are very economical people; the desolate circumstances under which they live, the distance to the forest and the scarcity of game, together with their fear of the neighboring



MI-SHONG-I-NI-VI.

Navajos and Apaches, which prevents them from making excursions to a distance—all combine to teach them the most rigid economy. Their wood is packed from a distant forest on the backs of mules, and when a fire is kindled but a few small fragments are used, and when no longer needed the brands are extinguished, and the remaining pieces preserved for future use.

Their corn is raised in fields near by, out in the drifting sands, by digging pits eighteen inches to two feet deep, in which the seeds are planted early in the spring, while the ground is yet moist. When it has ripened, it is gathered, brought in from the fields in baskets, carried by the women and stored away in their rooms, being carefully corded. They take great pains to raise corn of different colors, and have the corn of each color stored in a separate room. This is ground by hand to a fine flour in stone mills, then made into a paste like a rather thick gruel.

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In every house there is a little oven made of a flat stone eighteen or twenty inches square, raised four or five inches from the floor, and beneath this a little fire is built. When the oven is hot and the dough mixed in a little vessel of pottery, the good woman plunges her hand in the mixture and rapidly smears the broad surface of the furnace rock with a thin coating of the paste. In a few moments the film of batter is baked; when taken up it looks like a sheet of paper. This she folds and places on a tray. Having made seven sheets of this paper bread from the batter of one color and placed them on the tray, she takes batter of another color, and, in this way, makes seven sheets of each of the several colors of corn batter.

In this warm and dry climate the people live principally out of doors or on the tops of their houses, and it is a merry sight to see a score or two of little naked children climbing up and down the stairways and ladders, and running about the tops of the houses engaged in some active sport.

In every house vessels of stone and pottery are found in great abundance. These Indian women have great skill in ceramic art, decorating their vessels with picture-writings in various colors, but chiefly black.

In the early history of this country, before the advent of the Spaniard, these people raised cotton, and from it made their clothing; but between the years 1540 and 1600 they were supplied with sheep, and now the

SI-CHOAM-A-VI AND TE-WA.

They have many curious ways of preparing their food, but perhaps the daintiest dish is "virgin hash." This is made by chewing morsels of meat and bread, rolling them in the mouth into little lumps about the size of a horse-chestnut, and then tying them up in bits of corn husk. When a number of these are made, they are thrown into a pot and boiled like dumplings. The most curious thing of all is, that only certain persons are allowed to prepare these dumplings; the tongue and palate kneading must be done by a virgin. An old feud is sometimes avenged by pretending hospitality, and giving to the enemy dumplings made by a lewd woman.

greater part of their clothing is made of wool, though all their priestly habiliments, their wedding and burying garments, are still made of cotton.

Men wear moccasins, leggings, shirts and blankets; the women, moccasins with long tops, short petticoats dyed black, sometimes with a red border below, and a small blanket or shawl thrown over the body so as to pass over the right shoulder under the left arm. A long girdle of many bright colors is wound around the waist. The outer garment is also black. The women have beautiful, black glossy hair, which is allowed to grow very long, and which they take great pains in dressing. Early in the morn-

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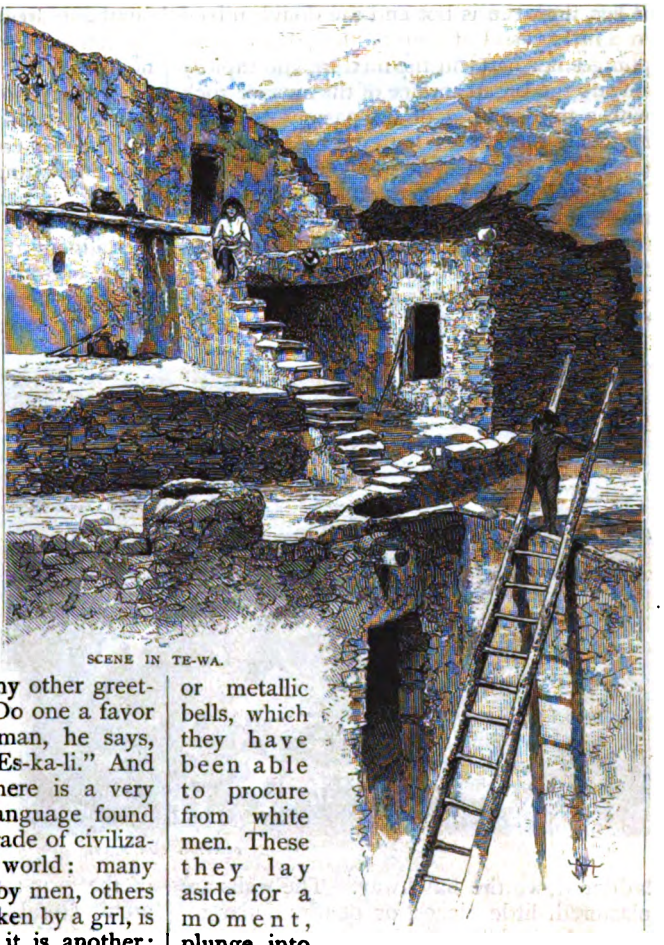
ing, immediately after breakfast, if the weather is pleasant, the women all repair to the tops of the houses, taking with them little vases of water, and wash, comb, and braid one another's hair. It is washed in a decoction of the soap plant, a species of yucca, and then allowed to dry in the open air. The married ladies have their hair braided and rolled in a knot at the back of the head, but the maidens have it parted along the middle line above, and each lock carefully braided, or twisted and rolled into a coil supported by little wooden pins so as to cover each ear, giving them a very fantastic appearance.

I have already said that the people are hospitable; they are also very polite. If you meet them out in their fields, they salute you with a greeting which seems to mean, "May the birds sing happy songs in your fields." They have many other greetings for special occasions. Do one a favor and he thanks you; if a man, he says, "Kwa kwa;" if a woman, "Es-ka-li." And this leads me to say that there is a very interesting feature in their language found among people of the same grade of civilization in other parts of the world: many words are used exclusively by men, others by women. "Father," as spoken by a girl, is one word; spoken by a boy it is another; and nothing is considered more vulgar among these people than for a man to use a woman's word, or a woman a man's.

At the dawn of day the governor of the town goes up to the top of his house and calls on the people to come forth. In a few moments the upper story of the town is covered with men, women, and children. For a few minutes he harangues them on the duties of the day. Then, as the sun is about to rise, they all sit down, draw their blankets over their heads and peer out through a little opening and watch for the sun. As the upper limb appears above the horizon every person murmurs a prayer, and continues until the whole disk is seen, when the prayer ends and the people turn to their various avocations. The young men gather in the court about the deep fountain stripped naked, except that each one has a belt to which are attached bones, hoofs, horns, or metallic bells, which they have been able to procure from white men. These they lay aside for a moment, plunge into the water, step out, tie on their belts, and dart away on their morning races over the rocks, running as if for dear life. Then the old men collect the little boys, sometimes with little whips, and compel them to go through the same exercises. When the athletes return, each family gathers in the large room for breakfast. This over, the women ascend to the tops of their houses to dress, and the men depart to the fields or woods, or gather in the kiva to chat or weave.



SCENE IN TE-WA.

This kiva, as it is called in their own tongue, is called "*Estufa*" by the Spaniards, and is spoken of by writers in English as the "Sweat House." It is, in fact, an underground compartment, chiefly intended for religious ceremonies, but also used as a place of social resort. A deep pit is exca-

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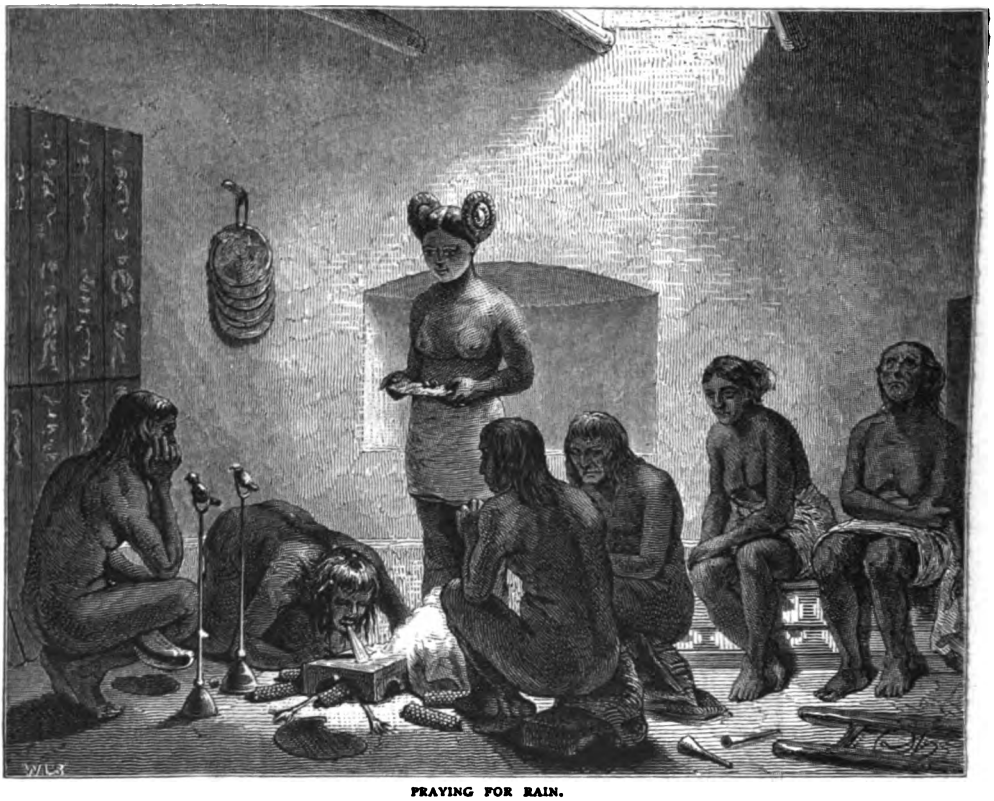
vated in the shaly rock and covered with long logs, over which are placed long reeds, these, in turn, covered with earth, heaped in a mound above. A hole, or hatchway, is left, and the entrance to the kiva is by a ladder down the hatchway. The walls are plastered, little niches, or quadrangular recesses, being left, in which are kept the paraphernalia of their religious ceremonies. At the foot of the wall, there is a step, or bench, which is used as a seat. When the people assemble in the kiva, a little fire is built immediately under the hatchway, which forms a place of escape for the smoke. Here the elders assemble for council, and here their chief religious ceremonies are performed, for the people are remarkable for their piety. Some of these ceremonies are very elaborate and long. I witnessed one which required twenty-four hours for its performance. The people seem to worship a great number of gods, many of whom are personified objects, powers and phenomena of nature. They worship a god of the north, and a god of the south; a god of the east, and a god of the west; a god of thunder, and a god of rain, the sun, the moon, and the stars; and, in addition, each town has its patron deity. There seems, also, to be engrafted on their religion a branch of ancestral worship. Their notion of the form and constitution of the world is architectural; that it is composed of many stories. We live in the second. Ma-chi-ta, literally the leader, probably an ancestral god, is said to have brought them up from the lower story to the next higher, in which we now live. The heaven above is the ceiling of this story, the floor of the next. Their account of their rescue from the lower world by Ma-chi-ta is briefly as follows: The people below were a medley mass of good and bad, and Ma-chi-ta determined to rescue the former, and leave the latter behind. So he called to his friends to bring him a young tree, and, looking overhead at the sky of that lower world, the floor of this, he discovered a crack, and placed the young and growing tree immediately under it. Then he raised his hands and prayed, as did all his followers; and, as he prayed, the tree grew, until its branches were thrust through



PRAYING FOR RAIN.

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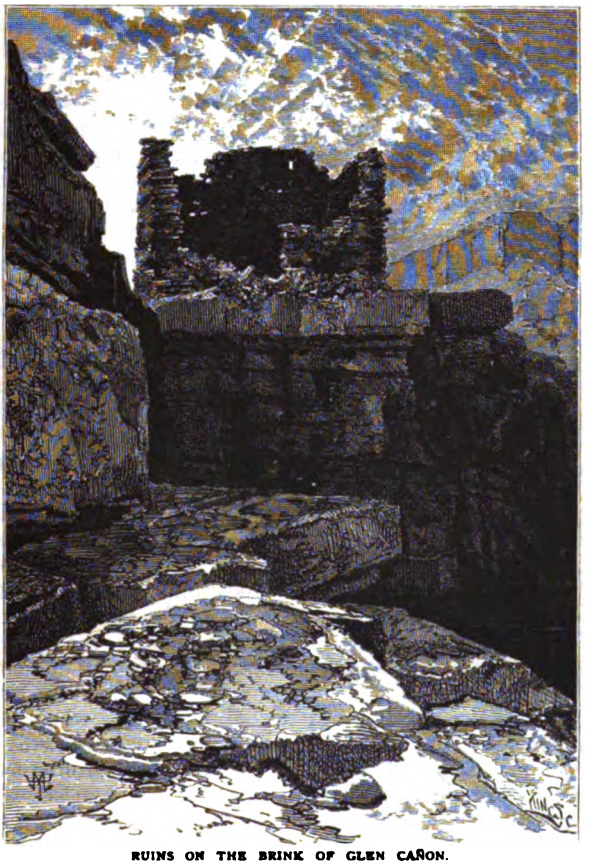
the crevice in the lower-world sky. Then the people climbed up, in one long stream; still up they came until all the good were there. Ma-chi-ta, standing on the brink of the crevice, looked down, and saw the tree filled with the bad, who were following; then he caught the growing ladder by the upper boughs, twisted it from its foundation in the soil beneath, and threw it over, and the wicked fell down in a pile of mangled, groaning, cursing humanity. When the people had spread out through this world, they found the ceiling, or sky, so low that they could not walk without stooping, and they murmured. Then Ma-chi-ta, standing in the very center of this story, placed his shoulder against the sky, and lifted it to where it now is.

Still it was cold and dark, and the people murmured and cursed Ma-chi-ta, and he said: "Why do you complain? Bring me seven baskets of cotton;" and they brought him seven baskets of cotton. And he said: "Bring me seven virgins;" and they brought him seven virgins. And he taught the virgins to weave a wonderful fabric, which he held aloft, and the breeze carried it away to the sky; and behold! it was transformed into a full-orbed moon. The same breeze also carried the flocculent fragments of cotton to the sky, and lo! these took the shape of bright stars. And still it was cold; and again the people murmured, and Ma-chi-ta chided them once more, and said, "Bring me seven buffalo robes;" and they brought him seven buffalo robes. "Send me seven strong, pure young men;" and they sent him seven young men, whom he taught to weave a wonderful fabric of the buffalo fur. And when it was done, he held it aloft, and a whirlwind carried it away to the sky, where it was transformed into the sun.



RUINS ON THE BRINK OF GLEN CAÑON.

I have given but a very bare account of these two chapters in their unwritten bible—the bringing up of the people from the lower world to this, and the creation of

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the heavenly bodies. As told by them, there are many wonderful incidents; the travels, the wandering, the wars, the confusion of tongues, the dispersion of the people into tribes—all these are given with much circumstance.

Mu-ing-wa is the god of rain, and the ceremony of which I have made mention as lasting twenty-four hours was in honor of this god, immediately after the gathering of the harvest. A priest from Oraibi, one from Shi-pau-i-luv-i, one from Shong-a-pa-vi, together with the one from Mi-shong-i-ni-vi, gathered in the kiva at this latter place. An old woman, a grandmother, her daughter, a mother and her granddaughter, a virgin, three women in the same ancestral line, were also taken into the kiva, where I was permitted to join them. Before this I had known of many ceremonies being performed, but they had always refused me admittance,

WATCH-TOWER AT McELMO CAÑON.

and it was only the day before, at a general council held at Oraibi, that it was decided to admit me. The men were entirely naked, except that during certain parts of the ceremony they wrapped themselves in blankets, and a blanket was furnished me at such times for the same purpose. The three women were naked, except that each had a cincture made of pure white cotton wound about the loins and decorated with tassels. Event followed event, ceremony ceremony so rapidly during the twenty-four hours, that I was not able on coming out to write a very definite account of the sacred rites, but I managed to carry away with me some things which I was afterward able to record in my notes from time to time.

I have said that the ceremony was in honor of Mu-ing-wa, the god of rain. It was a general thanksgiving for an abundant harvest, and a prayer for rain during the coming season. Against one end of the kiva was placed a series of picture writings on wooden tablets. Carved wooden birds on little wooden pedestals, and many pitchers and vases, were placed about the room. In the niches was kept the collection of sacred jewels—little crystals of quartz, crystals of calcite, garnets, beautiful pieces of jasper, and other bright or fantastically shaped stones, which, it was claimed, they had kept for many generations. Corn, meal, flour, white and black sand were used in the ceremony at different times. There were many sprinklings of water, which had been previously consecrated by ceremony and prayer. Often the sand or meal was scattered about. Occasionally during the twenty-four hours a chorus of women singers was brought into the kiva, and the general ceremony was varied by dancing and singing. The dancing was performed by single persons or by couples, or by a whole bevy of women; but the singing was always in chorus, except a kind of chant from time to time by the elder of the priests. My knowledge of the language was slight, and I was able to comprehend but little of what was said; but I think I obtained, by questioning and close observation, and gathering a few words here and there, some general idea of what they were doing. About every two hours there was a pause in the ceremony, when refreshments were brought in, and twenty minutes or half an hour was given to general conversation, and I always took advantage of such a time to have the immediately preceding ceremony explained to me as far as possible. During one of these resting times I took pains to make a little diagram of the position which had been assumed by the different parties engaged, and to note down, as far as possible, the various performances, which I will endeavor to explain.

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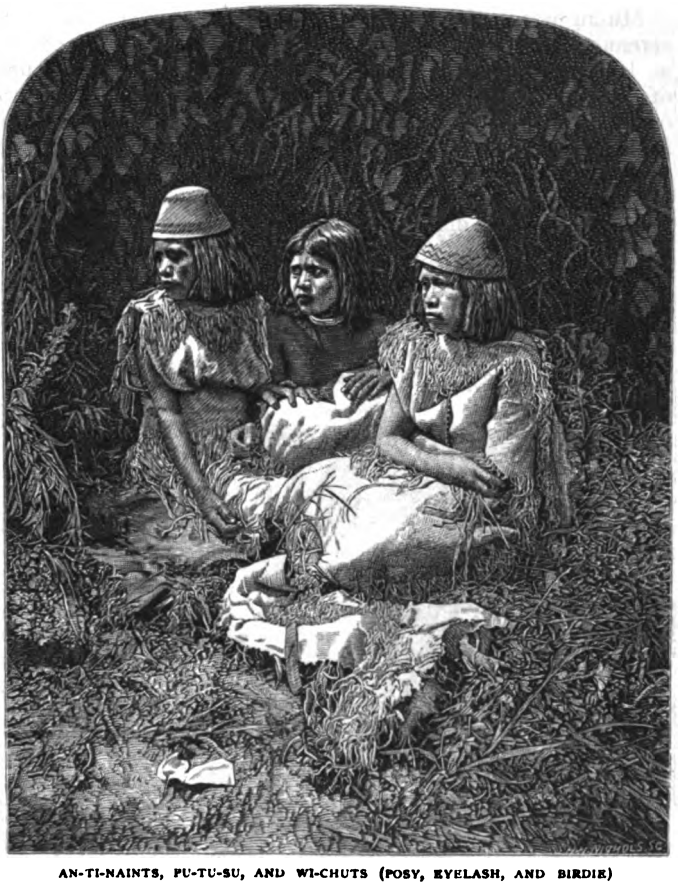
A little to one side of the fire (which was in the middle of the chamber) and near the sacred paintings, the four priests took their positions in the angles of a somewhat regular quadrilateral. Then the virgin placed a large vase in the middle of the space; then she brought a pitcher of water, and, with a prayer, the old man poured a quantity into the vase. The same was done in turn by the other priests. Then the maiden brought on a little tray or salver, a box or pottery case containing the sacred jewels, and, after a prayer, the old man placed some of these jewels in the water, and the same ceremony was performed by each of the other priests. Whatever was done by the old priest was also done by the others in succession. Then the maiden brought kernels of corn on a tray, and these were in like manner placed on the water. She then placed a little brush near each of the priests. These brushes were made of the feathers of the beautiful warblers and humming-birds found in that region. Then she placed a tray of meal near each of the priests, and a tray of white sand, and a tray of red sand, and a tray of black sand. She then took from the niche in the wall a little stone vessel, in which had been ground some dried leaves, and placed it in the center of the space between the men. Then on a little willow-ware tray, woven of many-colored strands, she brought four pipes of the ancient pattern—hollow cones, in the apex of which were inserted the stems. Each of the priests filled his pipe with the ground leaves from the stone vessel. The maiden lighted a small fantastically painted stick and gave it to the priest, who lighted his pipe and smoked it with great vigor, swallowing the smoke, until it appeared that his stomach and mouth were distended. Then, kneeling over the vase, he poured the smoke from his mouth into it, until it was filled, and the smoke piled over and gradually rose above him, forming a cloud. Then the old man, taking one of the little feather brushes, dipped it into the vase of water and sprinkled the floor of the kiva, and, standing up, clasped his hands, turned his face upward, and prayed. "Mu-ing-wa! very good; thou dost love us, for thou didst bring us up from the lower world. Thou didst teach our fathers, and their wisdom has descended to us. We eat no stolen bread. No stolen sheep are found in our flocks. Our young men ride not the stolen ass. We beseech thee, Mu-ing-wa, that thou wouldst dip thy brush, made of the feathers of the birds of heaven, into the lakes of the skies, and scatter water over the earth, even as I scatter water over the floor of this kiva; Mu-ing-wa, very good."

Then the white sand was scattered over the floor, and the old man prayed that during the coming season Mu-ing-wa would



AN-TI-NAINTS, FU-TU-SU, AND WI-CHUTS (POSY, EYELASH, AND BIRDIE)

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break the ice in the lakes of heaven, and grind it into ice dust (snow) and scatter it over the land, so that during the coming winter the ground might be prepared for the planting of another crop. Then, after another ceremony with kernels of corn, he prayed that the corn might ripen, and that each kernel might be as hard as one of the jewels. Then this part of the ceremony ceased. The vases, and pitchers, and jewels, and other paraphernalia of the ceremony were placed away in the niche by the mother.

RUINS AT THE HEAD OF MCELMO CAÑON.

At day-break on the second morning, when the ceremonies had ceased, twenty-five or thirty maidens came down into the kiva, disrobed themselves, and were reclothed in gala dress, variously decorated with feathers and bells, each assisting the other. Then their faces were painted by the men in this wise: A man would take some paint in his mouth, thoroughly mix it with saliva, and with his finger paint the girl's face with one color, in such manner as seemed right to him, and she was then turned over to another man who had another color prepared. In this way their faces were painted yellow, red, and blue. When all was ready, a line was formed in the kiva, at the head of which was the grandmother, and at the foot the virgin priestess, who had attended through the entire ceremony. As soon as the line was formed below, the men, with myself, having in the meantime reclothed ourselves, went up into the court and were stationed on the top of the house nearest the entrance to the kiva. We found all the people of this village, and what seemed to me all the people of the surrounding villages, assembled on top of the houses, men, women, and children, all standing expectant.

As the procession emerged from the kiva by the ladder, the old woman commenced to chant. Slowly the procession marched about the court and around two or three times, and then to the center, where the maidens formed a circle, the young virgin priestess standing in the center. She held in her hand a beautifully wrought willow-work tray, and all the young men stood on the brink of the wall next to the plaza, as if awaiting a signal. Then the maiden, with eyes bandaged, turned round and round, chanting something which I could not understand, until she should be thoroughly confused as to the direction in which the young men stood. Then she threw out of the circle in which she stood the tray which she held, and, at that instant, every young athlete sprang from the wall and rushed toward the tray and entered into the general conflict to see who should obtain it. No blows were given, but they caught each other about the waist and around the neck,

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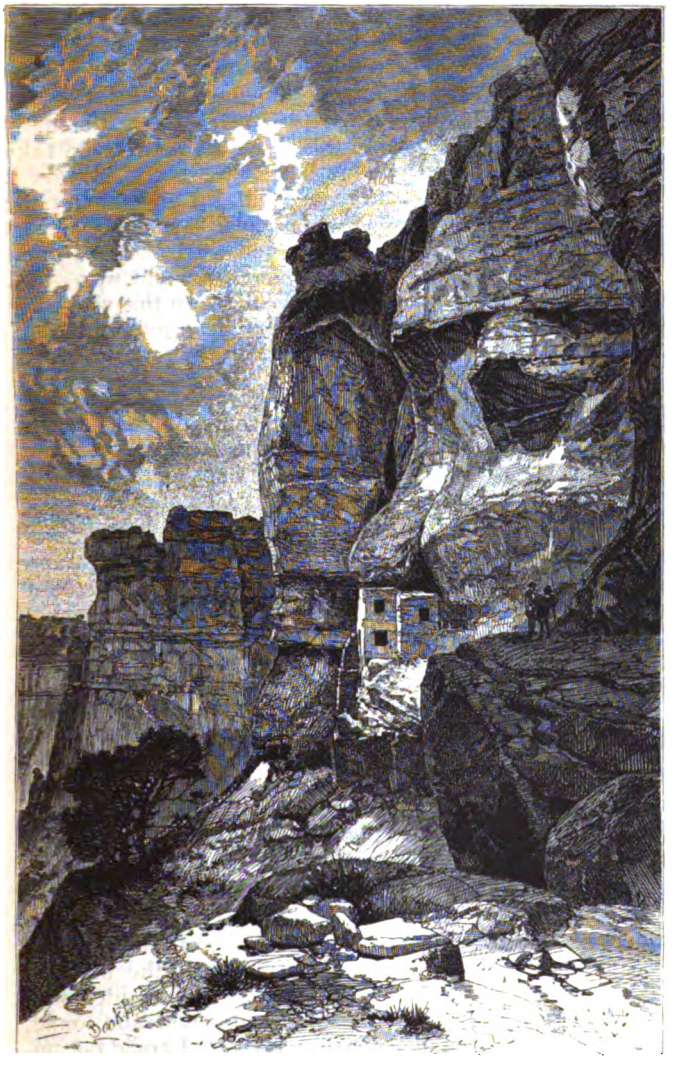
tumbling and rolling about into the court until, at last, one got the tray into his possession for an instant, threw it aloft and was declared the winner. With great pride he carried it away. Then the women returned to the kiva. In a few minutes afterward they emerged again, another woman carrying a tray, and so the contests were kept up until each maiden had thrown a tray into the court-yard, and it had been won by some of the athletes. About ten o'clock these contests ended, and the people retired to their homes, each family in the village inviting its friends from the surrounding villages, and for an hour there was feasting and revelry. During the afternoon there were races, and afterward dancing, which was continued until midnight.



ANCIENT CLIFF HOUSE

In a former article I have briefly described the system of picture-writings found in use among these people. These are rude etchings on the rocks or paintings on tablets of wood. They are simply mnemonic, and are, of course, without dates. A great buffalo hunt is recorded with a picture of a man standing in front of and pointing an arrow at one of these animals. The record of a great journey is made with a rude map. On the cliff near Oraibi, I found a record like this etched on a stone. Below and to the left were three Spaniards, the leader with a sword, the two followers carrying spears. Above and to the right were three natives in an attitude of rolling rocks. Near by was a Spaniard prone on the ground, with a native pouring water on his head. Tal-ti, whose name means "peep of day," because he was born at dawn, explained to me that the record was made by their ancestors a very long time ago, and that the explanation had been handed down as follows: Their town was attacked by the Spaniards; the commander was a gallant fellow, who attempted to lead his men up the stone stairway to the town, but the besieged drove them back with rolling stones, and the Spanish captain was wounded and left by his followers. The people, in admiration of his valor, took him to a spring near by, poured water on him, dressed his wounds, and, when they were healed, permitted him to return.

Tal-ti's description of the scene was quite vivid, and even dramatic, especially when he described the charge of the Spaniards rushing forward and shouting their war cries, "*Santiago! Santiago! Santiago!*"

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Thus in this desert land we find an agricultural people; a people living in stone houses, with walls laid in mortar and plastered within, houses two, three, four, five, or six stories high; a people having skill in the manufacture and ornamentation of pottery, raising cotton, and weaving and dyeing their own clothing, skilled in a system of picture-writings, having a vast store of mythology, and an elaborate, ceremonious religion; without beasts of burden, and having no knowledge of metals, all their tools being made of bones, stone, or wood. Such was their condition when found by the first Europeans who invaded their lands. Early in the recorded history of this country they obtained from the Spaniards a few tools of iron, some sheep, which they raised for their flesh as well as for their wool, and asses, which they use as a means of transportation.

AN INDIAN HUNTER.

The seven hamlets of this province form only one of many groups discovered by those early Spanish adventurers. Altogether, about sixty towns were found by them; about half of these were destroyed, and, in all the remaining towns, except the seven, a new religion was imposed upon the people. It should rather be said that Christian forms and Christian ideas were ingrafted on the old pagan stock. Most of the towns outside of this province are watched over by Catholic priests, and the pagan rites and ceremonies are prohibited. But occasionally the people steal away from their homes and assemble on the mountains or join the people of the "Province of Tusayan" in the kivas, and celebrate the rites of their ancient religion.

"Who are these people?" is a question often asked. Are they a remnant of some ancient invading race from the Eastern Continent? I think not. Linguistic evidence shows them to be nearly related to some of the nomadic tribes of the Rocky Mountains, such as the Shoshones, Utes, Pai Utes, and Comanches. The region of country between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras, stretching from northern Oregon to the Gulf of California, is occupied by many tribes speaking languages akin to one another. These town-building people seem to be a branch of this great family; now, but a remnant of this branch is left; but there was a time when they were a vast people. The ruins of these towns are found in great profusion throughout Nevada, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California. On every stream, and at almost every spring of importance, vestiges of this race may be found. Where Salt Lake City now stands, in that ancient time there stood a settlement of the people calling themselves Shi-nu-mos, a word signifying "We, the wise." I have visited nearly every settlement in the Territory of Utah, and many in the State of Nevada, and have never failed, on examination, to find evidences of an ancient town on the same site, or one near by. On the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains they have also been found; one near Golden City by Captain Berthoud, and many others on the same slope to the southward. I have found them on the western slope of the same system of mountains, on the Yampa, White and Grand Rivers; and

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Dr. Newberry and Mr. Jackson have found them in great abundance on the San Juan and its tributaries. The history of the exploration of New Mexico and Arizona is replete with accounts of these vestiges of ancient life.

Over all this vast territory, in every beautiful valley and glen, by every stream of water and every spring, on the high mountains, on the cliffs, away out in the deserts of drifting sand, and down in the deep cañon gorges by which much of the country is traversed—everywhere are found ruins, stone implements or fragments of pottery.

How have these people been so nearly destroyed? From a somewhat careful examination of the facts at hand, I have an explanation to offer, though I cannot here give the fragments of evidence on which it rests. There are two great bodies of Indians in this country who are intruders—the Navajos and Apaches, and a number of small tribes in California who speak Athabascan languages, and who originally dwelt far to the north in British America. The Pueblo people call them their northern enemies. It seems that these people gradually spread to the south, attracted perhaps by the wealth accumulated by an agricultural and economic people; and, as they swept southward, from time to time, in bold excursions, town after town, and hamlet after hamlet was destroyed; the people were driven into the cañons and among the cliffs, and on the advent of the white man to this continent, only the sixty towns which I have mentioned remained. Of these, there are now but thirty. Of the former inhabitants of the thirty destroyed since the first invasion of the country by the Spaniards, some, at least, have become nomadic, for the Co-a-ni-nis and Wal-la-pais, who now live in the rocks and deep gorges of the San Francisco Plateau, claim that at one time they dwelt in pueblos, near where Zunia now stands.

Interested as we were in this strange people, time passed rapidly, and our visit among them was all too short; but, at last, the time came for us to leave. When we were ready to start we were joined by a small delegation of the Indians, who proposed to travel with us for a few days.

We made our way to Fort Defiance, thence to Fort Wingate, and still on to the East until we reached the Valley of the Rio Grande del Norte. Here we stopped for a day to visit the ancient town of Jemez, and then proceeded to Santa Fé, where our long journey on horseback ended.

SPANISH SKETCHES.

SPAIN abounds in attractions to Americans. Perhaps this is chiefly because there are few countries which present such strong and sharp contrasts with our own. Instead of the restless activity and enterprise which are here constantly reaching out for new fields of exertion, we find there a disregard of the present and a carelessness for the future which are almost incomprehensible. While we are making history, the Spaniard is content with the ages which lie behind him. He lives, if he thinks of history at all, in the past centuries, which are so full of deeds of romance and chivalry that the inglorious present has not altogether clouded their brilliancy. The traces and remains of former grandeur are so constantly encountered that travelers who face the inconveniences and discomforts incident to a sojourn in the country invariably find themselves amply repaid, even if they are thereby compelled to abridge the time they may spend in the more familiar countries of Europe. Architecture, wonderfully exquisite and graceful, illustrates the exuberant fancy of those who designed it, and the patient skill of those who worked out its infinite and delicate details. In the churches and galleries are many of the noblest specimens of the old masters. Here those of æsthetic tastes have abundant material for study, while others, who are content to be amused with observing the peculiarities of the people, will find the peasants, the gypsies, and even the beggars, altogether unique. But if one may not enjoy the privilege of visiting Spain in person, the next best thing certainly is to see it through the eyes of the famous artist Doré. His marvelous quickness in seizing upon that which is picturesque or grand in natural scenery, and his wonderful power of reproducing it; his keen sense of the ludicrous

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and grotesque,—characteristics which must find constant exemplifications in a people that could furnish the originals of Don Quixote or Gil Blas,—make him the artist of all others to illustrate the various phases of life in Spain. Freer, bolder, and better work than his Spanish sketches never came from Doré's pencil. Nowhere else does he appear so unaffected, so perfectly himself, and the hearty enjoyment which he evidently felt finds such constant expression that every one who glances over his sketches must insensibly catch his spirit. In the Baron Ch. Davillier, Doré was so fortunate as to have a traveling companion as skillful with the pen as he himself was with the pencil. Together they made the tour of Spain, visiting all the cities, striking here and there through the country, and coming in contact with all classes of the people under the most

WANDERING MUSICIANS.

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favorable circumstances for noting their habits and customs. The broad pages of the sumptuous quarto* which was the result of this happy combination, afford ample opportunity for reproducing the architectural beauties of the Alhambra, the Escurial at Madrid, the mosque at Cordova, the Toledo Cathedral, the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella in the Cathedral of Granada, the superb mountain views in which the Sierras abound; while the various aspects of peasant, minstrel, gypsy, and beggar life, the vicissitudes of the smuggler's career, the dangers of diligence traveling in the mountains, bull-fighting, and the other customs peculiar to Spain, are all handled with a skill and effect which no artist but Doré has yet attained.

The artist and author covered so much ground in their travels, and reproduce and describe what they saw so thoroughly and exhaustively, that it would be useless to try to follow them in detail. We shall therefore content ourselves with culling here and there from their narrative some of the more striking sketches and pictures.

Perpignan is a town on the Gulf of Lyons, in the extreme south-eastern part of France. For the traveler who means to make a thorough tour of Spain, and who is not impatient to strike important points at once, it is an excellent point of departure. Junquera is the first village one finds after crossing the frontier. But the people of Catalonia, in which province Junquera is situated, hardly consider themselves Spanish. Their thrift and industry are in such strong contrast with the idleness of the Spaniards in general, that they have passed into a proverb. Thus, in some provinces the common phrase for going to shop or market is, "Go to the Catalonians." Another proverb says, "If you give stones to the Catalonian, he will extract bread from them."

Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia, is the first industrial city in the Peninsula, and is still as animated as it was in the days of Don Quixote and his faithful attendant Sancho Panza. In its leading characteristics the city resembles Marseilles, presenting nearly the same activity, the same mixture of diverse nationalities, and the same absence of any distinctive type. In the Cathedral of Barcelona is to be found some most carefully finished and patiently elaborated work, notably in the *rejas* which shut off the chapels. In the center of the cloister which contains these chapels is a charming fountain shaded by orange-trees. This cloister is made a sort of *Cour des Miracles*, and here a motley crew of importunate, whining vagrants are always to be found. "There is hardly any civilized country, unless it be Italy," remarks Baron Davillier, "where one sees mendicity establish itself in broader daylight, and with less ceremony than in Spain. Full of dignity, one might almost say pride, the Spanish beggar wraps himself in the remains of his mantle, and goes armed with an immense stick, used to drive off the dogs, which by instinct are hostile to men of his type. Shrouded in his rags, he philosophically carries on his profession or his art—which you please—as his highest ambition is to be accounted an accomplished mendicant. A modern Spanish author who has paid special attention to this subject assures us that in many families the profession becomes hereditary; the children religiously observe the precepts of those who have grown old in the arts of mendicity, and are not slow to profit by the hard-won experience of their teachers. Thus the veteran knows full well how to portion out his time and lay his plans for each day's campaign, so that by appearing in a certain place at a time carefully determined beforehand, his tatters, tricks, and misery will meet with their fullest reward."

The ancient prison of the Inquisition may still be seen in Barcelona. It is a massive, gloomy building, pierced with a number of narrow windows. Beyond the walls of the town is the *Prado de San Sebastian*, the site of the *Quernadero*, "where heretics were consumed by fire for the good of the faith." Never was edifice more purely in harmony with its design, and the famous Torquemada, the model inquisitor, the great burner of heretics, ought to have found it to his taste.

Keeping along the eastern coast of Spain, our travelers visited Tarragona and Valencia. When Baron Davillier first went over this route, some years previous to this trip with Doré, there was no railroad, and brigands were said to infest it. According to the tales of travelers, no one then ever set out without preparing for some adventure, and those who lived to return, if they had not been actually attacked, had barely escaped, and could tell at least one tale of mysterious Spaniards, wrapped alike in their mantles and the gloom of night, or disappearing

* Spain. By the Baron Ch. Davillier. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Translated by J. Thomson, F. R. G. S. 1 vol., large 4to. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

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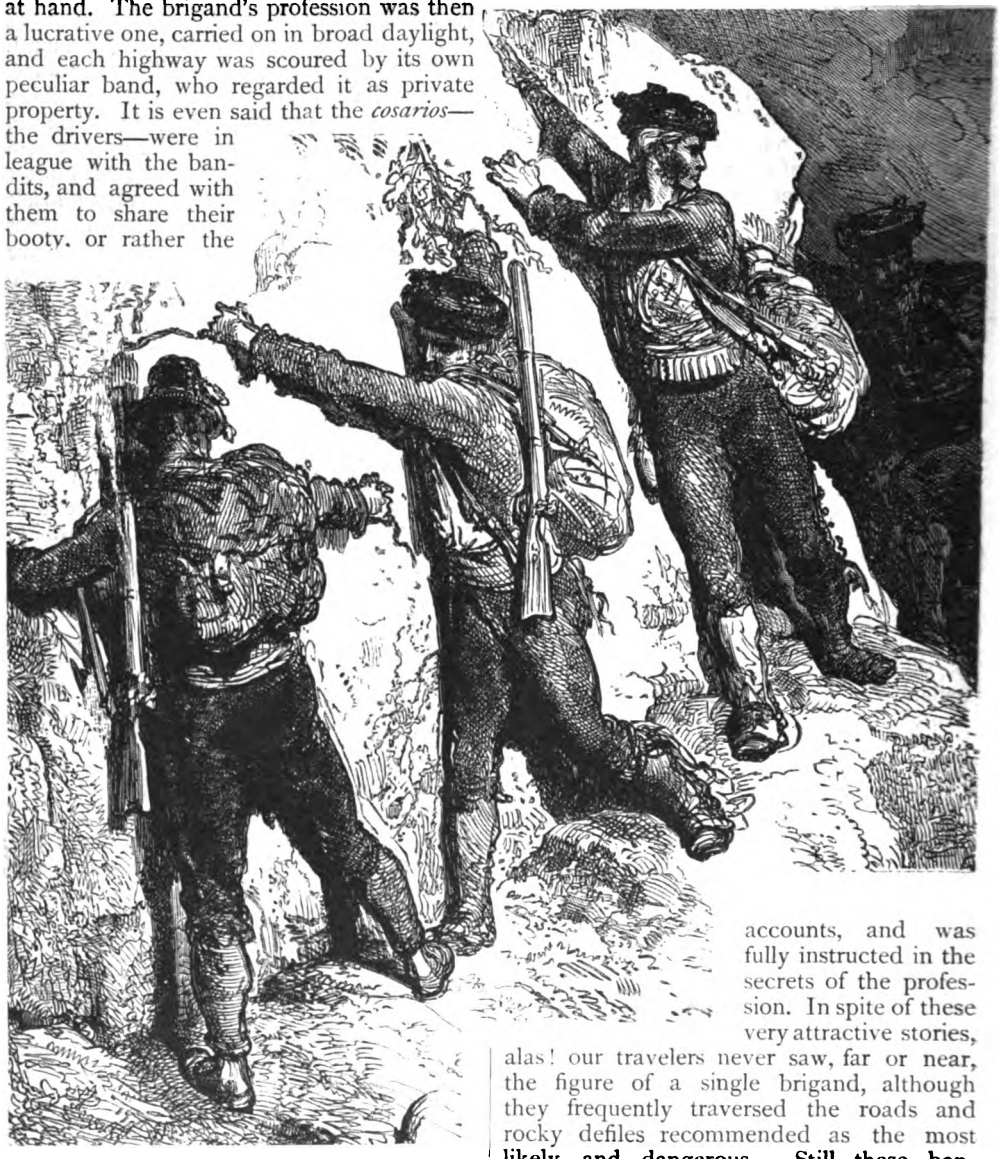
suddenly, bent on some deed of darkness, with their uplifted swords or daggers gleaming in the pale moonlight. These were the good old times, when the coaches were regularly stopped, and no one ever settled in his seat without having his ransom ready at hand. The brigand's profession was then a lucrative one, carried on in broad daylight, and each highway was scoured by its own peculiar band, who regarded it as private property. It is even said that the *cosarios*—the drivers—were in league with the bandits, and agreed with them to share their booty, or rather the coachman paid a regular blackmail, which was contributed by the passengers; and, curiously enough, the members of the band always knew when and where to receive this tribute. Sometimes the chief of a band, having earned a competency by the exercise of his noble profession, would settle down to an uneventful life of simple respectability, but before abandoning the king's highway he was careful to sell the good-will of his business to some enterprising successor, who probably inspected the accounts, and was fully instructed in the secrets of the profession. In spite of these very attractive stories, alas! our travelers never saw, far or near, the figure of a single brigand, although they frequently traversed the roads and rocky defiles recommended as the most likely and dangerous. Still these bandits are now and then heard of, and as recently as 1871 they displayed enterprise and boldness enough to stop a railway train near Sierra Morena, and rob the passengers. Traveling by diligence is, of course, still in vogue where the railways have not penetrated, and this method of progression



SMUGGLERS OF THE SERRANIA DE RONDA.

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AN ACCIDENT.

has its wild excitements, in spite of the diminution of brigandage. Between Barcelona and Valencia, Davillier and Doré passed a frightful ravine, into which a diligence had been precipitated, carrying in its fall both horses and travelers.

The diligence is a heavy lumbering coach, having its body generally strongly braced with iron, so as to resist the severest shocks. Its interior is divided into two compartments, separated by a partition fitted with a shutter, which may be opened or closed at pleasure, while Venetian blinds afford protection against the heat. The horses or mules are clipped so as to leave the upper half of the coat intact, and are harnessed in pairs. Coaching is very costly in Spain. Sometimes two *pesetas* a mile—nearly five times the cost of a first-class railway fare—is exacted. Baggage is charged at the same exorbitant rates, and the traveler is allowed to carry only a nominal weight free. Twenty years ago, when Mr. Barringer was United States Minister to Spain, he had to pay three hundred *duros*—more than three hundred dollars—for the transport from Cadiz to Madrid, of a carriage which had cost only fifty duros freight from New York to Cadiz.

There are, of course, many of the mountainous parts of Spain which the diligence cannot penetrate, and where these are near the frontier, they are

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the resorts of smugglers, and occasionally of brigands.

These hardy smugglers know all the most difficult passes of the sierras, which they frequently cross with burdens on their backs, and carbines slung over their shoulders, clinging with their hands to the projecting ledges on the perpendicular rocks. Strange to relate, these traders are often on the best of terms with the authorities of the villages through which they pass, never neglecting to offer a packet of fragrant cigars to the *alcalde*, tobacco to his scribe, and an attractive silk handkerchief to *la señora alcaldesa*. They almost always reach their destination without let or hinderance. Nevertheless, they are at times surprised by a band of *carabineros*, when they wake the echoes of the sierras with the reports of their *retacos*. This, however, is a very rare occurrence, as it pays better to settle amicably with their easily pacified foes, who are always open to the magic influence of a few *duros*. Arrived at the termination of his journey, the trader delivers up his wares to his constituents, who sell them on joint account; but it sometimes happens that the tobacco and cigars are sold for the trader's sole benefit. This daring adventurer, when not engaged in commerce, devotes his hours of leisure to spending, with reckless prodigality, the money he has gained at the peril of his life. He passes his time at the *taberna*, either playing at *monte* (a game at cards of which he is passionately fond), or in relating his adventures, taking care to moisten his narrative with frequent bumpers of sherry, *remojar la palabra*, to soften his words, according to the common Andalusian phrase. As might naturally be expected, and notwithstanding his brilliant opportunities, the contrabandist who does the work rarely accumulates a fortune, while wealth and honor seem to wait upon the *hacienta* with whom he shares his gains. He frequently ends his days in prison or the *presidio*. It is said that many of the smugglers, when trade is languid, take to the road and to lightening travelers of their baggage and money, an operation invariably conducted with the utmost courtesy. It is probable that this report does them no injustice, as the profession of smuggler is a sort of apprenticeship to that of highway robber.

PLAY OF THE CAPE.

Bull-fights are still, as they have been from time immemorial, the favorite and standard amusement of the Spanish populace. The courses are regularly held at Madrid every Sunday, from Easter to All Saints' Day. In provincial towns they are only held from time to time, on the occasion of the principal fêtes, and rarely during the winter months, as the cold renders the brutes much less furious; besides this, as a majority of the spectators are exposed to the air, they would run the risk of being frozen to death in their seats in a climate like that of Madrid, where the winter frosts are quite as keen as in Paris. In Andalusia and Valencia the mildness of the climate sometimes admits of winter courses; at Seville,

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for example, the travelers witnessed a bull-fight in the month of December. There are hardly any Spanish towns that have not their *plazas de toros*. Sometimes these amphitheaters belong to the municipality or

THE GORDITO.

to the hospitals, which are partly supported by letting the plaza to the contractors for the courses. The plaza at Madrid is let for about 7,000 francs for the single course, and the bulls—some of them—cost as much as 800 francs a head. The number of bulls killed on a single occasion varies between six and eight, and sometimes the public demands a *toro de gracia*, which swells the number to nine. Some days before a *corrida*, the town is placarded with bills of gigantic proportions and all colors, giving a detailed programme of the fight. In these bills, not only the names of the bulls and their assailants are given, but the pedigree, not of the men, but of the brutes to be slaughtered, is carefully recorded. Smaller programmes are issued, having blank spaces, on which the spectators delight to jot down the harrowing events of the fête. There are few, if any, of the witnesses of a bull-fight who are not careful to exhibit their passion for the sport by keeping a record of the different incidents of these exciting contests. One of these programmes, artistically pricked at Valencia, presented the fearful total of wounds that could be inflicted in a two-hours' combat: thirty-one horses killed or wounded by eight bulls, which had themselves received twenty-nine thrusts in exchange for twenty-four falls of the *picadores*.

Passing over Baron Davillier's discussion of bull-fighting in its historical aspects, we condense a detailed account which he gives of a *corrida* witnessed at Valencia, merely premising that in the splendid action of the animals and their antagonists, as well as in the enthusiastic demonstrations of the audience, Doré finds ample scope for exhibiting the power of his pencil. Sunday, as is invariably the case, was the day selected for the fête, which promised to be a splendid one.

Following the crowd, the travelers were soon lodged in the front row of the amphitheater, impatient to witness the drama about to be played. The *plaza* presented one of those spectacles which can never be forgotten. There were some fifteen thousand spectators, in brilliant costumes, the effect of which was heightened by a

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dazzling sun. A murmur of many voices rose from the throng, and was only broken by the cries of hawkers selling their wares, and by those of the *naranjeros*, whose oranges, cleverly thrown, always reached their men even at the highest seats. Vendors of fans at a penny each were driving a brisk trade among the unfortunates who were being grilled like lizards in the hot sun. Leathern bottles filled with dark wine were busily circulated, and might be seen to collapse with amazing celerity as they passed from hand to hand. Here and there disputes arose, but no blows were exchanged.

Soon a murmur of excitement announced the clearing of the arena, the soldiers pushing the stragglers before them, little by little, to the accompanying growls of the audience, who were becoming impatient for the commencement of the course. After clearing the arena, there came the procession which precedes the *corrida*. At the head were the *alguaciles*, mounted on jet-black steeds decked with crimson velvet, while their riders, attired in black, wore a costume of the sixteenth century. These men did not seem to enjoy great popularity, as their approach was greeted by outbursts of shrill whistling and torrents of abuse. Then came the footmen, followed by the *banderilleros*, the *espadas*, and, lastly, the *chulos*, or *capeadores*. As soon as the latter appeared, the banter changed into noisy applause. They wear a very elegant costume: the head covered with the *mantilla* of black velvet, ornamented with bows of silk; falling on the back of the neck they carried the *moña*, a black silk chignon fastened to the *coleta*, a little tress of hair, a sort of rudimentary tail cultivated by all *toreros*. This chignon, which might well be an object of envy to a lady, presents a singular contrast to the thick black whiskers of the *chulos*. The short jacket and waistcoat are partially hidden by a fringe of silk, and peeping out from a pocket at the side of the jacket one could see the corner of a fine cambric handkerchief, broidered by the hand of some dear one. Over the ornamented shirt front falls a cravat knotted "*à la Colin*." The short breeches, which show the form as well as if the wearer were in swaddling clothes, are made of blue, red, green, or lilac satin, always of the most delicate shades. The waist is bound round by the inevitable *faja*, a silk band of startling hues, while flesh-colored stockings complete the costume. These gladiators of Spain resemble ballet-dancers, and one has the greatest difficulty in realizing that these men, so coquettishly dressed, are prepared to risk their lives, and play with blood.

The *toreros* advanced with charming grace, proudly wrapped in their mantles of bright colors, used to attract the bull. Behind them came the *picadores*, firmly seated on their horses, and wearing broad-brimmed felt hats, ornamented by tufts of ribbons, short jackets decked with bows and loops of ribbons; white open vests, not less ornamented, left the embroidered shirt front in full view. A broad silk waistband supported yellow leathern trowsers, which concealed the iron armor protecting the limbs.

The procession terminated with a troop of attendants in Andalusian costume; slowly it defiled around the arena, and proceeded to salute the *señor alcalde*—president of the place—who had just arrived; they then prepared for the combat. The president gave the key of the *toril* to one of the *alguaciles*, who, accompanied by the hooting of the audience, proceeded to open the door of the cell, whence bounded a fierce bull, a superb animal of great size, black as coal, and with wide-spreading horns.

Calderon, the *picador*, was at his post, that is to say, at eight or nine paces from the left of the door, and two from the barrier. He had already shaded the eyes of his steed with a red handkerchief to prevent him seeing the bull, and guarded his thumb with a shield of leather to prevent the lance slipping from his grasp. The ferocious brute, as it emerged from the darkness of its prison, hesitated a few seconds, as if dazzled by the sun and crowd; then, rushing headlong at Calderon, was received on the lance of the picador, but the steel, protected by a hempen pad, only grazed the broad shoulder of the bull, and the animal, maddened by the wound, plunged one of its horns into the chest of the horse, from which issued a stream of blood. The poor brute, exhausted from loss of blood, commenced to totter, and while yet the *picador* was driving the spurs into its quivering flanks, the animal fell forward dead. The audience, without taking the slightest notice of this harrowing incident, clamored for another horse, which was soon brought in. While Calderon, embarrassed by his armor, slowly mounted his new steed, the bull had sought the other side of the arena, charging Pinto, surnamed *el Bravo*, the second *picador*, who received him with a powerful thrust of the lance in his shoulder; the pole bent with the shock, and the cavalier was hurled to the earth, his

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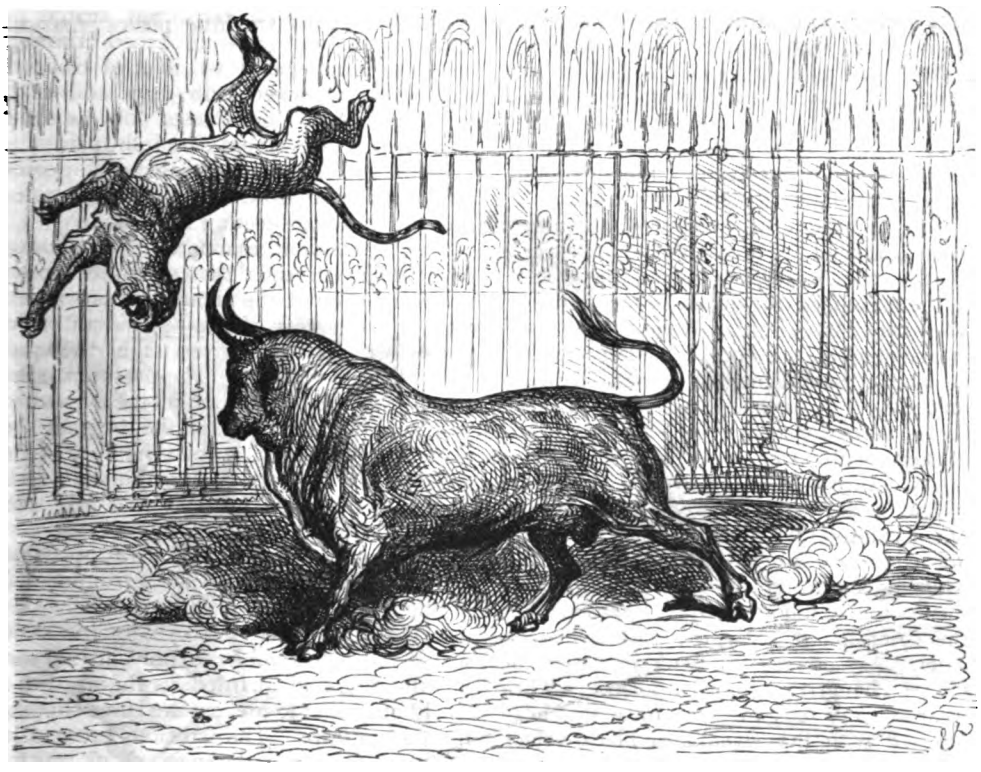
horse falling heavily upon him. It is said that the sight of blood excites the bull; but it is singular to notice that the furious animal, never knowing how to distinguish his real foe, nearly always spends his rage on the

desirous to show to his many admirers that he had no fear of his terrible foe; digging his spurs into his steed, he galloped to within a few paces of the bull, who stood in the center of the arena making the sand flv



COMBAT BETWEEN TIGER AND BULL.

poor horses, in place of attacking the dismounted *picadores*. While a number of *chulos* rescued Pinto, others used their *capas* to draw off the bull from the dying horse, which was being speedily torn and lacerated by the huge sanguinary horns. At last the bull left his victim, and followed one of the *chulos*, who, taking a circuitous route, soon found himself hotly pursued, and, with a single bound, vaulted over the barrier, while his surprised and disappointed foe stopped for a moment, and then turned his wrath against the friendly barrier, in which he left the marks of his huge horns.

The exploits of the bull produced shouts of applause; in less than a minute he had thrown two *picadores* and slain two horses, and shouts of "*Bravo toro!*" rang through the *plaza*. The *picadores* had their share of the plaudits, as they had fought bravely. Calderon, who had a fall to avenge, was from his feet, and bellowing loudly, as if to challenge anew his enemies. The movement was extremely hazardous; when a *picador* attacks a bull, he arranges, if possible, to fall so that the body of his horse will serve to shield him on one side and the barrier on the other, whereas in the middle of the arena he would be exposed to danger on every side. The daring of Calderon therefore called forth an ovation from the spectators. Excited by the tumult of popular favor, Calderon proceeded to challenge the bull, provoking it by brandishing his lance. Still the animal stood immovable, while the *picador*, making his horse advance a step, with a rapid action cast his huge hat before the bull; still the noble animal, although doubtless astonished at such audacity, did not move. Calderon finally went so far as to prick the nose of his foe with his lance. This last affront roused his ven-

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geance, and he charged with such force that the cavalier and his horse were thrown to the ground together. The *chulos* rushed to the rescue, waving their mantles. The horse now neighed furiously, and Calderon, stunned by his fall, was almost trodden under foot; at last the Tato, by several flirts of his cape, succeeded in attracting the animal, but

CIGARRERAS AT WORK.

the *espada*, making a sudden detour, stopped, and gracefully wrapping himself in his cloak, waited the near approach of the bull, when, with great agility, he repeated his movement, again and again evading pursuit, and with the most tranquil air even allowing the sharp horns to touch his mantle. The spectators, as if moved by an electric shock, rose on seeing the fainting Calderon borne from the arena in the arms of the *chulos*. A large wound was noticeable on the forehead of Calderon, who was thus placed *hors de combat* within five minutes of his entering the arena.

A fanfare of trumpets announced that the work of the *picadores* was at an end; the *banderilleros* entered the arena, waving their *banderillas* in the air, to excite the bull and rouse him to combat.

The *banderillas* are little pieces of wood about as thick as one's thumb, and about sixty centimeters in length, ornamented with ribbons of colored paper; at one end there is an iron dart resembling a bait-hook. These small instruments of torture are fixed into the shoulders of the bull in order to irritate the already wounded animal; they are usually inserted in pairs, one in each shoulder. The work of the *banderillero* is dangerous and difficult, requiring great agility and coolness; both arms must be raised at once above the bull's horns, so as

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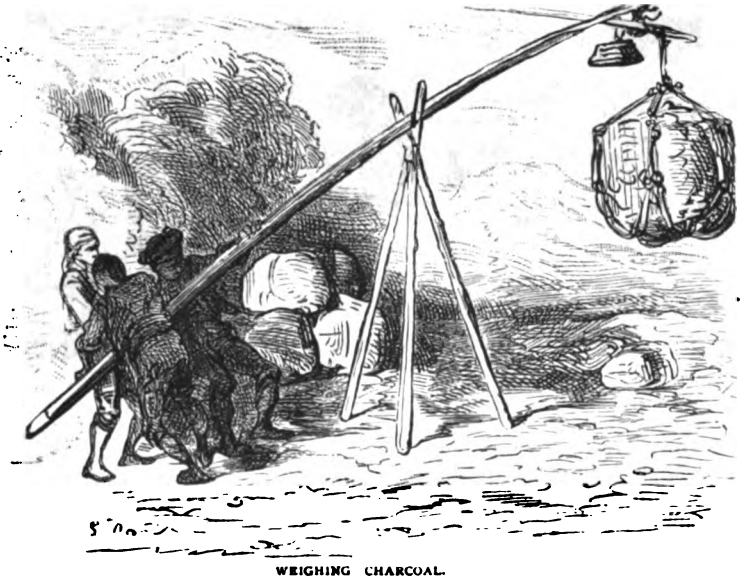
almost to touch them; the least hesitation, the faintest doubt, or a single false step, may prove fatal. The *banderillas* are so frightfully irritating to the bull, that they intensify his fury to the last degree, and have given rise to the popular saying,—"Give him the *banderillas*," addressed to some one who is being worried or chaffed.

Suddenly, as the Gordito was preparing to lay his fourth pair of *banderillas*, the clarion sounded the death-note. The honor of inflicting the first thrust had fallen to the Tato. The Tato, carrying in his left hand his sword and *muleta*, advanced to the president's seat, and uncovered his head in graceful salutation. This over, the Alcalde nodded approvingly, and the Tato, making a pirouette, tossed his mantle into the air. Then, with his sword in his right hand and his *mantilla* in his left, he made straight for the bull.

Passing his *muleta*, or little red flag, repeatedly before the bull, he failed to rouse it to charge. Then, as if to defy his foe, he lifted the *banderillas* with the point of his sword, and took up his position, holding his weapon horizontally, and his *muleta* draped on the ground. The Tato thus presented a superb picture. "How beautifully he stands!" exclaimed the women. But the moment of attack approached—all eyes were fastened upon the statuesque figure. Suddenly the *espada* advanced upon his foe, the horns touched the silk of his jacket, and his sword sheathed itself in the shoulder of the bull.

The pass which Tato had just made brought down thunders of applause, and from all sides came an avalanche of hats falling into the *redondel*. This storm of head-gear is the highest compliment that can be paid to the pluck of the arena, and the merit of the pass might be arithmetically reckoned by the number of hats tossed into the air. Cigars were also flying in great profusion, and even the charming *aficionadas* tossed their bouquets into the arena in order to applaud with all the force of their little hands. The object of this ovation stood in the center of a frightful group of torn and mutilated horses, some dead, and others tossing their heads in agony above dark pools of blood which reflected the strange medley of flowers, fans, and satins, and at the same time the forms of the writhing and excited multitude—an ideal picture, indeed, of the ghastly and the gay of the Spanish bull-fight.

When the excitement had died out, the hats were calmly collected by the attendants, and cleverly tossed back to their respective owners to serve for another occasion. Some hats make at least half a dozen such journeys during a course. But the bull was not yet disposed of, although the sword blade was buried in his breast, and one could only see the hilt. The animal, beginning to totter like a drunken man, turned madly upon his own quivering flesh, then his eyes grew dim; but, as if defiant of death itself, he held his head proudly erect, until his pains were ended by the *cachetero*, a personage dressed in black, who struck one blow with a poniard, and the noble brute dropped his head in death. To celebrate this solemn event, the band played an Andalusian air much loved by the Spanish spectators, who kept time with hands and feet. The mules were now brought in to clear the arena of the dead animals.



WEIGHING CHARCOAL.

Another bull was waited for with great

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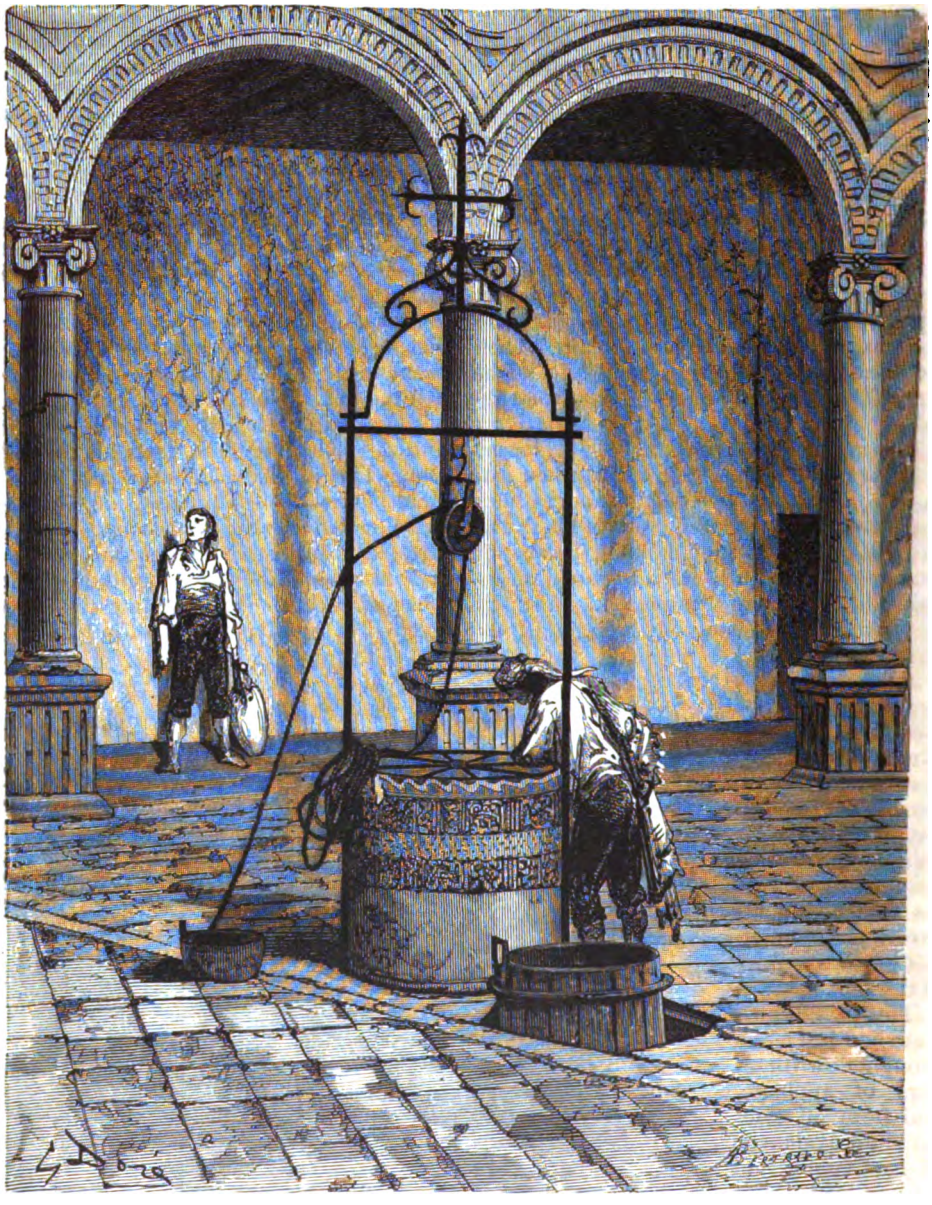
impatience, as the Gordito, or "the fat one," a renowned bull fighter, was announced to fire a pair of *banderillas sentado*—that is to say, seated on a chair. When at last the bull was released, a chair covered with straw was placed in the middle of the arena. On this the Gordito was seated, awaiting, smilingly, the charge of his foe. Soon aroused by the capes of the *chulos*, the bull rushed at the Gordito. Thousands of breasts beat with terrible excitement as the furious animal, tossing clouds of dust in the air, charged his enemy, and, when within two paces of the chair, a terrible shriek rent the air—in an instant the upraised arms of the Gordito were seen, as, springing nimbly to one side, he planted his *banderillas*, and escaped. The bull, doubly furious to find himself pricked by the iron and disappointed of his prize, sent the chair spinning



AN ARABIAN WELL AT TOLEDO.

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around in fragments, and continued his course, each flank decked with a superb *banderilla*.

Words cannot describe the intense excitement of the scene. The air was darkened with a storm-cloud of hats, while a steady shower of cigars fell on the arena, which were picked up by the Gordito, who shared them with his comrades. One other scene which caused an uproar, was occasioned by a *banderillero*, who, at the moment when the death note sounded, was seized with the unfortunate ambition to inflict another pair of *banderillas* on the bull, but, making a false step, fell face downward. Notwithstanding the efforts of the *chulos*, he was lifted on the horns of the animal, and carried twice around the arena. Fortunately he fell to the ground, and his captor continued his course, carrying at the points of his horns some rags of satin. The man had been caught up by the vest, and, to the astonishment of the spectators, had escaped without a single scratch.

Later in their journeyings the travelers attended a *corrida* at Aranjuez, to witness a fight between a bull and a tiger. The course, however, did not last long. The tiger, in spite of the exciting cries of the crowd, remained perfectly still, displaying nothing in his attitude to denote the ferocity of his race. The bull, on the contrary, though small in size, was bent on war. Thus he advanced on his foe, and tossed him into the air. The tiger, without attempting to resent the insult, calmly crawled off to his cage, leaving his adversary master of the field.

Between beggars and bull-fights, one might conclude that the larger part of the population of Spain spent its time very lazily or very unprofitably. There, too, are the traveling musicians, who are to be encountered everywhere, and who are but one remove from beggars. Still there are industrious men and women to be found in Spain as well as elsewhere, and among them are workers in the tobacco manufactories. There is a very large establishment of this description at Seville, which was founded by an Armenian, Jean Baptiste Carafa, as long ago as 1620. This factory contained eighty-four courts, as many fountains and wells, and more than two hundred mills drawn by horses. Passing through the rooms where the leaf is crushed and triturated, the visitors were half choked by the poignancy of the air, to which, however, the workers were so accustomed as to experience no inconvenience whatever.

Entering a long gallery, the ears of the visitors were assailed by a murmur like the sound of ten thousand swarms of bees. Here they found numerous workers, whose hands were employed in rolling cigars with an activity only surpassed by the ceaseless clamor of their voices. As the visitors passed from place to place the busy tongues were arrested for an instant, but the whisperings soon commenced again with redoubled vigor. The *Maestra* said that if the workers were compelled to perform their tasks in silence, every one of them would leave the factory rather than submit to such tyrrany. Another strange sound mingled with the whisperings was caused by hundreds of scissors, *tijeras*, all in motion at the same time, cutting the points of the cigars; these are so indispensable to the *cigarreras* as to be called their bread-winners.

One or two of the best workers were able to turn out as many as ten packets or *atados* a day, each one containing fifty cigars, making a total of five hundred, an exceptional number, as few of the *cigarreras* make above three hundred cigars a day, and the majority not so many. The price paid per hundred is one franc, twenty-eight centimes, and the earning for an average day's toil is a little over two francs.

The people employed in making cigars are the aristocracy of the trade, known under the established name of *pureras*, that is to say, makers of *puros*, the name generally given to cigars to distinguish them from cigarettes, or *cigarros de papel*. Spanish cigars, as a rule, are of very large dimensions, and the largest are sometimes named *purones*; the inside is made up of Virginia tobacco, while the outer cover, or the *capa*, consists of a leaf of Havana tobacco. An enormous number of cigars and of cigarettes is smoked in Spain, but the pipe is rarely seen unless on some parts of the coast in Catalonia, and in the Balearic isles. Although tobacco may be bought cheaply at the *estancos* or sales, yet it is asserted that large quantities are smuggled into the country, chiefly by way of Gibraltar, that great entrepôt for contraband goods.

Before reaching the exalted position of *cigarrera*, the worker, who usually enters the factory at the age of thirteen, has to serve as an apprentice, and has to pass through the different degrees of the hierarchy; first she is occupied in selecting the finest sides of the *palillos*, or leaves of the tobacco. Later she is advanced to making the cigar, to *hacer el niño*—to make the chubby-cheeked boy—according to their own peculiar lan-

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guage. She gains but little for some years, and from her slender earnings has to sacrifice a portion to pay for the *espurta*, the basket, designed to receive the tobacco leaves, the scissors, and the *tarugo*, an instrument used to round the *puros*.

The *cigarreras* take their meals with them to the factory, the rooms being twice a day transformed into huge refectories, redolent with the mingled odors of garlic, fish, sardines, red-herrings,—black as ink—and slices of broiled tunny—the materials which make up the *cigarrera's* simple bill of fare.

While the work of cigar-making is reduced to a system, this description shows that the Spaniards have not yet learned the advantages of bringing in machinery to aid them in the production of cigars. Everywhere through the country one constantly comes upon the rudest methods of performing the simplest operations. Even in the streets of Madrid may be seen *carboneros* weighing sacks of charcoal or coke on roughly constructed steelyards. Both steelyards and coke are hung on one end of a long pole, while two or three *carboneros*, throwing their weight on the other end of this pole, raise the sacks clear of the ground until the weight of their contents is determined.

It would be extremely interesting to follow our travelers through those districts of Spain where the most ancient ruins are to be found, and to revive some of the singular fables of antiquity which there abound; but our space forbids more than a mere allusion to them. There is Toledo, for instance, whose history has been the subject of such absurd conjectures. In the architecture of the city there are innumerable evidences of its prolonged occupation by the Arabs. Not the least notable among the ruins are the wells, of one of which we give a representation. The Cathedral of Toledo is one of the finest, and, without doubt, the richest in Spain. It was begun in the thirteenth century, and for nearly two centuries the work of its construction was carried on without intermission. It was completed at the end of the fifteenth century. In the time of its greatest prosperity, between three and four centuries ago—when Philip II. made it his capital—Toledo numbered more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. Now it can hardly count fifteen thousand.

Here we must take leave regretfully of this most entertaining and valuable volume. Pen and pencil are rarely put to better use than in preserving the traditions and perpetuating the characteristics of a country and of a people whose past has been so full of the most profound interest, and from the present condition of which so much instruction may be derived. Such books as this are not likely to become too numerous.

SELF-REVEALED.

"Dip deep thy pen into my heart,
O angel scribe, and write, that I
May know myself; I will not cry
Nor weep—dip deep; I will not start."

The angel dipped deep in her heart,
And drew his dripping pen and wrote;
And, though her knees together smote,
She did not cry, nor weep, nor start.

He wrote one word in many ways,
All quaint, but beautiful, until
His fair white roll was full, and still
Her modest eyes she did not raise.

"Is it all written?" "Even so,
Behold." She saw not, for her sight
Was dim with pain; and in despite
Her woman's tears began to flow.

Then through her tears she looked again,
And saw the word all written fair;
And smiled and sighed, and with her hair
Toyed, crying: "'Love?' but love is pain;

"Yet Thou, dear Christ, hast shown me how
To die for love; let others wear
Life's roses in their waving hair,
I twine Thy thorns about my brow."

The angel bent his stately head,
And bade her bless him as he bowed;
"For though my name and state be proud
I am no peer to thee," he said.

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FRENCH AND AMERICAN CURRENCIES.

In comparison with the United States in 1861, France was financially well prepared for war in 1870, so far as her monetary condition was concerned. In the summer of that year, at the outbreak of the Prussian war, the circulation of the Bank of France was 251 million dollars, with a specie reserve of 229 millions—equal to 90 cents on the dollar.

The banks of the United States, on the other hand, had, at the commencement of the late war, a circulation of 207 millions, with a specie reserve of 83 millions, equal to but 40 per cent., or less than half that of the French currency. This statement, however, by no means conveys a full idea of the relative strength of the two monetary systems. The difference between what are in this country termed "deposits," but which the Bank of France more justly calls "accounts," that is, what the bank actually owes *on account*, is very marked and significant. For example, the aggregate of these "accounts" in the Bank of France was, at the time mentioned, but 140 million dollars. If to this we add its circulation of 251 millions, we have 391 millions as the total immediate liabilities of the bank, against which were held the aforesaid 229 millions of bullion, equal to 58.6 per cent. The banks of this country, in addition to their circulation as just stated, had 253 millions of "deposits," that is, what they owed on account, with but 83 millions of coin, giving them a reserve of but 18.4 per cent. In proportion to immediate liabilities, the Bank of France had a specie basis, nearly three times as large as that of the banks of the United States. The most important fact in regard to American currency, as compared with all European currencies, seems always to have been overlooked by those who have instituted a comparison between them. In the former, there has ever been a far greater indebtedness in the shape of accounts or "deposits," so-called, than in any other country in the world! This point should be well considered and its consequences fully appreciated, or no correct idea can be formed of the most striking characteristic of American banking as compared with banking in other countries.

In France, the only anxiety is to protect the circulation by prompt redemption, but here it is *deposits* that cause danger and create alarm.

The suspensions in the United States in 1837, '57 and '73 were accompanied by a call for payment of deposits. not for the redemption of notes. So it has always been, and always must be, under a system in which the amount owed by the banks on account is much larger than that of their notes, since the former can only be gradually returned, while the latter, being payable in the chief centers of trade, may, and, when there is any severe pressure, will, be called for at once.

Why there should be such an immense excess of these "deposits" is well understood by those familiar with American banking. In general, every man who keeps an account at bank, and expects loans—"accommodations,"—is compelled by the law of custom to have a certain balance at all times standing to his credit. In the aggregate, these balances amount to an immense sum; at present, in the National Banks, to over 600 millions, and these the banks mostly loan out to their customers, to the very men who make them. It is one of the modes by which the income of the banks is largely increased, but, as experience shows, a very hazardous one. American banks on an average owe two dollars on account, for one on note.

Such large deposits are artificial. They do not arise in the legitimate transactions of trade. They are virtually to a large extent compulsory, as testified before the Bank Committee of Congress at its last session.

There is still another view of the subject which presents in stronger relief the disparity between the French and American systems.

By referring to the returns of the Bank of France at the breaking out of the late war, we find, as before stated, that the amount it owed "on account," was but 140 million dollars, while, if it had been as great as that of the American banks, its indebtedness would have amounted to 690 millions, to which if we add the circulation of 251 millions, we have an aggregate of 901 millions. Had the Bank of France been thus indebted, on instant demand would it have been able to assist the Government, as it did, in its hour of peril? Surely not. It must have suspended, like the American

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banks, on the first alarm of war, and France, like the United States, would have been thrown upon an irredeemable, depreciated currency with which to sustain its conflict with Germany.

Another important difference in favor of the French people, so far as the stability of their currency was concerned, is to be seen in the fact, that up to the war of 1870, the National Bank (and there was no other bank of issue) had no notes of less than 100 francs ($20); consequently, all the circulation under that denomination was metallic. This added immensely to the strength of their currency, as compared with that of the United States, because it appears from the Report of the Comptroller of the Currency for 1872 that 69 per cent. of the entire paper circulation of the United States was in notes of less than 20 dollars.

This was undoubtedly an unnatural proportion of small notes, owing to the anxiety of the banks to keep out as large an amount of such notes as possible; but, if we suppose the natural proportion to be but 50 per cent., as is probably the case, the circulation in France under 100 francs must have been 250 millions; and that amount is essentially the increase that has taken place in the volume of its circulation. Thus it appears that specie to that extent was liberated by the temporary issue of these small notes, and formed a large part of the amount that has gone to Prussia, as a portion of what M. Wolowski calls the "war-fine." France, as a stern necessity, was compelled to reduce the quality of her paper circulation from 90 to 52 per cent.

It is still, however, of a high standard as compared with the notes of the National Banks of the United States, which, by the authority just quoted, had but 21 millions of specie against 333 millions circulation—a specie reserve of some seven cents on the dollar. Such is the contrast between the actual quality, or value element, of the currencies of the two countries; one at the end of but three years from its great struggle, the other after the lapse of ten years. And, to the credit of France, it should be added, that effective measures are being taken for the gradual withdrawal of all circulation under the denomination of one hundred francs.

From the foregoing statements it will be perceived that France was as well prepared for war, so far as its monetary affairs were concerned, as any nation having a mixed currency could well be. Indeed, she has ever since the commencement of the present century preserved a more uniform and substantial circulating medium than any in existence, having in it any degree of the element of credit. She has ever been far ahead of England in the regularity and stability of her banking operations. Her affairs, financial and monetary, have been kept in the hands of men who well understood, both in theory and practice, the great interests intrusted to their care—in the charge of men who were placed in their responsible positions because qualified for the duties that would devolve upon them, not because they belonged to a particular political organization, or resided in a section of the country that must have "its share" of the public offices, whether it could present men suitable to fill them or not.

The results are before the world. France is in a high and honorable position, its currency at par with gold, its credit untarnished, its industry uninterrupted, its commerce rapidly extending, and every material interest in a healthy condition.

But what reasonable explanation can be given for the wide disparity between the financial and monetary condition of the United States and that of the French Republic at the present moment, except that the currency of the latter stood upon the strong basis of 90 cents on the dollar at the beginning of its conflict with Prussia, and was therefore sufficient to meet the shock of war with comparatively little embarrassment or damage, and that its finances have been intrusted to men of high intelligence and capacity?

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A SCIENTIFIC VAGABOND.

THE steamer which as far back as 1860 passed every week on its northward way up along the coast of Norway was of a very sociable turn of mind. It ran with much shrieking and needless bluster in and out the calm, winding fjords, paid unceremonious little visits in every out-of-the-way nook and bay, dropped now and then a black heap of coal into the shining water, and sent thick volleys of smoke and shrill little echoes careering aimlessly among the mountains. It seemed, on the whole, from an æsthetic point of view, an objectionable phenomenon —a blot upon the perfect summer day. By the inhabitants, however, of these remote regions (with the exception of a few obstinate individuals, who had at first looked upon it as the sure herald of doomsday, and still were vaguely wondering what the world was coming to), it was regarded in a very different light. This choleric little monster was to them a friendly and welcome visitor, which established their connection with the outside world, and gave them a proud consciousness of living in the very heart of civilization. Therefore, on steamboat days they flocked *en masse* down on the piers, and, with an ever-fresh sense of novelty, greeted the approaching boat with lively cheers, with firing of muskets and waving of handkerchiefs. The men of condition, as the judge, the sheriff, and the parson, whose dignity forbade them to receive the steamer in person, contented themselves with watching it through an opera-glass from their balconies; and if a high official was known to be on board, they perhaps displayed the national banner from their flag-poles, as a delicate compliment to their superior.

But the Rev. Mr. Oddson, the parson of whom I have to speak, had this day yielded to the gentle urgings of his daughters (as, indeed, he always did), and had with them boarded the steamer to receive his nephew, Arnfinn Vording, who was returning from the university for his summer vacation. And now they had him between them in their pretty white-painted parsonage boat, with the blue line along the gunwale, beleaguering him with eager questions about friends and relatives in the capital, chums, university sports, and a medley of other things interesting to young ladies who have a collegian for a cousin. His uncle was charitable enough to check his own curiosity about the nephew's progress in the arts and sciences, and the result of his recent examinations, till he should have become fairly settled under his roof; and Arnfinn, who, in spite of his natural brightness and ready humor, was anything but a "dig," was grateful for the respite.

The parsonage lay snugly nestled at the end of the bay, shining contentedly through the green foliage from a multitude of small sun-smitten windows. Its pinkish whitewash, which was peeling off from long exposure to the weather, was in cheerful contrast to the broad black surface of the roof, with its glazed tiles, and the starlings' nests under the chimney-tops. The thick-leaved maples and walnut-trees which grew in random clusters about the walls seemed loftily conscious of standing there for purposes of protection; for, wherever their long-fingered branches happened to graze the roof, it was always with a touch, light, graceful, and airily caressing. The irregularly paved yard was inclosed on two sides by the main buildings, and on the third by a species of log cabin, which in Norway is called a brew-house; but toward the west the view was but slightly obscured by an elevated pigeon cot and a clump of birches, through whose sparse leaves the fjord beneath sent its rapid jets and gleams of light, and its strange suggestions of distance, peace, and unaccountable gladness.

Arnfinn Vording's career had presented that subtle combination of farce and tragedy which most human lives are apt to be; and if the tragic element had during his early years been preponderating, he was hardly himself aware of it; for he had been too young at the death of his parents to feel that keenness of grief which the same privation would have given him at a later period of his life. It might have been humiliating to confess it, but it was nevertheless true that the terror he had once sustained on being pursued by a furious bull was much more vivid in his memory than the vague wonder and depression which had filled his mind at seeing his mother so suddenly stricken with age, as she lay motionless in her white robes in the front parlor. Since then his uncle, who was his guardian and nearest relative, had taken him into his family, had

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instructed him with his own daughters, and finally sent him to the University, leaving the little fortune which he had inherited to accumulate for future use. Arnfinn had a painfully distinct recollection of his early hardships in trying to acquire that soft pronunciation of the *r* which is peculiar to the western fjord districts of Norway, and which he admired so much in his cousins; for the merry-eyed Inga, who was less scrupulous by a good deal than her older sister, Augusta, had from the beginning persisted in interpreting their relation of cousinship as an unbounded privilege on her part to ridicule him for his personal peculiarities, and especially for his harsh *r* and his broad eastern accent. Her ridicule was always very good-natured, to be sure, but therefore no less annoying.

But—such is the perverseness of human nature—in spite of a series of apparent rebuffs, interrupted now and then by fits of violent attachment, Arnfinn had early selected this dimpled and yellow-haired young girl, with her piquant little nose, for his favorite cousin. It was the prospect of seeing her which, above all else, had lent, in anticipation, an altogether new radiance to the day when he should present himself in his home with the long-tasseled student cap on his head, the unnecessary "pinchers" on his nose, and with the other traditional paraphernalia of the Norwegian collegian. That great day had now come; Arnfinn sat at Inga's side playing with her white fingers, which lay resting on his knee, and covering the depth of his feeling with harmless banter about her "amusingly unclassical little nose." He had once detected her, when a child, standing before a mirror, and pinching this unhappy feature in the middle, in the hope of making it "like Augusta's;" and since then he had no longer felt so utterly defenseless whenever his own foibles were attacked.

"But what of your friend, Arnfinn?" exclaimed Inga, as she ran up the stairs of the pier. "He of whom you have written so much. I have been busy all the morning making the blue guest-chamber ready for him."

"Please, cousin," answered the student in a tone of mock entreaty, "only an hour's respite! If we are to talk about Strand we shall have to make a day of it, you know. And just now it seems so grand to be at home, and with you, that I would rather not admit even so genial a subject as Strand to share my selfish happiness."

"Ah, yes, you are right. Happiness is too often selfish. But tell me only why he didn't come and I'll release you."

"He *is* coming."

"Ah! And when?"

"That I don't know. He preferred to take the journey on foot, and he may be here at almost any time. But, as I have told you, he is very uncertain. If he should happen to make the acquaintance of some interesting snipe, or crane, or plover, he may prefer its company to ours, and then there is no counting on him any longer. He may be as likely to turn up at the North Pole as at the Gran Parsonage."

"How very singular. You don't know how curious I am to see him."

And Inga walked on in silence under the sunny birches, which grew along the road, trying vainly to picture to herself this strange phenomenon of a man.

"I brought his book," remarked Arnfinn, making a gigantic effort to be generous, for he felt dim stirrings of jealousy within him. "If you care to read it, I think it *will* explain him to you better than anything I could say."

II.

THE Oddsons were certainly a very happy family, though not by any means a harmonious one. The excellent pastor, who was himself neutrally good, orthodox, and kind-hearted, had often, in the privacy of his own thought, wondered what hidden ancestral influences there might have been at work in giving a man so peaceable and inoffensive as himself two daughters of such strongly defined individuality. There was Augusta, the elder, who was what Arnfinn called "indiscriminately reformatory," and had a universal desire to reform everything, from the Government down to agricultural implements and preserve jars. As long as she was content to expend the surplus energy, which seemed to accumulate within her through the long eventless winters, upon the Zulu Mission, and other legitimate objects, the pastor thought it all harmless enough; although, to be sure, her enthusiasm for those naked and howling savages did at times strike him as being somewhat extravagant. But when occasionally, in her own innocent way, she put both his patience and his orthodoxy to the test by her exceedingly puzzling questions, then he could not, in the depth of his heart, restrain the wish that she might have been more like other young girls, and less ardently solicitous about the fate of

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her kind. Affectionate and indulgent, however, as the pastor was, he would often, in the next moment, do penance for his unregenerate thought, and thank God for having made her so fair to behold, so pure, and so noble-hearted.

Toward Arnfinn, Augusta had, although of his own age, early assumed a kind of elder-sisterly relation; she had been his comforter during all the trials of his boyhood; had yielded him her sympathy with that eager impulse which lay so deep in her nature, and had felt forlorn when life had called him away to where her words of comfort could not reach him. But when once she had hinted this to her father, he had pedantically convinced her that her feeling was unchristian, and Inga had playfully remarked that the hope that some one might soon find the open Polar Sea would go far toward consoling her for her loss; for Augusta had glorious visions at that time of the open Polar Sea. Now, the Polar Sea, and many other things, far nearer and dearer, had been forcéd into uneasy forgetfulness; and Arnfinn was once more with her, no longer a child, and no longer appealing to her for aid and sympathy; man enough, apparently, to have outgrown his boyish needs, and still boy enough to be ashamed of having ever had them.

It was the third Sunday after Arnfinn's return. He and Augusta were climbing the hill-side to the "Giant's Hood," from whence they had a wide view of the fjord, and could see the sun trailing its long bridge of flame upon the water. It was Inga's week in the kitchen, therefore her sister was Arnfinn's companion. As they reached the crest of the "Hood," Augusta seated herself on a flat bowlder, and the young student flung himself on a patch of greensward at her feet. The intense light of the late sun fell upon the girl's unconscious face, and Arnfinn lay, gazing up into it, and wondering at its rare beauty; but he saw only the clean cut of its features and the purity of its form, being too shallow to recognize the strong and heroic soul which had struggled so long for utterance in the life of which he had been a blind and unmindful witness.

"Gracious, how beautiful you are, cousin!" he broke forth heedlessly, striking his leg with his slender cane; "pity you were not born a queen; you would be equal to almost anything, even if it were to discover the Polar Sea."

"I thought you were looking at the sun, Arnfinn," answered she, smiling reluctantly.

"And so I am, cousin," laughed he, with another emphatic slap of his boot.

"That compliment is rather stale."

"But the opportunity was too tempting."

"Never mind, I will excuse you from further efforts. Turn around and notice that wonderful purple halo which is hovering over the forests below. Isn't it glorious?"

"No, don't let us be solemn, pray. The sun I have seen a thousand times before, but you I have seen very seldom of late. Somehow, since I returned this time, you seem to keep me at a distance. You no longer confide to me your great plans for the abolishment of war, and the improvement of mankind generally. Why don't you tell me whether you have as yet succeeded in convincing the peasants that cleanliness is a cardinal virtue, that hawthorn hedges are more picturesque than rail fences, and that salt meat is a very indigestible article?"

"You know the fate of my reforms, from long experience," she answered, with the same sad, sweet smile. "I am afraid there must be something radically wrong about my methods; and, moreover, I know that your aspirations and mine are no longer the same, if they ever have been, and I am not ungenerous enough to force you to feign an interest which you do not feel."

"Yes, I know you think me flippant and boyish," retorted he, with sudden energy, and tossing a stone down into the gulf below. "But, by the way, my friend Strand, if he ever comes, would be just the man for you. He has quite as many hobbies as you have, and, what is more, he has a profound respect for hobbies in general, and is universally charitable toward those of others."

"Your friend is a great man," said the girl, earnestly. "I have read his book on 'The Wading Birds of the Norwegian Highlands,' and none but a great man could have written it."

"He is an odd stick, but, for all that, a capital fellow; and I have no doubt you would get on admirably with him."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the pastor's man, Hans, who came to tell the "young miss" that there was a big tramp hovering about the barns in the "out-fields," where he had been sleeping during the last three nights. He was a dangerous character, Hans thought, at least judging from his looks, and it was hardly safe for the young miss to be roaming about the fields at night as long as he was in the neighborhood.

"Why don't you speak to the pastor, and

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have him arrested?" said Arnfinn, impatient of Hans's long-winded recital.

"No, no, say nothing to father," demanded Augusta, eagerly. "Why should you arrest a poor man as long as he does nothing worse than sleep in the barns in the outfields?"

"As you say, miss," retorted Hans, and departed.

The moon came up pale and mist-like over the eastern mountain ridges, struggled for a few brief moments feebly with the sunlight, and then vanished.

"It is strange," said Arnfinn, "how everything reminds me of Strand to-night. What gloriously absurd apostrophes to the moon he could make! I have not told you, cousin, of a very singular gift which he possesses. He can attract all kinds of birds and wild animals to himself; he can imitate their voices, and they flock around him, as if he were one of them, without fear of harm."

"How delightful," cried Augusta, with sudden animation. "What a glorious man your friend must be!"

"Because the snipes and the wild ducks like him? You seem to have greater confidence in their judgment than in mine."

"Of course I have—at least as long as you persist in joking. But, jesting aside, what a wondrously beautiful life he must lead whom Nature takes thus into her confidence; who has, as it were, an inner and subtler sense, corresponding to each grosser and external one; who is keen-sighted enough to read the character of every individual beast, and has ears sensitive to the full pathos of joy or sorrow in the song of the birds that inhabit our woodlands."

"Whether he has any such second set of senses as you speak of, I don't know; but there can be no doubt that his familiarity, not to say intimacy, with birds and beasts gives him a great advantage as a naturalist. I suppose you know that his little book has been translated into French, and rewarded with the gold medal of the Academy."

"Hush! What is that?" Augusta sprang up, and held her hand to her ear.

"Some love-lorn mountain-cock playing yonder in the pine copse," suggested Arnfinn, amused at his cousin's eagerness.

"You silly boy! Don't you know the mountain-cock never plays except at sunrise?"

"He would have a sorry time of it now, then, when there *is* no sunrise."

"And so he has; he does not play except in early spring."

The noise, at first faint, now grew louder. It began with a series of mellow, plaintive clucks that followed thickly, one upon another, like smooth pearls of sound that rolled through the throat in a continuous current; then came a few sharp notes as of a large bird that snaps his bill; then a long, half-melodious rumbling, intermingled with cacklings and snaps, and, at last, a sort of *diminuendo* movement of the same round, pearly clucks. There was a whizzing of wing-beats in the air; two large birds swept over their heads and struck down into the copse whence the sound had issued.

"This is indeed a most singular thing," said Augusta under her breath, and with wide-eyed wonder. "Let us go nearer, and see what it can be."

"I am sure I can go if you can," responded Arnfinn, not any too eagerly. "Give me your hand, and we can climb the better."

As they approached the pine copse, which projected like a promontory from the line of the denser forest, the noise ceased, and only the plaintive whistling of a mountain-hen, calling her scattered young together, and now and then the shrill response of a snipe to the cry of its lonely mate, fell upon the summer night, not as an interruption, but as an outgrowth of the very silence. Augusta stole with soundless tread through the transparent gloom which lingered under those huge black crowns, and Arnfinn followed impatiently after. Suddenly she motioned to him to stand still, and herself bent forward in an attitude of surprise and eager observation. On the ground, some fifty steps from where she was stationed, she saw a man stretched out full length, with a knapsack under his head, and surrounded by a flock of downy, half-grown birds, which responded with a low, anxious piping to his alluring cluck, then scattered with sudden alarm, only to return again in the same curious, cautious fashion as before. Now and then there was a great flapping of wings in the trees overhead, and a heavy brown and black speckled mountain-hen alighted close to the man's head, stretched out her neck toward him, cocked her head, called her scattered brood together, and departed with slow and deliberate wing-beats.

Again there was a frightened flutter overhead, a shrill anxious whistle rose in the air, and all was silence. Augusta had stepped on a dry branch—it had broken under her weight—hence the sudden confusion and flight. The unknown man had sprung up, and his eye, after a moment's search, had

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found the dark, beautiful face peering forth behind the red fir-trunk. He did not speak or salute her; he greeted her with silent joy, as one greets a wondrous vision which is too frail and bright for consciousness to grasp, which is lost the very instant one is conscious of seeing. But, while to the girl the sight, as it were, hung trembling in the range of mere physical perception, while its suddenness held it aloof from moral reflection, there came a great shout from behind, and Arnfinn, whom in her surprise she had quite forgotten, came bounding forward, grasped the stranger by the hand with much vigor, laughing heartily, and pouring forth a confused stream of delighted interjections, borrowed from all manner of classical and unclassical tongues.

"Strand! Strand!" he cried, when the first tumult of excitement had subsided; "you most marvelous and incomprehensible Strand! From what region of heaven or earth did you jump down into our prosaic neighborhood? And what in the world induced you to choose our barns as the center of your operations, and nearly put me to the necessity of having you arrested for vagrancy? How I do regret that Cousin Augusta's entreaties mollified my heart toward you. Pardon me, I have not introduced you. This is my cousin, Miss Oddson, and this is my miraculous friend, the world-renowned author, vagrant, and naturalist, Mr. Marcus Strand."

Strand stepped forward, made a deep but somewhat awkward bow, and was dimly aware that a small soft hand was extended to him, and, in the next moment, was enclosed in his own broad and voluminous palm. He grasped it firmly, and, in one of those profound abstractions into which he was apt to fall when under the sway of a strong impression, pressed it with increasing cordiality, while he endeavored to find fitting answers to Arnfinn's multifarious questions.

"To tell the truth, Vording," he said, in a deep, full-ringing bass, "I didn't know that these were your cousin's barns—I mean that your uncle"—giving the unhappy hand an emphatic shake—"inhabited these barns."

"No, thank heaven, we are not quite reduced to that," cried Arnfinn gayly; "we still boast a parsonage, as you will presently discover, and a very bright and cozy one, to boot. But, whatever you do, have the goodness to release Augusta's hand. Don't you see how desperately she is struggling, poor thing?"

Strand dropped the hand as if it had been a hot coal, blushed to the edge of his hair, and made another profound reverence. He was a tall, huge-limbed youth, with a frame of gigantic mold, and a large, blonde, shaggy head, like that of some good natured antediluvian animal, which might feel the disadvantages of its size amid the puny beings of this later stage of creation. There was a frank directness in his gaze, and an unconsciousness of self, which made him very winning, and which could not fail of its effect upon a girl who, like Augusta, was fond of the uncommon, and hated smooth, facile and well-tailored young men, with the labels of society and fashion upon their coats, their mustaches, and their speech. And Strand, with his large sun-burned face, his wild-growing beard, blue woolen shirt, top boots, and unkempt appearance generally, was a sufficiently startling phenomenon to satisfy even so exacting a fancy as hers; for, after reading his book about the Wading Birds, she had made up her mind that he must have few points of resemblance to the men who had hitherto formed part of her own small world, although she had not until now decided just in what way he was to differ.

"Suppose I help you to carry your knapsack," said Arnfinn, who was flitting about like a small nimble spaniel trying to make friends with some large, good-natured Newfoundland. "You must be very tired, having roamed about so long in this Quixotic fashion!"

"No, I thank you," responded Strand, with an incredulous laugh, glancing alternately from Arnfinn to the knapsack, as if estimating their proportionate weight. "I am afraid you would rue your bargain if I accepted it."

"I suppose you have a great many stuffed birds at home," remarked the girl, looking with self-forgetful admiration at the large brawny figure.

"No, I have hardly any," answered he, seating himself on the ground, and pulling a thick note-book from his pocket. "I prefer live creatures. Their anatomical and physiological peculiarities have been studied by others, and volumes have been written about them. It is their psychological traits, if you will allow the expression, which interest me, and those I can only get at while they are alive."

"How delightful!"

Some minutes later they were all on their way to the Parsonage. The sun, in spite of its midsummer wakefulness, was getting red-

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eyed and drowsy, and the purple mists which hung in scattered fragments upon the forest below had lost something of their deep-tinged brilliancy. But Augusta, quite blind to the weakened light effects, looked out upon the broad landscape in ecstasy, and, appealing to her more apathetic companions, invited them to share her joy at the beauty of the faint-flushed summer night.

"You are getting quite dithyrambic, my dear," remarked Arnfinn, with an air of cousinly superiority, which he felt was eminently becoming to him; and Augusta looked up with quick surprise, then smiled in an absent way, and forgot what she had been saying. She had no suspicion but that her enthusiasm had been all for the sunset.

III.

In a life so outwardly barren and monotonous as Augusta's—a life in which the small external events were so firmly interwoven with the subtler threads of yearnings, wants, and desires—the introduction of so large and novel a fact as Marcus Strand would naturally produce some perceptible result. It was that deplorable inward restlessness of hers, she reasoned, which had hitherto made her existence seem so empty and unsatisfactory; but now his presence filled the hours, and the newness of his words, his manner, and his whole person afforded inexhaustible material for thought. It was now a week since his arrival, and while Arnfinn and Inga chatted at leisure, drew caricatures, or read aloud to each other in some shady nook of the garden, she and Strand would roam along the beach, filling the vast unclouded horizon with large glowing images of the future of the human race. He always listened in sympathetic silence while she unfolded to him her often childishly daring schemes for the amelioration of suffering and the righting of social wrongs; and when she had finished, and he met the earnest appeal of her dark eye, there would often be a pause, during which each, with a half unconscious lapse from the impersonal, would feel more keenly the joy of this new and delicious mental companionship. And when at length he answered, sometimes gently refuting and sometimes assenting to her proposition, it was always with a slow, deliberate earnestness, as if he felt but her deep sincerity, and forgot for the moment her sex, her youth, and her inexperience. It was just this kind of fellowship for which she had hungered so long, and her heart went out with a great gratitude toward this strong and generous man, who was willing to recognize her humanity, and to respond with an ever-ready frankness, unmixed with petty suspicions and second thoughts, to the eager needs of her half-starved nature. It is quite characteristic, too, of the type of womanhood which Augusta represents (and with which this broad continent of ours abounds), that, with her habitual disregard of appearances, she would have scorned the notion that their intercourse had any ultimate end beyond that of mutual pleasure and instruction.

It was early in the morning in the third week of Strand's stay at the Parsonage. A heavy dew had fallen during the night, and each tiny grass-blade glistened in the sun, bending under the weight of its liquid diamond. The birds were improvising a miniature symphony in the birches at the edge of the garden; the song-thrush warbled with a sweet melancholy his long-drawn contralto notes; the lark, like a prima donna, hovering conspicuously in mid air, poured forth her joyous soprano solo; and the robin, quite unmindful of the *tempo*, filled out the pauses with his thoughtless staccato chirp. Augusta, who was herself the early bird of the pastor's family, had paid a visit to the little bath-house down at the brook, and was now hurrying homeward, her heavy black hair confined in a delicate muslin hood, and her lithe form hastily wrapped in a loose morning gown. She had paused for a moment under the birches to listen to the song of the lark, when suddenly a low, half articulate sound, very unlike the voice of a bird, arrested her attention; she raised her eyes, and saw Strand sitting in the top of a tree, apparently conversing with himself, or with some tiny thing which he held in his hands.

"Ah, yes, you poor little sickly thing!" she heard him mutter. "Don't you make such an ado now. You shall soon be quite well, if you will only mind what I tell you. Stop, stop! Take it easy. It is all for your own good, you know. If you had only been prudent, and not stepped on your lame leg, you might have been spared this affliction. But, after all, it was not your fault—it was that foolish little mother of yours. She will remember now that a skein of hemp thread is not the thing to line her nest with. If she doesn't, you may tell her that it was I who said so."

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Augusta stood gazing on in mute astonishment; then, suddenly remembering her hasty toilet, she started to run; but, as chance would have it, a dry branch, which hung rather low, caught at her hood, and her hair fell in a black waving stream down over her shoulders. She gave a little cry, the tree shook violently, and Strand was at her side. She blushed crimson over neck and face, and, in her utter bewilderment, stood like a culprit before him, unable to move, unable to speak, and only returning with a silent bow his cordial greeting. It seemed to her that she had ungenerously intruded upon his privacy, watching him, while he thought himself unobserved. And Augusta was quite unskilled in those social accomplishments which enable young ladies to hide their inward emotion under a show of polite indifference, for, however hard she strove, she could not suppress a slight quivering of her lips, and her intense self-reproach made Strand's words fall dimly on her ears, and prevented her from gathering the meaning of what he was saying. He held in his hands a young bird with a yellow line along the edge of its bill (and there was something beautifully soft and tender in the way those large palms of his handled any living thing), and he looked pityingly at it while he spoke.

"The mother of this little linnet," he said, smiling, "did what many foolish young mothers are apt to do. She took upon her the responsibility of raising offspring without having acquired the necessary knowledge of housekeeping. So she lined her nest with hemp, and the consequence was, that her first-born got his legs entangled, and was obliged to remain in the nest long after his wings had reached their full development. I saw her feeding him about a week ago, and, as my curiosity prompted me to look into the case, I released the little cripple, cleansed the deep wound which the threads had cut in his flesh, and have since been watching him during his convalescence. Now he is quite in a fair way, but I had to apply some salve, and to cut off the feathers about the wound, and the little fool squirmed under the pain, and grew rebellious. Only notice this scar, if you please, Miss Oddson, and you may imagine what the poor thing must have suffered."

Augusta gave a start; she timidly raised her eyes, and saw Strand's grave gaze fixed upon her. She felt as if some intolerable spell had come over her, and, as her agitation increased, her power of speech seemed utterly to desert her.

"Ah, you have not been listening to me?" said Strand, in a tone of wondering inquiry. "Pardon me for presuming to believe that my little invalid could be as interesting to you as he is to me."

"Mr. Strand," stammered the girl, while the invisible tears came near choking her voice. "Mr. Strand—I didn't mean—really—"

She knew that if she said another word she should burst into tears. With a violent effort, she gathered up her wrapper, which somehow had got unbuttoned at the neck, and, with heedlessly hurrying steps, darted away toward the house.

Strand stood long looking after her, quite unmindful of his feathered patient, which flew chirping about him in the grass. Two hours later Arnfinn found him sitting under the birches with his hands clasped over the back of his head, and his surgical instruments scattered on the ground around him.

"*Corpo di Baccho*," exclaimed the student, stooping to pick up the precious tools; "have you been amputating your own head, or is it I who am dreaming?"

"Ah," murmured Strand, lifting a large, strange gaze upon his friend, "is it you?"

"Who else should it be? I come to call you to breakfast."

IV.

"I WONDER what is up between Strand and Augusta?" said Arnfinn to his cousin Inga. The questioner was lying in the grass at her feet, resting his chin on his palms, and gazing with roguishly tender eyes up into her fresh, blooming face; but Inga, who was reading aloud from "David Copperfield," and was deep in the matrimonial tribulations of that noble hero, only said "hush," and continued reading. Arnfinn, after a minute's silence, repeated his remark, whereupon his fair cousin wrenched the cane out of his hand, and held it threateningly over his head.

"Will you be a good boy and listen?" she exclaimed, playfully emphasizing each word with a light rap on his curly pate.

"Ouch! that hurts," cried Arnfinn, and dodged.

"It was meant to hurt," replied Inga, with mock severity, and returned to "Copperfield."

Presently the seed of a corn-flower struck the tip of her nose, and again the cane was lifted; but Dora's housekeeping experiences were too absorbingly interesting, and the blue eyes could not resist their fascination.

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"Cousin Inga," said Arnfinn, and this time with as near an approach to earnestness as he was capable of at that moment, "I do believe that Strand is in love with Augusta."

Inga dropped the book, and sent him what was meant to be a glance of severe rebuke, and then said, in her own amusingly emphatic way:

"I do wish you wouldn't joke with such things, Arnfinn."

"Joke! Indeed I'm not joking. I wish to heaven that I were. What a pity it is that she has taken such a dislike to him!"

"Dislike! Oh, you are a profound philosopher, you are! You think that because she avoids ——"

Here Inga abruptly clapped her hand over her mouth, and, with sudden change of voice and expression, said:

"I am silent as the grave."

"Yes, you are wonderfully discreet," cried Arnfinn, laughing, while the girl bit her under lip with an air of penitence and mortification which, in any other bosom than a cousin's, would have aroused compassion.

"Aha! *So steht's!*" he broke forth, with another burst of merriment; then, softened by the sight of a tear that was slowly gathering beneath her eyelashes, he checked his laughter, crept up to her side, and in a half-childishly coaxing, half-caressing tone, he whispered:

"Dear little cousin, indeed I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You are not angry with me, are you? And if you will only promise me not to tell, I have something here which I should like to show you."

He well knew that there was nothing which would sooner soothe Inga's wrath than confiding a secret to her; and while he was a boy, he had, in cases of sore need, invented secrets lest his life should be made miserable by the sense that she was displeased with him. In this instance her anger was not strong enough to resist the anticipation of a secret, probably relating to that little drama which had, during the last weeks, been in progress under her very eyes. With a resolute movement, she brushed her tears away, bent eagerly forward, and, in the next moment, her face was all expectancy and animation.

Arnfinn pulled a thick black note-book from his breast pocket, opened it in his lap, and read:

"August 3, 5 A. M.—My little invalid is doing finely; he seemed to relish much a few dozen flies which I brought him in my hand. His pulse is to-day, for the first time, normal. He is beginning to step on the injured leg without apparent pain.

"10 A. M.—Miss Augusta's eyes have a strange, lustrous depth, whenever she speaks of subjects which seem to agitate the depths of her being. How and why is it that an excessive amount of feeling always finds its first expression in the eye? One kind of emotion seems to widen the pupil, another kind to contract it. *To be noticed in future, how particular emotions affect the eye.*

"6 P. M.—I met a plover on the beach this afternoon. By imitating his cry, I induced him to come within a few feet of me. The plover, as his cry indicates, is a very melancholy bird. In fact I believe the melancholy temperament to be prevailing among the wading birds, as the phlegmatic among birds of prey. The singing birds are choleric or sanguine. Tease a thrush, or even a lark, and you will soon be convinced. A snipe, or plover, as far as my experience goes, seldom shows anger; you cannot tease them. *To be considered, how far the voice of a bird may be indicative of its temperament.*

"August 5, 9 P. M.—Since the unfortunate meeting yesterday morning, when my intense pre-occupation with my linnet, which had torn its wound open again, probably made me commit some breach of etiquette, Miss Augusta avoids me.

"August 7—I am in a most singular state. My pulse beats 85, which is a most unheard-of thing for me, as my pulse is naturally full and slow. And, strangely enough, I do not feel at all unwell. On the contrary, my physical functions seem to be more intensely active than ever. The life of a whole week is crowded into a day, and that of a day into an hour."

Inga, who, at several points of this narrative, had been struggling hard to preserve her gravity, here burst into a ringing laugh.

"That is what I call scientific love-making," said Arnfinn, looking up from the book with an expression of subdued amusement.

"But Arnfinn," cried the girl, while the laughter quickly died out of her face, "does Mr. Strand know that you are reading this?"

"To be sure he does. And that is just what to my mind makes the situation so excessively comical. He has himself no suspicion that this book contains anything but scientific notes. He appears to prefer the empiric method in love as in philosophy. I verily believe that he is innocently experi-

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menting with himself, with a view to making some great physiological discovery."

"And so he will, perhaps," rejoined the girl, the mixture of gayety and grave solicitude making her face, as her cousin thought, particularly charming.

"Only not a physiological, but possibly a psychological one," remarked Arnfinn. "But listen to this. Here is something rich:

"'August 9.—Miss Augusta once said something about the possibility of animals being immortal. Her eyes shone with a beautiful animation as she spoke. I am longing to continue the subject with her. It haunts me the whole day long. There may be more in the idea than appears to a superficial observer.'"

"Oh, how charmingly he understands how to deceive himself," cried Inga.

"Merely a *quid pro quo*," said Arnfinn.

"I know what I shall do!"

"And so do I."

"Won't you tell me, please?"

"No."

"Then I sha'n't tell you either."

And they flew apart like two thoughtless little birds ("sanguine," as Strand would have called them), each to ponder on some formidable plot for the reconciliation of the estranged lovers.

V.

During the week that ensued, the multifarious sub-currents of Strand's passion seemed slowly to gather themselves into one clearly defined stream, and, after much scientific speculation, he came to the conclusion that he loved Augusta. In a moment of extreme discouragement, he made a clean breast of it to Arnfinn, at the same time informing him that he had packed his knapsack, and would start on his wanderings again the next morning. All his friend's entreaties were in vain; he would and must go. Strand was an exasperatingly headstrong fellow, and persuasions never prevailed with him. He had confirmed himself in the belief that he was very unattractive to women, and that Augusta, of all women, for some reason which was not quite clear to him, hated and abhorred him. Inexperienced as he was, he could see no reason why she should avoid him, if she did not hate him. They sat talking together until midnight, each entangling himself in those passionate paradoxes and contradictions peculiar to passionate and impulsive youth. Strand paced the floor with large steps, pouring out his long pent-up emotion in violent tirades of self-accusation and regret; while Arnfinn sat on the bed, trying to soothe his excitement by assuring him that he was not such a monster as, for the moment, he had believed himself to be, but only succeeding, in spite of all his efforts, in pouring oil on the flames. Strand was scientifically convinced that Nature, in accordance with some inscrutable law of equilibrium, had found it necessary to make him physically unattractive, perhaps to indemnify mankind for that excess of intellectual gifts which, at the expense of the race at large, she had bestowed upon him.

Early the next morning, as a kind of etherealized sunshine broke through the white muslin curtains of Arnfinn's room, and long streaks of sun-illumined dust stole through the air toward the sleeper's pillow, there was a sharp rap at the door, and Strand entered. His knapsack was strapped over his shoulders, his long staff was in his hand, and there was an expression of conscious martyrdom in his features. Arnfinn raised himself on his elbows, and rubbed his eyes with a desperate determination to get awake, but only succeeded in gaining a very dim impression of a beard, a blue woolen shirt, and a disproportionately large shoe-buckle. The figure advanced to the bed, extended a broad, sunburnt hand, and a deep bass voice was heard to say:

"Good-bye, brother."

Arnfinn, who was a hard sleeper, gave another rub, and, in a querulously sleepy tone, managed to mutter:

"Why,—is it as late as that—already?"

The words of parting were more remotely repeated, the hand closed about Arnfinn's half-unfeeling fingers, the lock on the door gave a little sharp click, and all was still. But the sunshine drove the dust in a dumb, confused dance through the room.

Some four hours later, Arnfinn woke up with a vague feeling as if some great calamity had happened; he was not sure but that he had slept a fortnight or more. He dressed with a sleepy, reckless haste, being but dimly conscious of the logic of the various processes of ablution which he underwent. He hurried up to Strand's room, but, as he had expected, found it empty.

During all the afternoon, the reading of "David Copperfield" was interrupted by frequent mutual condolences, and at times Inga's hand would steal up to her eye to brush away a treacherous tear. But then she only read the faster, and David and

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Agnes were already safe in the haven of matrimony before either she or Arnfinn was aware that they had struggled successfully through the perilous reefs and quicksands of courtship.

Augusta excused herself from supper, Inga's forced devices at merriment were too transparent, Arnfinn's table-talk was of a rambling, incoherent sort, and he answered dreadfully malapropos, if a chance word was addressed to him, and even the good-natured pastor began, at last, to grumble; for the inmates of the Gran Parsonage seemed to have but one life and one soul in common, and any individual disturbance immediately disturbed the peace and happiness of the whole household. Now gloom had, in some unaccountable fashion, obscured the common atmosphere. Inga shook her small wise head, and tried to extract some little consolation from the consciousness that she knew at least some things which Arnfinn did not know, and which it would be very unsafe to confide to him.

VI.

FOUR weeks after Strand's departure, as the summer had already assumed that tinge of sadness which impresses one as a foreboding of coming death, Augusta was walking along the beach, watching the flight of the sea-birds. Her latest "aberration," as Arnfinn called it, was an extraordinary interest in the habits of the eider-ducks, auks, and sea-gulls, the noisy monotony of whose existence had, but a few months ago, appeared to her the symbol of all that was vulgar and coarse in human and animal life. Now she had even provided herself with a note-book, and (to use once more the language of her unbelieving cousin) affected a half-scientific interest in their clamorous pursuits. She had made many vain attempts to imitate their voices and to beguile them into closer intimacy, and had found it hard at times to suppress her indignation when they persisted in viewing her in the light of an intruder, and in returning her amiable approaches with shy suspicion, as if they doubted the sincerity of her intentions.

She was a little paler now, perhaps, than before, but her eyes had still the same lustrous depth, and the same sweet serenity was still diffused over her features, and softened, like a pervading tinge of warm color, the grand simplicity of her presence. She sat down on a large rock, picked up a curiously twisted shell, and seeing a plover wading in the surf, gave a soft, low whistle, which made the bird turn round and gaze at her with startled distrust. She repeated the call, but perhaps a little too eagerly, and the bird spread its wings with a frightened cry, and skimmed, half flying, half running, out over the glittering surface of the fjord. But from the rocks close by came a long melancholy whistle like that of a bird in distress, and the girl rose and hastened with eager steps toward the spot. She climbed up on a stone, fringed all around with green slimy sea-weeds, in order to gain a wider view of the beach. Then suddenly some huge figure started up between the rocks at her feet; she gave a little scream, her foot slipped, and in the next moment she lay—in Strand's arms. He offered no apology, but silently carried her over the slippery stones, and deposited her tenderly upon the smooth white sand. There it occurred to her that his attention was quite needless, but at the moment she was too startled to make any remonstrance.

"But how in the world, Mr. Strand, did you come here?" she managed at last to stammer. "We all thought that you had gone away."

"I hardly know myself," said Strand, in a beseeching undertone, quite different from his usual confident bass. "I only know that—that I was very wretched, and that I had to come back."

Then there was a pause, which to both seemed quite interminable, and, in order to fill it out in some way, Strand began to move his head and arms uneasily, and at length seated himself at Augusta's side. The blood was beating with feverish vehemence in her temples, and for the first time in her life she felt something akin to pity for this large, strong man, whose strength and cheerful self-reliance had hitherto seemed to raise him above the need of a woman's aid and sympathy. Now the very shabbiness of his appearance, and the look of appealing misery in his features, opened in her bosom the gate through which compassion could enter, and, with that generous self-forgetfulness which was the chief factor of her character, she leaned over toward him, and said:

"You must have been very sick, Mr. Strand. Why did you not come to us and allow us to take care of you, instead of roaming about here in this stony wilderness?"

"Yes; I have been sick," cried Strand with sudden vehemence, seizing her hand; "but it is a sickness of which I shall never, never be healed."

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And with that world-old eloquence which is yet ever new, he poured forth his passionate confession in her ear, and she listened, hungrily at first, then with serene, wide-eyed happiness. He told her how, driven by his inward restlessness, he had wandered about in the mountains, until one evening, at a saëter, he had heard a peasant lad singing a song, in which this stanza occurred:

> A woman's frown, a woman's smile,
> Nor hate nor fondness prove;
> For maidens smile on him they hate,
> And fly from him they love.

Then it had occurred to him for the first time in his life that a woman's behavior need not be the logical indicator of her deepest feelings, and, enriched with this joyful discovery, inspired with new hope, he had returned, but had not dared at once to seek the Parsonage, until he could invent some plausible reason for his return; but his imagination was very poor, and he had found none, except that he loved the pastor's beautiful daughter.

The evening wore on. The broad mountain-guarded valley, flooded now to the brim with a soft misty light, spread out about them, and filled them with a delicious sense of security. The fjord lifted its grave gaze toward the sky, and deepened responsively with a bright, ever-receding immensity. The young girl felt this blessed peace gently stealing over her; doubt and struggle were all past, and the sun shone ever serene and unobscured upon the widening expanses of the future. And in his breast, too, that mood reigned in which life looks boundless and radiant, human woes small or impossible, and one's own self large and all-conquering. In that hour they remodeled this old and obstinate world of ours, never doubting that, if each united his faith and strength with the other's, they could together lift its burden.

That night was the happiest and most memorable night in the history of the Gran Parsonage. The pastor walked up and down on the floor, rubbing his hands in quiet contentment. Inga, to whom an engagement was essentially a solemn affair, sat in a corner and gazed at her sister and Strand with tearful radiance. Arnfinn gave vent to his joy by bestowing embraces promiscuously upon whomsoever chanced to come in his way.

This story, however, has a brief but not unimportant sequel. It was not many weeks after this happy evening that Arnfinn and the maiden with the "amusingly unclassical nose" presented themselves in the pastor's study and asked for his paternal and unofficial blessing. But the pastor, I am told, grew very wroth, and demanded that his nephew should first take his second and third degrees, attaching, besides, some very odious stipulations regarding average in study and college standing, before there could be any talk about engagement or matrimony. So, at present, Arnfinn is still studying, and the fair-haired Inga is still waiting.

A PORTRAIT.

A FAIR, pale face, most delicately wrought
In feature, and in those more subtle lines
Which trace our inner story to the eye
That hath the power to read A gentle mien
Of courteous gravity, through which there plays
The quick illumination of a wit
Subdued to charity. Shadowy eyes,
With something timorous in their depths, as they
Had looked on Death, nor ever from their sight
Could that dread presence totally depart.
A voice so sweet, silence seems harsh beside
Its intermitted measure, and a soul
As sweetly pure; so to the listener's ear
The sound and sense one self-same music make.
Yet ever in that melody there thrills
A low vibration of unspoken pain,
Like the wind's sigh through bending cypresses,—
The memory of hopes that glow no more
Save in the firmament of God's Hereafter.

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GABRIEL CONROY.*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FOOT-PRINTS GROW FAINTER.

IT was Philip Ashley! Philip Ashley—faded, travel-worn, hollow-eyed, but nervously energetic and eager. Philip, who four days before had left Grace the guest of a hospitable trapper's half-breed family, in the California Valley. Philip—gloomy, discontented, hateful of the quest he had undertaken, but still fulfilling his promise to Grace, and the savage dictates of his own conscience. It was Philip Ashley, who now, standing beside the hut, turned half cynically, half indifferently, toward the party.

The surgeon was first to discover him. He darted forward with a cry of recognition, "Poinsett! Arthur!—what are you doing here?"

Ashley's face flushed crimson at the sight of the stranger. "Hush," he said, almost involuntarily. He glanced rapidly around the group and then in some embarrassment replied with awkward literalness, "I left my horse with the others at the entrance of the cañon!"

"I see," said the surgeon briskly, "you have come with relief like ourselves; but you are too late! too late!"

"Too late?" echoed Ashley.

"Yes, they are all dead or gone!"

A singular expression crossed Ashley's face. It was unnoticed by the surgeon, who was whispering to Blunt. Presently he came forward.

"Captain Blunt, this is Lieutenant Poinsett of the Fifth Infantry, an old messmate of mine, whom I have not met before for two years. He is here, like ourselves, on an errand of mercy. It is like him!"

The unmistakable air of high breeding and intelligence which distinguished Philip always, and the cordial endorsement of the young surgeon, prepossessed the party instantly in his favor. With that recognition, something of his singular embarrassment dropped away.

"Who are these people?" he ventured at last to say.

"Their names are on this paper, which we found nailed to a tree. Of course, with no survivor present, we are unable to identify them all. The hut occupied by Dr. Devarges, whose body buried in the snow we have identified by his clothing, and the young girl Grace Conroy and her child-sister, are the only ones we are positive about."

Philip looked at the Doctor.

"How have you identified the young girl?"

"By her clothing, which was marked."

Philip remembered that Grace had changed her clothes for the suit of a younger brother who was dead.

"Only by that?" he asked.

"No. Dr. Devarges in his papers gives the names of the occupants of the hut. We have accounted for all but her brother, and a fellow by the name of Ashley."

"How do you account for them?" asked Philip, with a dark face.

"Ran away! What can you expect from that class of people?" said the surgeon, with a contemptuous shrug.

"What class? asked Philip, almost savagely.

"My dear boy," said the surgeon, "you know them as well as I. Didn't they always pass the Fort where we were stationed? Didn't they beg what they could, and steal what they otherwise couldn't get, and then report to Washington the incompetency of the military? Weren't they always getting up rows with the Indians, and then sneaking away to let us settle the bill? Don't you remember them—the men gaunt, sickly, vulgar, low-toned; the women dirty, snuffy, prematurely old and prematurely prolific?"

Philip tried to combat this picture with his recollection of Grace's youthful features, but somehow failed. Within the last half hour his instinctive fastidiousness had increased a hundred fold. He looked at the Doctor and said "Yes."

"Of course," said the surgeon. "It was the old lot. What could you expect? People who could be strong only in proportion to their physical strength, and losing everything with the loss of that? There has been selfishness, cruelty—God knows—perhaps murder done here!"

"Yes, yes," said Philip, hastily; "but

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you were speaking of this girl, Grace Conroy; what do you know of her?"

"Nothing, except that she was found lying there dead with her name on her clothes and her sister's blanket in her arms, as if the wretches had stolen the dying child from the dead girl's arms. But you, Arthur, how chanced you to be here in this vicinity? Are you stationed here?"

"No, I have resigned from the army."

"Good! and you are here—"

"Alone!"

"Come, we will talk this over as we return. You will help me make out my report. This, you know, is an official inquiry based upon the alleged clairvoyant quality of our friend Blunt. I must say we have established that fact, if we have been able to do nothing more."

The surgeon then lightly sketched an account of the expedition, from its inception in a dream of Blunt (who was distinctly impressed with the fact that a number of emigrants were perishing from hunger in the Sierras) to his meeting with Philip, with such deftness of cynical humor and playful satire—qualities that had lightened the weariness of the mess-table of Fort Bobadil—that the young men were both presently laughing. Two or three of the party who had been engaged in laying out the unburied bodies, and talking in whispers, hearing these fine gentlemen make light of the calamity in well-chosen epithets, were somewhat ashamed of their own awe, and less elegantly, and I fear less grammatically, began to be jocose too. Whereat the fastidious Philip frowned, the surgeon laughed, and the two friends returned to the entrance of the cañon, and thence rode out of the valley together.

Philip's reticence regarding his own immediate past was too characteristic to excite any suspicion or surprise in the mind of his friend. In truth, the Doctor was too well pleased with his presence, and the undoubted support which he should have in Philip's sympathetic tastes and congenial habits, to think of much else. He was proud of his friend—proud of the impression he had made among the rude unlettered men with whom he was forced by the conditions of frontier democracy to associate on terms of equality. And Philip, though young, was accustomed to have his friends proud of him. Indeed, he always felt some complacency with himself that he seldom took advantage of this fact. Satisfied that he might have confided to the Doctor the truth of his connection with the ill-fated party, and his flight with Grace, and that the Doctor would probably have regarded him as a hero, he felt less compunction at his suppression of the fact.

Their way lay by Monument Point and the dismantled cairn. Philip had already passed it on his way to the cañon, and had felt a thankfulness for the unexpected tragedy that had, as he believed, conscientiously relieved him of a duty to the departed naturalist, yet he could not forego a question.

"Is there anything among these papers and collections worth our preserving?" he asked the surgeon.

The Doctor, who had not for many months had an opportunity to air his general skepticism, was nothing if not derogatory.

"No," he answered shortly. "If there were any way that we might restore them to the living Dr. Devarges, they might minister to his vanity, and please the poor fellow. I see nothing in them that should make them worthy to survive him."

The tone was so like Dr. Devarges' own manner as Philip remembered it, that he smiled grimly and felt relieved. When they reached the spot Nature seemed to have already taken the same cynical view; the metallic case was already deeply sunken in the snow, the wind had scattered the papers far and wide, and even the cairn itself had tumbled into a shapeless, meaningless ruin.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH THE FOOT-PRINTS ARE LOST FOREVER.

A FERVID May sun had been baking the adobe walls of the *Presidio* of San Ramon, firing the red tiles, scorching the black courtyard, and driving the mules and vaqueros of a train that had just arrived, into the shade of the long galleries of the quadrangle, when the *Comandante*, who was taking his noonday *siesta* in a low studded chamber beside the guard-room, was gently awakened by his secretary. For thirty years the noonday slumbers of the Commander had never been broken; his first thought was the heathen!—his first impulse, to reach for his trusty Toledo. But, as it so happened, the cook had borrowed it that morning to rake *tortillas* from the Presidio oven, and Don Juan Salvatierra contented himself with sternly demanding the reason for this unwonted intrusion.

"A senorita—an American—desires an immediate audience."

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Don Juan removed the black silk handkerchief which he had tied around his grizzled brows, and sat up. Before he could assume a more formal attitude, the door was timidly opened, and a young girl entered.

For all the disfigurement of scant, coarse, ill-fitting clothing, or the hollowness of her sweet eyes, and even the tears that dimmed their long lashes; for all the sorrow that had pinched her young cheek and straightened the corners of her child-like mouth, she was still so fair, so frank, so youthful, so innocent and helpless, that the *Comandante* stood erect and then bent forward in a salutation that almost swept the floor.

Apparently the prepossession was mutual. The young girl took a quick survey of the gaunt but gentleman-like figure before her, cast a rapid glance at the serious but kindly eyes that shone above the Commander's iron-gray mustachios, dropped her hesitating, timid manner, and, with an impulsive gesture and a little cry, ran forward and fell upon her knees at his feet.

The Commander would have raised her gently, but she restrained his hand.

"No, no, listen! I am only a poor, poor girl, without friends or home. A month ago I left my family starving in the mountains, and came away to get them help. My brother came with me. God was good to us, Señor, and after a weary tramp of many days we found a trapper's hut, and food and shelter. Philip, my brother, went back alone to succor them. He has not returned. O sir, he may be dead; they all may be dead —God only knows! It is three weeks ago since he left me, three weeks! It is a long time to be alone, Señor, a stranger in a strange land. The trapper was kind and sent me here to you for assistance. You will help me? I know you will. You will find them, my friends, my little sister, my brother!"

The Commander waited until she had finished, and then gently lifted her to a seat by his side. Then he turned to his secretary, who, with a few hurried words in Spanish, answered the mute inquiry of the Commander's eyes. The young girl felt a thrill of disappointment as she saw that her personal appeal had been lost and unintelligible; it was with a slight touch of defiance that was new to her nature that she turned to the secretary, who advanced as interpreter.

"You are an American?"

"Yes," said the girl, curtly, who had taken one of the strange, swift, instinctive of her sex, to the man.

"How many years?"

"Fifteen."

The Commander, almost unconsciously, laid his brown hand on her clustering curls.

"Name?"

She hesitated and looked at the Commander.

"Grace," she said.

Then she hesitated; and, with a defiant glance at the secretary, added:

"Grace Ashley!"

"Give to me the names of some of your company, Mees Graziashly?"

Grace hesitated.

"Philip Ashley, Gabriel Conroy, Peter Dumphy, Mrs. Jane Dumphy," she said at last.

The secretary opened a desk, took out a printed document, unfolded it, and glanced over its contents. Presently he handed it to the Commander with the comment "*Bueno*." The Commander said "*Bueno*" also, and glanced kindly and re-assuringly at Grace.

"An expedition from the upper *Presidio* has found traces of a party of Americans in the Sierra," said the secretary, monotonously. "There are names like these."

"It is the same—it is our party!" said Grace, joyously.

"You say so?" said the secretary, cautiously.

"Yes," said Grace, defiantly.

The secretary glanced at the paper again, and then said, looking at Grace intently:

"There is no name of Mees Graziashly."

The hot blood suddenly dyed the cheek of Grace and her eyelids dropped. She raised her eyes imploringly to the Commander. If she could have reached him directly, she would have thrown herself at his feet and confessed her innocent deceit, but she shrank from a confidence that first filtered through the consciousness of the secretary. So she began to fence feebly with the issue.

"It is a mistake," she said. "But the name of Philip, my brother, is there?"

"The name of Philip Ashley is here," said the secretary, grimly.

"And he is alive and safe!" cried Grace, forgetting in her relief and joy, her previous shame and mortification.

"He is not found," said the secretary.

"Not found?" said Grace, with widely opened eyes.

"He is not there."

"No, of course," said Grace, with a

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nervous, hysterical laugh; "he was with me; but he came back—he returned."

"On the 30th of April there is no record of the finding of Philip Ashley."

Grace groaned and clasped her hands. In her greater anxiety now, all lesser fears were forgotten. She turned and threw herself before the Commander.

"O, forgive me, Señor, but I swear to you I meant no harm! Philip is not my brother, but a friend, so kind, so good. He asked me to take his name, poor boy, God knows if he will ever claim it again, and I did. My name is not Ashley. I know not what is in that paper, but it must tell of my brother Gabriel, my sister, of all! O, Señor, are they living or dead? Answer me you must, for—I am—I am Grace Conroy!"

The secretary had refolded the paper. He opened it again, glanced over it, fixed his eyes upon Grace, and, pointing to a paragraph, handed it to the Commander. The two men exchanged glances, the Commander coughed, rose, and averted his face from the beseeching eyes of Grace. A sudden death-like chill ran through her limbs as, at a word from the Commander, the secretary rose and placed the paper in her hands.

Grace took it with trembling fingers. It seemed to be a proclamation in Spanish.

"I cannot read it," she said, stamping her little foot with passionate vehemence. "Tell me what it says."

At a sign from the Commander, the secretary opened the paper and arose. The Commander, with his face averted, looked through the open window. The light, streaming through its deep, tunnel-like embrasure, fell upon the central figure of Grace, with her shapely head slightly bent forward, her lips apart, and her eager, passionate eyes fixed upon the Commander. The secretary cleared his throat in a perfunctory manner; and, with the conscious pride of an irreproachable linguist, began:

"NOTICE.

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE COMANDANTE OF THE PRESIDIO OF SAN FELIPE.

"I have the honor to report that the expedicion sent out to relieve certain distressed emigrants in the fastnesses of the Sierra Nevadas, said expedicion being sent on the information of Don Jose Bluent of San Geronimo, found in a cañon east of the Canada del Diablo the evidences of the recent existence of such emigrants buried in the snow, and the melancholy and deeply to be deplored record of their sufferings, abandonment, and death. A written record preserved by these miserable and most infelicitous ones gives the names and history of their organization, known as 'Captain Conroy's Party,' a copy of which is annexed below.

"The remains of five of these unfortunates were recovered from the snow, but it was impossible to identify but two, who were buried with sacred and reverential rites.

"Our soldiers behaved with that gallantry, coolness, patriotism, inflexible hardihood, and high principled devotion which ever animate the swelling heart of the Mexican warrior. Nor can too much praise be given to the voluntary efforts of one Don Arthur Poinsett, late Lieutenant of the Army of the United States of America, who, though himself a voyager and stranger, assisted our commander in the efforts of humanity.

"The wretched dead appeared to have expired from hunger, although one was evidently a victim—"

The tongue of the translator hesitated a moment, and then with an air of proud superiority to the difficulties of the English language, he resumed—

"A victim to fly poison. It is to be regretted that among the victims was the famous Doctor Paul Devarges, a Natural, and collector of the stuffed Bird and Beast, a name most illustrious in science."

The secretary paused, his voice dropped its pretentious pitch, he lifted his eyes from the paper, and fixing them on Grace, repeated deliberately:

"The bodies who were identified were those of Paul Devarges and Grace Conroy."

"Oh, no! no!" said Grace, clasping her hands wildly; "it is a mistake! You are trying to frighten me, a poor, helpless, friendless girl! You are punishing me, gentlemen, because you know I have done wrong, because you think I have lied! Oh, have pity, gentlemen. My God—save me—Philip!"

And with a loud, despairing cry, she rose to her feet, caught at the clustering tendrils of her hair, raised her little hands, palms upward, high in air, and then sank perpendicularly as if crushed and beaten flat, a pale and senseless heap upon the floor.

The Commander stooped over the prostrate girl. "Send Manuela here," he said quickly, waving aside the proffered aid of the secretary, with an impatient gesture quite unlike his usual gravity, as he lifted the unconscious Grace in his arms.

An Indian waiting woman hurriedly appeared, and assisted the Commander to lay the fainting girl upon a couch.

"Poor child!" said the Commander, as Manuela, bending over Grace, unloosed her garments with sympathetic feminine hands. "Poor little one, and without a father!"

"Poor woman!" said Manuela to herself, half aloud; "and without a husband!"

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CHAPTER X.

ONE HORSE GULCH.

It was a season of unexampled prosperity in One Horse Gulch. Even the despondent original locator, who, in a fit of depressed alcoholism, had given it that infelicitous title, would have admitted its injustice but that he fell a victim to the "craftily qualified" cups of San Francisco long before the Gulch had become prosperous. "Hed Jim struck to straight whisky he might hev got his pile outer the very ledge whar his cabin stood," said a local critic. But Jim did not; after taking a thousand dollars from his claim he had flown to San Francisco, where, gorgeously arrayed, he had flitted from champagne to cognac, and from gin to lager beer, until he brought his gilded and ephemeral existence to a close in the county hospital.

Howbeit, One Horse Gulch survived not only its godfather, but the baleful promise of its unhallowed christening. It had its Hotel and its Temperance House, its Express office, its saloons, its two squares of low wooden buildings in the main street, its clustering nests of cabins on the hill-sides, its freshly hewn stumps and its lately cleared lots. Young in years, it still had its memories, experiences, and antiquities. The first tent pitched by Jim White was still standing, the bullet holes were yet to be seen in the shutters of the Cachucha saloon, where the great fight took place between Boston Joe, Harry Worth, and Thompson of Angel's; from the upper loft of Watson's "Emporium" a beam still projected from which a year ago a noted citizen had been suspended, after an informal inquiry into the ownership of some mules that he was found possessed of. Near it was a small unpretentious square shed, where the famous caucus had met that had selected the delegates who chose the celebrated and Honorable Blank to represent California in the councils of the nation.

It was raining. Not in the usual direct, honest, perpendicular fashion of that mountain region, but only suggestively, and in a vague, uncertain sort of way, as if it might at any time prove to be fog or mist, and any money wagered upon it would be hazardous. It was raining as much from below as above, and the lower limbs of the loungers who gathered around the square box stove that stood in Briggs's warehouse, exhaled a cloud of steam. The loungers in Briggs's were those who from deficiency of taste or the requisite capital avoided the gambling and drinking saloons, and quietly appropriated crackers from the convenient barrel of the generous Briggs, or filled their pipes from his open tobacco canisters, with the general suggestion in their manner that their company fully compensated for any waste of his material.

They had been smoking silently—a silence only broken by the occasional hiss of expectoration against the hot stove, when the door of a back room opened softly, and Gabriel Conroy entered.

"How is he gettin' on, Gabe?" asked one of the loungers.

"So, so," said Gabriel. "You'll want to shift those bandages agin," he said, turning to Briggs, "afore the doctor comes. I'd come back in an hour, but I've got to drop in and see how Steve's gettin' on, and it's a matter of two miles from home."

"But he says he won't let anybody tech him but you," said Mr. Briggs.

"I know he *says* so," said Gabriel soothingly, "but he'll get over that. That's what Stimson sed when he was took worse, but he got over that, and I never got to see him except in time to lay him out."

The justice of this was admitted even by Briggs, although evidently disappointed. Gabriel was walking to the door, when another voice from the stove stopped him.

"Oh, Gabe! you mind that emigrant family with the sick baby camped down the gulch? Well, the baby up and died last night."

"I want to know," said Gabriel, with thoughtful gravity.

"Yes, and that woman's in a heap of trouble. Couldn't you kinder drop in in passing and look after things?"

"I will," said Gabriel thoughtfully.

"I thought you'd like to know it, and I thought she'd like me to tell you," said the speaker, settling himself back again over the stove with the air of a man who had just fulfilled, at great personal sacrifice and labor, a work of supererogation.

"You're always thoughtful of other folks, Johnson," said Briggs admiringly.

"Well, yes," said Johnson, with a modest serenity, "I allers allow that men in Californy ought to think of others besides themselves. A little keer and a little *sabe* on my part, and there's that family in the gulch made comfortable with Gabe around 'em."

Meanwhile this homely inciter of the unselfish virtues of One Horse Gulch had passed out into the rain and darkness. So

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conscientiously did he fulfill his various obligations, that it was nearly one o'clock before he reached his rude hut on the hill-side, a rough cabin of pine logs, so unpretentious and wild in exterior as to be but a slight improvement on nature. The vines clambered unrestrainedly over the bark-thatched roof; the birds occupied the crevices of the walls, the squirrel ate his acorns on the ridge-pole without fear and without reproach.

Softly drawing the wooden peg that served as a bolt, Gabriel entered with that noiselessness and caution that was habitual to him. Lighting a candle by the embers of a dying fire, he carefully looked around him. The cabin was divided into two compartments by the aid of a canvas stretched between the walls, with a flap for the doorway. On a pine table lay several garments apparently belonging to a girl of seven or eight—a frock grievously rent and torn, a frayed petticoat of white flannel already patched with material taken from a red shirt, and a pair of stockings so excessively and sincerely darned, as to have lost nearly all of their original fabric in repeated bits of relief that covered almost the entire structure. Gabriel looked at these articles ruefully, and, slowly picking them up, examined each with the greatest gravity and concern. Then he took off his coat and boots, and having in this way settled himself into an easy dishabille, he took a box from the shelf, and proceeded to lay out thread and needles, when he was interrupted by a child's voice from behind the canvas screen.

"Is that you, Gabe?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Gabe, I got tired and went to bed."

"I see you did," said Gabriel dryly, picking up a needle and thread that had apparently been abandoned after a slight excursion into the neighborhood of a rent and left hopelessly sticking in the petticoat.

"Yes, Gabe; they're so awfully old!"

"Old!" repeated Gabe reproachfully. "Old! Lettin' on a little wear and tear, they're as good as they ever were. That petticoat is stronger," said Gabriel, holding up the garment and eying the patches with a slight glow of artistic pride—"stronger, Olly, than the first day you put it on."

"But that's five years ago, Gabe."

"Well," said Gabriel, turning round and addressing himself impatiently to the screen, "Wot if it is—"

"And I've growed."

"Growed!" said Gabriel scornfully. "And haven't I let out the tucks, and didn't I put three fingers of the best sacking around the waist? You'll just ruin me in clothes."

Olly laughed from behind the screen. Finding, however, no response from the grim worker, presently there appeared a curly head at the flap, and then a slim little girl, in the scantiest of nightgowns, ran, and began to nestle at his side, and to endeavor to inwrap herself in his waistcoat.

"Oh, go 'way!" said Gabriel with a severe voice and the most shameless signs of relenting in his face. "Go away! What do you care? Here I might slave myself to death to dress you in silks and satins, and you'd dip into the first ditch or waltz through the first underbrush that you kem across. You haven't got no *sabe* in dress, Olly. It ain't ten days ago as I iron-bound and copper-fastened that dress, so to speak, and look at it now! Olly, look at it now!" And he held it up indignantly before the maiden.

Olly placed the top of her head against the breast of her brother as a *point d' appui*, and began to revolve around him, as if she wished to bore a way into his inmost feelings.

"Oh, you ain't mad, Gabe!" she said, leaping first over one knee and then over the other without lifting her head. "You ain't mad!"

Gabriel did not deign to reply, but continued mending the frayed petticoat in dignified silence.

"Who did you see down town?" said Olly, not at all rebuffed.

"No one," said Gabriel, shortly.

"You did! You smell of linnyments and peppermint," said Olly, with a positive shake of the head. "You've been to Briggs' and the new family up the gulch."

"Yes," said Gabriel, "that Mexican's legs is better, but the baby's dead. Jest remind me, to-morrow, to look through mother's things for suthin' for that poor woman."

"Gabe, do you know what Mrs. Markle says of you?" said Olly, suddenly raising her head.

"No," replied Gabriel, with an affectation of indifference that, like all his affectations, was a perfect failure.

"She says," said Olly, "that you want to be looked after yourself more'n all these people. She says you're just throwing yourself away on other folks. She says I ought to have a woman to look after me."

Gabriel stopped his work, laid down the petticoat, and taking the curly head of Olly between his knees, with one hand beneath her chin and the other on top of her head,

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turned her mischievous face toward his. "Olly, he said seriously, "when I got you outer the snow at Starvation Camp; when I toted you on my back for miles till we got into the valley; when we lay by thar for two weeks, and me a felling trees and picking up provisions here and thar, in the wood or the river, wharever thar was bird or fish, I reckon you got along as well—I won't say better—ez if you had a woman to look arter you. When at last we kem here to this camp, and I built this yer house, I don't think any woman could hev done better. If they could, I'm wrong, and Mrs. Markle's right."

Olly began to be uncomfortable. Then the quick instincts of her sex came to her relief, and she archly assumed the aggressive.

"I think Mrs. Markle likes you, Gabe."

Gabriel looked down at the little figure in alarm. There are some subjects whereof the youngest of womankind has an instinctive knowledge that makes the wisest of us tremble.

"Go to bed, Olly," said the cowardly Gabriel.

But Olly wanted to sit up, so she changed the subject.

"The Mexican you're tendin' isn't a Mexican, he's a Chileno; Mrs. Markle says so."

"Maybe; it's all the same. *I* call him a Mexican. He talks too straight, anyway," said Gabriel, indifferently.

"Did he ask you any more questions about—about old times?" continued the girl.

"Yes; he wanted to know everything that happened in Starvation Camp. He was reg'larly took with poor Gracey; asked a heap o' questions about her—how she acted, and seemed to feel as bad as we did about never hearing anything from her. I never met a man, Olly, afore, as seemed to take such an interest in other folk's sorrers as he did. You'd have tho't he'd been one of the party. And he made me tell him all about Dr. Devarges."

"And Philip?" queried Olly.

"No," said Gabriel, somewhat curtly.

"Gabriel," said Olly suddenly, "I wish you didn't talk so to people about those days."

"Why?" asked Gabriel, wonderingly.

"Because it ain't good to talk about. Gabriel, dear," she continued, with a slight quivering of the upper lip, "sometimes I think the people round yer look upon us sorter queer. That little boy that came here with the emigrant family wouldn't play with me, and Mrs. Markle's little girl said that we did dreadful things up there in the snow. He said I was a cannon-ball."

"A what?" asked Gabriel.

"A cannon-ball! He said that you and I"——

"Hush," interrupted Gabriel, sternly, as an angry flush came into his sunburned cheek, "I'll jest bust that boy if I see him round yer agin."

"But, Gabriel," persisted Olly, "nobody"—

"Will you go to bed, Olly, and not catch your death yer on this cold floor asking ornery and perfectly ridickulus questions?" said Gabriel, briskly, lifting her to her feet. "Thet Markle girl ain't got no sense anyway—she's allers leading you round in ditches, ruinin' your best clothes, and keepin' me up half the night mendin' on 'em."

Thus admonished, Olly retreated behind the canvas screen, and Gabriel resumed his needle and thread. But the thread became entangled, and was often snappishly broken, and Gabriel sewed imaginary, vindictive stitches in the imaginary calves of an imaginary youthful emigrant until Olly's voice again broke the silence.

"O, Gabe!"

"Yes," said Gabriel, putting down his work despairingly.

"Do you think—that Philip—ate Grace?"

Gabriel rose swiftly, and disappeared behind the screen. As he did so, the door softly opened, and a man stepped into the cabin. The new-comer cast a rapid glance around the dimly lighted room, and then remained motionless in the door-way. From behind the screen came the sound of voices. The stranger hesitated, and then uttered a slight cough.

In an instant Gabriel re-appeared. The look of angry concern at the intrusion turned to one of absolute stupefaction as he examined the stranger more attentively. The new-comer smiled faintly, yet politely, and then, with a slight halt in his step, moved toward a chair, into which he dropped with a deprecating gesture.

"I shall sit—and you shall pardon me. You have surprise! Yes? Five, six hour ago you leave me very sick on a bed—where you are so kind—so good. Yes? Ah? You see me here now, and you say crazy! Mad!"

He raised his right hand with the fingers upward, twirled them to signify Gabriel's supposed idea of a whirling brain, and smiled again

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"Listen. Comes to me an hour ago a message most important. Most necessary it is I go to-night—now, to Marysville. You see. Yes? I rise and dress myself. Ha! I have great strength for the effort. I am better. But I say to myself, 'Victor, you shall first pay your respects to the good Pike who have been so kind, so good. You shall press the hand of the noble grand miner who have recover you.' *Bueno*, I am here!"

He extended a thin, nervous brown hand, and for the first time since his entrance concentrated his keen black eyes, which had roved over the apartment and taken in its minutest details, upon his host. Gabriel, lost in bewilderment, could only gasp:

"But you ain't well enough, you know. You can't walk yet. You'll kill yourself!"

The stranger smiled.

"Yes?—you think—you think? Look now! Waits me, outside, the horse of the livery stable man. How many miles you think to the stage town? Fifteen." (He emphasized them with his five uplifted fingers.) "It is nothing. Two hour comes the stage and I am there. Ha!"

Even as he spoke, with a gesture, as if brushing away all difficulties, his keen eyes were resting upon a little shelf above the chimney, whereon stood an old-fashioned daguerreotype case open. He rose, and with a slight halting step and an expression of pain, limped across the room to the shelf, and took up the daguerreotype.

"What have we?" he asked.

"It is Gracie," said Gabriel, brightening up. "Taken the day we started from St. Jo."

"How long?"

"Six years ago. She was fourteen then," said Gabriel, taking the case in his hand and brushing the glass fondly with his palm. "Thar warn't no puttier gal in all Missouri," he added, with fraternal pride, looking down upon the picture with moistened eyes. "Eh—what did you say?"

The stranger had uttered a few words hastily in a foreign tongue. But they were apparently complimentary, for when Gabriel looked up at him with an inquiring glance, he was smiling and saying, "Beautiful! Angelic! Very pretty!" with eyes still fixed upon the picture. "And it is like—ah, I see the brother's face, too," he said, gravely, comparing Gabriel's face with the picture. Gabriel looked pleased. Any nature less simple than his would have detected the polite fiction. In the square, honest face of the brother there was not the faintest suggestion of the delicate, girlish, poetical oval before him.

"It is precious," said the stranger; "and it is all, ha?"

"All," echoed Gabriel, inquiringly.

"You have nothing more?"

"No."

"A line of her writing, a letter, her private papers would be a treasure, eh?"

"She left nothing," said Gabriel, simply, "but her clothes. You know she put on a boy's suit—Johnny's clothes—when she left. Thet's how it allus puzzled me thet they knew *who* she was, when they came across the poor child dead."

The stranger did not speak, and Gabriel went on:

"It was nigh on a month afore I got back. When I did, the snow was gone, and there warn't no track or trace of anybody. Then I heer'd the story I told ye—thet a relief party had found 'em all dead—and thet among the dead was Grace. How that poor child ever got back thar alone (for thar warn't no trace or mention of the man she went away with) is what gets me. And that there's my trouble, Mr. Ramirez! To think of thet pooty darlin' climbing back to the old nest and findin' no one thar! To think of her comin' back, as she allowed, to Olly and me, and findin' all her own blood gone, is suthin thet, at times, drives me almost mad. She didn't die of starvation; she didn't die of cold. Her heart was broke, Mr. Ramirez; her little heart was broke!"

The stranger looked at him curiously, but did not speak. After a moment's pause, he lifted his bowed head from his hands, wiped his eyes with Olly's flannel petticoat, and went on:

"For more than a year I tried to get sight o' that report. Then I tried to find the Mission or the Presidio that the relief party started from, and may be see some of that party. But then kem the gold excitement, and the Americans took possession of the Missions and Presidios, and when I got to San—San—San——"

"Geronimo," interrupted Ramirez, hastily.

"Did I tell?" asked Gabriel, simply; "I disremember that."

Ramirez showed all his teeth in quick assent, and motioned him with his finger to go on.

"When I got to San Geronimo, there was nobody, and no records left. Then I put a notiss in the San Francisco paper for Philip Ashley—that was the man as helped her

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away—to communicate with me. But thar weren't no answer."

Ramirez rose.

"You are not rich, friend Gabriel?"

"No," said Gabriel.

"But you expect—ah—you expect?"

"Well, I reckon some day to make a strike like the rest."

"Anywhere, my friend?"

"Anywhere," repeated Gabriel, smiling.

"*Adios*," said the stranger, going to the door.

"*Adios*," repeated Gabriel. "Must you go to-night? What's your hurry? You're sure you feel better now?"

"Better?" answered Ramirez, with a singular smile. "Better! Look, I am so strong!"

He stretched out his arms, and expanded his chest, and walked erect to the door.

"You have cured my rheumatism, friend Gabriel. Good-night."

The door closed behind him. In another moment he was in the saddle, and speeding so swiftly, that, in spite of mud and darkness, in two hours he had reached the mining town where the Wingdam and Sacramento stage-coach changed horses. The next morning, while Olly and Gabriel were eating breakfast, Mr. Victor Ramirez stepped briskly from the stage that drew up at the Marysville Hotel and entered the hotel office. As the clerk looked up inquiringly, Mr. Ramirez handed him a card:

"Send that, if you please, to Miss Grace Conroy."

CHAPTER XI.

MADAME DEVARGES.

MR. RAMIREZ followed the porter upstairs and along a narrow passage until he reached a larger hall. Here the porter indicated that he should wait until he returned, and then disappeared down the darkened vista of another passage. Mr. Ramirez had ample time to observe the freshness of the boarded partitions and scant details of the interior of the International Hotel; he even had time to attempt to grapple the foreign mystery of the notice conspicuously on the wall, "Gentlemen are requested not to sleep on the stairs," before his companion re-appeared. Beckoning to Mr. Ramirez, with an air of surly suspicion, the porter led him along the darkened passage until he paused before a door at its further extremity, and knocked gently. Slight as was the knock, it had the mysterious effect of causing all the other doors along the passage to open, and a masculine head to appear at each opening. Mr. Ramirez's brow darkened quickly. He was sufficiently conversant with the conditions of that early civilization to know that, as a visitor to a lady, he was the object of every other man's curious envy and aggressive suspicion.

There was the sound of light footsteps within, and the door opened. The porter lingered long enough to be able to decide upon the character and propriety of the greeting, and then sullenly retired. The door closed, and Mr. Ramirez found himself face to face with the occupant of the room.

She was a small, slight blonde, who, when the smile that had lit her mouth and eyes as she opened the door, faded suddenly as she closed it, might have passed for a plain, indistinctive woman. But for a certain dangerous submissiveness of manner—which I here humbly submit is always to be feared in an all-powerful sex—and an address that was rather more deprecatory than occasion called for, she would hardly have awakened the admiration of our sex, or the fears of her own.

As Ramirez advanced, with both hands impulsively extended, she drew back shyly, and, pointing to the ceiling and walls, said, quietly:

"Cloth and paper!"

Ramirez's dark face grew darker. There was a long pause. Suddenly the lady lightened the shadow that seemed to have fallen upon their interview with both her teeth and eyes, and, pointing to a chair, said:

"Sit down, Victor, and tell me why you have returned so soon."

Victor sat sullenly down. The lady looked all deprecation and submissiveness, but said nothing.

Ramirez would, in his sullenness, have imitated her, but his natural impulsiveness was too strong, and he broke out:

"Look! From the book of the hotel it is better you should erase the name of Grace Conroy, and put down your own!"

"And why, Victor?"

"She asks why," said Victor, appealing to the ceiling. "My God! Because one hundred miles from here live the brother and sister of Grace Conroy. I have seen him!"

"Well."

"Well," echoed Victor. "Is it well? Listen. You shall hear if it is well."

He drew his chair beside her, and went on in a low, earnest voice:

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"I have at last located the mine. I followed the *deseno*—the description of the spot and all its surroundings—which was in the paper that I—I—found. Good! It is true!—ah, you begin to be interested!—it is true, all true of the locality. See! Of the spot, I do not know. Of the mine, it has not yet been discovered!"

"It is called 'One Horse Gulch;' why? who knows? It is a rich mining camp. All around are valuable claims; but the mine on the top of the little hill is unknown, unclaimed! For why? You understand, it promises not as much as the other claims on the surface. It is the same—all as described here."

He took from his pocket an envelope, and drew out a folded paper (the paper given to Grace Conroy by Dr. Devarges), and pointed to the map.

"The description here leads me to the head waters of the American River. I follow the range of foot-hills, for I know every foot, every step, and I came one day last week to 'One Horse Gulch.' See, it is the gulch described here—all the same."

He held the paper before her, and her thin, long fingers closed like a bird's claw over its corners.

"It is necessary I should stay there four or five days to inquire. And yet how? I am a stranger, a foreigner; the miners have suspicion of all such, and to me they do not talk easily. But I hear of one Gabriel Conroy, a good man, very kind with the sick. Good! I have sickness—very sudden, very strong! My rheumatism takes me here." He pointed to his knee. "I am helpless as a child. I have to be taken care of at the house of Mr. Briggs. Comes to me here Gabriel Conroy, sits by me, talks to me, tells me everything. He brings to me his little sister. I go to his cabin on the hill. I see the picture of his sister. Good. You understand? It is all over!"

"Why?"

"Eh? She asks why, this woman," said Victor, appealing to the ceiling. "Is it more you ask? Then listen: The house of Gabriel Conroy is upon the land, the very land, you understand? of the grant made by the Governor to Dr. Devarges. He is this Gabriel, look! he is in possession!"

"How? Does he know of the mine?"

"No! It is accident—what you call Fate!"

She walked to the window, and stood for a few moments looking out upon the falling rain. The face that looked out was so old, so haggard, so hard and set in its outlines, that one of the loungers on the sidewalk, glancing at the window to catch a glimpse of the pretty French stranger, did not recognize her. Possibly the incident recalled her to herself, for she presently turned with a smile of ineffable sweetness, and, returning to the side of Ramirez, said, in the gentlest of voices:

"Then you abandon me?"

Victor did not dare to meet her eyes. He looked straight before him, shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"It is Fate!"

She clasped her thin fingers lightly before her, and, standing in front of her companion, so as to be level with his eyes, said:

"You have a good memory, Victor."

He did not reply.

"Let me assist it. It is a year ago that I received a letter in Berlin, signed by a Mr. Peter Dumphy, of San Francisco, saying that he was in possession of important papers regarding property of my late husband, Dr. Paul Devarges, and asking me to communicate with him. I did not answer his letter; I came. It is not my way to deliberate or hesitate—perhaps a wise man would. I am only a poor, weak woman, so I came. I know it was all wrong. You, sharp, bold, cautious men would have written first. Well, I came!"

Victor winced slightly, but did not speak.

"I saw Mr. Dumphy in San Francisco. He showed me some papers that he said he had found in a place of deposit, which Dr. Devarges had evidently wished preserved. One was a record of a Spanish grant, others indicated some valuable discoveries. He referred me to the Mission and Presidio of San Ysabel that had sent out the relief party for further information. He was a trader—a mere man of business—it was a question of money with him; he agreed to assist me for a *percentage!* Is it not so?"

Victor raised his dark eyes to hers and nodded.

"I came to the Mission. I saw *you*—the Secretary of the former Comandante—the only one left who remembered the expedition, and the custodian of the Presidio records. You showed me the only copy of the report; *you*, too, would have been cold and business-like, until I told you my story. You seemed interested. You told me about the young girl, this mysterious Grace Conroy, whose name appeared among the dead, who, you said you thought, was an impostor! Did you not?"

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Victor nodded.

"You told me of her agony on reading the report! Of her fainting, of the discovery of her condition by the women, of the Comandante's pity, of her mysterious disappearance, of the Comandante's reticence, of your own suspicions of the birth of a child! Did you not, Victor?"

He endeavored to take her hand. Without altering her gentle manner, she withdrew her hand quietly, and went on:

"And then you told me of your finding that paper on the floor where they loosened her dress—the paper you now hold in your hand. You told me of your reasons for concealing and withholding it. And then, Victor, you proposed to me a plan to secure my own again—to personate this girl—to outimposture this imposture. You did not ask me for a percentage! You did not seek to make money out of my needs; you asked only for my love! Well, well! perhaps I was a fool, a weak woman. It was a tempting bribe; possibly I listened more to the promptings of my heart than my interest. I promised you my hand and my fortune when we succeeded. You come to me now and ask to be relieved of that obligation. No! no! you have said enough."

The now frightened man had seized her by the hand and thrown himself on his knees before her in passionate contrition; but, with a powerful effort, she had wrested herself free.

"No, no!" she continued, in the same deprecatory voice. "Go to this brother, whom the chief end of your labors seems to have been to discover. Go to him now. Restore to him the paper you hold in your hand. Say that you stole it from his sister, whom you suspected to have been an impostor, and that you knew to be the mother of an illegitimate child. Say that in doing this, you took the last hope from the wronged and cast-off wife who came thousands of miles to claim something from the man who should have supported her. Say this, and that brother, if he is the good and kind man you represent him to be, he will rise up and bless you! You have only to tell him further, that this paper cannot be of any use to him, as this property legally belongs to his sister's child, if living. You have only to hand him the report which declares both of his sisters to be dead, and leaves his own identity in doubt, to show him what a blessing has fallen upon him."

"Forgive me," gasped Victor, with a painful blending of shame and an awesome admiration of the woman before him; "forgive me, Julie! I am a coward! a slave! an ingrate! I will do anything, Julie; anything you say."

Madame Devarges was too sagacious to press her victory further; perhaps she was too cautious to exasperate the already incautiously demonstrative man before her. She said "Hush," and permitted him at the same time, as if unconsciously, to draw her beside him.

"Listen, Victor. What have you to fear from this man?" she asked, after a pause. "What would his evidence weigh against me, when he is in unlawful possession of my property, my legally declared property, if I choose to deny his relationship? Who will identify him as Gabriel Conroy, when his only surviving relative dare not come forward to recognize him; when, if she did, you could swear that she came to you under another name? What would this brother's self-interested evidence amount to opposed to yours, that I was the Grace Conroy who came to the Mission, to the proof of my identity offered by one of the survivors, Peter Dumphy?"

"Dumphy!" echoed Ramirez, in amazement.

"Yes, Dumphy!" repeated Madame Devarges. "When he found that, as the divorced wife of Dr. Devarges, I could make no legal claim, and I told him of your plan, he offered himself as witness of my identity. Ah, Victor! I have not been idle while you have found only obstacles."

"Forgive me!" He caught and kissed her hands passionately. "I fly now. Goodbye."

"Where are you going?" she asked, rising.

"To 'One Horse Gulch,'" he answered.

"No! Sit down. Listen. You must go to San Francisco and inform Dumphy of your discovery. It will be necessary, perhaps, to have a lawyer; but we must first see how strong we stand. You must find out the whereabouts of this girl, Grace, at once. Go to San Francisco, see Dumphy, and return to me here!"

"But you are alone here and unprotected. These men!"

The quick suspicions of a jealous nature flashed in his eyes.

"Believe me, they are less dangerous to our plans than women! Do you not trust me, Victor?" she said, with a dazzling smile.

He would have thrown himself at her feet, but she restrained him with an arch

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look at the wall, and a precautionary uplifted finger.

"Good; go now. Stay. This Gabriel—is he married?"

"No."

"Good-bye."

The door closed upon his dark, eager face, and he was gone.

A moment later there was a sharp ringing of the bell of No. 92, the next room to that occupied by Mme. Devarges.

The truculent porter knocked at the door, and entered this room respectfully. There was no suspicion attached to the character of *its* occupant. *He* was well known as Mr. Jack Hamlin, a gambler.

"Why the devil did you keep me waiting?" said Jack, reaching from the bed, and wrathfully clutching his boot-jack.

The man murmured some apology.

"Bring me some hot water."

The porter was about to hurriedly withdraw, when Jack stopped him with an oath.

"You've been long enough coming without shooting off like that. Who was that man that just left the next room?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Find out, and let me know."

He flung a gold piece at the man, beat up his pillow, and turned his face to the wall. The porter still lingered, and Jack faced sharply round.

"Not gone yet? What the devil—"

"Beg your pardon, sir; do you know anything about her?"

"No," said Jack, raising himself on his elbow; "but if I catch you hanging round that door, as you were five minutes ago, I'll—"

Here Mr. Hamlin dropped his voice, and intimated that he would forcibly dislodge certain vital and necessary organs from the porter's body.

"Go."

After the door closed again, Mr. Hamlin lay silent for an hour. At the end of that time he got up and began to dress himself slowly, singing softly to himself the while, as was his invariable custom, in that sweet tenor for which he was famous. When he had thus warbled through his toilet, replacing a small ivory-handled pistol in his waistcoat pocket to one of his most heart-breaking notes, he put his hat on his handsome head, perhaps a trifle more on one side than usual, and stepped into the hall. As he sharply shut his door and locked it, the slight concussion of the thin partitions caused the door of his fair neighbor's room to start ajar, and Mr. Hamlin, looking up mechanically, saw the lady standing by the bureau with her handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. Hamlin instantly stopped his warbling, and walked gravely down-stairs. At the foot of the steps he met the porter.

The man touched his hat.

"He doesn't belong here, sir."

"Who doesn't belong here?" asked Mr. Hamlin, coldly.

"That man."

"What man?"

"The man you asked about."

Mr. Hamlin quietly took out a cigar, lit it, and, after one or two puffs, looked fixedly in the man's eye, and said:

"I haven't asked you about any man."

"I thought, sir—"

"You shouldn't begin to drink so early in the day, Michael," said Mr. Hamlin, quietly, without withdrawing his black eyes from the man's face. "You can't stand it on an empty stomach. Take my advice and wait till after dinner."

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. MARKLE.

OLLY'S allusion to Mrs. Markle and her criticism had recurred to Gabriel more or less uneasily through the night, and as he rose betimes the next morning and stood by the table on which lay his handiwork, a grim doubt of his proficiency in that branch of domestic economy began to oppress him.

"Like as not, I ain't doin' my duty to that child," he said softly to himself, as he picked up the garments one by one, and deposited them beside the bedside of the still sleeping Olly. "Them clothes are—leavin' out the stren'th and sayin' nothin' o' durability as material—a trifle old-fashioned and onbecomin'. Not as you requires anything o' the kind, bless your pooty face," he said, apostrophizing the dewy curls and slumber-flushed cheek of the unconscious child; "but mebbe it does sorter provoke remarks from the other children. And the settlement's gettin' crowded. Three new families in six months is rather too—too—" considered Gabriel, hesitating for a word; "rather too popylating! And, Mrs. Markle"—Gabriel flushed even in the stillness and solitude of his own cabin—"to think of that little gal, not nine years old, speakin' o' that widder in that way. It beats everything. And to think I've kept clar of that sort o' thing jest on Olly's account, jest that she

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shouldn't have any woman around to boss her."

Nevertheless, when he and Olly sat down to their frugal breakfast, he was uneasily conscious of several oddities of her dress, not before noticeable, and even some peculiarities of manner.

"Ez a gineral thing, Olly," he pointed out with cautious generalization, "ez a gineral thing, in perlite society, young gals don't sit down a-straddle of their chairs, and don't reach down every five minnits to heave away at their boot-straps."

"As a general thing, Gabe, girls don't wear boots," said Olly, leaning forward to dip her bread in the frying-pan.

Artfully evading the question whether high India-rubber boots were an indispensable feature of a girl's clothing, Gabriel continued with easy indifference:

"I think I'll drop in on Mrs. Markle on my way to the Gulch this morning."

He glanced under his eyelids at as much of his sister's face as was visible behind the slice of bread she was consuming.

"Take me with you, Gabe?"

"No," said Gabriel, "you must stay here and do up the house; and, mind you keep out o' the woods until your work's done. Besides," he added, loftily, "I've got some business with Mrs. Markle."

"Oh, Gabe!" said Olly, shining all over her face with gravy and archness.

"I'd like to know what's the matter with you, Olly," said Gabriel, with dignified composure.

"Ain't you ashamed, Gabe?"

Gabriel did not stop to reply, but rose, gathered up his tools and took his hat from the corner. He walked to the door, but suddenly turned and came back to Olly.

"Olly," he said, taking her face in both hands, after his old fashion, "Ef anything at any time should happen to me, I want ye to think, my darling, ez I always did my best for you, Olly, for you. Wotever I did was always for the best."

Olly thought instantly of the river.

"You ain't goin' into deep water to-day, Gabe, are you?" she asked, with a slight premonitory quiver of her short upper lip.

"Pooty deep for me, Olly; but," he added hastily, with a glance at her alarmed face, "don't you mind, I'll come out all safe. Good-bye."

He kissed her tenderly. She ran her fingers through his sandy curls, deftly smoothed his beard, and reknotted his neckerchief.

"You oughter hev put on your other shirt, Gabe; that ain't clean; and you a' goin' to Mrs. Markle's! Let me get your straw hat, Gabe. Wait."

She ran in behind the screen, but when she returned, he was gone.

It had been raining the night before, but on the earth beneath there was a dewy freshness, and in the sky above, the beauty of cloud scenery—a beauty rare to California except during the rainy season. Gabriel, although not usually affected by meteorological influences, nor peculiarly susceptible to the charms of Nature, felt that the morning was a fine one, and was for that reason, I imagine, more than usually accessible to the blandishments of the fair. From admiring a tree, a flower, or a gleam of sunshine, to the entertainment of a dangerous sentimentalism in regard of the other sex, is, I fear, but a facile step to some natures, whose only safety is in continuous practicality. Wherefore, Gabriel, as he approached the cottage of Mrs. Markle, was induced to look from Nature up to—Nature's goddess—Mrs. Markle, as her strong, bright face appeared above the dishes she was washing by the kitchen window.

And here occurred one of those feminine inconsistencies that are charming to the average man, but are occasionally inefficient with an exceptional character. Mrs. Markle, who had always been exceedingly genial, gentle and natural with Gabriel during his shyness, seeing him coming with a certain fell intent of cheerfulness in his face, instantly assumed an aggressive manner, which, for the sake of its probable warning to the rest of her sex, I venture to transcribe.

"Ef you want to see me, Gabriel Conroy," said Mrs. Markle, stopping to wipe the suds from her brown, but handsomely shaped arms, "you must come up to the sink, for I can't leave the dishes. Joe Markle always used to say to me, 'Sue, when you've got work to do, you don't let your mind wander 'round much on anything else.' Sal, bring a cheer here for Gabriel—he don't come often enough to stand up for a change. We're hard-working women, you and me, Sal, and we don't get time to be sick—and sick folks is about the only kind as Mr. Conroy cares to see."

Thoroughly astonished as Gabriel was with this sarcastic reception, there was still a certain relief that it brought to him; "Olly was wrong," he said to himself, "that woman only thinks of washin' dishes, and lookin' after her boarders. Ef she was allus

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like this—and would leave a man alone, never foolin' around him, but kinder standin' off and tendin' strictly to the business of the house, why it wouldn't be such a bad thing to marry her. But like as not she'd change—you can't trust them critters. Howsomever I can set Olly's mind at rest."

Happily unconscious of the heresies that were being entertained by the silent man before her, Mrs. Markle briskly continued her washing and her monologue, occasionally sprinkling Gabriel with the overflow of each.

"When I say hard-workin' women, Sal," said Mrs. Markle, still addressing a gaunt female companion, whose sole functions were confined to chuckling at Gabriel over the dishes she was wiping, and standing with her back to her mistress—"When I say hard-workin' women, Sal, I don't forget ez they are men ez is capable of doin' all that and more—men ez looks down on you and me." Here Mistress Markle broke a plate, and then, after a pause, sighed, faced around with a little color in her cheek and a sharp snap in her black eyes, and declared that she was "that narvous" this morning that she couldn't go on.

There was an embarrassing silence. Luckily for Gabriel, at this moment the gaunt Sal picked up the dropped thread of conversation, and with her back to her mistress, and profoundly ignoring his presence, addressed herself to the wall.

"Narvous you well may be, Susan, and you slavin' for forty boarders, with transitory meals for travelers, and nobody to help you. If you was flat on your back with rheumatiz, ez you well might be, perhaps you might get a hand. A death in the family might be of sarvice to you in callin' round you friends az couldn't otherwise leave their business. That cough that little Manty had onto her for the last five weeks would frighten some mothers into a narvous consumption."

Gabriel at that moment had a vivid and guilty recollection of noticing Manty Markle wading in the ditch below the house as he entered, and of having observed her with the interest of possible paternal relationship. That relationship seemed so preposterous and indefensible on all moral grounds, now that he began to feel himself in the light of an impostor, and was proportionally embarrassed. His confusion was shown in a manner peculiarly characteristic of himself. Drawing a small pocket comb from his pocket, he began combing out his sandy curls, softly, with a perplexed smile on his face. The widow had often noticed this action, divined its cause, and accepted it as a tribute. She began to relent. By some occult feminine sympathy, this relenting was indicated by the other woman.

"You're out of sorts this morning, Susan, 'nd if ye'll take a fool's advice, ye'll jest quit work, and make yerself comfortable in the settin'-room, and kinder pass the time o' day with Gabriel; onless he's after waitin' to pick up some hints about housework. I never could work with a man around. I'll do up the dishes ef you'll excuse my kempany, which two is and three's none. Yer, give me that apron. You don't hev time, I declare, Sue, to tidy yourself up. And your hair's comin' down."

The gaunt Sal, having recognized Gabriel's presence to this extent, attempted to reorganize Mrs. Markle's *coiffure*, but was playfully put aside by that lady, with the remark, that "she had too much to do to think of them things."

"And it's only a mop, any way," she added, with severe self-depreciation; "let it alone, will you, you Sal! Thar! I told you, now you've done it."

And she had. The infamous Sal, by some deft trick well known to her deceitful sex, had suddenly tumbled the whole wealth of Mrs. Markle's black mane over her plump shoulders. Mrs. Markle, with a laugh, would have flown to the chaste recesses of the sitting-room; but Sal, like a true artist, restrained her, until the full effect of this poetic picture should be impressed upon the unsuspecting Gabriel's memory.

"Mop, indeed," said Sal. "It's well that many folks is of many minds, and self-praise is open disgrace; but when a man like Lawyer Maxwell sez to me only yesterday, sittin' at this very table, lookin' kinder up at you, Sue, as you was passin' soup, unconscious like, and one o' them braids droppin' down, and jest missin' the plate, when Lawyer Maxwell sez to me, 'Sal, thar's many a fine lady in Frisco ez would give her pile to hev Susan Markle's hair——'"

But here Sal was interrupted by the bashful escape of Mrs. Markle to the sitting-room.

"Ye don't know whether Lawyer Maxwell has any bisness up this way, Gabriel, do ye?" said Sal, resuming her work.

"No," said the unconscious Gabriel, happily as oblivious of the artful drift of the question as he had been of the dangerous suggestiveness of Mrs. Markle's hair.

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"Because he *does* kinder pass here more frequent than he used, and hez taken ez menny ez five meals in one day. I declare, I thought that was him when you kem jest now! I don't think thet Sue notices it, not keering much for that kind of build in a man," continued Sal, glancing at Gabriel's passively powerful shoulders, and the placid strength of his long limbs. "How do you think Sue's looking now—ez a friend interested in the family—how does she look to you?"

Gabriel hastened to assure Sal of the healthful appearance of Mrs. Markle, but only extracted from his gaunt companion a long sigh and a shake of the head.

"It's deceitful, Gabriel! No one knows what that poor critter goes through. Her mind's kinder onsettled o' late, and, in that onsettled state, she breaks things. You see her break that plate jest now? Well, perhaps I oughtn't to say it—but you being a friend and in confidence, for she'd kill me, being a proud kind o' nater, suthin' like my own, and it may not amount to nothin' arter all—but I kin always tell when you've been around by the breakages. You was here, let's see, the week afore last, and there wasn't cups enough left to go round that night for supper!"

"May be it's chills," said the horror-stricken Gabriel, his worst fears realized, rising from his chair; "I've got some Indian cholagogue over to the cabin, and I'll jest run over and get it, or send it back." Intent only upon retreat, he would have shamelessly flown; but Sal intercepted him with a face of mysterious awe.

"Ef she should kem in here and find you gone, Gabriel, in that weak state of hers—narvous you may call it, but so it is—I wouldn't be answerable for that poor critter's life. Ef she should think you'd gone, arter what has happened, arter what has passed between you and her to-day, it would jest kill her."

"But what has passed?" said Gabriel, in vague alarm.

"It ain't for me," said the gaunt Sal, loftily, "to pass my opinion on other folk's conduct, or to let on what this means, or what thet means, or to give my say about people callin' on other people, and broken crockery, hair combs"—Gabriel winced—"and people ez is too nice and keerful to open their mouths afore folks! It ain't for me to get up and say that, when a woman is ever so little out of sorts, and a man is so far gone ez he allows to rush off like a madman to get her medicines, what ez, or what ezn't in it. I keep my own counsel, and thet's my way. Many's the time Sue hez said to me: 'Ef thar ever was a woman ez knowed how to lock herself up and throw away the key, it's you, Sal.' And there you are, ma'am, and it's high time ez plain help like me stopped talkin' while ladies and gentlemen exchanged the time o' day."

It is hardly necessary to say that the latter part of this speech was addressed to the widow, who, at that moment, appeared at the door of the sitting-room, in a new calico gown that showed her plump figure to advantage, or that the gaunt Sal intended to indicate the serious character of the performance by a show of increased respect to the actors.

"I hope I ain't intrudin' on your conversation," said the widow archly, stopping, with a show of consideration, on the threshold. "Ef you and Sal ain't done private matters yet—I'll wait."

"I don't think ez Gabriel hez anything more to say thet you shouldn't hear, Mrs. Markle," said Sal, strongly implying a recent confidential disclosure from Gabriel, which delicacy to Gabriel alone prevented her from giving. "But it ain't for me to hear confidence in matters of the feelin's."

It is difficult to say whether Mrs. Markle's archness, or Sal's woful perspicuity, was most alarming to Gabriel. He rose; he would have flown, even with the terrible contingency of Mrs. Markle's hysterics before his eyes; he would have faced even that forcible opposition from Sal of which he fully believed her capable, but that a dreadful suspicion that he was already hopelessly involved, that something would yet transpire that would enable him to explain himself, and perhaps an awful fascination of his very danger turned his irresolute feet into Mrs. Markle's sitting-room. Mrs. Markle offered him a chair, he sank helplessly into it, while, from the other room, Sal, violently clattering her dishes, burst into shrill song, so palpably done for the purpose of assuring the bashful couple of her inability to overhear their tender confidences, that Gabriel colored to the roots of his hair.

That evening Gabriel returned from his work in the gulch more than usually grave. To Olly's inquiries he replied shortly and evasively. It was not, however, Gabriel's custom to remain uncommunicative on even disagreeable topics, and Olly bided her time. It came after their frugal supper was

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over—which, unlike the morning meal, passed without any fastidious criticism on Gabriel's part—and Olly had drawn a small box, her favorite seat, between her brother's legs, and rested the back of her head comfortably against his waistcoat. When Gabriel had lighted his pipe at the solitary candle, he gave one or two preliminary puffs, and then, taking his pipe from his mouth, said gently:

"Olly, it can't be done."

"What can't be done, Gabe?" queried the artful Olly, with a swift preconception of the answer, expanding her little mouth into a thoughtful smile.

"Thet thing."

"What thing, Gabe?"

"This yer marryin' o' Mrs. Markle," said Gabriel, with an assumption of easy, business-like indifference.

"Why?" asked Olly.

"She wouldn't hev me."

"What?" said Olly, facing swiftly around.

Gabriel evaded his sister's eyes, and, looking in the fire, repeated slowly, but with great firmness:

"No; not fur—fur—fur a gift!"

"She's a mean, stuck-up, horrid old thing!" said Olly fiercely. "I'd jest like to—why, thar ain't a man az kin compare with you, Gabe! Like her impudence!"

Gabriel waved his pipe in the air deprecatingly, yet with such an evident air of cheerful resignation, that Olly faced upon him again suspiciously, and asked:

"What did she say?"

"She said," replied Gabe slowly, "thet her heart—was—given—to another. I think she struck into poetry, and said:

'My heart it is another's,
And it never can be thine.'

Thet is, I think so. I disremember her special remark, Olly; but you know women allers spout poetry at sech times. Ennyhow, that's about the way the thing panned out."

"Who was it?" said Olly suddenly.

"She didn't let on who," said Gabriel uneasily. "I didn't think it the square thing to inquire."

"Well," said Olly.

Gabriel looked down still more embarrassed, and shifted his position. "Well," he repeated.

"What did *you* say?" said Olly.

"Then?"

"No, afore. How did you do it, Gabe?" said Olly, comfortably fixing her chin in her hands, and looking up in her brother's face.

"Oh, the usual way!" said Gabriel, with a motion of his pipe, to indicate vague and glittering generalities of courtship.

"But how? Gabe, tell me all about it."

"Well," said Gabriel, looking up at the roof, "wimen is bashful ez a general thing, and thar's about only one way ez a man can get at 'em, and that ez, by being kinder keerless and bold. Ye see, Olly, when I kem inter the house, I sorter jest chuckled Sal under the chin—thet way, you know—and then went up and put my arm around the widder's waist, and kissed her two or three times, you know, jest to be sociable and familiar like."

"And to think, Gabe, thet after all that she wouldn't hev ye," said Olly.

"Not at any price," said Gabriel positively.

"The disgustin' beast!" said Olly. "I'd jest like to ketch that Manty hangin' round yer after that!" she continued savagely, with a vicious shake of her little fist. "And just to think, only to-day we give her her pick o' them pups!"

"Hush, Olly, ye mustn't do anythin' o' the sort," said Gabriel hastily. "Ye must never let on to any one anything. It's confidence, Olly—confidence, ez these sort o' things allus is—atween you and me. Besides," he went on re-assuringly, "that's nothin'. Lord, afore a man's married, he haz to go through this kind o' thing a dozen times. It's expected. There was a man as I once knowed," continued Gabriel, with shameless mendacity, "ez went through it fifty times, and he was a better man nor me, and could shake a thousand dollars in the face of any woman. Why, bless your eyes, Olly, some men jest likes it—it's excitement—like perspectin'."

"But what did you say, Gabe?" said Olly, returning with fresh curiosity to the central fact, and ignoring the Pleasures of Rejection as expounded by Gabriel.

"Well, I just up and sez this: Susan Markle, sez I, the case is just this. Here's Olly and me up there on the hill, and jess you and Manty down yer on the Gulch and mountings wild and valleys deep two loving hearts do now divide, and there's no reason why it shouldn't be one family and one house, and that family and that house mine. And it's for you to say when. And then I kinder slung in a little more poetry, and sorter fooled around with that ring," said Gabriel, showing a heavy plain gold ring on his powerful little finger, "and jest kissed

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her agin and chucked Sal under the chin, and that's all."

"And she wouldn't hev ye, Gabe," said Olly thoughtfully, "after all that? Well, who wants her to? I don't."

"I'm glad to hear ye say that, Olly," said Gabriel. "But ye mustn't let on a word of it to her. She talks o' coming up on the hill to build, and wants to buy that part of the old claim where I perspected last summer, so's to be near us and look arter you. And Olly," continued Gabriel gravely, "ef she comes round yer foolin' around me ez she used to do, ye mustn't mind that—it's women's ways."

"I'd like to ketch her at it!" said Olly.

Gabriel looked at Olly with a guilty satisfaction, and drew her toward him.

"And now that it's all over, Olly," said he, "it's all the better ez it is. You and me'll get along together ez comfortable ez we kin. I talked with some of the boys the other day about sendin' for a schoolmarm from Marysville, and Mrs. Markle thinks it's a good idee. And you'll go to school, Olly. I'll run up to Marysville next week and get you some better clothes, and we'll be just ez happy ez ever. And then some day, Olly, afore you know it—them things come always suddent—I'll jest make a strike outer that ledge, and we'll be rich. Thar's money in that ledge, Olly, I've allus allowed that. And then we'll go—you and me—to San Francisco, and we'll hev a big house, and I'll jest invite a lot of little girls—the best they is in Frisco, to play with you, and you'll hev all the teachers you want, and women ez will be glad to look arter ye. And then maybe I might make it up with Mrs. Markle—"

"Never!" said Olly, passionately.

"Never it is!" said the artful Gabriel, with a glow of pleasure in his eyes, and a slight stirring of remorse in his breast. "But it's time that small gals like you was abed."

Thus admonished, Olly retired behind the screen, taking the solitary candle, and leaving her brother smoking his pipe by the light of the slowly dying fire. But Olly did not go to sleep, and half an hour later, peering out of the screen, she saw her brother still sitting by the fire, his pipe extinguished, and his head resting on his hand. She went up to him so softly that she startled him, shaking a drop of water on the hand that she suddenly threw round his neck.

"You ain't worrying about that woman, Gabe?"

"No," said Gabriel, with a laugh.

Olly looked down at her hand. Gabriel looked up at the roof.

"There's a leak thar that's got to be stopped to-morrow. Go to bed, Olly, or you'll take your death."

(To be continued.)

THE HIDDEN BROOK.

WHAT is this melody beneath the grass?
Come hither, stoop and listen,—nearer yet;
And push aside the thick and tangled net
Of bending rushes and the brakes' green mass.

It tones the shrilling of the locust's glee,
And, like a harper's touches falling in
With high notes of a master's violin,
It binds a jarring strain to harmony.

Hush, bobolink! and cease to emulate.
Gay bird, thou hast not caught the gentle song:
Too many roguish thoughts together throng,
And mingle in thy carols to thy mate.

But, fresh from graver forest-symphonies,
The winds, in varied movement, low and sweet,
Within the pines and birch-trees may repeat
This sweetest of the meadow's melodies.

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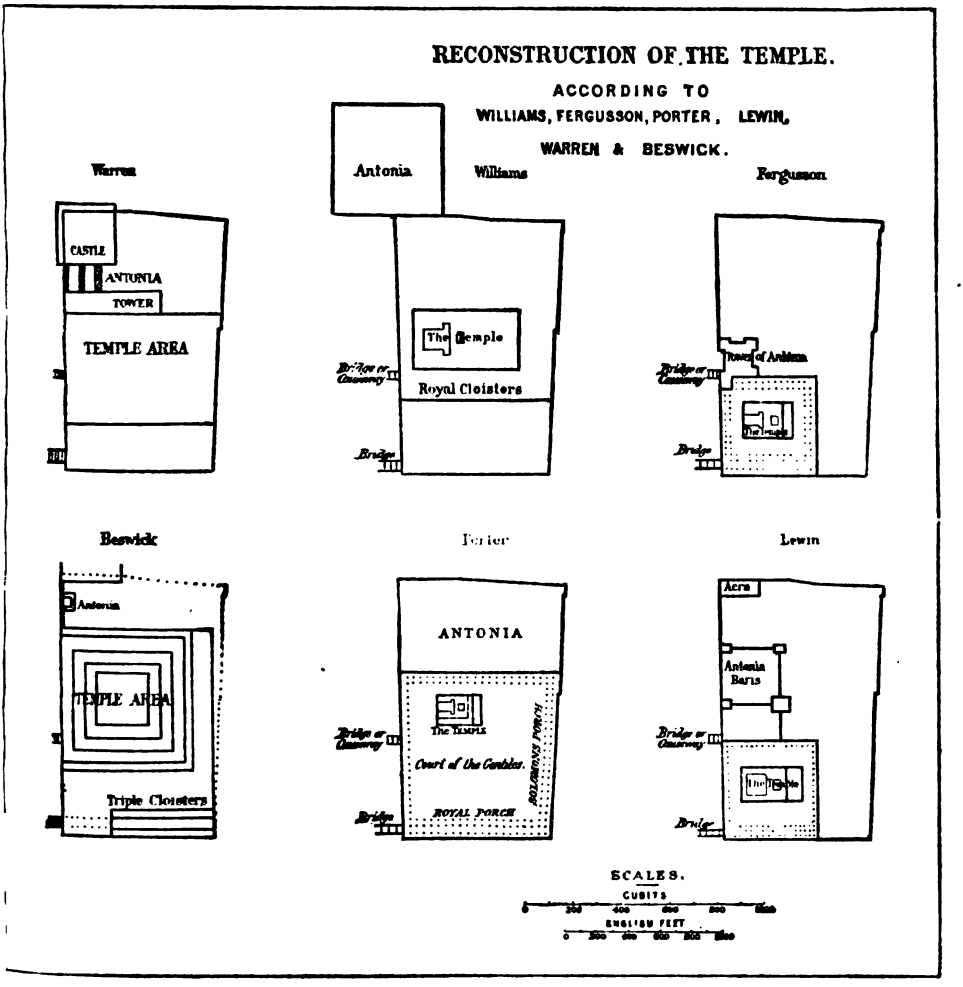
THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE DISCOVERED.

"So Joshua sent men to measure their country, and sent with them some geometricians, who could not easily fail of knowing the truth, on account of their skill in that art."—"Jew. Antiq." v., 1, 21.

THE PROBLEM STATED—RIVAL SITES OF THE TEMPLE.

THE Temple site is now known as the Haram ash Shárif. It is at once the most sacred and the most ancient, and within its walls are concentrated the most important legends of Jew, Moslem, and Christian. To the Jews, the Holy Hill, with its Inclosure, was more than Rome's citadel was to the Romans. It was the stronghold of their religion and sacred history, somewhat as Rome has been to the Catholic Church. This Noble Sanctuary is the site of everything most dear to the Jew. Here were chanted in the First Temple the songs of Zion, and all that the prophets foretold of glory and dishonor, of victory and defeat, of promise and penalty, were drawn to a focus on the hill of the Temple, comprising an area confined within the limits of the Haram. It is at present the most beautiful spot in the whole city, without exception. It has all the outward appearance of a private park. The



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great Dome of the Rock rises in its midst, surrounded with cypresses and olive-trees, marble fountains, arches, domes, cupolas, and graven pulpits, while the great Dome itself rests upon a broad platform of Jerusalem limestone.

The Sakhra is the rocky pinnacle or apex of the rocky spur forming the surface and foundation of the Haram, and the difficulty has been to place it in the Temple area so that this crown of the mountain shall not stand in the way of the pavements and courts. In fact theorists have not known where to place this uprising rock; it stands in the way of every theory yet proposed. It has ever been a mystery why it was permitted to exist at all where the rock was cut to suit a platform level and foundation, and its existence is the standing problem of to-day among Temple theorists—much more so, in fact, than the site of the Temple itself, for its existence unsettles every other problem, and makes any theory of the site of the Temple an impossibility, which does not first settle the problem of its own existence and site. It would seem at first sight as if Solomon's plan would have necessitated its removal in order to level down the rock for the foundations of the pavements and courts. Why, then, was it left? Why not cut down to the foundation or platform level? It stands so much in the way that there is barely level space enough on which to place the Temple pavements without an immense filling in of earthy material, or else of vaults and substructures, no matter where you place the Temple Area. It could not be placed anywhere without being upon a slope of the mountain, or in a valley. The rock in the north-east quarter of the Haram is 162 feet below the crown of the rock; the south-west quarter is 150 feet lower, and the south-east quarter is 163 feet below the Sacred Rock. This is a concise statement of the problem to be solved.

The foregoing illustration of rival theories which now occupy the field will give, better than any lengthened description, the different arrangement of the Haram Area proposed by Dr. Porter (who agrees with Dr. Robinson), Messrs. Williams, Lewin, Fergusson, Warren, and Beswick. The plans will also give a definiteness to the reader's conceptions which no mere words can convey. Mr. Beswick's plans and discoveries have never before been published, and what we now make known is but a mere outline of what he proposes to publish in a work on which he is now engaged.

THE METHOD ADOPTED IN FIXING THE SITE.

The preceding statement will have prepared the reader for a clear understanding of the main difficulties in fixing upon the exact site of the Temple Area and its boundaries, and of the merits of the rival theories which have been proposed as solutions of this most interesting and hitherto most difficult problem in Jerusalem topography.

The discovery of this site was made by Mr. S. Beswick, C. E., of New York city, who, after making the subject of Jerusalem topography a specialty for several years, at length formed a conception of the exact site of the Old Temple of Solomon and Herod. To verify that conception, he visited the Haram for the purpose of making a reconnaissance survey and fixing upon two sites: 1st. A base line of verification which everybody would admit, from which offsets or perpendicular distances could be made to the given stations; 2d. A central station, from which a standard offset could be made, and conveniently joined to the base of verification, such central station to be a natural formation, and not a work of art; all other sites and distances to be determined by these.

The two standard sites were satisfactorily determined by that reconnaissance. The western wall of the Haram ash Shárif, or so much of it as was left standing by Titus when Jerusalem was destroyed, was selected as the base of verification; the Sakhra was taken as the central station, and the line which joined the two together was the first standard offset by which all others were determined. The sides of the Court of Gentiles (Herod's Court), Court of Israel, and Court of the Priests, and even of the Holy House itself, were then taken and treated as a series of offsets and perpendiculars, and referred to the western wall as the base line for their verification as to length and breadth. The Sakhra was in fact a central station to the whole Temple Area.

These two things—the western wall, which he selected for his base line of verification, and the Sakhra, from which the first standard offset was drawn—are all that is left by the vandals under Titus of the original foundations and superstructure resting thereon. The eminent success which has resulted from this judicious selection, and the practical foresight which led to their adoption, will directly influence Palestine exploration in the Holy City for many years to come.

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Mr. Beswick quietly visited the Haram with a working plan of his own making, which showed what had been done, and what had been left undone; what to do, and where to go and do it; what to discover, and where to find it. He had reason, therefore, to hope for the very best results from his reconnaissance survey. The elaborate measurements which form the basis of his verifications, and upon which his identifications of so many sites are grounded, are so numerous, varied, and full of detail, and applied to so many places and sites, that no amount of reading, or investigation at a distance, could ever have afforded the opportunity to develop so completely as he has done, a discovery which has seemed hitherto involved in inexplicable mystery. He has, however, completed the proof which fixes the site of the Temple in the Haram, and makes the Sakhra the absolute *central spot* of the Old Temple Area. And the proof is so simple that any one can verify it for himself. The standard offset, or fundamental measurement which fixes this site of the Temple, places the Sakhra at a distance of 250 cubits — 369.26 ft.—from the western wall of the Inclosure, regarded as a base of verification. It will introduce a central fact to the attention of the civilized world; and there can be but one opinion as to its value and significance, and the revolution which its revelations will make in the field of Jerusalem topography.

THE SITE FIXED BY DIVINE COMMAND.

The distance of the apex of the Sakhra from the western wall as a base of verification is a fundamental measurement, and a leading test of the discovery claimed; and it is the most simple and satisfactory verification of the exact site of the Temple. If this distance or standard offset be admitted, then the Sakhra, or Sacred Rock, was simply a Central Core to the whole Temple Area, around which all the pavements and courts were built up, and to which they were fastened and united as one solid mass. The whole platform of pavements taking hold of the Sakhra as a Central Core, solid and immovable, according to the following Divine command that they should place the Temple Area around this rock as a center:

"This is the law of the house. Upon the top [Hebrew *rosh*—head, summit, vertex, apex, or tip-top] of the mountain, the *whole limit thereof round about* shall be most holy. Behold, this is the law of the house."—Ezek. xliii., 12.

Now the whole limit of the Sakhra round about would be as follows: On the north the mountain was limited by the valley lying between the Bezetha hill and the Temple Area; on the east it was limited by the Kedron valley; on the south by the Hinnom and Kedron ravines; and on the west by the Tyropœon ravine. Thus the "whole limit thereof round about" was well defined by ravines; and on all these sides the extreme limit had to be built up to the required level of the platform of the outer court. Josephus gives a similar description:

"The hill was encompassed with a wall *around the top of it*. Joined together as a part of the hill itself to the very *top of it*. On the very *top of all* ran another wall. In the *midst of which* was the Temple itself."—"Jew. Antiq." xv., 11, 3.

This Law of the House is a Divine command which fixes definitely the exact site of the Temple Area to be "the whole limit round about the top of the mountain." And this is the only passage where the site is ever definitely named. And, what is most remarkable, this notable passage has never been noticed by any one of the numerous explorers of Jerusalem. Yet, from this supreme stand-point, Mr. Beswick has studied the whole subject *de novo*. He foresaw that the Old Rock of Moriah had a special place in the Temple; that it acted as a Central Core, and carried upon its shoulders all the Temple pavements and courts, and upon its head ("upon the top of the mountain") rested as a crown the Temple itself. His discovery solved a problem, which has resisted every other attempt at solution: that the special place of the Old Rock in the Temple Area has been the cause of its preservation, and which, when determined, would enable the discoverer to settle all other questions of a topographical and numerical nature in relation to distance, area, and boundary. We will cite the Biblical evidence upon which his measurements of the Temple Area are based.

WIDTH OF TEMPLE AREA—BIBLE MEASURES.

The outline structure of the Area was as follows. It consisted of two main platforms, or courts, and two ranges of steps or ascents. The first platform was the Court of Israel, and the second was the Court of Priests. In reality, the uppermost platform was divided into two equal halves. On the western half was placed the Temple itself and surroundings, and the eastern half in front was strictly called the Court of Priests,

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with the Altar of burnt-offering in the center. The first range of seven steps led up to the Court of Israel, and the second range of eight steps led up to the Court of Priests. Each range of steps was 50 cubits from top to bottom, and the level platform between the two ranges was also 50 cubits wide all round the area. The two ranges of steps, also, went round the whole of the four sides of the quadrangular Courts.—Ezekiel xl.

East Porch of steps	....	50 cubits,	v. 15.
North " "	.....	50 "	v. 21.
South " "	.....	50 "	v. 25.

Inner and upper range of steps:

South Porch of steps	.....	50 cubits,	v. 29.
East " "	.....	50 "	v. 33.
North " "	.....	50 "	v. 36.

Outer gate to inner gate:

Eastern entrance	.....	100 cubits,	v. 19.
Northern "	.....	100 "	v. 23.
Southern "	.....	100 "	v. 27.

From these measures it is evident that from the outer wall to the edge of the uppermost platform or court there was a distance of 50+50+50=150 cubits all around the Temple Area, on every side: the intervening platform, or level between the two ranges of steps, being only 50 cubits, forming the Court of Israel. The upper pavement was 200 cubits wide, and the western half of 100 cubits was covered by the House or Temple and its surroundings.

"So he measured the court [of the House or Temple] 100 cubits long and 100 cubits broad, four-square: and the altar that was before the house."—Ezek. xl., 47; see also xli., 13, 14.

The breadth of the House was 100 cubits, or half the width of the pavement or platform. On either side of the House were chambers, each story being 50 cubits wide in front.—Ezek. xliii.

The breadth was 50 cubits, v. 2.
The forefront was 50 cubits, v. 7.
The breadth was 50 cubits, v. 8.
South side like the north, v. 11.

Thus, the width of the upper platform was 50+100+50=200 cubits. We can now obtain the total width of the Temple Area: 150+200+150=500 cubits, from outer wall to outer wall. But, if the platform or Court of Israel be taken as the limit—not including the steps or ascent—its width would be 100+200+100=400 cubits only. This is what Josephus means when he says:

"The hill was walled all round and in compass four furlongs [or 1,600 cubits], each angle containing in length a furlong [or 400 cubits]."—"Antiq." xv., 11, 3.

This estimate merely includes the wall built up to the edge of the platform or Court, and does not include the width of space for the range of steps forming the ascent, which added another 50 cubits on each side, making the total width 500 cubits from eastern outer wall of inclosure to western outer wall. The actual center of this Area was at the middle of the little gateway in front of the steps leading to the Grand Porch of the Temple, or between the forefront of the two brazen pillars, Jachin and Boaz. The distance from this position to the outer inclosure wall on any side was 250 cubits=369.26122 ft., or half the diameter of the Temple Area.

Now, when Mr. Beswick measured the distance of the Apex of the Sakhra, as now found in the Mosque of Omar, from the western wall of the Haram as a base of verification, he found it exactly 250 cubits =369 ft. 3.13 inches, which is the identical distance, given in the Bible, of the central spot in the Temple Area from its western side. This is the leading test and the simplest, because it admits of direct verification by any one who will take the trouble. And it is only one out of a hundred tests, all depending upon the same base of verification, and placed beyond dispute by making it purely a numerical proof independent of all theory.

THE LEADING TEST OF THIS DISCOVERY.

Mr. Beswick's leading test is the distance of the Old Rock as a central station from the west wall of the Haram as a base line of verification. The gate to the Porch of Solomon's Temple was 250 cubits=369.26 ft. from the western wall; and this was the Central Spot in the Old Temple Area. Mr. Beswick measured the distance of the Sakhra from the western wall to see how far it could be identified with "the top of the mountain" where Ezekiel (chap. xliii., 12) said the Temple and its Area were placed, and which is given as the Law of the House as to its site. The principal entrance to the Kubbat as Sakhra is on the west side through a deserted Bazaar. He measured the distance from the gate-way, Bab el Katinin, to the steps of the platform, and found it 102 cubits=150.658 ft.; from bottom of steps to outer side of Bab al Gharby Gate, 78 cubits =115.21 ft.; from thence to outer side of the Mosque wall, or to the side-post of doorway, 6 cubits=8.86227 ft.; thickness of wall, 4 cubits=5.9 ft.; inside face of wall to the

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western vertical edge of the Sakhra, 45 cubits=66.467 ft.; thence to the proper front of the rock, 15 cubits=22.1557 ft.; total distance from Gate-way of the Bath, or western wall, to the proper vertex or apex of the Sakhra, 250 cubits=369.26 ft. This is exactly the distance of the central spot in the Old Solomonic Temple Area from the western wall, and from any one of the four sides of the Court of Israel in the days of King Solomon. And this leading test proves that the top of the mountain in Solomon's day, and the modern Sakhra now in the Dome of the Rock of Jerusalem, occupied the same, identical position as a central station, and are at the same distance from the western wall—the measurement being absolutely identical, 250 cubits=369.26 ft.

MEASUREMENTS OF COURTS IN SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Stations.	*Cubits.*		*Feet.*
*G	85	=	125.54881
*H	135	=	199.40105
*I	185	=	273.95330
*K	235	=	347.10554
*F	15	=	22.15567
*A	45	=	66.46702
*B	115	=	169.86016
*C	165	=	243.71240
*D	215	=	317.56465
*E	265	=	391.41689
FP	100	=	147.70449
PR	50	=	73.85324
RS	50	=	73.85324
ST	50	=	73.85324
FL	100	=	147.70449
LM	50	=	73.85324
MN	50	=	73.85324
NO	50	=	73.85324
TO	500	=	738.5324
PL	200	=	295.40897
BG	200	=	295.40897
SN	400	=	590.81795
DI	400	=	590.81795
TO	500	=	738.5324
EK	500	=	738.5324
PE	250	=	369.26122
FK	250	=	369.26122
MR	300	=	443.11346
VW	300	=	443.11346
VU	300	=	443.11346
I IV	500	=	738.5324
I II	500	=	738.5324
xG	130	=	192.01584
GH	50	=	73.85324
HI	50	=	73.85324
IK	50	=	73.85324
xB	70	=	103.39314
BC	50	=	73.85324
CD	50	=	73.85324
DE	50	=	73.85324
EK	500		738.5324

Stations.	*Cubits.*		*Feet.*
xF	30	=	44.31134
FG	100	=	147.70449
bd	100	=	147.70449
ah	100	=	147.70449
bF	75	=	110.77836
Fa	75	=	110.77836
Fo	65	=	96.00791
Ko	185	=	273.95330
xA	20	=	29.54089
AF	50	=	73.85324
ef	50	=	73.85324
gi	50	=	73.85324

As the entire width of the Temple Area in Solomon's day was 500 cubits, its half would be 250 cubits, which would be the distance of the center where the easterly façade of the pillars and porch stood. The Moslem Rock, Sakhra, is at precisely the same distance, 250 cubits from the western wall; so that the center of the Temple Courts and the Old Rock, Sakhra, occupy precisely the same site. All horizontal distances are made parallel with the base line formed by the western wall of the Haram Inclosure, and all perpendicular distances from this base line are made parallel with the standard line drawn from the Sakhra perpendicular to the western wall. The western wall is Mr. Beswick's base line, by which the length of all east and west walls are measured; and the line joining the Old Rock with this base is his first standard offset by which all north and south sides of the pavements and courts are measured. And if all other measurements agree with this location of the base line, and of the Old Rock as a central station, the demonstration of this identity of site is certain and complete. And such is the actual fact. Mr. Beswick has tested every measurement on the spot; evidences of the pavements having extended to given distances from the Sakhra are to be found on all four sides of the Haram. His leading test is therefore complete. The Temple Area in Solomon's day was a quadrangle, whose four sides were each 500 cubits in length, outside measure; but the pavement or court without the ascending steps was only 400 cubits in width. The Sakhra was the central core of the whole Temple Area, of the upper quadrangular pavement, and of every other quadrangular pavement beneath it. It was 100 cubits from each of the four sides of the upper pavement, 200 cubits from the sides of the lower pavement, and 250 cubits from the Inclosure Wall. And all these measures accord with the levels, scarpings, and contour plan of the whole rocky surface as it is now seen in the Haram. If all the platforms

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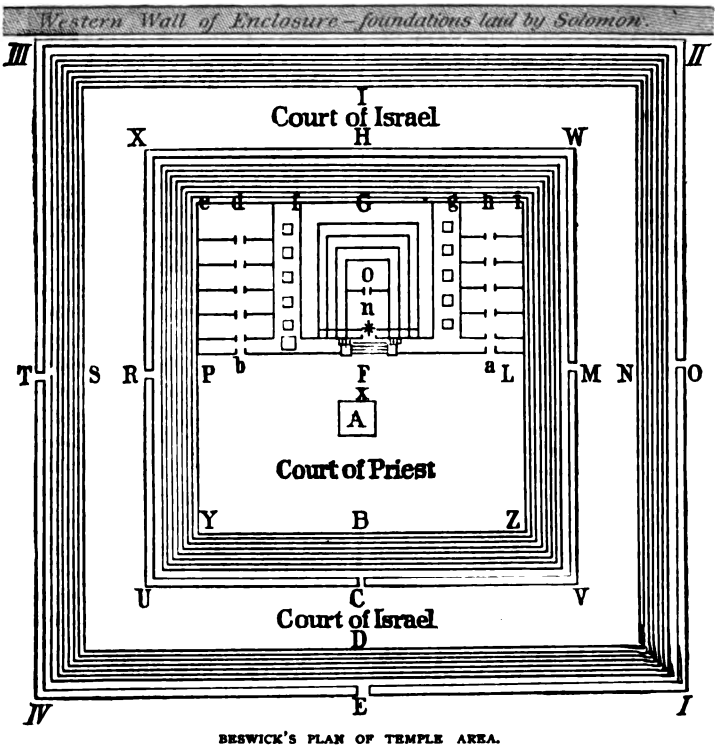
and courts of the Temple could be taken together and placed upon the rocky surface of the Haram as one entire whole, it would fit upon that rocky surface as upon a mold. The rocky contour is simply the bare outline or foundation plan of the Temple pavements or courts.

The first level of 2,423.38 ft. (above the Mediterranean), on which the mosque platform rests, was the level of that grand ascent of steps outside of the Courts of Solomon's Temple, which the Queen of Sheba so much admired. It was the entrance level to the Court of Israel. The second level, on which the



BESWICK'S PLAN OF TEMPLE AREA.

SAKHRA CUT TO THE LEVELS OF THE TEMPLE COURTS.

The surface of the Sacred Rock Moriah bears the marks of rough chiseling, and of having been cut down to suit a given level which has once covered it with either wood or stone. Captain Wilson, of the Royal Ordnance Survey, says of the Sakhra: "The surface of the rock bears the marks of hard treatment and rough chiseling. On the western side it is cut down in three steps, and on the northern side in an irregular shape, the object of which could not be discovered." The first vertical cutting is 1.8463 ft., then a sudden slope of 1.969 ft., and another vertical cutting of 5.4158 ft. The step formed by this last cutting forms the basement of rock upon which the mosaic floor of the mosque rests. This slope and cutting are equal to 1.9694+5.4158=7.3852 ft. marble pavement of the mosque itself rests (2,430.647 ft.), was the level of the pavement or uppermost level of the Court of Israel; and the third level, or highest vertical step on the apex of the Sakhra (2,438.1535 ft.) below the sloped cutting of 1.9694 ft., was the level of the upper pavement or Court of Priests in Solomon's Temple. The marble pavement of the mosque, according to Mr. Beswick's measurement, is 4.8 ft. lower than the apex of the rock, with a level of 2,435.1996 ft. above the Mediterranean Sea. The rock underneath has a level of 2,430.7683 ft., and the marble pavement was found by measurement to be 3 cubits (4.4311 ft.) deep. The vertical cutting of the rock is about one ft. (0.9847 ft.) greater than the depth of pavement, so that the slope and cutting are 7.3852 ft. The sheik of the mosque said that the Moslems have a tradition that the Sakhra hangs in the air 7 ft. above the gen-

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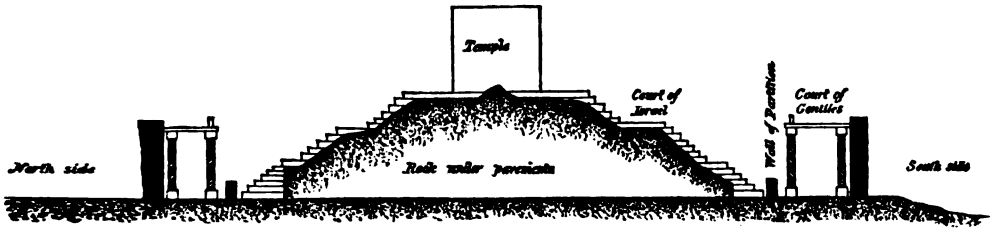
ral level of the Sanctuary; so the Moslem matics turn the fact to good account, that the rocky level under the mosque pavement is exactly 7.3852 ft. higher than the general level of the Haram near the platform.



BESWICK'S PLAN OF ROCK.

The top of the Sakhra has a level of 2,440 ft. Its western side has evidently been cut down into three steps at the successive depths of 1.8463, 7.3852, and 22.1556 ft.; or to the three successive levels 2,408.612, 2,430.768, and 2,438.1535 ft., corresponding with the levels of the three courts or platforms. The *first* stepping was the general level of the Temple Area outside of the courts, which afterward became the level of the Gentile Court. The *second* stepping was the level of the Court of Israel. The *third* and highest stepping was the level of the Court of Priests, on which the Temple itself stood. The *three* vertical cuttings of this apex of the Old Rock correspond to the successive heights of these three courts or platforms, the total height being 1.846+7.385+22.155=31.388 ft., which is the height of the apex above the general level of the rock around the outer sides of the Haram Inclosure (or 2,440−2,408.612=31.388 ft.). This remarkable fact cannot be mere coincidence. In short, the rock all around is cut and scarped and sloped down as if to a pattern, and made to take the general shape of the Temple Area, having its sudden slopes exactly where the steps and ascents to the two courts were, and now are found at exactly the same distances from the Sakhra as a central spot or station. The outline of the whole Rocky Area is the same as the general outline of the whole Temple Area, platform with platform, and slopes with ranges of steps, as shown in the above diagram.

From the Sakhra to the south-west angle of the Haram there is a dip of 140 ft.; to the south-east angle 160 ft.; to the north-east angle a dip of 120 ft. The ridge of the Sakhra slopes to the Triple Gate in the south wall 60 ft. in 400, or one in 6.5 ft. To the north it slopes to a natural valley, the head of which has the same level as the Court of Gentiles. The rock, in fact, has been cut down and sloped all around the Sakhra as a CENTRAL CORE to the shape and levels of the pavements or courts. A contour has been given to it, with levels to fit and agree with the height and levels of the Temple Area. These are the results of a careful and systematic survey, and the contour maps of the Palestine Ordnance Survey confirm these results. Around the Sakhra the rock slopes away gradually on every side. On the north-west the rock has a fall of about 20 ft. in 600; on the north a fall of 20 ft. in 400; on the east a fall of 40 ft. in 400; and on the south a fall of 30 ft. in 600. There is no other in the Haram, nor on the ridge of the spur of Moriah, where so much labor would be saved in the erection of such a Temple Area as round about this pinnacle and crown of the mountain.

TABLE OF ELEVATIONS—SITE OF SOLOMON'S GRAND ASCENT.

	Cubits	*Feet.*	*Level.*
Nave and floor of porch	5=	7.38522	2445.53879
Upper pavement	5=	7.38522	2438.15357
Lower "	5=	7.38522	2430.76835
Lower " Bottom of 7 steps, top of grand ascent or ramp-steps	10=	14.77045	2423.38313
Level of Court of Gentiles	20=	29.54089	2408.61268
Level of substructure floor, double gate, triple gate, etc.			2379.07179

The grand ascent *(alath)* or ramp-steps by which the Jews went up to the Temple Courts in Solomon's day was a ramp or stepped sidewalk all around the outer wall of the Temple Courts on the north, south, and east sides. It was outside the walls, and up this ramp of steps the devout worshiper ascended in order to enter the outer gates to the Court of Israel. Having entered the gates, he passed up another range of 7 steps inside the walls before reaching the pavement or Court. This grand ascent out-

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side the walls was the one which the Queen of Sheba so much admired (1 Kings, x., 5). The bottom of this grand ramp was the general level of the palace grounds or street level outside the Courts. The total height of the grand ascent outside (10 cubits) and of the 7 steps inside (5 cubits) was 10+5= 15 cubits=22.15567 ft., and the difference between the levels was 2,423 ft.—2,408 ft. Herod cut away the rock forming this grand ramp, and carried it inside, thereby making the ascent inside the greater, consisting of 14 instead of 7 steps, thus forming two ranges into one grand stepped ascent of 14 steps, from the Court of Gentiles to the inner Court of Israel, the total height being 15 cubits, as in the days of Solomon.

"That second Court of the Temple was called 'The Sanctuary,' and was ascended to by 14 steps from the first Court.

"This Court was four-square; the height of its buildings, although it was on the *outside* 40 cubits, was hidden by the steps, and on the *inside* that height was but 25 cubits [hence height of steps=15 cubits]."—Josephus, "Wars," v., 5, 2.

In Herod's Temple, therefore, the site of the grand ascent was converted by Herod into the Court of Gentiles, and the rock cut away where necessary, so that the grand ascent was carried inward and added to the former ascent, so that the ascent from the Court of Gentiles to the Court of Israel consisted of 14 steps, whose total height was 15 cubits= 22.15567 feet.

Mr. Beswick concludes from this result that the different ancient levels on the Sacred Rock, made for the pavements and courts of Solomon's Temple, were left unmutilated by Herod, and that while he utilized them when he rebuilt this famous edifice, he also preserved them, and left the ancient landmarks upon the Sacred Rock *in situ*. In removing the grand ramp from the outer wall to the interior to make room for the Court of Gentiles, the rock has been cut away in two places only, north and south. In the north the rock has cropped up too high, so that a deep scarp has been cut to get the required level for the Gentile Court, namely, 2,408 feet, and this deep scarp is visible along the entire northern edge of the mosque platform. A careful, systematic survey of the Sakhra, and the rock underneath the platform, proves clearly that its successive levels fit truly, and correspond with such levels, heights, lengths, and requirements, as would suit the Temple of Solomon and its successor built by Herod as closely as the nature of the case would admit of, or could reasonably be expected.

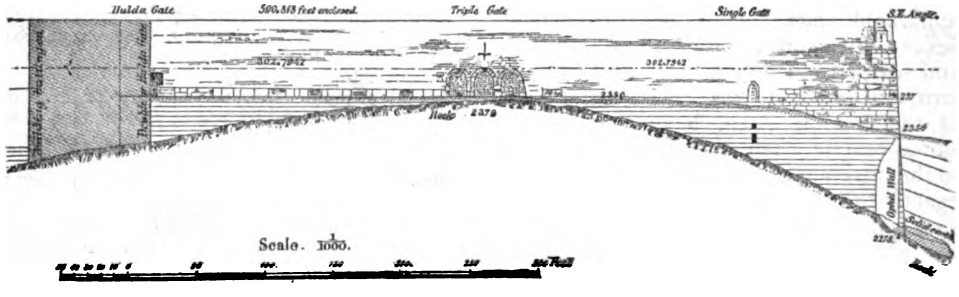
It would be well if those who undertake to give Biblical illustrations and plans of Herod's Temple would take notice of this important fact, which occupies a subordinate place in Mr. Beswick's reconstruction of the Temple Area.

SITE OF THE HOLY PLACE.

Mr. Beswick says that the western side of the inner door-way, Bab al Gharby, is exactly 45 cubits = 66.467 ft., from the Sakhra, and that the exact site of the Most Holy Place in the Old Temple is underneath the door-sill of this western entrance to the Dome of the Rock. The width of this door-way is also exactly 20 cubits = 29.54 ft., being the same width as the Nave and Holy Place in Solomon's Temple. And there is an unexplained tradition to this effect among the Moslems of to-day, although no traveler but Mr. Prime has mentioned it. The tradition says, that there is a crypt, or vault, underneath the western side of the building, which is regarded as the Holy of Holies, and is said to contain the armor of

JERUSALEM.

GENERAL SKETCH, ELEVATION OF SOUTH FRONT OF THE NOBLE SANCTUARY.



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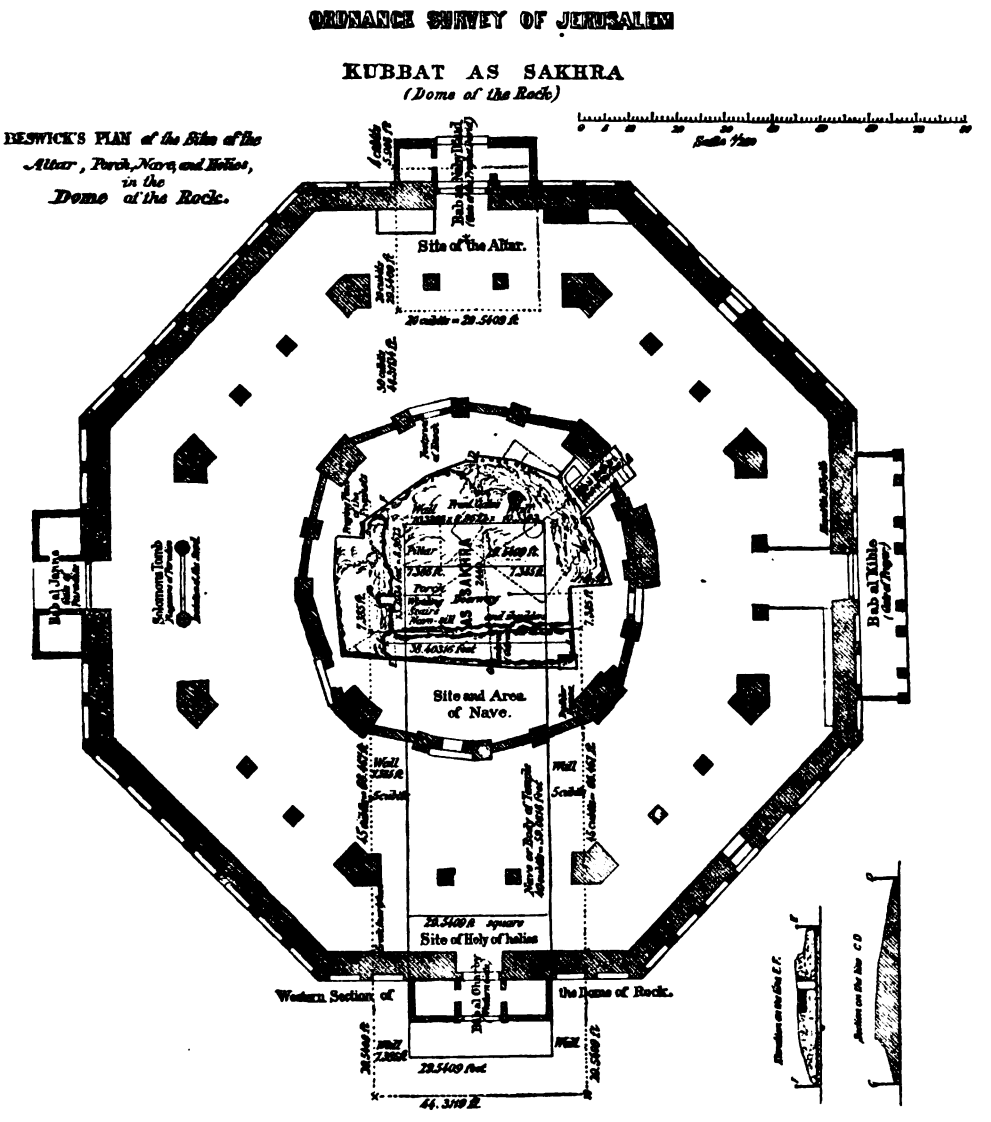
Mohammed himself. The site is identical with that of the Holy Place of the Jewish Temple, according to Mr. Beswick's plan of the Temple Area. About 22.1557 ft. by 29.54 ft. of the west side of the ancient site of the Holy Place now lies outside the western entrance of the Mosque, Kubbat as Sakhra. If the Moslem devotees only knew it, the most sacred spot in the Haram Sanctuary is within the limits of the western entrance, Bab al Gharby, or 7.385 ft. outside the inner post of the inner door-sill; it is the central spot, where once stood the Mercy-seat in the middle of the Holy Place. If Christian pilgrims only knew it, here would be the place of reverence, of prostration and kneeling; the most sacred spot on earth to a Jew—now at the very threshold of the western door of the Mosque of Omar, exactly half-way between the outer sill of the gate, Bab al Gharby, and inner sill of the same. The entire space within that western gate is one of the most sacred spots on earth, the exact central spot of the Holy of Holies. The outside width of the gate is 20 cubits = 29.54 ft., exactly the width of the Sacred Place in the Temple; and the north and south sides of the gate



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are in the identical places where the north and south sides of the Sacred Oratory once stood; whilst the place where the Ark once lay is in the vestibule of the gate-way itself, and almost touching the sill of the inner door-way.

THE SAKHRA CUT TO FIT THE PORCH OF THE TEMPLE.

If the Sakhra was the Central Core of the Temple Area, and occupied a central position, as Mr. Beswick's discovery and the Biblical statement by Ezekiel (xliii., 12) affirm it to have done, then important consequences follow, which will subject this discovery to a very singular and severe, but very important test. And, if it stands this test, it would seem as if it were useless to subject it to any other. Granting that the Sakhra and its apex had their site in the very center of the Old Temple Area, where the Porch of the Temple stood, it would seem to be a natural inference that the Crown of the Rock would be cut down in length, and depth, and width, to suit the length, width and depth of the Porch of the Temple wherever the rock required it. Mr. Beswick assures us that such is the fact. The apex of the Sakhra is cut at the sides as if to a pattern, and made to fit into the vestibule and porch of a temple having the plan and measurement of the Temple built by Solomon.

According to Mr. Beswick's careful measurements of the Sakhra, under the Dome of the Rock, the northern side is cut down vertically from the western edge of the crown, or from west to east, to a distance of 9 cubits = 13.2934 ft.; and the distance of the nave-sill in Solomon's Temple to the front of the platform of the Porch was also 9 cubits = 13.2934 ft. Hence the stones of the outer pavement of the Court were laid down up to the very sides of the vestibule and platform of the Porch. Then again, the width of the eastern front was 30 cubits; but if the thickness (2 cubits) of the side-walls of the vestibule be deducted, there will be left 30 − 4 = 26 cubits = 38.4 ft., inside measurement, as the length of vestibule inside. This accords with the shape of the Sakhra, as the explorer sees it to-day. The Crown of the Rock is actually cut down to this length, 38.4 ft., from north to south, by 13.2934 ft. from west to east. The Vestibule in Solomon's Temple was in length 38.4 ft. by 7.3852 ft. And the platform of the Porch was also in length (not including the width of side-walls or pilasters upon which the platform rested) 38.4 ft. by 5.9 ft., the total width being 7.385 + 5.908 = 13.2934 ft. The crown of the Sakhra has these two vertical cuttings of 7.385 and 5.9 ft. in width on the northern side of the rock, made due east and west. Captain Wilson, of the English Palestine party, sent out in 1854, says of these cuttings:

"On the western side it is cut down in three steps, and on the *northern* side in an irregular shape, the object of which could not be discovered."

The two vertical cuttings have had their corresponding ones on the south side, but these have been almost defaced, although still visible. And these cuttings are exactly at the same distance from the western wall as the vestibule and platform of the Porch were distant from the same base line of verification in the Temple Area in Solomon's day.

NUMERICAL TEST OF THE MAIN DISCOVERY.

When Herod enlarged the Temple Area by adding another cloister called the Court of Gentiles, he could only make this addition to three of its sides; for the west wall of the inclosure came in contact with the Old Temple Area at the western side of the Court of Israel. There was no space between. This is one of the most important points in Mr. Beswick's discovery; and it is one which has never before been suspected—the Court of Gentiles, added to the Temple Area by Herod, had no western side whatever. It had only three sides, as stated by Josephus ("Wars," v., 5, 1). The new court was 30 cubits = 44.3113 ft. in width; therefore the northern and southern sides of the Temple Area were 30 cubits shorter than the eastern and western sides. At the north-western angle of the Area was a north-western cloister, which united the Temple Area with the Antonia. Its length was 220 cubits = 324.949 ft., including the width of the Antonia.

Now Josephus gives the entire length of these cloisters, and his estimate will enable us to test the correctness and value of Mr. Beswick's discovery. Josephus says:

"And the cloisters were 30 cubits wide (the three cloisters forming the Court of Gentiles); and the *whole circuit* of cloisters measured *six furlongs* when the Antonia also is included."—"Wars," v., 5, 2.

Mr. Beswick gives the following lengths of the sides of the outer cloister in Herod's day:

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	Cubits.		Feet.
North	520	=	782.83379
South	530	=	782.83379
East	560	=	827.14513
West.	560	=	827.14513
	2180	=	3219.95783
Antonia Cloister	220	=	324.94987
6 furlongs	2400	=	3544.90770

Therefore the whole circuit of the outer cloister measured *six* furlongs, or, 2,400 cubits, as Josephus described it when Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus. This is a very remarkable and severe test of Mr. Beswick's plan of the Temple Area, which has been based upon his discovery of the Temple site. No other plan yet presented has ever stood this test, including those of Robinson, Fergusson, Williams, Porter, Lewin, Lightfoot, Kraft, Barclay, Tobler, Thrupp, and, lastly, Captain Warren. Of course, all these estimates are based upon the fundamental discovery, that the Sakhra was the central core of the Temple Area.

Occupying a subordinate place in this discovery is the site of the Fortress Antonia, and among the many proofs which Mr. Beswick cites is the following. At the south-east corner of the site, where he has placed the Antonia, the natural rock has been cut to the actual shape of a corner, as if to form the angle of some ancient building of the same size as the Antonia. This rocky angle has been hitherto overlooked by every other explorer. Its identification and recognition spring out of the fact that this was the only spot where the Antonia could have been, if Mr. Beswick's plan of the site and area of the Old Temple be correct; and, upon looking for the evidences of its existence upon this spot, the scarped angle was found to occupy the site. It clearly belongs to a square of 124.0717 ft., and leaves a space of 100.439 ft. on each side, north and south, to make up the 324.9498 ft., which was the length of the north-west cloister.

Width of Antonia	124.0717
Northern end of cloister	100.4390
Southern " "	100.4390
	324.9497

About 25 ft. are clearly visible to-day, forming the east and south sides of the angle. The east side is 124.0717 ft. from the line of the west wall in the Haram, and the south side of the angle is 100.439 ft. from the ancient site of the Temple north wall. The site of the Antonia is midway between the length of the north-west cloister, of which the Antonia formed a part, and by which it was joined to the Temple Courts. The identification of this site has been based upon direct and indirect proofs too numerous to mention. Everything appears to fall into line and take the most suitable and natural position the moment Mr. Beswick's plan is placed upon a map of the Haram drawn to the same scale as his own. In this respect, the Ordnance Survey map of the Haram, published by the English Palestine Exploration Fund, has done him good service, and might have been made to suit his purpose.

The western wall of the Haram is therefore a reliable base line, and a line of 250 cubits=369.26 ft., drawn from the middle of the Sakhra to this base, is a first standard offset, to which all others are reduced, forming north and south sides to the court and walls of the Temple Area. According to the Talmud, "The greatest space was on the south, the next on the east, next on the north, and least on the west." (Lightfoot, "Descr. Temple Hieros." c. 3.) In other words, the Temple and Courts were on the north-west part of its own inclosure, as seen on Mr. Beswick's plan; and as they were placed against the western wall of the inclosure, the space inclosed was "least on the west."

ANOTHER NUMERICAL TEST.

A casual and seemingly unimportant remark is made by Josephus in relation to the enlargement of the Temple Area by Herod. The old south wall of the inclosure was extended by Herod, until its south-west angle was in line with the old western wall; it was now 625 cubits=923.153 ft. according to Mr. Beswick's measurement. Herod now carried the eastern front forward, so as to make the entire length of the whole Temple Area equal in width. Its northern and southern sides were alike and equal, being 923.153 ft. And as the northern Court of Gentiles limited the Temple Area on the north, the eastern and western walls of the inclosure, not including the Antonia branch, measured by the distance of the north and south walls, were both of equal length, namely: 1,220.039 ft., including the width of walls, north and south. But as the north and south walls were each 8 cubits=11.816359 ft. thick ("Wars," vi., 5. 1), and the east and west walls were each only 4 cubits=5.903179 ft. thick, the length of space inclosed was only 911.33 by 1,196.4 ft.

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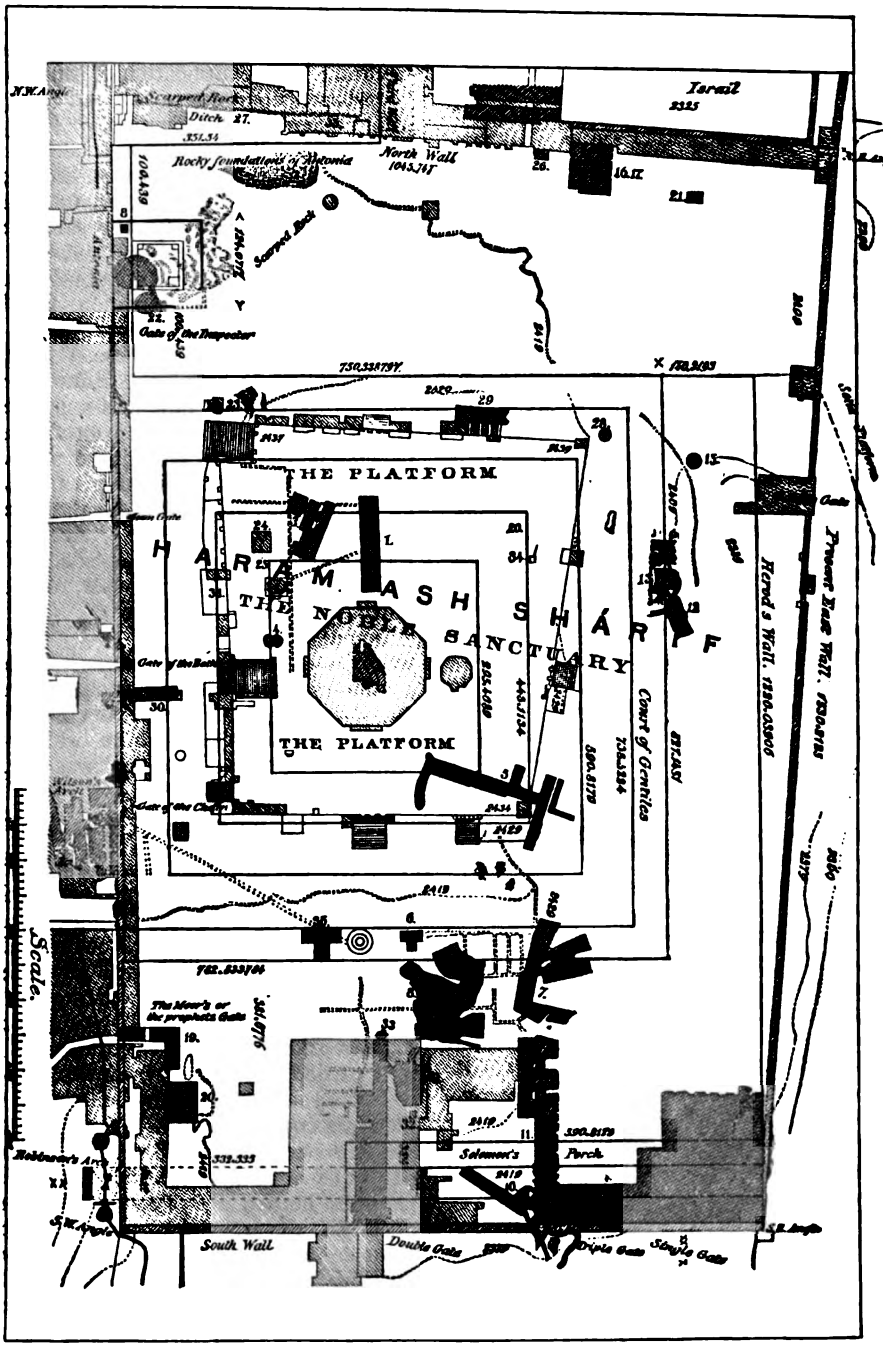

BESWICK'S PLAN OF HARAM AND TEMPLE AREA.

The Old Temple Area was a quadrangle of 500 cubits=738.522 ft., therefore the old area was as follows:

500×500=250,000 cubits.

The Temple Area inclosed by Herod was as follows:

810×617=500,000 cubits.
1196.4×911.33=1090830.67 ft.

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Its half would be:

500×500=250,000 cubits.
738.52×738.52=545415.33 ft.

The newly inclosed space was exactly *twice as large* as that before inclosed. Josephus says that such was the fact. "Herod rebuilt the Temple, and encompassed a piece of land *about it* with a wall, which was twice *as large* as that before inclosed." ("Wars," i., 21., 1.)

This proof, like the former one, is numerical in character, and is wholly based on the discovery that the Sakhra is that Mount Moriah, whose apex or crown was in the center of the Temple Area, for the outer Court of Gentiles on the north fixes the limit of the eastern and western walls, and the extent of the area northward.

COURT OF GENTILES HAD NO WESTERN SIDE.

This result of Mr. Beswick's researches is one of the most valuable and important of all his discoveries, growing out of the fundamental determination which fixes the site of Solomon's Temple where the Sakhra occupies the central spot in the area. It is also one of the most unexpected of his discoveries. He asks the pertinent question, "If the Temple Area inclosed by Solomon and Nehemiah was placed against the western wall, would you not either have to pull down this wall, or else have no western cloister to the Court of Gentiles?" On the other hand, Mr. Beswick claims that Josephus distinctly affirms that the Court of Gentiles had only three sides, while he also says that the Court of Israel was quadrangular or four-sided. Josephus declares that the Inclosure wall of Herod was built up on three sides only.

"And when Herod and others had built walls on *three sides* of the Temple round about from the bottom of the hill, they then encompassed their [the three walls] upper courts with cloisters."—"Wars," v., 5, 1.

The western wall remained as before; the three sides round about were only north, east, and south, and the cloisters built upon them could only be *three* in number. The cloisters and their walls were only three in number. This passage is simple and clear. A western cloister to the Court of Gentiles is never referred to by Josephus.

On the other hand, Mr. Beswick claims that in the same passage Josephus speaks of the Court of Israel as being four-square in such a way as to imply that the Court of Gentiles he had just described was not four-sided. He says:

"When you go through these cloisters [Court of Gentiles] unto the second Temple, etc., * * * for that second Temple was called the Sanctuary. This Court [Court of Israel] was *four-square*."—"Wars," v., 5, 2.

This marked distinction would have no meaning if it were not designed to teach that the Court of Gentiles was not four-square. This radical error appears to be universal; it has been overlooked in all the published plans of the Temple Area, without a single exception. The Court of Gentiles had no western side whatever; it was three-sided, and not quadrangular. And this fact, which has never before been even suspected, readily accounts for some remarkable statements of Josephus when describing the attack of the Roman legions under Titus on the western wall of the Temple Area. He says:

"Titus gave orders that the battering-rams should be brought and set over against the *western edifice* of the *inner temple* [or Court of Israel]."—"Wars," vi., 4, 1.

"The one bank was over against the north-west corner of the *inner temple* [Court of Israel]."—"Wars," vi., 2, 7.

Mr. Beswick, when citing this passage, asks, "How could the battering-rams be placed against the western cloister of the inner temple, or Court of Israel, before a single cloister had been stormed and taken?" Of course, if the Court of Gentiles had extended along the western side of the Temple Area between the wall and Court of Israel then the banks would have been placed against the north-west corner of the Court of Gentiles, and not the inner temple. The first court would have been the Court of Gentiles. But Josephus says:

"The legions came near the *first* court, and began to raise their banks. The one bank was over against the north-west corner of the *inner* temple."

In this passage, the first court is clearly the court of the inner temple, or Court of Israel, on the west side of the Inclosure. There are a number of such passages in Josephus. This single element in Mr. Beswick's discovery will almost revolutionize our illustrated plans of the Temple Area during the life-time of the Savior.

BEZETHA HILL—SITE OF SECOND AND THIRD WALLS.

Mr. Beswick says that the old northern wall of the Temple Area was pulled down by Titus to its very foundations in the rocky

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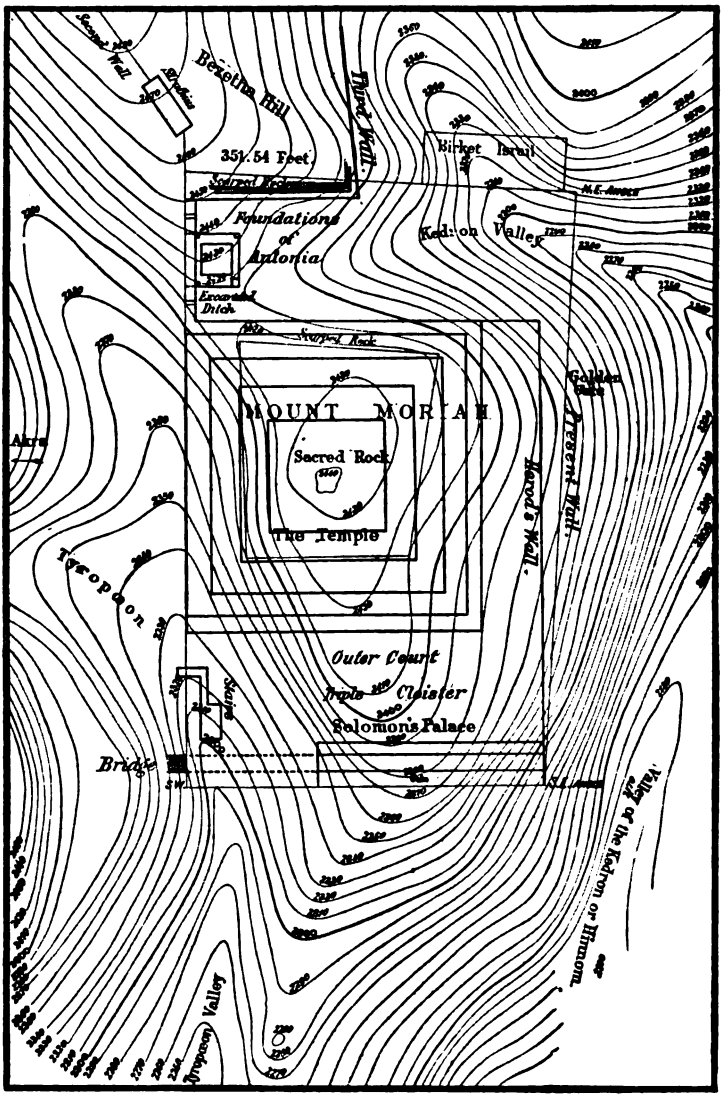
platform upon which the Temple Courts rested, and has never been rebuilt. The old wall was 923.153 ft. in length. In Herod's day, there was a northern wall of 352 ft., inclosing the Antonia with its rocky foundations, which extended some distance eastward beyond the citadel itself. Titus had no wall to destroy, excepting this short stretch which covered the foundations. It was 351.24 ft. in length, exactly the width of the Bezetha hill from valley to valley. The entire width of the hill was cut away from the foundations of the Antonia, and the foundation so cut away was of the same width as the base of the hill of which it originally formed the lowest part. The scarp left a deep ditch 351.54 ft. long and 57.6 ft. wide, running east and west between the scarped bottom of the Bezetha hill and the wall of the Antonia foundations. The wall and foundations were of the same length as the width of the hill thus cut away: we may take the one as a measure of the other.



TEMPLE AREA AND CONTOUR OF ROCK.

The width of the Bezetha hill has hitherto been supposed to extend as far as the modern east wall and St. Stephen's Gate; but,

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Mr. Beswick's discoveries now prove that this is a mistake. The eastern wall is a modern construction, including even the pool Birket Israil, and every other work whose sides are perpendicular offsets of the modern east wall, and look to it as a base of verification. Every old work on the eastern side of the northern wall of the Haram, from the eastern valley of the Bezetha hill, where the 352 ft. of scarped rock ends, is wholly modern, and did not exist when Titus destroyed Jerusalem. On the other hand, everything old within the limits of this scarp is of a more ancient date than anything east of it. The 351.54 ft. of scarp is the width of the Bezetha hill, and indicates where the old line of the third wall ran when Titus took Jerusalem.

The length of scarped rock being a measure of the width of Bezetha hill, also indicates the space between the second and third walls; at its western end was the second wall, and at its eastern end was the third wall. At the eastern end of this scarp it turns directly north, forming a clear corner or angle. The old north wall ran from this corner along the foundations of the Antonia westward, and joined the old west wall at the extreme northern end of the north-west cloister.

The second wall ran direct from the Antonia cloister to the pool Struthius, passing right through its middle from end to end. Josephus says: "The bank which was raised at the Antonia was raised by the fifth legion over against the *middle* of that pool which is called Struthius."—"Wars," v., 11, 4.

The bank was raised against the wall running through the middle of the pool. John's party undermined the bank, cutting away the underlying rock. Mr. Beswick calls attention to the evidence which exists to this day of the rock having been taken away from this particular spot, in line with the middle of the pool. The scarped rock under the barracks and Serai ends abruptly, and leaves an intervening space between it and the direct line of the western wall with the middle of this pool, Struthius. The scarped rock, directly in front of the southern end of the pool, has been leveled and carried away to the extent required. ("Wars," v., 11, 4.) The second wall clearly ran up north-west along the western side of the hill Bezetha; and the third wall clearly ran up the eastern side of the same hill. All beyond this, including the traditional pool Birket Israil and eastern wall, is modern and post-Herodian. These researches afford us the first clear insight into the northern topography of the Temple Area, and of the exact points where the second and third walls joined the old walls of the Temple Inclosure on the north.

The following is a synoptical table of the principal measurements made by Mr. Beswick, involving the leading points in this notable discovery of the exact site of Solomon's Temple in the Haram ash Shárif at Jerusalem, and the Baris or Castle of Antonia adjoining thereto:

		Feet.
MODERN INCLOSURE.		
Haram	Western wall	1590.77
"	Eastern "	1530.21
"	Northern "	1045.74
"	Southern "	923.15
SECOND TEMPLE INCLOSURE.		
	East wall	738.52
	North "	738.52
	South "	738.52
	West "	949.74
	South-east angle to center of triple gate; east half length of wall	302.79
	Center of triple gate to west of double gate; west half length of wall	302.79
TOWER LYING OUT.		
	North side	184.64
	South "	184.64
	East "	103.39
	South wall without tower	420.94
	Total length of south wall	605.58
	Total length inclosed by wall	590.82
HEROD'S INCLOSURE.		
	Western wall	1533.17
	Eastern "	1220.04
	Northern "	923.15
	Southern "	923.15
	Length of north-west cloister	324.95
	Width of north-west cloister	32.49
	Width of Antonia Fortress	59.08
	Length of Antonia Fortress	59.08
	Total length of western wall	1533.17
	South-west angle from south side of Antonia	1308.66
	Scarped rock north of Antonia	351.54
	Ditch between scarp and wall	57.61
	Space between Antonia and northern wall	100.44
	Space between Antonia and Temple Area	100.44
	Height of rock and scarp of Antonia	73.85
	Width of scarp	32.49
	Length of scarp	124.07
COURT OF GENTILES.		
	East wall	327.14
	North "	782.83
	South "	782.83
	Width of court	44.31
	No west side of court.	

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THE SAKHRA IN CENTER OF TEMPLE AREA.

	Feet.
Center from North side of area	413.57
" " South " "	413.57
" " East " "	413.57
" " West wall of inclosure	369.26
" " South " "	794.65
Between Temple Courts and south wall...	381.07

IDENTIFICATION OF NUMEROUS SITES.

Mr. Beswick has extended his researches beyond the site of the Temple; he has traced Nehemiah's builders from end to end of the great wall, and has identified the sites of the gates and towers enumerated in the narrative of that patriotic leader (Nehemiah iii.), including the Sheep-gate, Corner-gate, Fish-gate, Valley-gate, Dung-gate; also the Towers of Meah, Hananeel, Furnaces, Siloam, and the Great Tower which lieth out from the King's house. But the most important identification is the site of David's sepulcher. Mr. Beswick proposes to publish a work in which these subjects are discussed separately.

The rock was found to be scarped and cut down where it had cropped up too high, so as to reduce it to the required level of either platform or steps. This is especially the case at the northern end of the mosque platform, and for a short distance at the southern end near the Cup, and at the same distance from the Sakhra in both cases. The direction and location of the sides of the courts, as laid down in this plan when traced on the Ordnance Map of the Haram, led at once to the means of identifying a number of important sites, and furnished a satisfactory reason for the existence and location of many rock-cut structures and scarpings which have baffled all attempts at explanation. The two cruciform tanks, Nos. 6 and 36, in the Ordnance Survey Map, fall into their proper place, and become the two gates or entrances, for male and female, from the Court of Gentiles to the Court of Israel, the smaller cruciform tank, No. 6, being to the east of the larger entrance, and in the proper place for the women to enter the women's court, with their entrances to the south, as the case required.

The Jews' Wailing Place also falls into position with the rest. The outer wall of the Old Temple Area under Solomon, if prolonged, would strike the very gate-way to the Wailing Place, and the outer wall of the Court of Gentiles would cut the Wailing Place into two equal parts of 30 cubits= 44.31134 feet each length. Doubtless the old Jews who selected this spot as the Wailing Place knew something of the location of the Temple Courts, for it could hardly have been lost to the Jews of those times, in whose memories every vestige would be cherished and held as a landmark by which to identify the limits and site of that Temple whose history has filled the world with its glory and renown.

It is impossible to foresee the important changes in Biblical literature which must necessarily grow out of this discovery. The men and women of Biblical times will no longer be mere puppets, living in a mythical temple whose site no one can identify. A reality will now pervade the narrative; its stories will come to us like a new revelation, with a location and name, making the actions of those whose deeds were done in the Temple intelligible and clear, which beforetime were seemingly fantastic, and oftentimes inexplicable. Fact will take the place of fancy, and topographical knowledge and clearness will take the place of conjecture and ignorance. To know this Temple intimately, to be able to describe its peculiarities, to illustrate the ancient story and narrative of the Old and New Testament, and to give life-like reality to incidents occurring in the Holy City and Temple, are results of the very highest order. Every writer on Biblical geography and history, every minister who attempts an illustration of his text, every teacher in a Sunday-school who associates the Gospel history with illustrations, does this more or less vaguely only because the maps mislead, or the standard text-books are defective in their descriptions and inaccurate in their pictorial representations.

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OUR DOMESTIC SERVICE.

I DO not propose to sing the woes of the American housekeeper. If aught needs to be added to the body of recent literature on that theme, the impulse to write must come from fuller hearts than mine. Let those who suffer relate how slatternly is Dinah, how impudent Bridget, how stupid Wilhelmina, and, alas! how fleeting were the delusive joys of Chang-Wang, son of the Sun. *Propria quæ maribus.* Because women invade the forum, and crowd us from our places on the public platform, shall we, therefore, take refuge in the kitchen, or be so base as seem to know what passes in that realm of blackness and smoke? Perish the thought! The object of this paper is to present facts that are not of personal experience, are authenticated by the testimony of no single witness, and are of no private interpretation; facts which pertain to the life, not of individuals and families, but of communities and States; facts gathered by thousands of men, who had as little notion what should be the aggregate purport of their contributions as my postman has of the tale of joy, of sorrow, or of debt, which lies snugly folded in the brown paper envelope he is leaving this moment at my door. No momentary fretfulness of a mistress overburdened with cares; no freak of insolence in a maid elated by a sudden access of lovers; no outbreak of marital indignation at underdone bread, or overdone steak, can disturb the serenity of this impersonal and unconscious testimony of the Census. The many millions of rays that fall confusedly upon the lens which every tenth year is held up before the nation, are cast upon the screen in one broad, unbroken beam of light, truth pure, dispassionate, uncolored.

The English Census discriminates many varieties of domestic service. There are, besides "the domestic servant in general," male or female, the "coachman," the "groom," the "gardener," all of the sterner sex; while gentle woman contributes to the list the "housekeeper," the "cook," the "housemaid," the "nurse," the "laundry-maid," and the "char-woman." All these titles are respectably filled in the Census, as might be expected in a country where the distinctions of wealth are so marked, and where the household among the upper classes is organized with a completeness approaching that of the Roman *familia* under the Empire.

In the United States, however, the distinctions of domestic service have not proceeded far enough to make it worth while to maintain such a classification of rank and work; nor are the agencies provided for our Census adequate to collect facts in any direction where discrimination is required. It was, indeed, attempted in the publication of the Eighth Census (1860) to preserve a few of the simpler forms. Thus "cooks" were separately reported; but the number of the class was disappointing, being but 353 for the United States; of whom 10 were found in Arkansas, 24 in Delaware, 6 in Florida, 3 in Georgia, 18 in Kansas, 14 in Kentucky, 237 in Louisiana, and 41 in Michigan. The considerable States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Massachusetts, had, if we may trust this account, no cooks in 1860. The universal consumption of raw food by such large communities cannot fail to excite the astonishment of the future historian.

The attempt to preserve the class "housekeeper" resulted in the report of a larger aggregate number than of cooks; but the distribution of that number was hardly more reasonable. Alabama, Maine, Ohio, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia had none, individually or collectively. Think of several thousand "first families" of Virginia,—of the Rhetts and Barnwells, the Ruffins and Pettigrews of South Carolina without a housekeeper among them! The remaining States of the Union were, indeed, allowed to boast their housekeepers; but the figures were such as to excite incredulity. New Hampshire had 1,245; Connecticut, 25; Pennsylvania, 2,795; New York, 940; Massachusetts, 4,092; Michigan, 20. Still another distinction was attempted, the precise idea of which is not at this date manifest, between "domestics" and "servants." Alabama had no domestics, any more than it had cooks; Arkansas had 797; California and Connecticut, none; Delaware, 1,688; Florida, 631; Georgia, Illinois and Indiana, none; Iowa, 358; Kansas, none; Kentucky, 1,782. This completed the tale of domestics in the United States. New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Virginia were as destitute of domestics as before the discov-

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ery of America by Christopher Columbus. When it came to "servants," these States were more than made good. New York counted her 155,282; Pennsylvania, 81,233; Massachusetts, 37,464.

This brief recital will probably suffice to show the inexpediency, in the present social condition of our people, of attempting to divide the class of domestic servants according to distinctions of occupation, which are certain to be affected where they do not exist, and disregarded quite as generally where they do exist. In the further course of this paper, this class, whether at 1870 or at 1860, will, therefore, be treated as a whole, without discrimination of cook or chambermaid, butler or scullion, gorgeous flunky or simple drudge. Prior to the enumeration of 1870, it was an interesting subject of speculation whether the social and economical causes which had produced such marked effects upon the ways of business throughout the country, upon the general scale of expenditure, and upon the habits of domestic life, would be found to have increased materially the number of hired servants in families. At the South, indeed, where the negroes, who mainly supplied the domestic service of 1860, had come to own themselves, and hence to be in a position not only to demand wages, but to take on airs; where, moreover, the general impoverishment of the proprietor class, and the slow and painful recovery of industrial production necessitated the retrenchment of expenditure, it required no careful count of the people to make it certain that more persons, in proportion to population, were not employed in the offices of the household in 1870 than at the earlier date.

But of the Northern and Middle States, the reverse was reasonably to be assumed. Not only had rapid progress been made in the Upper Ten Thousand toward European standards of equipage and service, but it was generally claimed and admitted that the middle class of our population had made a decided movement in the same direction; that life was freer with us than it used to be, family expenditure more liberal, luxuries more widely diffused, assistance more readily commanded in all departments, industrial or domestic. Few would have ventured to predict that the results of the Census would show that, while social requirements have increased on every hand; while the appetites and tastes of the household have been rendered more difficult and exacting by the diversification of the national diet, and by the popularization of foreign fruits and spices, of condiments and game; while we are everywhere taking on the semblance of greater ease and indulgence,—with these facts in view few would have thought the tendency of the age is not more and more to place servants in the houses of the people, or believed that, however it may be with the abodes of luxury and fashion, the wives and the mothers of the great middle class are discharging their daily duties, and keeping up their outward conformity to the demands of society, with a diminishing, rather than an increasing, body of hired help. Yet such is the fact, as revealed by the count of 1870. The sixteen free States in 1860 showed 474,857 domestic servants of all descriptions. The same States, ten years later, showed but 570,054, being a gain of only 20½ per cent. Meanwhile the aggregate population of these States had increased upward of 27 per cent.

The States in which this relative decrease in the number of servants has been most marked, are the New England States, together with New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The Western and Northwestern States, on the other hand, have, without exception, increased the proportion of their domestic service largely since 1860, showing that, while the commercial and manufacturing States are coming to feel the necessity of economizing in this direction of expenditure, the well-to-do inhabitants of the agricultural States are just beginning to indulge themselves somewhat freely in the luxury of being served and waited on.

Abandoning now the retrospect, and grouping the States of the Union according to the facts of the present time, we shall in our further comparisons set the number of domestic servants in each State, not against the total population, but against the number of families, as affording the best measure of the amount of service secured.

Let us turn first to the old slave-breeding States. Here, in former times, the tendency to a plethora of domestic service was very marked. "Niggers" were native and to the manor born. They represented no expenditure but that of the corn and pork necessary to bring them to the age, and size, and strength to perform the arduous duties of lying around on the floor or in the sun, and answering an occasional call to some personal service. In "one of the first families" cook had her legion of minor functionaries; the coachman was at the head of a little state; every member of the family, from youngest to eldest, had his or her own body-

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servant; while a black host of "unattached" swarmed through the house, the kitchens, the quarters, the stables, the sties, and overran the fields and roads in every direction.

Such having been the custom of the period preceding the war, we shall naturally expect to find it influencing the present situation in these States, despite impoverishment of planter and emancipation of slave, and should look to see here an excess of domestic service, due partly to an accumulation which has not had time to drain off, and partly to the force of habits deeply bred in master and in man. And so we find it. The Census statistics show that in 1870 there were but 4.29 families, high and low, rich and poor, white and black, to one domestic servant in Virginia; in Kentucky, 5.58; in Delaware, 4.83; in Maryland, 4.03.

We have spoken of Virginia. This is the present State of that name. West Virginia has 11.75 families to one servant. Is anything further necessary, to a student of history, to explain the cleavage that took place during the war in the old State—the adhesion of the north-western counties to the cause of the Union, while the southern and eastern counties followed the fortunes of that Confederacy "whose keystone was slavery," than such a contrast as is thus presented in the statistics of domestic service in the two sections of the Virginia of 1860?

When we leave the slave-breeding, and turn to the slave-consuming States, the cotton, rice, and sugar-raising regions of the country, we should expect to find, and we do find, a decided change of conditions. The system of human chattelism tended to bring out the same results in the multiplication of domestic servants; but, on the other hand, there was opposed a most substantial and emphatic resistance, in the fact that the colored population of those States was only kept up by continuous importation. Speaking broadly, every able-bodied black represented a direct outlay of from eight to twelve hundred dollars. But more than this: twenty-five per cent. could be realized from that investment in a single season by proper employment. Even the women and the half-grown boys represented a net productive capacity of one or two hundred dollars a year if put into the field. Under such conditions, it was pretty certain that the number of house hands would be kept down to the real demands either of necessity or of luxury, not suffered to increase wantonly and wastefully to the degree of a positive nuisance, as was often the case under the good-naturedly shiftless system prevailing in the border States.

The statistics of the Census bear out this view of the reason of the case. Alabama has 9.05 families to one servant; Arkansas, 14.64; Florida, 9.84; Georgia, 6.42; Louisiana, 5.89; Mississippi, 10.54; South Carolina, 9.32; Texas, 11.28. The apparent exceptions here are Louisiana and Georgia. If, however, we exclude New Orleans, a city which belongs rather to the whole cotton-growing region than to any one State, Louisiana ceases to be an exception. New Orleans has but 2.89 families to a servant, and the remainder of the State no less than 9.83.

We have spoken of all the former slave States except three. Missouri never was more than half a slave State. The practical area of slavery was limited to less than a quarter of its soil. The number of families to a servant in Missouri is 10.8. If we exclude St. Louis, the number rises to 13.61. North Carolina and Tennessee have respectively 7.72, and 9.42 families to a servant. Their position in this respect is undoubtedly due to the fact that they lay geographically between the old slave-breeding and slave-consuming States, and, partaking in a degree of the character of both, exhibited some of the characteristics of each.

Leaving now the former slave States, we find among the original free States an even greater variety in the matter of domestic service. The system of human chattelism did not enter here. Domestics were no longer property, to be worked at the will of their owners. Throughout the States we are about to consider, servants were free to go or to stay—free to enter the mill and the shop, free to ask their own price, and free to be just as disagreeable as they pleased. Even the words master and servant were in some sections taken as offensive. It is evident that under such conditions domestic service is never likely to be in excess from sheer indifference to accumulation. In such communities, servants will be employed only as the result of distinct efforts and sacrifices on the part of families to attract and retain them, bidding over the factories and the shops in respect to the amount of wages, or to ease of occupation, or both—such efforts and sacrifices becoming greater in the newer portions of the country, until, as we approach the extreme North-west, domestic service is almost forbidden by the industrial conditions which are there found to

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exist. In the Middle and Eastern States we should expect to find communities employing domestic servants somewhat in proportion to the extent and success of their manufactures and commerce, the presence of a considerable city being almost inevitably indicated by an increase in this form of expenditure.

The facts revealed by the Census correspond in general with great exactness to the reason of the case as we have sought to represent it. Beginning at the extreme East, we have Maine, a State chiefly agricultural, and having no large city to bring up its average, with 11.57 families to one servant. New Hampshire, approaching in its southern parts the industrial conditions of Massachusetts, has but 9.64. Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Vermont have, respectively, 7.61, 7.44, and 7.35. If, however, we exclude New Haven and Providence, Connecticut goes up to 8.08, and Rhode Island to 9.33. Massachusetts, with a population two-thirds that of the other New England States combined, has one servant to every 6.67 families. If, however, we exclude the cities of Boston and Worcester, we have for the remainder of the State but one to 8.24.

Of the States known in the geographies of our school days as the Middle States, New York has but 5.79 families to one servant; New Jersey, 6.97, and Pennsylvania, 8.01. If we exclude the seven principal cities of New York, the remainder of the State shows 7.31 families to a servant. If we exclude Philadelphia, Allegheny and Pittsburgh, the remainder of Pennsylvania shows 9.86.

Proceeding westward to Ohio and Michigan, we find, as we should expect, a smaller number of domestic servants in these States, the ratios being but one to 9.73 and to 9.74, respectively, or, if we exclude Cincinnati and Cleveland in Ohio, and Detroit in Michigan, but one to 10.92 and 10.31, respectively. Ohio and Michigan are, however, much older States than Illinois, which shows but one to 10.57, or, excluding Chicago, but one to 12.72. Indiana, a State of equal age, but of a more exclusively agricultural population, shows but one to 14.02 families. This is nearly the ratio of Iowa (one to 14.14). Wisconsin, with larger manufacturing interests, has one to 10.46, or, excluding Milwaukee, one to 11.26.

The six States remaining may be passed over with brief mention. California, with its great body of "Chinese cheap labor," naturally shows a large proportion of domestic service, having one servant to 8.37 families, though, if we exclude San Francisco, the remainder of the State has but one to 11.32 families, which is very close to the ratio for Nevada (one to 11.13), where, also, the Chinese element largely enters. Three of the other four States show the condition proper to pioneer communities, where luxuries are not expected, and labor is scarce and high. Nebraska has but one servant to 16.92 families; Kansas, one to 16.18; Oregon, one to 22.29. Minnesota, however, forms a distinct exception, and one not easily explained. The ratio of domestic service here (one to 9.64 families) is precisely that of New Hampshire, and exceeds by a trifle that of Ohio. Unless the cause of this be found in the proportion of Swedes and Norwegians within the State, it must be left to some social investigator on the spot, to account for this indulgence of the far Minnesotians in the luxury of domestic service so much beyond the customs of their neighbors.

Heretofore we have had under consideration the domestic servants in the several States, and in certain important cities, in their aggregate number only.* But it may not be without interest to follow this general class into the details of its nationality, and inquire what races and countries contribute, and in what measure severally, to this total of 951,334 persons, big and little, male and female, white, black and yellow, who minister in the households of our people.

At sight the statements of the Census in this respect appear scarcely credible. Thus, at the outset, we meet the assertion that 704,780 of the 951,334 were born within the United States. To one who has been accustomed to think of pretty much the whole body of domestic servants as of foreign birth, the first feeling must be that of incredulity. What, can it be true that all the Irish, Germans, Swedes, Canadians and Chinese, who make so much of a figure in our daily lives, and in the literature of the time, constitute little more than one-fourth of the entire number of servants?

In the first place, of the persons employed

* Another popular delusion, which is exploded by the Census, is that Joseph Smith introduced polygamy into his religious system merely as an indirect solution of the problem of domestic service; a shrewd device, at once to keep his handmaidens under discipline, and to defraud them of their rightful wages. The Census shows that, while Utah has fewer servants to population than the Territories of Arizona, New Mexico, Washington and Wyoming, it has more than Colorado, Dakota, Idaho and Montana.

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as domestic servants, who were born in the United States, not less than 353,275 are found in the former slave States and the District of Columbia, nineteen-twentieths of them being colored. This would leave but 351,059 from the old free States, including the Territories. But of the total number of domestic servants in these States, 53,532 are males, while 34,099 are females under 16 years of age, nearly all of whom were born here. Making deductions on these accounts, we have, in round numbers, 280,000 females, 16 years of age and upward, natives of the country, among our domestic servants, against a somewhat smaller number of all other nationalities. But can it be true that more than one-half our adult female domestic servants in the Northern States are native, are American? It is true, and it is not true. According to the strict sense of the word native, the sense in which the Census uses it, it is true; according to its popular meaning, nothing could be further from the truth. These Irish and German girls, as we are accustomed to call them, who are in our families as second girls, as nurses, and even as general servants, what proportion of them ever saw Ireland or Germany? They are, in fact, of the second generation. They are one remove from foreigners. Yet, though born among us, our general instinctive feeling testifies that they are not wholly of us. So separate has been their social life, due alike to their clannishness and to our reserve; so strong have been the ties of race and blood and religion with them; so acute has been the jealousy of their spiritual teachers toward our popular institutions,—that we speak of them, and we think of them, as foreigners.

It must be remembered that, so far back as 1850, there were resident in the United States 573,225 Germans, and 961,719 Irish, while the total number of persons of foreign birth was at that time 2,210,839. Many of these had then been residing long in the country. It is from the descendants of this class, scarcely less than out of the directly immigrating class, that our domestic service is supplied. It is clear that it will not be long before these *home-made foreigners* will far outnumber the direct immigrants, in the ranks of our domestic service. Already the children born in this country of foreign parents nearly equal those who were born abroad. Another Census will see the balance strongly inclined to the side of the former class; while their preponderance in our households will undoubtedly be effected even earlier by the preference naturally given to them over new arrivals.

Of those domestic servants who were born in foreign countries, the Census assigns to Ireland, 145,956; to Germany, 42,866; to British America, 14,878; to England and Wales, 12,531; to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, 11,287; to China and Japan, 5,420; to Scotland, 3,399; to France, 2,874; to all other countries, 7,343.

The States of the North and West, in which the Irish, as compared with the domestic servants of any other foreign nationality, are in excess, are Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and California; those in which the Germans are in excess, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, and Wisconsin; those in which the Scandinavians are in excess, Kansas and Minnesota; those in which the British Americans are in excess, Michigan and Vermont; those in which the Chinese are in excess, Nevada and Oregon. The Chinese, however, very nearly approach the Irish in California, the numbers being 4,343 against 4,434. Illinois has 3,950 Scandinavians, and 5,603 Germans, against 6,346 Irish. Michigan has 1,755 Germans, and 1,748 Irish, against 2,456 Scandinavians. Ohio has 5,270 Germans, against 5,587 Irish. In Indiana, the Irish very nearly approach the Germans. In Maine, the British Americans nearly equal the Irish. In the remaining States, the preponderance of the foreign element first specified, is generally decided.

Considering the number of "French cooks" we have in this country, it may seem surprising that so few of our domestic servants should have been born in France. It is known, however, that French cooks differ from the cooks of other nationalities in this, that they may be born anywhere, and speak English with any sort of accent. Of the real Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who have entered our domestic service, the great majority, as might be anticipated, are found in towns, obeying, even on our happy soil, the strongest instinct of their people. Thirty cities have the honor to comprise 1,630 out of the total of 2,874 domestic servants born in France. Of these, 449 are found in New York; 368 in New Orleans; and 286 in San Francisco.

Two foreign elements which are likely to make an even greater proportionate showing in the domestic service of 1880 than in that of

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1870, are the Swedes and the British Americans,—if, indeed, by that time, we have not gratified our national passion by annexing the New Dominion, making thus the Canadians not foreigners, but natives. Speaking broadly, the Swedes are all found west of Lake Michigan, in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The systematic efforts made to induce immigration from Sweden are not unlikely to yield considerable results in the immediate future. All the social and industrial conditions of the North-west are natural to this people, except only as being more favorable than their own at home. The British Americans, on the other hand, are substantially all east of Lake Michigan. They have overspread, more or less densely, the New England States, have colored deeply the northern borders of New York, and form an important element in the population of the peninsula of Michigan. In the latter State and in Maine the men of this nationality are lumbermen and raftsmen; in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, they are cotton spinners and shoemakers, forming, indeed, the bone and sinew of the redoubtable order of the Knights of St. Crispin. And, if ever our cooks get on a strike and go a parading the streets with bands and banners, breathing defiance to domestic tyranny, be sure it will be because the French Canadian women among them have formed the order of Ste. Coquula.

Of the natives of the Celestial Empire who cook and wash for our people, very few have yet ventured across the Rocky Mountains. Here and there at the East, an almond-eyed angel "stands and waits" in the house of a master who is considerably more than half afraid of him, with his cat-like step, his diabolical observances, his inscrutable countenance, and his well-known toxological accomplishments; but thus far, at least, the great domestic revolution which was heralded in the newspapers and magazines with so much noise five years ago, as about to follow the advent of the Children of the Sun, has, like many another announced revolution, failed to come off. Of the total number of 5,420 Chinese servants in the United States, 4,343 are yet to be found in California, 503 in Nevada, and 268 in Oregon.

Is the Chinaman to be the domestic servant of the future? Will another census show him stealthily supplanting the European in our households, and setting up his gods on the kitchen mantels of this Christian land? I stoutly believe not. The Chinese, whether miners or menials, are hardly more numerous in the United States than they were five years ago. "Forty centuries" have been too much for Mr. Koopmanschoop and his emigrant runners. Even when the Chinaman comes to the States, he leaves his wife and children behind him; he comes here with no thought of resting until he can rest at home; his supreme wish is ever to return to his native land, and if he be so unhappy as to die in exile, his bones at least must be borne back to sacred soil. Surely, a great element among us is not to be built up by immigration of this kind. Masses of foreign population thus unnaturally introduced into the body politic, must sooner or later disappear like the icebergs that drift upon the currents of our temperate seas, chilling the waters all around them, yet themselves slowly wasting away under the influence of sun and wind, having in themselves no source of supply, no spring of energy, no power of self-protection; helpless and inert amid hostile and active forces; their only part, endurance; their only possible end, extinction.

QUATRAINS.

I. WISDOM.

"Wisdom," quoth the sage,
"Cometh only with age."
"Fool!" quacked a goose,
"Then 'tis no use!"

II. HOMEOPATHY.

"If like cures like," quoth Bibulus athirst,
"Each second glass must surely cure the first."
Alas! he missed his count, and, sad to see,
The drinks came out uneven—so did he!

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A BIRTHDAY.

Now when the landscape lies all hushed and stilly
Beneath the cold gray sky and shrouding snow,
Dawns the dim birthday, shadowy and chilly,
Of my sweet winter-child—my rare white lily,
Loved all too well, and lost so long ago.

Sometimes I marvel, dazed by doubt and distance,
Whether she was a mortal baby fair,
Or some more glorified and pure existence
Lent for a little—a divine assistance
To help me over uttermost despair.

I bring to other birthdays kiss and token,
And loving wishes crowding fond and fast—
To this I only bring a woe unspoken,
Bitter rebellious tears, a heart half broken,
Bruising itself against the cruel past.

Year after year I think of her as older,
And muse upon her growth, and softly speak:
Now without stooping I could clasp and hold her,
And now her golden head would reach my shoulder,
And now her sweet white brow would touch my cheeks.

Would earthly years have had the power to render
That holy face less innocent and fair?
And those clear eyes, so luminous and tender,
Would they have kept undimmed their depths of splendor,
Amid these heavy clouds of grief and care?

I wonder, when I see my locks grown duller
By blighting years, and streaked with silvery strands,
If her bright hair has still the sun-warm color
It wore when on my breast I used to lull her,
Smoothing its shining waves with loving hands.

While time has aged and saddened me so greatly,
Has she outgrown each changing childish mood?
By the still waters does she walk sedately
A tall and radiant spirit, fair and stately,
In the full prime of perfect angelhood?

In that far dwelling, where I cannot reach her,
Has she who was so fragile and so sweet,—
An untaught babe, a tender little creature,—
Grown wise enough to be my guide and teacher,
And will her presence awe me when we meet?

Oh, if her baby face has waxed no older,
Or if to angel stature she has grown—
Whether as child or woman I behold her,
With what wild rapture will these arms enfold her—
This longing heart reclaim her for its own!

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

American Authorship.

MR. CHARLES READE is a man of plain speech. He applies his epithets with such hearty hate and contempt that they acquire dignity in the handling. The "gorillas," "chimpanzees," and "idiots," who have been the objects of his trenchant thrusts in his recent letters in "The Tribune," will look into their mirrors under a strong apprehension that their persons will indorse his characterization. On behalf of American authorship, we thank him for his unanswerable plea for justice. There is but one side to this question, and he has stated it. A creator and inventor has a natural right to the product of his brain, and wherever and by whomsoever that product is used, he is entitled to a royalty. There is not a rational argument which sustains the laws of international patent right that does not apply perfectly to international copyright. We have settled the principle, in our own national legislation, and settled it forever, and the refusal, on the part of our Government, to accord international copyright amounts to self-stultification and self-condemnation.

We hope that during the coming session of Congress this matter will be taken up, and settled as it ought to be. The President's Annual Message would be dignified by asking at the hands of Congress such legislation as will protect the authorship of this country, and of all other countries, in its property. Our own authors have been compelled to compete in the market with stolen books long enough. They have been preyed upon by foreign publishers long enough. Our people have lived upon stolen bread long enough. We occupy, in this matter, as a nation, a most undignified and disgraceful position. There is nothing under heaven that stands in the way of international copyright but a desire to maintain the profitable freedom of stealing. The authors want protection; they need it; they must have it; they will have it; and no adverse interest can interfere with their efforts, without great injustice and discourtesy.

We were particularly impressed by Mr. Reade's closing letter. It ought to be read by every well-wisher of his country. He shows how, under the patent laws, our inventors lead the world. Other nations print on our presses, reap with our reapers, and sew with our sewing-machines, while, in literature, we are only a moon reflecting the light of other national literatures. The American patentee and the American author are at opposite poles, in their fortunes and in the world's consideration. One leads the world; the other follows it. Mr. Reade simply reiterates what we have long claimed, when he asserts that the American writer has larger, more varied and richer materials than the English writer. "Land of fiery passions and humors infinite," he says, "you offer such a garden of fruits as Molière never sunned himself in, nor Shakespeare either." Nothing is truer than this, and the only reason that American authorship does not rise to the commanding position which its capacities and materials render possible, is, that men cannot live on the returns of their labor.

The history of our failure lies all around us. A genius blossoms, and we throw up our hats. The next thing we hear of him is that he is at work upon a salary, getting bread for his wife and children. He hardens and sours into a literary drudge, and never bears the fruit that was promised in his blossoming. The rare genius Halleck spent his life in a counting-room. Our living Bryant, who should have had a purely literary life, and left, as the heritage of his country, the consummate fruits of his genius and scholarship, spent his best years on a political newspaper. George William Curtis gives now all the products of his strong and graceful pen to the editor's office. Stoddard, a genuine genius, produces very sparingly, and is giving the weight of his culture to the presentation of other authors and other lives, mostly British. Stedman divides his time between the beautiful work that he loves, —the work to which nature has so generously fitted him,—and the harassing cares of Wall street. Taylor, who holds in his industrious and accomplished hands the materials and the power to write a better Life of Goethe than ever was produced, delivered last winter a hundred and thirty lectures, and is now editing, for the consideration that is so necessary to "keep the pot boiling." Does any one suppose that he would be doing this if he had the British market of his book secure, with the right of translation into German and French? Moses Coit Tyler, who has an important history on hand, for which, in the intervals of productive toil, he has long been collecting material, is plodding along upon a professor's salary at Ann Arbor. Hawthorne, who, as a writer of fiction, did more for the literary fame of America abroad than any other American, was glad to accept political office, that he might be sure of the bread he could not earn by his pen. Emerson has probably been obliged to earn by lecturing more money than he has ever received from copyright. The magazines are flooded with articles from pens that ought to be at work upon our permanent national literature, simply because money is wanted, and wanted now.

It is an old, sad story. The experiment has been repeated *ad nauseam*, and yet American authors are blamed for writing hastily and without due preparation. The question lies between writing hastily and starving. Give American authors half a chance; give them an opportunity to live, and they will do their work better. Give them the markets of the world, secure a return to them from all who now steal the usufruct of their genius and their labor, relieve them from the present killing competition with books that pay no copyright, and they will do for themselves and their country what the patentees have done for themselves and the country. We do not wonder that Charles Reade, with his intelligent eye

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upon our position, and his strong sense of equity and right, should use the most convenient and telling epithets that come to his hand to characterize his opponents. Opposition is so unjust, so short-sighted, so inconsiderate of the interests of a class on which the permanent fame and character of the country most depend, that it may well evoke his ire, in any terms in which he may see fit to express it.

Our Government fosters agriculture, fosters railroads, fosters manufactures, fosters invention, fosters mining interests, fosters scientific exploration, and even fosters the weather, but it does not foster, it never has fostered, that great interest of authorship on which its moral and intellectual character and consideration depend. Anybody can get rich but an author. Anybody can realize from his labor his daily bread, except an author. If all the receipts from the copyright of accepted American authors should be put together, and all the authors were compelled to live from it, they would not live; they would starve. Is this right? Is it too much to ask of the Government that it place the authorship, not only of this country, but of the world, in a position where it can have an even chance with other interests? It does not ask for the pensions accorded to useful authorship in other countries; it does not seek for grace or guerdon; it simply asks for justice and a fair chance to win for itself the return for labor which it needs, and for its country the consideration due to productive genius and culture.

Winter Amusements.

ONE of the most puzzling questions which parents have to deal with is that which relates to the amusements of their children, and especially to those among them who have reached young manhood and young womanhood. The most of us are too apt to forget that we have once been young, and that, while we are tired enough with our daily work to enjoy our evenings in quiet by our firesides, the young are overflowing with vitality, which must have vent somewhere. The girls and young women particularly, who cannot join in the rough sports of the boys, have, as a rule, a pretty slow time of it. They go to parties when invited; but parties are all alike, and soon become a bore. A healthy social life does not consist in packing five hundred people together in a box, feeding them with ices, and sending them home with aching limbs, aching eyes, and a first-class chance for diphtheria. But the young must have social life. They must have it regularly; and how to have it satisfactorily—with freedom, without danger to health of body and soul, with intellectual stimulus and growth—is really one of the most important of social questions.

It is not generally the boy and the girl who spend their days in school that need outside amusement or society. They get it, in large measure, among their companions, during the day; and, as their evenings are short, they get along very comfortably with their little games and their recreative reading. It is the young woman who has left school and the young man who is preparing for life, in office or counting-room, in the shop or on the farm, that need social recreation which will give significance to their lives, and, at the same time, culture to their minds. If they fail to unite culture with their recreations, they never get it. It is not harsh to say that nine young men in every ten go into life without any culture. The girls do better, because, first, they take to it more naturally, and, second, because, in the absence of other worthy objects of life, this is always before them and always attainable. The great point, then, is to unite culture with amusement and social enjoyment. Dancing and kindred amusements are well enough in their time and way, but they are childish. There must be something better; there is something better.

It is an easy thing to establish, either in country or city neighborhoods, the reading club. Twenty-five young men and women of congenial tastes, habits, and social belongings can easily meet in one another's houses, once during every week, through five or six months of the year. With a small fund they can buy good books, and, over these, read aloud by one and another of their number, they can spend an hour and a half most pleasantly and profitably. They will find in these books topics of conversation for the remainder of the time they spend together. If they can illuminate the evening with music, all the better. Whatever accomplishments may be in the possession of different members of the club may be drawn upon to give variety to the interest of the occasion. This is entirely practicable, everywhere. It is more profitable than amateur theatricals, and less exhaustive of time and energy. It can be united with almost any literary object. The "Shakespeare Club" is nothing but a reading club, devoted to the study of a single author; and Shakespeare may well engage a club for a single winter. Such a club would cultivate the art of good reading, which is one of the best and most useful of all accomplishments. It would cultivate thought, imagination, taste. In brief, the whole tendency of the reading club is toward culture—the one thing, notwithstanding all our educational advantages, the most deplorably lacking in the average American man and woman.

There was a time when the popular lecture was a source not only of amusement but of culture—when it stimulated thought, developed healthy opinion, conveyed instruction, and elevated the taste. The golden days when Sumner, Everett, and Holmes, Starr King, and Professor Mitchell, Bishop Huntington and Bishop Clark, Beecher and Chapin, Emerson, Curtis, Taylor, and Phillips, were all actively in the field, were days of genuine progress. Few better things could happen to the American people than the return of such days as those were; and the "lecture system," as it has been called, is declining in its usefulness and interest, simply because it has not men like these to give it tone and value. A few of the old set linger in the field, but death, old age, and absorbing pursuits have withdrawn the most of them. The platform is not what it was. The literary trifler, the theatrical reader, the second or third rate concert,

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have dislodged the reliable lecture-goers; and the popular lecture will certainly be killed if bad management can kill it. The standard has not been raised or even maintained; it has been lowered—lowered specially, and with direct purpose, to meet the tastes of the vulgar crowd.

Well, the young people, in whose hands the "lecture system" has always been, can mend all this, if they consider it worth the pains. Certainly, the coming into contact with a thoroughly vitalized man of brains is a very stimulating experience. The privilege of doing so should not be lightly relinquished; and, whenever a course of lectures is well conducted, it ought to meet with a generous patronage from all who have young people on their hands to be entertained and improved.

But even the lecture, desirable as it is, is not necessary. In a city like New York, there ought to be five hundred clubs of young people established this very winter, for the purposes of social and intellectual amusement, with culture in view as the great ultimate end. The exercises may take a great many forms which it is not necessary for us even to suggest. Books may be read, original papers may be presented, musical rehearsals may form a part of the entertainment, products of art may be exhibited, there may be dramatic and conversational practice, and practice in French and German. There is no limit to the variety of exercises that may be profitably entered upon. And what is good for the young people of the great cities will be just as good for young people everywhere.

The Way we Waste.

ONE of the facts brought prominently before the world during the last few years is, that France is rich. The ease with which she has recovered from the disastrous war with Prussia, and the promptness with which she has met, not only her own, but Prussia's enormous expenses in that war, have surprised all her sister nations. Every poor man had his hoard of ready money, which he was anxious to lend to the State. How did he get it? How did he save it? Why is it that, in a country like ours, where wages are high and the opportunities for making money exceptionally good, such wealth and prosperity do not exist? These are important questions at this time with all of us. Business is low, industry is paralyzed, and the question of bread stares multitudes in the face.

Well, France is an industrious nation, it is said. But is not ours an industrious nation too? Is it not, indeed, one of the most hard-working and energetic nations in the world? We believe it to be a harder-working nation than the French, with not only fewer holidays, but no holidays at all, and with not only less play, but almost no play at all. It is said, too, that France is a frugal nation. They probably have the advantage of us in this, yet to feed a laboring man and to clothe a laboring man and his family there must be a definite, necessary expenditure in both countries. The difference in wages ought to cover the difference in expenses, and probably does. If the American laborer spends twice as much, or three times as much, as the French, he earns twice or three times as much; yet the American laborer lays up nothing, while the French laborer and small farmer have money to lend to their Government. Their old stockings are long and are full. The wine and the silk which the French raise for other countries must be more than counterbalanced by our exported gold, cotton, and breadstuffs, so that they do not have any advantage over us, as a nation, in what they sell to other nations? We shall have to look further than this for the secret we are after.

There lies a book before us written by Dr. William Hargreaves, entitled, "Our Wasted Resources." We wish that the politicians and political economists of this country could read this book, and ponder well its shocking revelations. They are revelations of criminal waste—the expenditure of almost incalculable resources for that which brings nothing, worse than nothing, in return. There are multitudes of people who regard the temperance question as one of morals alone. The men who drink say simply, "We will drink what we please, and it's nobody's business. You temperance men are pestilent fellows, meddlesome fellows, who obtrude your tuppenny standard of morality upon us, and we do not want it, and will not accept it. Because you are virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?" Very well, let us drop it as a question of morality. You will surely look at it with us as a question of national economy and prosperity; else, you can hardly regard yourselves as patriots. We have a common interest in the national prosperity, and we can discuss amicably any subject on this common ground.

France produces its own wine, and drinks mainly cheap wine. It is a drink which, while it does them no good, according to the showing of their own physicians, does not do them harm enough to interfere with their industry. Their drinking wastes neither life nor money as ours does, and they sell in value to other countries more than they drink themselves. During the year 1870, in our own State of New York, there were expended by consumers for liquor more than one hundred and six millions of dollars, a sum which amounted to nearly two-thirds of all the wages paid to laborers in agriculture and manufactures, and to nearly twice as much as the receipts of all the railroads in the State, the sum of the latter being between sixty-eight and sixty-nine millions. The money of our people goes across the bar all the time faster than it is crowded into the wickets of all the railroad stations of the State, and where does it go? What is the return for it? Diseased stomachs, aching heads, discouraged and slatternly homes, idleness, gout, crime, degradation, death. These, in various measures, are exactly what we get for it. We gain of that which is good, nothing—no uplift in morality, no increase of industry, no accession to health, no growth of prosperity. Our State is full of tramps, and every one is a drunkard. There is demoralization everywhere, in consequence of this wasteful stream of fiery fluid that constantly flows down the open gullet of the State.

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But our State is not alone. The liquor bill of Pennsylvania during 1870 was more than sixty-five millions of dollars, a sum equal to one-third of the entire agricultural product of the State. Illinois paid more than forty-two millions, and Ohio more than fifty-eight millions. Massachusetts paid more than twenty-five millions, a sum equal to five-sixths of her agricultural products, while the liquor bill of Maine was only about four millions and a quarter. Mr. Hargreaves takes the figures of Massachusetts and Maine to show how a prohibitory law does, after all, reduce the drinking; but it is not our purpose to argue this question.

What we desire to show is, that, with an annual expenditure of $600,000,000 for liquors in the United States—and all the figures we give are based upon official statistics—it is not to be wondered at that the times are hard and people poor. Not only this vast sum is wasted; not only the capital invested is diverted from good uses, and all the industry involved in production taken from beneficent pursuits, but health, morality, respectability, industry, and life are destroyed. Sixty thousand Americans annually lie down in a drunkard's grave. It were better to bring into the field and shoot down sixty thousand of our young men every year, than to have them go through all the processes of disease, degradation, crime, and despair through which they inevitably pass.

With six hundred millions of dollars saved to the country annually, how long would it take to make these United States rich not only, but able to meet, without disturbance and distress, the revulsions in business to which all nations are liable? Here is a question for the statesman and the politician. Twenty-five years of absolute abstinence from the consumption of useless, and worse than useless, liquors, would save to the country fifteen billions of dollars, and make us the richest nation on the face of the globe. Not only this sum—beyond the imagination to comprehend—would be saved, but all the abominable consequences of misery, disease, disgrace, crime, and death, that would flow from the consumption of such an enormous amount of poisonous fluids, would be saved. And yet temperance men are looked upon as disturbers and fanatics! And we are adjured not to bring temperance into politics! And this great transcendent question of economy gets the go by, while we hug our little issues for the sake of party and of office! Do we not deserve adversity?

THE OLD CABINET.

AGE, doubtless, brings many states of body and of mind which are unexpectedly unpleasant. Among the unfortunate experiences of old age, a popular writer has mentioned the conviction that your middle-aged children are an irreclaimably stupid set of people. This is probably worse than a similar conviction with relation to your progenitors, for the sense of responsibility is greater in the former case. We think that there must be disappointments which are nearly as harassing as this, but of which it is almost impossible to complain, owing to their apparently trivial character, and owing, too, to the fatality of their having a ridiculous suggestion for others. We all know that the troubles of this life are not always of the heroic order. There was a man who was haunted by a suspicion that he had an unbeautiful profile. We positively know that he went through a large part of his earthly existence trying to hide his side-face from his fellow-mortals. Now, imagine a person who has always cherished an aversion to a certain kind of baldness, for instance, and then imagine this person gradually awakening to the fact that this very fate is in slow but unrelenting pursuit of him.

We have no inclination to dwell upon the misfortunes which accumulating years bring upon mankind; but rather upon the other side of the picture. Something goes with youth that "never comes again," but something comes with age that youth could not bring us.

We speak of the disillusions of advancing years, as if such experiences were always unfortunate. But certainly there are disillusions which are most fortunate and comforting. To childhood of a reverential sort there is a glamour, an air of superiority about every grown-up person, good or bad. Of course, drunken men, thieves, murderers, and the like are understood to be "bad." Although there is still an indefinable reverence on the part of the child for even these—yet, on the whole, they do not greatly trouble him. It is from another source that a thousand vague perplexities and alarms invade the young and sensitive soul; it is his natural and inculcated reverence for grown-up persons who are intensely disagreeable to him that gives him such warring emotions—such terrible mental distress. You cannot easily tell a little child that his instincts are correct,—that your neighbor, his godfather perhaps, to all outward appearance a pious and praiseworthy member of the community, has, in fact, a warped and bitter, a sordid and selfish, a vulgar and deceptive moral nature. Perhaps, you yourself, have only lately come into this knowledge—wise and wily and full of years though you are, yet still with that lurking fetichism of childhood. Perhaps only now, after many bitter and remorseful and melancholy experiences, "that tyranny is past" for you.

So, in this sense, it is true that among the satisfactions of age are certain of its disillusions. It may be said that it is a poor outcome of the law of compensation, namely, the discovery of more evil in the world than we had imagined. But, if [illegible],

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and if it must be discovered in unexpected places, how much better that we should find it where we have all along vaguely felt its presence!

THOSE of our readers who care to follow the case of "Bacon *versus* Shakespeare," will be interested in the little book written by Thomas D. King, of Montreal, and put forth as "a plea for the defendant." The author is just a little more rampant, perhaps, than is necessary, considering that he is on the winning side; but he is very amusing, very interesting, and right loyal to the majesty of Shakespeare. It may be that he is a trifle inappreciative of certain excellences of Bacon's versification of some of the psalms,—although we should think that most readers would agree with Mr. King as to the improbability of their emanating from the same mind as that which gave birth to "Hamlet" and the Sonnets. Mr. King groups effectively the allusions to Shakespeare by his contemporaries, and does not fail to lay stress upon the testimony of Milton. As an offset to the parallel passages from Shakespeare and Bacon, he gives characteristic passages from Shakespeare on fundamental subjects, for which no parallels, he claims, can be found in Bacon, and the tone of which, he holds, is not consistent with what is known of Bacon's personal character.

As the controversy, if controversy it can be called, may be supposed to have permanent importance for the light incidentally thrown upon the genius of Shakespeare, as well as upon that of Bacon, the present book is especially interesting, on account of the author's direct testimony upon a point which sometimes escapes notice. "The first translation of the Bible into the vernacular," Mr. King writes, "was that by William Tyndale, a Glostershire man, who considered his native vocabulary more significant and equally as elegant as those polysyllabic expressions derived from the language of Ancient Rome. The Tyndale and Coverdale Bible of 1535, which our forefathers welcomed so warmly, and suffered so much for, is the basis of the 1611 edition now in common use. The vernacular dialect of the Cotswold district of Glostershire, and that of the Stratford district of Warwickshire is very similar; any one familiar with it and with his Bible and his Shakspere must have noticed how many words and expressions used by Tyndale in his translation, and by our poet in his plays, are to this day commonly used by the peasantry of Gloster and Warwick Shires, some of whom have never read a line of Shakspere, and are only familiar with the Bible through the services of that Church, where the Daily Lessons and the Psalms are read in pure English. This I can testify from having been partially educated in the village upon whose 'knowl' stands a monument erected, since my school days, to the memory of the martyr who, on the 6th day of October, 1536, perished at the stake for translating that edition of the New Testament which he had promised to give to the ploughboys of Glostershire."

THE London correspondent of "Appleton's Journal" quotes from an anonymous critic, who not only expresses his conviction that Shakespeare did not write half the plays with which he is credited, but who attacks the poet's character. "There is scarcely a phase in his checkered life," the critic declares, "that would attach to his character the slightest impress of honor. In youth, he was a dissipated scamp, and flourished in the lowest company to be found;" and so he went on through his disgraceful career, a thief, a sycophant, a "griping, greedy worldling."

Whether this is the frank opinion of the unknown writer, or a sorry burlesque, in either case it illustrates the well-known fact that there is a sordid view to be taken, honestly or dishonestly, of every subject under the sun. The newspaper upon which our eyes just happened to fall, contains this statement:

"M. Guillemin calls comets 'the vagabonds of the heavens.'"

There is a way then of looking at the heavens which makes a comet appear a very disreputable member of the celestial community. The ancients, on the other hand, regarded such a phenomenon in a very different light, and there are poets, if we mistake not, to whom it has suggested some very fine thoughts. Perhaps, however, it is not a matter of great concern, one way or the other, to the comet.

It takes a mind like that of Hawthorne to see the sordid side of a great nature in its proper relation. A passage from "Our Old Home" will at once recur to the mind of the reader: "It is for the high interests of the world not to insist upon finding out that its greatest men are, in a certain lower sense, very much the same kind of men as the rest of us, and often a little worse; because a common mind cannot properly digest such a discovery, nor ever know the true proportion of the great man's good and evil, nor how small a part of him it was that touched our muddy or dusty earth. Thence comes moral bewilderment, and even intellectual loss, in regard to what is best of him. When Shakespeare invoked a curse on the man who should stir his bones, he perhaps meant the larger share of it for him or them who should pry into his perishing earthliness, the defects, or even the merits of the character that he wore in Stratford, when he had left mankind so much to muse upon that was imperishable and divine."

PERHAPS the attacks upon the literary and moral records of Shakespeare are partly owing to a sense of oppression suffered by mankind under the weight of so tremendous an intellect. It is an unendurable tyranny. There is no escape from it. No matter in what new direction a new writer sallies forth, almost always he discovers that this indomitable mind has pushed its way before him. Imagine, for instance, the effect of a consciousness of this upon our nineteenth-century writers of tragedies. Tennyson knew well, before essaying his latest work, that the highest praise he could hope to win was the praise of even remote association with "that high and sacred name." A critic dares to suggest such an association, and the world rises up in rebuke. In

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vain "The Spectator" reviews one of Shakespeare's tragedies, points out its weaknesses, and shows how much more severe we are upon the contemporary poet, than upon the author of Henry VIII. What does the world care for Shakespeare's faults? It is *Shakespeare* that it wants.

"MABEL MARTIN, A Harvest Idyl," by John Greenleaf Whittier, is brought out this year as a holiday book by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., in the style of Longfellow's "Hanging of the Crane." The substance of the poem, under the name of "The Witch's Daughter," was published some years ago in "Home Ballads." The story is itself a very simple one, and is told with all of Whittier's quiet and directness, with his gentle but genuine pathos, and with the nameless charm which belongs both to the author's character and art.

It may be considered one of the advantages of the New England poets that they have a country. The various and varying communities, the widely differing climates and landscapes which we call the United States, or America, hardly answer the purposes of a country,—in the view of the household poet, at least. It requires a pretty high pressure to reach an altitude where a poet can embrace in his ken the entire continent. The heroic poet, or a poet in the heroic mood, can do this. There are also, of course, relations, emotions, common to all mankind; and there is a landscape of the mind. But he who would move men in a deep and tender way, by the suggestion of familiar scenes and images, must have an audience to whom he can appeal with surety. In New England, we repeat, the poet has a country, he has fellow-countrymen, prevalent customs, cherished and familiar legends, a people grounded in the soil. He has an audience to which such a passage as this makes a close and touching appeal:

"It was the pleasant harvest-time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their load,

"And the old swallow-haunted barns,—
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
Through which the moted sunlight streams,

"And winds blow freshly in, to shake
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks,—

"Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

"On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

"And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

"They took their places; some by chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

"How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!

"On sturdy boyhood, sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless nerves!

"And jests went round, and laughs that made
The house-dog answer with his howl,
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl;

"And quaint old songs their fathers sung
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,
Ere Norman William trod their shores."

We are well aware that a description of any life, racy of the soil, sweet and human, no matter how distant, will always touch a responsive chord; but the attraction in such a case is different from that local one of which we have spoken.

We think that the illustrations both by Miss Hallock and by Mr. Moran are, on the whole, better in "Mabel Martin" than in "The Hanging of the Crane." (They are certainly better printed.) It is well known to those who are used to seeing drawings on the wood, before the engraver has done his work, that it is a most fortunate accident when the impression from the engraving gives the spirit of the original design. Miss Hallock's drawings have just that delicate quality most apt to disappear somewhere among the processes of cutting, electrotyping, and printing. On the wood they are never so commonplace as some of those in "Mabel Martin" appear to have been; and on the wood they always show a refinement and power which we have seldom seen any engraver successfully render. In this series, the grace of the drawing has sometimes degenerated into mere prettiness in the engraving, but sometimes, too, the great interest which Mr. Anthony (who stands among the very first in his profession) has evidently taken in the work under his charge, is rewarded by satisfactory and beautiful results. The line:

"Small leisure have the poor for grief,"

is accompanied by a little picture, very poetic in design, and of which the tone, both of figure and landscape, has been well preserved. There is a true suggestion of moonlight in the cut on page 29, and a sense of dignity and motion. The figure, on page 39, of Mabel kneeling, with bowed head and clasped hands, in her loneliness and gloom, communicates at once the peculiar sadness of the poem,—the sadness of pathos, but not of tragedy. On page 51 the story of the gossip is told in the design with firmness and subtlety; the attitudes of the teller and of the listener are well given. In the scene of the execution on page 36 there is a suggestion of a kind of strength which may not have been suspected by those who have seen only Miss Hallock's illustrative designs,—but there has been a smoothing out in the cutting that weakens the effect. Some of the cuts not mentioned here are doubtless more skillful, from a technical point of view, than some that are mentioned. We do not attempt a mere technical criticism of the engravings; but venture to give our impression as to their rendering of the designs of an artist whose figure subjects drawn on the wood are, after Mr. La Farge's, the best that are now being made in this country. Mr. Moran's pictures show his usual brilliancy of touch; the one most successful seems to be that on the

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40th page. This design appears to be more carefully and sympathetically thought out than much of his work in this book. But both artists have evidently been hampered by the supposed laws of illustrated book-making.

Are we ever to have "gift books" illustrated, or decorated, by a sort of natural outgrowth? Is it true that "the public" only want things that are like something else with which they are familiar? We suspect that there is not that invincible detestation of originality and freshness on the part of the people which many suppose. The failures possibly are owing to the fact that appeal is made to the public in behalf of new things which are not thoroughly good of their kind. If a thing is good, and also new, so much the better.

H. W. L.'s "Book of Sonnets."

LAST Sunday evening as I wandered down
The busiest street of all this busy place,
I felt a strange, sweet stillness,—not a trace
Of Saturday's wild turmoil in the town:
Then as a gentle breeze doth move a gown,
Still almost motionless, or as the face
Of silence smiles, I heard the chimes of Grace
Sound murmuring through the Autumn evening's brown.
To-day again I passed along Broadway
In the harsh tumult and mid-noise of noon,
While 'neath my feet the solid pavement shook:
When lo! it seemed that bells began to play,
Upon a Sabbath eve, a silver tune,—
For as I walked I read the poet's book.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Christmas Gifts.

THERE are very few readers of SCRIBNER who just now are not contemplating the approach of Christmas and New Year's with a good deal of secret alarm under the usual pleasure. They always have made gifts in the genial gift-giving season; they mean to do it again; they never, somehow, knew half so many people to whom gifts would be acceptable, but—. The dull counters of half the business houses in the cities throughout the fall and winter fully explain that "but," its cause and its effects.

The only way to solve the difficulty is to meet it face to face. It is necessary for all of us to economize; but let the economy first be seen in the curtailment of our selfish gratifications—not in the expenditures of this season which ought to be a help to giver and receiver both spiritually and practically. Wear the fall hat through the winter, and let the parlor carpet serve another season, and so keep the Christmas purse as full as it was last year. In the employing of it, however, there should be a total change in the ordinary custom. Usually we have offered the cheap gift to our poorer neighbor, and the costly trifle to the wealthy friend, whose tastes we fancied were too luxurious to be satisfied with a small outlay of money. On this Christmas let the weighty end of the purse be emptied where there is actual want. Beggars can be satisfied at any time; but every family knows of cases of suffering where help never will be asked, and is difficult to offer. The happy Christmas time opens a way of approach to the sternest of the self-respecting poor. The barrel of flour, ham, or turkey, the comfortable dress for the mother or flannel outfit for the baby, can be sent under cover of a Christmas greeting, and welcomed, which on another day would appear an insult. Let us spend what little money we have to spare in this practical, helpful direction, and give to our well-to-do friends and intimates something better than money—the careful thought and consideration which will discover a trifling gift especially suitable to each. The usual practice in choosing Christmas gifts is to start out with a full porte-monnaie and come home with it empty, having scoured a dozen book and print and curio shops meantime, to "find enough pretty things to go round." The gift sent to one friend might have been offered with equal propriety to a hundred others. Now everybody (worth remembering at all on Christmas day) has a fancy, or whim, or association, which a trifle will recall and gratify. Now that we have so little money, let us set our brains to work to remember these whims or hobbies, and to find the suggestive trifles, and, our word for it, we will startle our friends with a more real pleasure than if we had sent them the costliest unmeaning gift. There must be a nice discrimination, too, in assorting these trifles. There are certain folk whom we know to be sorely in need of articles for the wardrobe, and to whom we must therefore give utterly useless follies, because they know that we know it; and there are other and better folk in like condition, who will receive a collar or a pair of gloves with as hearty and sincere feeling as though the offering were a strain of Christmas music. There is one cousin whose gift must smell of the shops and the dollars paid for it, and another who, if we sent her our worn copy of George Herbert, or the little broken vase which has stood for years on the study table, would receive them with wet eyes, and find them fragrant with old memories. With genuine people of any sort the gift is valued, of course, in proportion to the personal care and thought bestowed upon it. The bit of embroidery by dear unskillful fingers assumes a worth which no priceless Point ever knew. Some women's fingers are not to be trained to hold the needle or pencil; for them the scroll-saw offers inexhaustible resources. There is literally no end to the pretty trifles which can be fashioned with one of these magic helps. One of the most successful Christmas gifts we ever

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saw was a quire of thick white note-paper, on the corner of which was a monogram of tiniest ferns or autumn leaves. "She thought of me every day for months," cried the happy recipient with tears in her eyes. Another was a little cheap photograph of a room dear to the giver and to him to whom it was sent. In short, it is not money which we want for our gifts, but the tender feeling and fine tact in its expression, which no rules or hints can supply if nature has denied it.

Country Kitchens.

It is a mistake to suppose that a kitchen must necessarily be uncomfortable, because it has not gas, hot and cold water, stationary wash-tubs, and an elevated range. "You can't expect city conveniences in a country place," is the formula. All these conveniences, with the exception of gas, can be put into country kitchens, if the builder chooses to have them. A man building his own house would willingly sacrifice a fanciful cornice somewhere, or have the parlors less ornamented, in order to have the kitchen made convenient and comfortable, if the idea were suggested to him. But usually he and the architect laying their heads together, with no woman's wisdom to guide them, arrive at the wise conclusion that there must be a kitchen somewhere; and, having determined in what place it will be least conspicuous, consider that part of the house disposed of.

If they studied the matter a little, they would, if possible, have *two* kitchens—the front, or winter kitchen, containing the range. With a cooking stove in the back kitchen for summer use, the house could be kept much cooler during the hot season. The stationary tubs should be in the back room. If there are no stationary tubs, the washing could be done in the room that was out of season, thus avoiding the necessity of the weekly slop and steam, and soiled clothes in the cooking-room. If this is too costly a plan, a small wash-room could be substituted for the back kitchen at no great expense.

But, supposing there is but one room for cooking, washing, and ironing, and that there has been no attempt to introduce into this the "modern conveniences" (which is the actual state of things in most country houses), there is no need for a sublime resignation to every imaginable kitchen discomfort and inconvenience.

A pump ought to be regarded as a necessity in a country kitchen. If the room has but one window, and neither outside door nor open fire-place, it is badly ventilated, and therefore uncomfortable. It is also unwholesome. Papered walls and a row of shelves, unenclosed, called, *par complaisance*, a dresser, are neither of them cleanly. Both uncomfortable, and uncleanly is the little pot closet; too shallow to admit of a proper disposition of the cooking utensils, so that the big pot, indignant at the pile of articles thrust upon him, bursts open the door at the most unexpected times, and astonishes the occupants of the kitchen with a vision of the frying-pan gyrating over the floor, or the gridiron leaping up like a jack-in-a-box. There is no need whatever for submitting to such discomforts as these.

The first consideration in a cooking-room is cleanliness. Tried by this test, papered walls are an abomination in such a place. You cannot darken this room through part of the day in summer, as you do others, and, consequently, fly specks will be numerous. These walls absorb the kitchen odors and steam, and the smoke rests lovingly upon them. If creeping things get into a house, they are sure to insinuate themselves into the paper on the walls. Hard-finished walls are really more cleanly, for they can be washed; but, unless the finishing is better done than in the kitchens we have seen, they soon *look* dirty, and this is the next worst thing to being so; for such finishing soon becomes discolored and "splotchy." There is nothing that will compare with the old-fashioned whitewash; not color wash, but whitewash, pure and simple. The color wash may give the walls a prettier tint, but it must be put on by a practiced hand, whereas whitewash can be applied by any one, whenever a dirty spot makes its appearance. It is true that unpracticed hands do not apply the brush as evenly as could be wished but a few streaks more or less don't matter, when we can all see that the streaks are white and clean.

Don't have the wood-work painted; don't have anything painted. Things in a kitchen will get soiled. It follows that they must be cleaned. Soap is a foe, before which paint invariably quits the field. Very soon the color will be off in spots, and nothing less than repainting the whole room will ever make it look clean again. It is still more objectionable to leave the wood in its native state. It requires hard and frequent scrubbing to keep this clean, and even this process will not suffice to keep all sorts of wood in good condition. Some woods seem actually to blacken under the scrubbing brush. But, if the native wood, even common pine, is well oiled and varnished lightly, the room will be the prettier for it; and, with very little washing, the wood-work can be kept sweet and clean.

The most cleanly kitchen floor is similarly treated—the native wood oiled. This oiling will have to be renewed on the floor at long intervals. If the boards are so roughly laid that they cannot be thus treated, it may, perhaps, be well to stain them instead with black walnut stain. This will have to be renewed every spring and fall at a cost of about fifty cents. Oil-cloth is a cleanly covering, but it is costly, and will not retain its good looks very long, and it requires much washing at the expense of the servants' backs. Carpeting collects dust with marvelous rapidity, and gives it out very liberally under Biddy's broom. But, alas! in our climate Biddy's feet will get cold in winter if she habitually stands on bare floors or on oil-cloth. To prevent this, some people lay rugs in front of the tables and sink. If a carpet is laid in a kitchen, it should be tacked down as lightly as possible, or fastened with carpet rings slipped over smooth-headed tacks, because it should be taken up frequently to be well shaken.

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A dresser is one of the things absolutely necessary. It may be well for the housekeeper to insist upon the fact that a set of open shelves is no more a dresser than twenty yards of silk is a dress. If you have a dresser made under your own direction, the best form is to have two wide closets below, and three narrower ones above, with a row of drawers at the top of the lower closets. The upper closets should be far enough above the lower to allow the top of the latter to be used as a table. These lower closets are intended for the cooking utensils, and should be, at least, two feet deep. The upper closets may be a few inches less in depth, and it is a good arrangement to have two of these provided with shelves; a small one as a place of temporary deposit for meats, vegetables, and things taken from the store-room to be presently cooked, instead of having them standing about on the kitchen tables. This closet should, of course, be nearest the range or cooking stove, and in it the pepper, salt, and other condiments will be near at hand. The middle and largest closet contains the kitchen crockery and tins that are not to be hung. The third one, without shelves, is for tins and other things that must be hung up. It might be well to have a shelf or two at the top of this closet, on which the flat-irons, soap, starch, bluing, and silver-cleaning articles could be kept. By this arrangement everything is inclosed from the dust and flies.

Shades, made of fine wooden slats, are very suitable for kitchen windows, as they soften the light without darkening the room. They are inexpensive, only costing about seventy-five cents a yard, and "fixtures" are very simple.

Then, the lighting of the room is to be considered. A lamp that has to be carried from place to place is not a kitchen comfort. If it could be managed, a hanging fixture to hold a lamp, not too far from the range, would be best, for it is very desirable to have the light fall from above upon your work. Even two lamps would not give too brilliant a light for such a particularly nice job as cooking ought to be. The very best oil would only cost a cent or two a night for the extra lamp. But we know it is often impossible to hang a lamp in a kitchen with safety; and the next best thing, perhaps, is to have the lamps in brackets at each end of the room or at the sides. The shape of the kitchen must determine where the light is to be placed; only so dispose it that the room shall be well illuminated.

These remarks may rouse the ambition of some country housekeepers, and stir them up to revolutionize their cooking abodes of discomfort. They can, doubtless, improve upon the plans offered here, and devise many a "convenience."

Politeness and Punctilio.

WE have but a low opinion of etiquette books. The politeness that is dealt out by weight and measure seems to us of a very poor quality. Yet we know that there are many very good people to whom written laws of etiquette are as sacred as the Ten Commandments. Their only source of disquiet in regard to them is that there does not seem to be any one generally recognized set of commandments in regard to the daily recurring trifles most of which involve an etiquette of a more complex kind than that which decrees that we shall not eat with our knives, or lean our elbows upon the dinner-table.

Visiting and calling etiquette is one of these things. Each social clique has its own unchangeable ideas in regard to what is or is not etiquette in the matter of calls; and many have been the heart-burnings and jealousies caused by misunderstandings of these conflicting codes. Especially is this the case in those smaller towns which it is just now our republican affectation to call provincial. Mrs. Jones takes with her into some small Western city the notions of etiquette which she learned in some small Eastern city. She acts strictly upon her own code, severely disregarding that of the place into which she has come. Her new neighbors, with an equal degree of righteous inflexibility, adhere to their code. Politeness—which Lord Chatham well defined to be "benevolence in trifles"—withdraws her flag of truce, indignant at the ill-usage she receives at the hands of the two conflicting etiquettes, and discord reigns supreme.

The family of Mrs. Jones (in addition to certain male beings who, considered in this relation, do not count for much) consists of herself, her unmarried sister, and their mother. Their next-door neighbor, Mrs. Clarke, promptly upon the advent of the Joneses, calls upon them, asking at the door only for Mrs. Jones; as she, Mrs. Clarke, has been educated in the belief that a call upon the female head of a family implies a similar courtesy to all of its female members. Mistaken Mrs. Clarke! She has mortally offended not only the ladies, for whom she omitted to directly inquire, but also Mrs. Jones, who resents the supposed affront to her relatives, and the before-mentioned male beings who must, perforce of gallantry, espouse the cause of the ladies of their family. Mrs. Jones feels herself, in etiquette, bound to return the call of Mrs. Clarke; but, "to sustain her dignity," does so only by dropping an icicle of a visiting card at the latter's door. In due time Mrs. Clarke, in her turn, affronted by the cool reception of her proffered cordiality, returns the icicle, and with such periodical exchanges the social intercourse of the Joneses and Clarkes begins and ends.

As the belief of Mrs. Clarke, that a call by a lady upon the female head of a family implies one upon all of its female members and guests who are ready or willing to receive her, is shared by all of her townspeople, it being one of the ten or twenty etiquette commandments to whose sacred observance they were all educated, Mrs. Jones soon finds herself left in a socially very cool place. If she is "sure she never saw so ill-bred and disagreeable a set of people" as her new neighbors, she is probably as correct as the same neighbors when they declare that they "never met so vulgar and altogether disagreeable a family as those Joneses."

Both parties have totally forgotten that etiquette

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is not an end, but a means, and that the end sought is the very simple one of giving and getting as much happiness as possible during our little stay together in this world; in other words, carrying into practice the Golden Rule.

Etiquette is assuredly a useful thing in some places and situations. Doubtless the King of Dahomey would find it impossible to derive much benefit from being King of Dahomey—would not, perhaps, even know that he held that exalted position, if it were not for the rigid etiquette of his court. It is by this requiring, upon pain of death, that various genuflexions and sundry prostrations shall be paid to his dusky majesty, that majesty becomes conscious of itself, and is happy. Even in more civilized and less royal society we are willing to admit that etiquette has its uses. Especially is it convenient when one wishes to drop a troublesome or a stupid acquaintance. Then some trifling breach of its laws, real or fancied, on the part of the acquaintance, may become a strong wall of defense, behind which we may securely intrench ourselves. But, aside from similar cases, we are inclined to consider an inflexible adherence to strict rules of etiquette in social intercourse as a relic of barbarism, and one which would render politeness, in the sense of Lord Chatham's definition, an impossible virtue.

Second-hand Furniture.

"IT costs but a trifle," says some housekeeper, who has kept house long enough to learn the value of money. "The upholsterers ask fifty dollars for just such a chair, and I get this at Jones's auction for fifteen." But her self-complacency may give place to mortification before many days are past, for the cost of a fifty dollar chair is not reduced to fifteen out of pure benevolence. It may have a distressing lurch to one side, or an ungraceful pitch forward, or rickety joints; or, what is worse (and very frequently happens), this admirable chair may long have been the chosen abode of those disagreeable insects known to the scientific under the name of *cimex lectularius*.

But the purchaser does not take the lesson to heart; these "managing" housekeepers never do. They cannot resist the temptation of "getting a bargain." So she goes on filling her house with unsightly, inconvenient furniture, because it is more economical to buy second-hand. "Your new furniture soon looks second-hand," she says; "so where is the difference?"

If she were to reckon up the small sums she has spent in having her dismal stuff put in order and made usable (nothing can make it pretty), she would probably find she had spent quite as much money as would have sufficed to furnish her house with new well-made articles of beautiful design, though, possibly, not of so costly a finish as her second-hand furniture was originally. And then the time she has spent at auction stores, and at forced sales at private houses! It is evident that she does not consider time to be money.

On the other hand, a young housekeeper generally shuns these places. If she fancies some article of furniture, and is told it is second-hand, she turns from it in contempt, and buys something new, not half so good, at double the price. To purchase second-hand furniture seems to her a confession of poverty; and, besides, she has a dislike to having things in her house that have been used by any one else; they only seem half her own. The cheapness of the article has no especial attraction for her, for she has not yet learned the value of money.

And yet, if she has but a moderate income, it might be well for her, in many instances, to purchase the second-hand table or sideboard, for she may get a much better article for the same money; and the feeling that it has once been the property of some one else will probably soon wear off.

The rule in buying second-hand furniture is, *use common sense*. Don't buy anything whatever merely because it is cheap. If you don't need it, don't buy it at all. If you do need it, buy either the new or the second-hand, whichever, upon examination, appears to be the best. All things being equal, of course one would naturally give the preference to the article that costs the least.

If a lady can procure second-hand furniture without too great an expenditure of time at auctions and the like; if the draft made upon her patience and temper is not too strong, and if she makes no sacrifice of refinement to economy; if the furniture has been well kept, and is tolerably fresh and reasonably good-looking, and if a proper reduction is made in the price, it is a decided advantage to buy it.

If you are so fortunate as to be able to purchase the furniture you desire from some friend, you may buy without fear; but otherwise there are certain articles that cannot be bought without running great risks. Indeed, we might almost say they should *never* be bought at auctions, or from the regular dealers in second-hand ware. These articles are bedding, bedsteads, carpets, oil-cloths, and upholstered furniture.

The above remarks only apply to ordinary house-furnishing with comparatively modern articles, and have, of course, no reference to antique furniture.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Stedman's "Victorian Poets."*

WHEN the essay on "Tennyson and Theocritus," which forms the sixth chapter of this work, first appeared in print, some five years ago, it was a welcome surprise even to those friends of Mr. Stedman who were most familiar with the fine and symmetrical qualities of his intellect. That pure poetic insight which is the vital spirit of criticism is often

* Victorian Poets. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

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combined with the faculty of song, and even with the patient toil of the scholar; but the calm, judicial temperament, which restricts the warmth of the one and the tendency of the other to minute and wearisome detail, is a much rarer element in the composition of an author's mind. The tone of the essay, resulting from such a happy conjunction of powers, was no less admirable than its substance; and, since the author who earnestly apprehends his calling cannot but feel his own success, and be stimulated to extend it, the present volume has grown as naturally as a flower—or, let us rather say, an oak—from the planted seed.

The readers of this magazine are already familiar with the three leading qualities we have mentioned, through the series of papers, commencing with that entitled "Victorian Poets," and terminating in our October number, which have received such wide perusal and comment. Each essay, fitted into its place as a chapter of the "Victorian Poets," is sufficiently complete in itself; yet it now, for the first time, gains its proper value as a part of one complete and harmonious structure. The Preface, in which the author, instead of dictatorially announcing formulæ of criticism to the reader, frankly reveals the intellectual principles of his own nature, and the habits and interests which shaped his work; the first chapter, broadly sketching the literary characteristics of the whole period, with its relations to other well-marked eras in English literature, and to the general development of the race; the clear and logical re-arrangement of the contents, giving them reciprocal support and elucidation, and lastly, the analytical index which completes the volume,—are all necessary portions of the author's plan. Whatever might have seemed abruptly stated, or insufficiently accounted for, in the essays as they appeared separately, now falls into its logical connection with the leading ideas. A reperusal of these essays thus becomes almost a new reading.

The chief excellence of Mr. Stedman's volume might be called—especially with reference to the prevalent tone of modern criticism—ethical, no less than intellectual. We allude to that nobility of judgment, at once just and sympathetic, which seeks the true point of vision for every branch of literary art; which abnegates the author's personal tastes and preferences, even restricting the dear temptation to eloquence and imagery, whenever they might mislead; which regards the substance of poetry no less than its technical qualities; and which, while religiously holding to its faith in the eternal requisites of simplicity and proportion, recognizes the imperfect genius of the writers who violate these requisites, or fail to attain them. This is an excellence which only an author may adequately honor; for it implies both courage and the self-denial of a sound literary conscience. The author impresses us, as we read, like one who drives a mettled steed with a firm hand, checking all paces which might display a greater grace or swiftness, and careful lest any slower creature be injured on his way. Even where we partly dissent from his estimates, as in the cases of Buchanan and Morris, the intention of fairness is so evident that, contrasting it with the tone of those critics who seem afraid to praise lest praise should imply some possible inferiority in themselves, we are easily reconciled to his generosity. The feeling of the poet expresses itself only in his appreciation of good qualities; for offenses, he applies a calm, scientific treatment, which so carries with it its own justification that the subject may feel, but cannot resent or retaliate.

Mr. Stedman's style, clear, compact and vigorous, is adjusted by a true artistic sense to his large critical method. It is purposely less brilliant, in either a rhetorical or an imaginative character, than he might easily have made it. Even so admirable a genius and so ripe a scholar as Mr. Lowell cannot always resist the temptation of accepting those fine suggestions which rather sparkle over the surface of a theme than inevitably belong to it,—charming the reader, indeed, but leading him a little aside from the direct line of thought. That style seems to us best which displays the subject in the clearest possible light, without calling special attention to itself; for it conceals the introversion of even the most spontaneous, self-forgetting author, whom yet we remember with double gratitude at the end of his task. In no respect, let us here remark, have many of the present generation of authors made a greater mistake, than in assuming that individuality in style is the result of conscious effort.

The qualities which Mr. Stedman has exhibited in his "Victorian Poets" ought not to be rare; but they are so, in our day. For the past twenty years, the bulk of that which has been offered to the public as literary criticism in England and America—with the exception of three or four distinguished names in either country—may readily be classed under these three heads: First, the lofty, patronizing tone, as of those who always assume their own infinite superiority to the authors whom they deign to notice; secondly, the mechanical treatment of a class which possesses culture without vital, creative power, and thus discourages through its lack of genuine sympathy with aspiration; and lastly, the "gushing," impressible souls, to whom everything new and unexpected seems equally great. There has probably been no time, in the whole course of the intellectual development of our race, when clear, healthy, liberal canons of judgment were more needed by the reading public. Mr. Stedman has slightly touched upon this point, in regard to the singular vagaries of English taste, in its estimate of American authors. It was not within the scope of his work to do more than notice such a phenomenon; and we suspect that his own quiet example will accomplish much more in the way of a return to the true, unchangeable ideals, than any amount of polemical writing.

We have preferred to dwell upon the spirit which informs the volume, rather than upon the separate divisions of its theme, since many of the latter are already known to the readers of this magazine. But we may add, that the essays upon Tennyson, the Brownings, Arnold, and Swinburne, are surely more

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complete, impartial, and discriminative, than any English critic of our time would be likely to write. The breadth of the Atlantic may not be equivalent to posterity, but it certainly removes a writer from the atmosphere in which a thousand present and personal interests float, and are breathed as invisible spores. The references to American literature are perhaps as frequent and significant as Mr. Stedman's plan allowed; yet, in view of an action and reaction which are not yet balanced as they ought to be, we should be glad if the contrast which is merely hinted had been further developed. When Mr. Stedman says: "After a close examination of the minor poets of Britain, during the last fifteen years, I have formed, most unexpectedly, the belief that an anthology could be culled from the miscellaneous poetry of the United States, equally lasting and attractive with any selected from that of Great Britain;" and adds, shortly afterward: "I believe that the day is not far distant when the fine and sensitive lyrical feeling of America will swell into floods of creative song,"—we are tempted to regret his enforced omission of the links which connect the literary development of the two countries.

The leading poets of the Victorian era are treated at satisfactory length, and, in spite of the author's semi-apology, with even less of technical criticism than would be justified by the special qualities which separate them from their predecessors. They are not, however, allowed to stand isolated in their time; they are attached to the past and the probable future, and their art is not removed from its place in the total development of the race. This breadth of view is the secret of Mr. Stedman's impartiality. In the single instance where we have discovered a bit of exaggeration (page 13): "The truth is, that our school-girls and spinsters wander down the lane with Darwin, Huxley and Spencer under their arms; or, if they carry Tennyson, Longfellow and Morris, read them in the light of spectrum analysis, or test them by the economics of Mill and Bain,"—the fault unconsciously corrects itself, four pages later, where the author says: "In the earlier periods, when poets composed empirically, the rarest minds welcomed and honored their productions in the same spirit. But now, if they work in this way, as many still are fain, it must be for the tender heart of women or the delight of youth, since the fitter audience of thinkers, the most elevated and eager spirits, no longer find sustenance in such empty magician's food." We think, also, that Mr. Stedman somewhat overestimates the power of recent scientific development to benumb the activity of the æsthetic element in man. Mr. Huxley's shallow impertinence in regard to poetry has not yet, so far as we know, found an echo; and it is not likely that a taste inherent in the nature of man, and inseparate from his progress, can be even temporarily discouraged. The extent to which imaginative art depends upon, or is modified by, the facts or speculations of science, is still an unsettled question; even Goethe, in whom both elements existed, found it safest to hold them so widely apart—at least, during his best productive period—that there was rarely an inter-reflection. Meanwhile, we heartily agree with Mr. Stedman that the result, in spite of all transitional struggles, will be "a fresh inspiration, expressing itself in new symbols, new imagery and beauty, suggested by the fuller truth."

Mr. Stedman's views in regard to the intellectual characteristics of our day, and the signs of a coming reaction from the present extreme of technical refinement, are both new and striking, and deserve a careful consideration. Some of these views may have been presented before, but only as scattered hints or speculations; no previous writer has given a clear, compact, and intelligent survey of the whole field. Each single figure is thus projected against the same broad background, and casts a shadow, more or less distinct, beyond its present achievement. This feature distinguishes the "Victorian Poets" from all other essays in contemporary criticism, and places its author in the foremost rank of writers, beside Mr. Lowell and Mr. Matthew Arnold. If he lacks the humor and dazzling affluence of illustration of the former, or the exquisitely molded style of the latter, he possesses qualities of equal value in the serene, judicial temper of his intellect, and the conscientious severity which enables an author to subordinate himself to his theme.

Anderson's "Norse Mythology."*

We should like Prof. Anderson's Mythology better, had he contented himself with telling his tales of the old Norse gods and heroes, and assumed a less aggressive attitude toward the civilizations of Rome and Greece, which, indeed, he understands less thoroughly, and of which he is therefore a very unsafe interpreter. The Mythology of the Norsemen, as the most complete expression of the Gothic mind and genius, is "its own excuse for being," and has no need of conquering its ground in the interest of modern readers from any previously existing system of myths and legends. To be constantly drawing disparaging parallels between Gothic and Roman gods, and to exalt the former at the expense of the latter, is about as rational as to quarrel with the cypress or the myrtle because it is not a pine. They can well afford to grow peacefully side by side in the all-embracing, cosmopolitan atmosphere of our modern culture, and their intrinsic differences will add to the scientific and ethnological value of each, rather than detract from it.

Prof. Anderson is himself a sturdy Goth, and, in the blind, warlike ardor with which he attacks "the fratricide Romulus" and all his rapacious race, furnishes, perhaps unconsciously, an illustration of the inborn limitations of the Gothic mind, as well as of its indomitable strength, energy, and other characteristic virtues. His inability to comprehend that

* Norse Mythology; or, The Religion of Our Forefathers. Containing all the Myths of the Eddas. Systematized and Interpreted, with an Introduction, Vocabulary, and Index. By R. B. Anderson, A. M., Professor of the Scandinavian Languages at the University of Wisconsin. Author of "America not Discovered by Columbus," "Den Norske Maalsag," etc. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

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serenely joyous spirit which animated antique paganism, is strikingly exemplified where, for instance, he undertakes to discuss from a Gothic point of view the objections to the nude art of the Greeks.

"We Goths," he says, "are, and have for ages been a chaste race. We abhor the loathsome nudity of Greek art. We do not want nude figures,—at least, not unless they embody some very sublime thought."

But it is the very sublimity of ancient art which constitutes its first claim to our attention; for the human form has a grandeur of its own, quite apart from the changeful beauty with which the animating spirit may invest it, and it is this simple perfection and majesty of physical manhood and womanhood which the Greeks have embodied in their sculptured gods and heroes. To judge these, then, according to our modern standard of morality, is about as absurd as it would be to blame the Athenians because they did not wear trowsers and fur-brimmed caps of Northern pattern. How much of the well-draped chastity of the Scandinavian gods may be due to climatic influences, is a question which we do not propose to discuss here, but which we submit to the author's consideration.

It may, perhaps, be unfair to censure a man like Prof. Anderson,—who has undertaken an important work, and whose love for his subject is visible in every line he writes,—because he has allowed his enthusiasm to carry him somewhat further than a cool-headed reader can comfortably follow him. It is this very enthusiasm to which we owe the book, which fills it like an invigorating, all-pervading atmosphere. In itself, enthusiasm is a most delightful literary quality, and, even with the disadvantages which, in the present case, it entails, we should be sorry to say anything to dampen or suppress it. Nevertheless, we cannot rid ourselves of the impression that the author, prompted by his laudable zeal, has claimed too much for his beloved Norse Mythology. It would in no way have detracted from its value, if, for instance, he had refrained from stating that the Odinic myths are entirely pure, and that there is no single incident to be found in them which could shock the sense of propriety of refined readers. Two or three incidents occur to us which would effectually contradict this broad assertion.

In justice to the author, it must be added that the criticisms we have so far made, only apply to the first 115 pages of his book. As soon as he enters upon his specific task of recounting the exploits of the gods, his aggressive tone changes into one of fresh and spirited narration, and he seldom fails to fulfill the requirements of the most exacting critic. He is thoroughly versed in the Norse Saga literature, as well as in the writings of Munch, Keyser, Vigfusson, and all the modern authorities on Norse subjects, and he selects judiciously his proofs and quotations from the vast abundance of material which the researches of his Norwegian, Icelandic, and German predecessors have supplied. The importance of this labor can hardly be overestimated; for a complete Northern Mythology has, to our knowledge, never before been published in the English language, a circumstance which must always remain a matter of wonder, when we consider the nearness of our kinship to those Norse marauders, who, after the Danish and the Norman invasion, mingled their blood with that of Anglo-Saxon England. English and French travelers, like Beamish and Xavier Marmier, few of whom have been scholars, have, from time to time, published hasty and superficial compilations of Northern myths and history; and William and Mary Howitt have, with their usual dilettanteism, concocted their miscellaneous knowledge, gathered from desultory reading of Northern authors, into a two-volume book, which has the sole merit of being written with a good intention, but is equally innocent of scholarship and literary excellence. Of course, Prof. Anderson's work is incomparably superior to the already existing books of this order, and supplies, as the saying is, an unexpressed, but nevertheless long-felt need. His analysis of the myths of the elder and younger Eddas is clear and comprehensible, and quite on a level with the similar researches of the latest interpreters. He has certainly an enviable advantage in being a successor instead of a predecessor of the eminent Sophus Bugge, whose keen, critical sagacity has opened a broad pathway for the daylight to break in upon the dim chaotic wonder-world which has long lain slumbering under the misty similes and metaphors of the Eddas; but Prof. Anderson is himself ever ready to recognize this advantage, and gives due credit to Bugge whenever he has occasion to quote him, or to profit by his scholarly insight.

We have said that the principal charm of this remarkable book consists in a certain hot-headed zeal and earnestness, an invincible literary prowess which brooks no delay and carries all hinderances before it. It is a book of thoroughly masculine fiber, and as much of a Saga as we could possibly hope for in these unepic and hypercritical times. The chapters on the Eddaic Cosmogony, and on "Norse Mythology as Material for the Use of Poets, Painters, and Sculptors," are fine specimens of vivid and entertaining narration, while showing with equal force the blind ardor of the author's partisanship. To our mind, it involves a great error to suppose that any really strong and healthy art can blossom out from a mythology which is no longer an organic part of any nation's consciousness,—which, except for its historical and ethnological value, is and must be irrevocably dead.

The incorporation of Greek myths into our poetic literature was no mere artifice of poets in want of material for their song, but the inevitable result of four centuries absorbed in humanistic studies. Modern Germanic and Anglo-Saxon culture stands no longer on a national basis, although we fully agree with Prof. Anderson that it is very desirable that it should; but the plan he proposes—that poets, painters, and sculptors should substitute Gothic for Greek myths—would show on the very face of it, its artificial character, and accordingly fail to accomplish any lasting good. A poet is not a

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reformer and the instructor of his age; he merely utters in melodious words the voiceless sensation which trembles through the nation's nerves. He must therefore choose his similes, his meter, and, in fact, the whole material of his song from that life which is, at least, sufficiently familiar to appeal to his reader's heart, and to awaken a responsive vibration in his bosom. No one who has watched the progress of modern lyrical song (and all our modern poetry is in the deepest sense lyrical) can have failed to notice the gradual disappearance of the mythical element; and we should do mischief instead of good if we were to interfere forcibly with this healthy development. As long, however, as enlightened readers derive their earliest culture from classical sources, Jupiter and Venus and Cupid will maintain their places in our song, and no hasty attempt to dethrone them is likely to succeed. As poetic symbols, they have a definite meaning to the present generation, while Odin, Freya, and Balder are now little more than sounds, which it would take at least a century to domesticate in our language.

Again, whether the heroes of the Northern myths are adapted as subjects for plastic art, is a subject worthy of serious consideration. That they are eminently picturesque, and therefore excellent themes for the painter, no one will question; but that serene repose, and that physical equilibrium, which are the primary conditions of sculpture, are almost directly opposed to the spirit of the Gothic civilization.

We hope that we have already expressed with sufficient emphasis our appreciation of the great amount of solid and valuable labor which is to be found in the present volume; and, if we have dwelt upon what we conceived to be its deficiencies rather than its excellences, we do not wish thereby to indicate that the former predominate over the latter. Prof. Anderson, we understand, is yet a young man, and has but recently made his *début* in literature. Even his errors are of a warm-blooded, masculine kind, and show a startling fertility of mind, which will make them, in the eyes of the great majority of readers, far preferable to cool and timid correctness.

Flagg's "Birds and Seasons of New England."

ONE of the most appreciative, unaffected, and, we might say, "old-fashioned" writers upon natural and rural themes that New England has produced is Wilson Flagg, whose second book is now before us (J. R. Osgood & Co.). Some hasty readers might be more than half disposed to add the epithets slow and commonplace, but, on further examination, they would see that these words do not apply. True, our author's pages are in a low key; and, if they are not uniformly fresh and graphic, on the other hand, they have few of the current literary vices of flippancy, smartness, and headiness; while there is throughout his book a sweet dignity, a bloom of simple, unsophisticated manhood and a healthful objectiveness, that are truly refreshing. Mr. Flagg does not belong to the Thoreau school of writers and observers of nature. Undoubtedly a little of their alertness and penetration would heighten and improve his flavor; but then we have not to lament in him their asceticisms, their intellectual somersaults, and their interminable preaching. He is a careful and loving observer of the birds and seasons, and neither seeks in his discourses about them to startle by the novelty of his facts or the antithesis of his style. Indeed, he is quite old-fashioned, as we have intimated. Many of his dissertations upon the beauties of Nature—upon flowers, morning, the seasons, the songs of birds, etc., read not a little like the pieces in the school Readers of thirty years ago; yet there is a quiet charm and truthfulness about them that is undeniable. He reminds us of St. Pierre and White of Selborne, more than of any modern author.

His book is a large one, containing nearly 500 pages, but the chapters are all short and on a great variety of subjects. Some of his titles are most suggestive, and set the fancy playing without further words, as "Rocks," "Water Scenery," "The Haunts of Flowers," "Picturesque Animals," "Old Roads," "Simples and Simplers," "The Music of Birds," "Angling," "Birds of the Garden and Orchard," "Birds of the Night," "Clouds," "Ruins," etc., etc. In some of his essays, notably those upon the seasons, March, April, May, etc., he does not get quite as close to his subject as we like; there are not enough characteristic touches to keep up the interest. Indeed, to write upon the many phases of our brilliant and many-colored year, and know what to say and what to leave unsaid, is the most difficult of tasks. Each month has its own physiognomy; and to bring that out in a few bold strokes, to seize upon and disentangle the master forms and impressions, is what Mr. Flagg has not done so well as he has done certain other things. His July, August, September, etc., pieces are a little vague and ineffectual; but his chapters upon "The Field and Garden," "Simples and Simplers," "The Flight of the Wood-Nymphs," "Old Houses," "Old Roads," and kindred themes, are most excellent. Especially felicitous is that part of the first-named piece in which he describes his visit to the garden of an old lady who had invited him to see her flowers. With the most thoughtful courtesy, and the most ready and cheerful botany, he found something to praise even in the weeds which the old lady apologized for, and which her duties as housekeeper had left her no time to keep down—the burdock, rag-weed, the gill, the sandwort, the euphobia, etc.—and pointed out so many beauties of form and color in these interlopers that his hostess felt prouder of her garden than ever.

Mr. Flagg has been long known as a writer upon our birds, and has done much to popularize the science of ornithology in this country. He has something to say about nearly all our birds, with some good-tempered allusions to the hair-splitting, or rather feather-splitting of recent classifiers. Of the Meadow-Lark he says: "This bird is no longer, as formerly, a Lark. Originally an Alanda, he has since been an Oriolus, an Icterus, a Cacicus, and a

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Sturnus. He has shuffled off all his former identities, and is now a Sturnella magna." Speaking of the introduction into this country of the English House Sparrow, he finds consolation in the thought that, "since our people are resolutely bent on the destruction of our native birds, it may be fortunate that there exists a foreign species of such a character that, like the white-weed and the witch-grass, after being once introduced, they cannot by any possible human efforts be extirpated. When all our native species are gone, we may be happy to hear the unmusical chatter of the House Sparrow, and gladly watch them and protect them, as we should, if all the human race had perished but our single self, welcome the society of orang-outangs."

In such passages our author shows more sprightliness than is habitual with him.

The most valuable part of Mr. Flagg's contribution to ornithology is in his treatment of the songs of our common birds, and his success in transcribing them upon the gamut. Evidently a musician himself, he brings a skilled ear to the task of reporting the music of field and grove. Certain species of songsters, he says, have a *theme*, and the song of every individual of that species is a fantasia constructed upon this theme. The Song-Sparrow and Robin are good examples of this class. The Bobolink, on the other hand, has no theme. "Birds," he says, "do not dwell steadily upon one note at any time. They are constantly sliding and quavering, and their songs are full of pointed notes."

Our author contents himself with the bird in the bush, and uses neither gun nor glass. It is owing to this fact, we think, that he mistakes the Wood-thrush for the Hermit-thrush. At least, the song which he describes and then ascribes to the Hermit, answers to that of the Wood-thrush very accurately. The song of the Hermit, has not the long pauses which he notes; neither is it liquid and sonorous, but wild and ethereal.

The Wood-thrush also has the habit of singing at noonday, which Mr. Flagg ascribes to the Hermit, while the latter sings at twilight with the Veery. It is not an easy matter to correct Nuttall in his descriptions and identifications of the songs of our birds, and Mr. Flagg errs in supposing Nuttall means the Hermit when he speaks of the Song-thrush, and of its note as the "sound of *ai-ro-ee*, peculiarly liquid and followed by a trill."

We have not Nuttall before us, but we feel sure he means the Wood-thrush. It looks also as if our author had credited the Veery with more than his due; and as if he were really listening to the Hermit, when he thinks he is hearing the mere simple flutings of this bird.

Our author does injustice to the Cow-bunting in saying it has no song. Can it be that so good an observer has never remarked in spring this bird perched on the top of a tree with two or more females in rusty faded black beside him, pouring out at short intervals his peculiar liquid, glassy notes with a motion and effort like that of a hen when she lets the wind off her crop?

Mr. Flagg speaks disparagingly also of the note of the Redwing Blackbird, or Starling, saying it is sharp and unmusical, and like the words *chip-churee*. Though usually happy in rendering bird notes into syllables, he misses it in this instance. It has been reserved, not for an ornithologist, but for a poet to put the peculiar and musical note of this bird of the meadows and marshes into a word. In Emerson's "May Day" occurs this line:

"The Redwing flutes his *o-ka-lee*,"

which, as is usual with him, is precisely the 'right word.'"

Mr. Flagg advances a new theory in regard to the drumming of the partridge or grouse, averring unqualifiedly that the sound is produced, not by the bird beating the air and the log or rock with its wings, but "by striking the shoulders of his wings together, over his back, as the common Cock frequently does before he crows, and as the male Pigeon does when, after dalliance with his mate, he flies out exultingly a short distance from his perch."

This is contrary to the universal belief, and, we believe, contrary to the fact. The present writer has frequently had a good view of the grouse when in the act of drumming, and has never seen the bird elevate its wings sufficiently to strike them together over its back. On the contrary, it beats its own sides and breast after fully inflating itself. The sound produced by the Cock or Pigeon striking its wings together is a sharp snap, while the drumming of the Grouse is a soft, muffled, hollow sound, much resembling the whirr it makes in taking flight.

Since we are picking flaws in these pleasant pages, we will remind Mr. Flagg that the Cicada or harvest-fly is not a nocturnal insect as he states on page 322, but rather a midday one, whose sharp, brassy, whirring sound is very characteristic of the heats of midsummer; and that the nocturnal "piper" he refers to and aptly styles "the nightingale of insects," is a delicate, pale-green creature, closely allied to the "Katydids." Its lulling, soothing, monotonous refrain is a characteristic of late summer and early fall, as is the multitudinous piping of the small frogs characteristic of the spring.

"God's Word Through Preaching."

THE foundation of the Lyman Beecher lectureship on preaching, at the Yale Theological Seminary, has already resulted in three volumes by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, which are of unequaled value and practical usefulness. To these there is now added a fourth, by the Rev. John Hall, D. D., of this city. Dr. Hall's training and temper of mind and spirit are in many ways completely unlike those of his predecessor. He approaches his subject from a different point of view. Mr. Beecher's preacher is first, last, and all the time a man, and nothing but a man, among men,—in no way different from his fellow-men, except as his position gives him other opportunities, and, therefore, other duties and privileges, than theirs. With Dr. Hall, the thought of the ministry as a divinely appointed office in the

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Christian Church, of the preacher as an officer with formal credentials written in his own text-book, is the thought which comes naturally first in order. Each of these two lecturers would accept the other's views on this point, no doubt; but they would not hold them with the same emphasis, nor in the same proportion.

Dr. Hall's great success as a Biblical preacher, and his large experience in ministering to people of very various sorts, give to his lectures (which, of course, are, in great measure, the result of his own experience) an immediate value. It is a noteworthy fact, that men of very little culture have listened with gladness and with profit to the same sermons which crowd the fashionable church in the Fifth Avenue; and that the gospel, as Dr. Hall preaches it, is simple, plain, and practical to an unusual degree. A man of whom such things can be said is a good man to teach our young ministers "how to do it,"—and one from whom his brethren of maturer years may be glad to learn. It may easily be true that to the majority of men, such teaching will be more useful than that which a more brilliant man would give; for the majority of men, trying to be brilliant, will miserably fail, while, if they try to be simple, plain, and practical, they may be useful and successful. This fourth volume, therefore, of the Yale lectures on preaching is welcome to its place in homiletical literature as a book of standard and permanent value. Messrs. Dodd & Mead are the publishers.

"Preaching without Notes."

PROBABLY the invitation to the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, to give a series of lectures on extemporaneous preaching, to the students of the Union Theological Seminary, in this city, was suggested in part by the success of the Yale lectures. But, however that may be, it was an invitation which has brought forth a result for which the Church and the world may well be thankful. Dr. Storrs has long been known as a man of the highest culture, and of commanding ability. It is only within a few years that he has come to be known as pre-eminent among preachers in extemporaneous discourses—or, to use the phrase which he prefers in the title to his little volume, in "preaching without notes." He gives, with much frankness and freedom, the reasons which led him, a few years ago, to adopt this method; and he sets forth with great force and vivacity the advantages of it, and the conditions of success in it. The lectures are three in number, but they are full of suggestion; and cover, with a good deal of completeness, the special topic to which the lecturer restricted himself. They were listened to with great admiration by an audience made up not only of the students of the Seminary, but of ministers of various denominations and professional men of different callings. Just now there is great interest felt in this style of preaching. If any young minister, or any who is not young, would like to try it, or wishes that he dared to or could learn how to,—this is the book which, of all others, he should study to give him courage, and suggestion, and example. The publishers are Messrs. Dodd & Mead.

The Bible Commentary. Vol. V.

THE general characteristics of the Bible Commentary (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) have already been noticed and need no further remark. The compactness of it, however, receives a new illustration in the present volume, which, in the compass of six hundred pages, gives the text and comment of the books of Isaiah and Jeremiah, including the book of Lamentations. The Commentary on Isaiah is by the Rev. W. Kay, D. D., and is done with scholarly care and devout appreciation. The Rev. R. Payne Smith, D. D., the Dean of Canterbury (whose presence at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, two years ago, will be well remembered), is the editor of the rest of the volume.

Tenney's "Elements of Zoölogy." *

NOTHING can quite take the place, in the teaching of natural history, of the animals themselves, alive or dead, to be handled or dissected. But, next to this, what is in most cases the only alternative, is a judicious profusion of good pictures. This virtue alone would rank Professor Tenney's work very high as a text-book of natural history for beginners, as well as for graduates from active learning, who feel a need to refresh the faded outlines of one of the greatest of sciences. Fortunately, we can go further than this in praise. The author, with all the enormous weight of facts which press forward to his pages, has been strong enough to select with great discretion, and has been rewarded by being always clear. The mooted points, about which great scientific wars are waging, have been skillfully avoided, the author's own opinions being narrowed down to an occasional exclamation point, which is not likely to prejudice the young learner very considerably, either one way or the other. What is most striking about the work,—after due credit to the great quantity of ground surveyed,—is the workmanlike tone of it. From man to *Monera*, all is clear, solid, to the purpose, as if the Professor stood by the blackboard, and in a few pithy sentences told his listening class the salient characters of the animal he had just sketched. Another excellent feature is the number of illustrations giving the internal economy of men, beasts, birds, and fishes, and, in the first chapter, the remarks on tissues. Fossil species are hardly touched upon more than to recognize their existence, and, occasionally, their relation to living animals. The text accompanies the illustrations in just sufficient amount to interest and stimulate the learner without wearying him. We can imagine few courses of lessons more pleasant than zoölogy, under the auspices of Professor Tenney's book.

* Elements of Zoölogy. A Text-Book, by Sanborn Tenney, Professor of Natural History in Williams College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

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A Sheaf of Juveniles.

THOSE of us who have reached the noontime of life must sometimes sigh over the wonderful literature that comes too late for us. The books and pictures for young folks, like everything else in these modern times, show the marvelous advance which art and invention have made. To us, who remember the slender resources of children's libraries, in a far-off boyhood, the plenteous and glittering "juveniles," as they are called, of the present time seem like the realization of a fairy dream.

Each season outdoes its predecessor. The holidays of 1875 will put the book displays of last year to the blush. For example, here are two or three works that combine, in rare fashion, all of the best qualities of literature for children. What would the youngster of 1825 have thought of this new and sumptuous edition of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's "Silver Skates?" Imagine, if you can, the delight and awe with which Peregrine White, celebrated as "the first white child born in New England," would have hung over the illuminated pages of Mr. Horace E. Scudder's "Doings of the Bodley Family," or Frank R. Stockton's "Tales Out of School." Of course, human fancy cannot possibly picture the amazement and bliss of an Elizabethan urchin fingering these delightful books. Clearly, a great many children, now frosty-haired and wrinkled, were born too early in the history of book-making.

Mr. Scudder has won an enviable reputation among those who demand that, since of making books there is no end, those for the children should be wholesome, hearty, and pure, if nothing else. But his work is something else. Even the "children of larger growth" scan the broad pages of "The Bodley Family" with a fresh sensation of delight, and with some kindling of the old fire which warmed us when, as boys, we read the bright stories and imperishable ballads of English literature. The author has done well to introduce into his flow of every-day life, some of the best classic verse of other times. Old and young together will be glad to see here such prime favorites as "The Hunting of the Cheviot," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and "The Story of the Little Rid Hin," brought in naturally, and without appearing to be "lugged in by their ears," for the delectation of the little folks. Hurd & Houghton have brought out this book with taste and skill. The illustrations are admirably selected. The effect of the different varieties of cover-linings, silhouettes, and colors is very attractive.

"Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates," has such a firmly established reputation, that the profusely illustrated edition of the book just published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., will be received with applause and satisfaction. Mrs. Dodge has made this story one of her brightest and most limpid of realistic tales. Its current flows like a living stream; the characters have warmth and humanity. Moreover, the nameless something which we call "tone" is so healthful, that each reader is sure to rise from its perusal with quickened impulses for good.

Very few American books, certainly none so unambitious and modest as this, have received in foreign lands the cordial welcome given to Mrs. Dodge's artistic story. "Hans Brinker" was written for American young people with the purpose of giving them correct information about life, manners, and art in Holland. But the book has been reproduced in several European languages; and the youthful Hollanders delightedly read "Hans Brinker" in their own native language. This new American edition outshines all others issued in this country in the beauty of its typography and the profuseness and spirit of its illustrations,—which are identical with those accompanying the latest French edition. Right here we ought to say that the same publishers have brought out a new and less expensive edition of Mrs. Dodge's now famous "Rhymes and Jingles." The capital pictures are all here, and these most original and diverting of rhymes for children are presented in handsome form. But, by the exercise of judicious economy, the book is made more accessible to the multitude of little folks, who will hang over its pages with delight.

We have seldom seen such a successful experiment in combining amusement and instruction as Mr. Frank R. Stockton's "Tales Out of School." The title is felicitous. The tales, at least some of them, might be told in school, but in a different and less attractive fashion. We can fancy that the youthful scholar would find descriptions of extinct animals, strange birds, trees, and flowers, natural wonders and queer people, very dreary in a school-book. But Mr. Stockton has a marvelous knack at putting even commonplace facts into such a setting that the dullest reader must needs be interested. As in his clever "Roundabout Rambles," the author (or authors, for we notice that, as in other books, the pen of Mrs. Stockton has also been brought into requisition) is discursive. His fancy and his explorations alike vault lightly "from China to Peru;" and they always bring back something good from the various far countries thus visited. Most sensible people revolt at the idea of administering knowledge to children in the disguise of amusement. Usually, attempts to impart substantial information in this surreptitious manner, as a dose of castor-oil might be smuggled into a spoonful of jam, are dismal failures. Mr. Stockton makes no such base pretension to skillful imposture; his "Tales Out of School" are honest and well-told stories about things we all ought to understand. Yet, these are not wholly matter-of-fact narrations. Scattered through the book are some mythological tales, fairy stories, and fanciful sketches. Of these, "Bron and Kruge," a legend of the Rhine, and "Carl Hojer and the Water Lady," are notably good. They are the work of a fertile and refined imagination; and the capital story of "The Jolly Cabordmen," will amuse everybody who reads it. Nothing so funny as this has been imagined in a long while. The adventures of this queer race are none the less diverting for the subtle purpose which underlies their history. The book is broad-paged, handsome to the eye, and liberally interleaved with

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good pictures. It is published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Yet another candidate for the suffrages of the young world of readers is Mrs. D. P. Sanford's "Frisk and His Flock," published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Numberless little folks remember with delight "Pussy Tiptoes' Family" by this author, and they will welcome a new story from the same pen with enthusiasm. Mrs. Sanford is evidently in full sympathy with her subject. The sayings and doings of the young people who figure in this dainty book are fresh and natural. One may well suspect that real children have furnished some of the material so deftly handled by the author.

The London "Academy."

ANOTHER, and a very bright and solid one is to be added to the links that already bind the social and literary life of England to the social and literary life of America, in the establishment among us of "The Academy," a London weekly journal long known and trusted in a too small circle on this side the water, but now, we hope, to become the familiar guest of many American homes. The editor and manager of "The Academy" is now in this country, and has been actively engaged for some weeks in looking over the whole field and finding for himself what are the prospects for a successful campaign.

For our part, we sincerely wish his enterprise today may thrive. "The Academy" represents in its own special field the best thought of the time. Whatever the most poetic, the most scholarly, the most scientific, the most humane persons are thinking on the moving questions of our own day, gets expression in the liveliest and most earnest manner in these pages that come to us once a week from over the ocean, and make us sharers in a life not indeed alien, but still another than our own. The very names of the writers for "The Academy"—and it is the rule that all the leading articles and all the correspondence shall be signed with the writers' names—are interesting to read. Here Lord Houghton writes on literature; W. M. Rossetti and F. T. Palgrave write on art; E. B. Tylor and Prof. Huxley on science. C. R. Markham, Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, edits the Travel department. Here we find J. A. Symonds, the accomplished author of the "Renaissance in Italy," and of "Studies" on Dante and on Italy and Greece; Colonel G. Chesney, author of the "Battle of Dorking," on military subjects; G. A. Simcox and Miss Edith Simcox, and Miss Cobbe, who write on social subjects, and with the force of earnestness, and G. Saintsbury, with reviews of literary and historical works that show wide reading, and independent judgment of men and things.

The Correspondence of "The Academy" is a branch of the enterprise carefully looked after, and the letters of M. Philippe Burty, from Paris, on the world of fine arts there, are valuable, not only for their fullness, but for their catholicity. Some admirable articles have appeared in "The Academy" from the pen of M. Albert Réville; and M. G. Monod and M. Etienne Coquerel keep us informed of the social and literary movements in the world of Paris.

The writing about art in "The Academy,"—about fine art especially so called, and also about the dramatic art and music, is, as it seems to us, particularly good. Indeed, a person must read the musical reviews of Mr. Ebenezer Prout, and Mr. Frederick Wedmore's dramatic criticisms, whether he care about music and the stage or care nothing about them. There is no better writing on these subjects anywhere. In its philological reviews, too, "The Academy" is especially rich. Here Mr. Furnivall, Mr. Skeat, and Max Müller write, and make a subject that in most hands is dry as the "remainder biscuit" lively, because talked about by live men.

"The Academy" has now correspondents at Washington, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco, and reporters for all the U. S. Government Exploring Expeditions, the Weather Signal Office, the Fish Commission, and the Centennial Exhibition.

If we cannot have such a journal as "The Academy" of our own make, and we cannot, it seems, or we have not, then we must welcome the foreign one—or, no, not foreign, the day has long gone by when anything English could be reckoned foreign—the journal from over-seas, and try to make its circle of American friends as wide as hospitality knows how.

French and German Books.

Das Waltharilied verdeutscht von A. V. Scheffel. Illustrirt von Alb. Baur. Small folio.—We do not look to Germany for the light hand, but Scheffel is an exception among Germans. He it is who has contributed to the students' song-book various whimsical songs, like that beginning:

"Es rauscht in den Schachtelhalmen
Verdächtig leuchtet das Meer
Es schwimmt mit Thränen im Auge
Ein Ichthyosaurus einher."

In translating monk Eckehard's Latin version of this exploit of Walter of Aquitaine, Scheffel has a more serious work before him, but here his comic vein stands him in good stead. It has preserved him from that very same heavyhandedness which seems inevitably to befall German writers when they approach the great landmarks of their literature. Enthusiasm so fires their souls that art, with its necessary quota of consciousness, takes flight. But Scheffel has remained genial, while striving to identify himself with the national feeling that produced the German epics, and to feel the same childish delight in fearful tales of single combat under mighty odds which warmed the hearts of the old writers.

Although only extant in Latin, and possibly never having existed complete in any other form, the Song of Walthari of Aquitaine, or Spain, as he is sometimes called, takes rank in the Nibelungen cyclus. Those who have faithfully read that long epic will remember how the fierce vassal Hagen has but one eye, and how the Huns crowd around to see him

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when the princes reach Attila's Court. The Huns knew him because he had been a hostage with them when young; Walter was there at the same time in the same capacity, and Hagen had but one eye, because the other was destroyed by his fellow-hostage Walter, as described in this song. For Hagen had gone home to Worms before Walter resolved to escape from the Huns, whom he had served as a mighty captain in great battles, and to carry with him treasure and the fair Hildegund, another hostage the Huns had taken from another nation. Hagen's king attacks Walter on the way, and at last compels Hagen to fight his friend with results disagreeable to both. With such a national subject, we cannot forbear to admire the discretion of Scheffel's translation; he has felt his subject well and touched it lightly. Text, margins, capitals, and illustrations are such as to make it a very attractive present to a reader of German. (L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.)

Lessing's Werke: Vollständig in 50 Lieferungen.—Admirers of Lessing who cannot afford to buy at once an edition of his works will find remarkable cheapness and excellence in this illustrated edition, now finishing its publication in installments. The text is good and the editing careful. Each Lieferung, of about one hundred pages 12mo, may be had for twenty cents. (Schmidt.)

Donau-Bulgarien und der Balkan. 1 Band.—*Historisch-Geographisch-Ethnographische Reise-Studien.* 1860–1875. F. Kanitz.

The recent excitement in and about Servia makes the labors of Kanitz of sudden and great worth, for, in his "Servia,"—and this is the first of an elaborate series on Bulgaria,—he has given a very thorough examination to lands adjacent to the present seat of rebellion, which will be pretty certain, in the event of a general war, to become the theater for further tragedies. Nations have been marching and countermarching in Bulgaria from the earliest days, oppressing and being oppressed, merging with one another, or exterminating, as the case might be. The present Bulgarian is a mixture of conquering Finn-Bulgarian with a conquered Servian, but his land is also in part possessed by other races. A thorough and conscientious workman, Kanitz has had long acquaintance with the country, and the supply of political, industrial, and ethnological knowledge on which he has to draw is very great. The work is illustrated with lithographs in the text, ten full-page illustrations, and contains a map by Petermann, giving the routes taken by Kanitz in his many journeyings in the Balkan.

Mémoires posthumes de Odilon Barrot, 1791–1830.—Barrot was in the front of events during most of his life, which was passed in the most eventful age that French history can show. He was a *bourgeois,* and had the *bourgeois* virtues. A man of decided caliber, he was hardly violent enough, hardly vivid enough to impress Paris very strongly, for Paris has always detested moderation. It has said to her first men: If you have no power behind you, make believe! Barrot is minute in these posthumous memoirs, but not too minute for whomsoever the annals of Paris interest. (Christern.)

Voyage au pays des milliards. Victor Tissot.—The land of milliards is of course Germany, a country about which Frenchmen are of late years somewhat curious. M. Tissot is much more than an observant traveler,—he appears to be a thinker, and, not alone that, but the owner of a happy style of writing, inclining to the gently satirical. Above all things, he is a Liberal, and can put an estimate on Napoleon and William without prejudice, national or otherwise. There is no slipshod writing; all is close description or quotation, so that the amount of information he conveys is large. He adds also one more voice to the testimony concerning the incredible brutality of the criminal classes of Berlin. (Christern.)

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Novel Counter Scale.

A SCALE for weighing small goods has been brought out that presents some features of value in a new method of arranging the weights. In place of a single beam and a hook at the end on which to hang the extra weights, are three beams placed side by side. Two of these are round and serrated on top in the usual manner. The other beam is broad and flat, and is placed in the middle, between the others. This beam is pierced with holes along its length. One of the small beams is for the tare. A movable weight is fixed on this, and by moving it the weight of the butter box, tray, basket, or scoop, may be accurately balanced at pleasure. The other small beam is for ounces, and its weight measures from half an ounce up to one pound. For pound weights an iron ball is used. Placed in the first hole, marked number one, it weighs one pound; in the next hole two, and so one up to eight pounds. An extra weight on the end adds fifteen more pounds, if so much is needed. In weighing, say a plate of butter, the tare weight is first adjusted, then the pound ball is put in the socket nearest the estimated weight. Then the fifteen pound weight, and lastly the ounce weight, are added, till a half pound is measured. The weight is thus readily reckoned up. Fifteen pounds for that weight, two for the ball weight, and half a pound for the ounce weight, or seventeen and a half pounds in all. The customer looking on can easily see the whole operation, and there is no vexatious hunting for extra weights, no discussion about the tare, and no deceptive "figuring" by the overdriven "tender" and suspicious customer.

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Demagnetisation of Watches.

WATCHES worn by students and others in technical laboratories are often rendered useless by being magnetized by the magnets used in such places. Magnets kept in the house often create equal mischief by being laid near watches, and much time and expense are sometimes needed to demagnetize them before they can be made to work. A serious case of this kind of injury recently led Prof. A. M. Mayer, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, to experiments which resulted in a very simple method of demagnetization. The magnetized watch was laid upon a table in the neighborhood of a common compass-needle. Each hour on the face was then placed in turn before it to discover the location and intensity of the magnetism in the watch. The movements of the compass showed the north and south poles to be located (say) at the figures V and XI, while the neutral points were at VIII and II. The watch was then held in a horizontal position before a large bar magnet, the south poles of each being together. A gentle tilting motion was given to it for a moment, and, on trying the watch again before the compass, a sensible decrease of magnetism was observed. The process was repeated till the sensitiveness of the watch at that pole was nearly extinguished, when the same thing was tried with the north pole of the watch. After a few trials and comparisons, the magnetic influence was found to be removed, and the watch readily resumed its work.

Automatic Lubricator.

THIS new oiler resembles in general appearance the brass oilers now used upon our locomotives. It consists of a metallic cup with a short hollow stem, designed to be screwed into the slide valve casing. The top is closed with a cap screwed on steam-tight, and having a feeding-hole in the center closed by a screw. Inside of this is hung a smaller cup, designed to hold the tallow or other lubricant. At the bottom is a sieve, and a minute hole or capillary. The space between the two caps communicates freely with the steam through the base. When the engine starts steam enters, and, rising, flows over the top of the smaller cup, and presses upon the surface of the tallow. The result is, that every pulsation or increase of pressure of the steam as the engine moves causes a single drop of the oil to escape through the capillary, where it falls upon the slides below. The greater the speed the greater the flow of oil, and when the engine stops it ceases at once. The oiler may be readily taken apart when the engine is at rest, for removing the water of condensation and for cleaning, and may be filled without removing the cover.

The Application of the Pentagraph.

THE use of the pentagraph is common in the wood-cutting, engraving, and wooden type-making trades. Recently a new form and a wider field has been given it by the simple device of hanging it by movable sleeves to the long bar that supports it. In general appearance the new tool does not vary from the ordinary pentagraph except in this particular, but its motion becomes universal instead of merely horizontal. By the aid of a counterpoise weight, it is accurately balanced, and readily follows the form of the model, whatever its shape. This, giving the pentagraph a universal motion, enables the engraver to trace any form, whether it is a human hand, an engraved block, raised map, or other uneven surface, and at once opens a wider field for this useful tool.

The Countershaft Hanger.

IN mill-work, where shafting and belts are employed, this new hanging device and belt-tightener may prove of value. Instead of placing the countershaft in a fixed position, it is hung upon a standard that moves freely up and down in guides. Rack teeth upon this standard engage in the teeth of a small wheel that is connected with a weighted lever. The movement of this lever raises or lowers the shaft, and, as a natural result, loosens or tightens all the belts running upon its pulleys, while its weight tends, when at rest, to keep them all tight and in running order. On raising the lever (by hand or with the aid of a rope) the belts run free on the driven pulleys, and turn loosely on the driving-wheels. By this device, the fast and loose pulleys in pairs are not needed, and only one fixed pulley is used, at a great gain in safety, power, and economy.

Culture of the Aspen for Wood Pulp.

THE aspen, on account of its rank growth and its supposed injury to trees of harder wood, has been by the forestry laws of Germany excluded from culture. Its clean and flexible fiber, on the other hand, renders it valuable in making wood-pulp for paper. In view of this, efforts are being made to induce the administration of forests to allow its more liberal culture. In this country, where land is cheap, and where so much attention is being paid to forest-planting, it may prove a profitable tree for the arborist, as it grows quickly, and may be readily made commercially available in the manufacture of paper.

Finials.

FINIALS and ridgings are being made of various patterns in common pottery clay, and burned to a fine red. They are designed to cap ordinary slate and shingle roofs, and are simply screwed down to the ridge-pole after the roofing is finished. The effect of the bands of red, and the various ornamental finials on top, is said to be very pleasing. Any pottery works could make them to order, and in practical use they are found more durable than the zinc and iron finials and ridgings now so freely used in this country.

Colored Photographs.

IN art manufactures may be noticed the extensive importation of colored photographs. They are nearly all copies of modern pictures, and are done in water-colors. The subjects being dress goods, furniture, and social incidents, they imitate the fabrics in the originals with enough fidelity for descriptive, if not for artistic purpos

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Novelties in Marine and Stationary Engines.

A SIX-CYLINDER stationary engine, and a five-cylinder marine engine, have been brought out, and, under trial, have shown good results. The stationary engine consists of a bed plate supporting a circular iron casing, in which are placed six small cylinders in a ring, with their axes parallel to the main shaft that passes between them all. Each cylinder is single-acting, and has a hollow piston, having a smoothly rounded end, in place of a piston rod. At the rear of the casing is a disk, balanced in the center, and supported by a joint that allows it to turn freely in any way. To this is fastened a short arm that is geared to the main shaft. The operation of this engine is quite simple. On admitting steam, one of the cylinders pushes its piston back against the disk, and makes a partial revolution on its pivot, dragging the shaft round with it. Before this piston has advanced far, the port of the next cylinder opens, and begins its work. The next cylinder comes into play by the time the first has nearly completed its stroke, and this one then exhausts, and its piston is driven back by the motion of the disk. In this manner each piston makes its stroke in turn, and its piston is returned by the disk for the next stroke. As each overlaps the other, the motion is continuous, and in making one revolution of the shaft and disk, each cylinder makes two strokes. Three are at work and three are going out at the same time. Each piston presses the disk in turn as it rolls under them, and each in turn is pushed back. The exhaust steam makes some resistance, so that the disk and returning pistons are kept in contact, and there is no shock or jar. A four-horse-power engine of this pattern measures outside only 17x17 inches, and gives a combined piston area of 33 square inches. All the parts are easily examined, and the engine is said to run at a high speed, and with a good economy of steam. The marine engine is noticeable on account of the system used in running it, the high pressure employed, and the peculiar grouping of the cylinders. The boiler employed is multitubular, and gives a pressure of 250 lbs., and the water used is doubly distilled rain water. The engine has two high-pressure cylinders of 16 inches, two medium-pressure of 32 inches, and one low-pressure of 56 inches. The two high and medium-pressure cylinders are bolted together in pairs. Each pair is in line, and they have a piston rod common to both. This passes directly through the medium cylinder, and, on taking steam, the high-pressure cylinder makes one stroke, and its exhaust steam is taken to the medium cylinder, where it makes the return stroke. The exhaust steam from the medium cylinders then goes to a chamber, where it supplies the low-pressure cylinder. There are three cranks on the shaft, placed 120 degrees apart. The after crank is coupled to one pair of cylinders, and the forward to the other pair, while the crank in the center is connected with the piston of the low-pressure cylinder. The cylinders stand side by side, slightly raised from the horizontal. They have also been set up vertically. Instead of a lubricant, the makers use a composition of 5 parts tin and 16 parts copper in the pistons, and good results are claimed for this device.

Hand Shaper and Planer.

IN machinists' tools may be mentioned a comparatively new apparatus, designed to do iron planing, slotting, shaping, and gear-cutting by hand-power. This tool may be set up on any bench or may stand alone. It is mounted upon a pipe or cylinder, and may be placed at any desired angle by means of set-screws. The cutter-head is also set upon a pipe, and may be placed in any position to meet the demands of the work. These two devices give it a universal motion, and apply it to every variety of work. The work is placed in a vise immediately in front of the cutter-head, and the tool is then adjusted to it. To operate it, a hand-lever is secured to a horizontal wheel that is geared to the frame that holds the cutter-head, and drives it backward and forward as fast as the operator chooses to move it. An automatic feed is supplied. The tool is attracting the favorable notice of machinists and others.

Sheep for Profit.

E. MENAULT, in one of a series of little farm books published by Hachette, Paris, considers that hill sheep are naturally small but rustic and robust, while those in valleys are larger but less energetic. Wet argillaceous soils produce a tall, lymphatic rather than sanguine animal, with long, soft, coarse wool, not elastic. This sheep is hard to fatten, but is long-lived. The best soils are calcareous, producing medium-sized, sanguine animals, with fine fleeces, the wool running to flocks. Siliceous soils give an excellent temperament with less food, a small sheep with short wool and savory flesh. Cold dews and the heat of the day should be avoided by the shepherd. Dew on clover or other rich grass is often fatal to sheep, while, on the other hand, many die from lack of water. Sheep should not be washed before shearing, because it is troublesome, dangerous to the sheep, and of little or no advantage to consumers of wool. The lamb is born with twenty-four molars, and in the lower jaw only eight incisors. In the second year the two middle incisors fall and are replaced; in the third year the next two incisors on each side fall and are likewise replaced, the animal being then called "of four teeth;" in the fourth it becomes a beast of six teeth, the two incisors next in order, one on either side of the jaw, falling in turn. In the fifth year adult teeth have taken the place of all the eight incisors. It should be remembered, however, that improved and precocious breeds of sheep have these effects hastened by from eight to twelve months.

Memoranda.

THE antiseptic qualities of salicylic acid, discovered some months since by Kolbe, of Leipsic, have led to the manufacture of this acid upon a commercial scale. It is now made in the form of a yellowish-white powder, and in this crude shape is available for disinfecting purposes. Purified, it becomes pure

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white, and is said to be of great value as a preservative for meats, milk, beer, etc. Rantert has succeeded in sublimating it in a current of superheated steam, thus obtaining it pure. Recrystallized from hot distilled water, it assumes the shape of slender needles an inch long. The various experiments reported by chemists who have tested the antiseptic qualities of this acid, prove its great value; 100 grammes of the acid in 1,000 liters of grape mash checked fermentation absolutely. Milk treated with 0.04 per cent. of acid remained uncoagulated thirty-six hours longer than without it. A liter of beer with one gramme of the acid, and fully exposed to the air, did not sour nor mold for a long time. Eggs immersed for an hour in a solution of the acid kept sweet three months, and fresh meat dusted over with the dry powder kept perfectly for a number of weeks. In the treatment of diphtheria, smallpox, typhus, and allied diseases, it has already produced good results, and has established itself in favor with physicians. In surgery it has also been tried with advantage.

The ordinary routine in bending metal pipes, like gas-fixtures, brass-band instruments, etc., is to fill the pipe with lead, and bend to the required curve by force. The wrinkles that form in the inner side of the curve are then hammered out by hand. In the place of lead a square wire spiral spring is now employed. This, inserted in the pipe, acts as a flexible mandrel, and by its aid good curves may be obtained, and much of the usual stretching and crowding up of the metal avoided, while the after hammering is not needed. For square pipes two flat strips of metal are employed to re-inforce the spring and preserve the shape of the pipe. Patents on this method of bending pipes are pending, and it seems destined to be of great value to the copper, brass, and iron-pipe traders.

The T rail exhibits a disposition to change its form. It is now being rolled with a wider flange or base and a thicker head, without increasing the standard weight of sixty-seven pounds to a yard. The material of the upright part is reduced to make up for the increased size of the base and head. The head is made more nearly square at the sides, and the edges of the base are thinner. The object of this is to increase the resistance to wearing by the flanges of the wheels, and to prevent the rail from cutting into the sleepers. In place of the notches cut in the rail to hold the spikes that have been found so destructive to the life of the rail, holes are now drilled through the base, and through these the rail is fastened to the road bed.

In France, where the natural ice is too thin to have any commercial value, it is proposed to press the thin sheets together in an ordinary screw or lever press till they recongeal into single masses. It is estimated that two men with a press and a good supply of ice can make three thousand blocks of merchantable ice in a day. The idea has been scientifically reported upon by Tyndall and others, and might be worthy of experiment in our States south of the ice crop line. Snow has been treated in the same way, and a very fair article of ice produced from it. The only objection to snow-ice is the impurities it is apt to take up from the air, which give it a disagreeable taste.

In the manufacture of glass vault-lights for sidewalks, roofs, decks, etc., a new system of inserting the lights meets with some favor. Each glass has a screw cut in the side, and two studs are placed in the opening designed to hold it. By this means the glasses may be screwed or locked in without the aid of putty. An elastic ring is placed under the glass for a cushion to resist the contraction of the iron, and to save the glass from the shock of a blow on top. The chief advantages of this system of setting these glasses are ease of removal for ventilation and repairs, and a tight joint.

As an instance of the reverse effects of strikes may be noticed the introduction of new forms of machinery to take the place of the striking workmen. The late coal strike led to the use of machinery in anthracite "coal breakers," and the men and boys employed in separating the slate from the coal are permanently thrown out of work. In puddling furnaces strikes have done much to advance mechanical puddling, and in the nail trade the striking nail-machine tenders have been replaced by self-feeding machines in a large number of shops.

The London "Times" now publishes a reduced copy of the daily weather map for Great Britain. To do this, molds having an outline map of the islands, France, Belgium, and the North Sea, drawn upon them, are prepared. When the reports of the barometer, weather and wind, arrive, another and larger map is drawn, and a pantagraph drill copies the reports on the mold, and when this is done, a stereotype plate is cast from it, and prepared for the press in the usual way.

The immense demand for the fruit of the lemon-tree has induced the owners of lemon plantations to force the trees into excessive bearing. This, combined with the effects of transplanting to uncongenial climates, has induced a species of dry rot that is rapidly destroying the trees. The only remedies proposed by scientific culturists are the grafting of healthy cuttings on the wild orange and a less grasping system of culture.

The great value of lithographic stone has brought out a patented system of splitting and backing the stones with cement. The thin veneers of stone are made "type high" by the cement molded and pressed upon the back, and when finished, the blocks are said to be stronger than the native stone.

NOTE.—The apparatus described in the November number for the graphic illustrations of music was the invention of Prof. Blackburn, of Glasgow, while he was a student at Cambridge. The method of fixing the illustrations was the invention of Prof. A. M. Mayer, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J. This information came too late for insertion. The article on Frameless Houses in the October number contained a misprint. The rods used in joining the staves are ⅜ inch in diameter. The slot for the irons at the side is designed to be a mere saw-cut.

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BRIC-A-BRAC.

"Pat Agency! That's a quare name onyhow—I wondher if he's a Tipperary man."

A Constant Reader.

BY PARMENAS MIX.

THE overworked scribe of the "Mudville Gazette'
Sat wondering,—moneyless wight,—
If his office would ever be cleared of its debt,
With the times so deplorably tight,—
When the tread of old leather was heard on the stair
And a stranger stepped into the room,
Who asked with the "don't let me bother you" air,
Which the bore is so apt to assume—

"How are ye?" The editor rose with a smile
And pleasantly yielded his chair—
Placed the visitor's sadly unbeautiful tile
(Which exhibited symptoms of wear)
On the top of the desk, alongside of his own
(A shocking old plug, by the way),
And then asked in a rather obsequious tone,
"Can we do anything for you to-day?"

"No—I jest called to see ye"—the visitor said;
"I'm a friend to the newspaper man"—
Here he ran a red handkerchief over his head,
And accepted the editor's fan—
"I hev read all the pieces you've writ for your sheet,
And they're straight to the p'int, I confess—
That 'ar slap you gin Keyser was sartinly neat—
You're an ornyment, sir, to the press!"

"I am glad you are pleased," said the writer, "indeed;
But you praise me too highly, by far—
Just select an exchange that you're anxious to read,
And while reading it, try this cigar.

By the way, I've a melon laid up for a treat—
I've been keeping it nestled in ice,
It's a beauty, sir, fit for an angel to eat—
Now, perhaps, you will relish a slice?"

Then the stranger rolled up half a dozen or more
Of the choicest exchanges of all—
Helped himself to the fruit, threw the rinds on the floor,
Or flung them at flies on the wall.
He assured his new friend that his "pieces were wrote
In a manner oncommonly able"—
As he wiped his red hands on the editor's coat
That hung at the side of the table.

"By the way, I've neglected to ask you your name,"
Said the scribe as the stranger arose;
"That's a fact," he replied, "I'm Abimalech Bame,
You have heerd o' that name, I suppose?
I'm a-livin' out here on the Fiddletown Creek
Where I own a good house and a lot;
The 'Gazette' gets around to me wunst every week—
I'm the constantest reader you've got!"

"Abimalech Bame," mused the editor, "B-a-m-e—
(Here his guest begged a chew of his 'twist')—
"I am sorry to say your mellifluous name
Doesn't happen to honor my list!"
"'Spose not;" was the answer—"no reason it should,
For ye see I jine lots with Bill Prim—
He's a reg'lar subscriber and pays ye in wood,
And I borry your paper o' him!"

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Poe's "Raven."

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A correspondent gives the following curious theory of the composition of this much discussed poem. There have been numerous conjectures in regard to what a theatrical manager might call the "property" of this poem, and it is time that the questions asked concerning it should be answered.

What were the many "quaint and curious" volumes? What was the last name of the lost Lenore? Was the shutter iron or wood? Was the lamp one of sperm, kerosene, or gas, and, where did it hang? These are but a few of the multitude of questions which have been asked by the inquiring minds of the present day.

Be it known, therefore, that the hero of the poem was a hotel clerk, whose duty it was to remain in the office during the weary hours of night and receive such guests as might offer themselves. The proprietor himself was in the habit of occupying the office during the day, and had had it fitted up elaborately; thus, the "sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain," which filled the hero with "fantastic terrors never felt before," is fully accounted for.

He had been enamored of a young lady who had been staying at the hotel for a short time during the season, but had taken her departure several weeks before the date of the poem. His knowledge of the fair one was extremely limited; merely including the two leading facts, that her name was Lenore and that she lived in Aden,—which, by the way, is incorrectly spelled in the poem,—Aden being, according to the best geographical authorities, situated in the southern part of Arabia.

The arrivals had been so numerous since her coming that he had been unable to look up her name in the register; but, on this eventful evening, no late visitors had troubled him, and, turning the pages of that book containing "many a quaint and curious" signature, he searched for that of the lost Lenore.

While engaged in this fruitless undertaking,—fruitless, alas! for her father in his haste had only signed, "C. Ferguson and Daughter,"—he heard a tapping at the door. Now this at a hotel is an unusual method of applying for entrance, and the thought that it must be a spirit came forcibly to his mind. Spirits have never been known to ring the door-bell. They always rap. Thinking that Lenore must have come from a better land to converse with him, he hesitated a moment, remembering that he had never been introduced.

It was December, and the embers were painting ghosts upon the floor. He had been wishing for the morning, for the hotel register afforded but poor amusement, and his heart did not cease to sorrow, for the "rare and radiant maiden" was nameless there on account of her father's thoughtlessness, and it was likely evermore to be so, for residents of so distant a place as Aden would probably never visit America again.

However, he remembered, that if a guest complained of having been left shivering outside the door for a good half hour the proprietor might not consider his suffering because of the lost one to be a sufficient excuse for his negligence; so, apologizing for his delay, he throws open the door to find darkness there and nothing more.

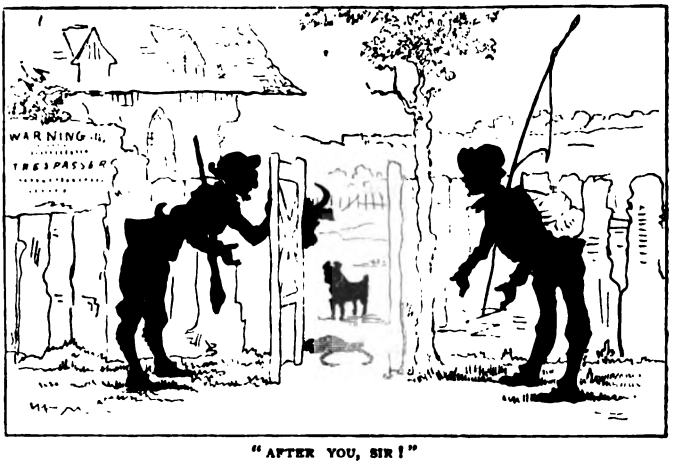
After turning with burning heart into the room he hears a similar tapping at the window, and upon raising it and throwing the iron shutter—the window opened toward the rear and was much exposed to burglarious attempts, as the safe was standing hard by—without the least obeisance, a raven stepped in and perched upon the bust of Pallas over the door.

The extreme accuracy of the poet at this point is marvelous. Hotel-keepers are noted for their efforts to buy cheaply. This one, when searching for decorations to beautify his house withal, had made some great bargains.

A young sculptor in town having found that the citizens did not appreciate wisdom, and that, consequently, the bust of Pallas was dead stock, sold it for an absurdly moderate price, and it was placed over the entrance door.

We might continue to throw light upon the many other obscure portions of the poem, but fear that we may weary the reader. It is but proper, however, that the final sentence, which occupies the whole of the last verse, should be explained.

It is well known to those of observing habits that hotels ordinarily have a fan-light over the main entrance, and a lamp suspended above and in front of the same. The raven, sitting upon the sculptured bust, was in a straight line between the lamp outside and the floor inside, which, in the course of nature, received the shadow of the raven, which presented a



"AFTER YOU, SIR!"

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striking contrast to the clear light afforded by the artificial luminary above and beyond. This contrast was greatly increased by the absence of light inside the room; for, fearing lest his employer should enter the office and see the gas burning brightly while he was musing, perhaps with former experiences fresh in his memory, the thoughtful clerk turned down the light, and thus contributed greatly to the effect of the poem.

It is strange that this easy and complete exposition has not occurred to the eminent critics who have discussed the poem. ARTHUR JACOBUS.

"A Reflection.

WHEN Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed with specious cant,
Oh, what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not adamant!"

"*Will you lead in prayer?*" said the minister to good Deacon Colman at a conference meeting. "Better ask some other brother," said the honest old man—"I don't feel very *spry* to night!"

A simple looking country lad, to whose lot fell the leading questions in the Catechism, "What is your name?" replied, "Carrots!" "Who gave you that name?" "All the boys in the parish, sir!" whiningly replied the red-haired urchin.

Reason for being in debt.—As a Scottish officer was handing a summons to a collier, he said: "It's a curious thing that ye haud me coming to ye so often, can ye not get out o' debt?" "Get out o' debt, Mr. Turnbull," said the knight of the black diamond; 'deed, it takes a' my time and wit, the gettin' into't. I'm astonished how onybody can hae leisure to warstle out o' it."

A newspaper poet in Ireland appealed to his fellow-countrymen in behalf of a monument to O'Connell. We quote a few lines:

"When he'll be elevated on his pillar tall and high,
A ring of heavenly angels will salute him from the sky;
With golden harps resounding, they will chant his deathless praise,
For the good he done his country up from his cradle days."

One day, after dinner, Curran said to Father O'Leary, a priest famous for his wit and amusing conversation: "Reverend Father, I wish you were Saint Peter." "And why, Counsellor, would you wish that I were Saint Peter?" asked O'Leary. "Because, Reverend Father, in that case, said Curran, you would have the keys of heaven, and you would let me in." "By my honor and conscience, Counsellor," yelled the divine, "it would be better for *you* that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

Sixty to Sixteen.

[To a young lady who complained that the ruins, antiquities, etc., didn't look old enough.]

MY DEAR GIRL:
You complain, as I'm credibly told,
That antiquity's relics are fading from view,
That with vision æsthetic you've sought for the old,
And in all of your roamings have found but the new.

'Tis the magic of girlhood and youth at its prime
To cast their own glamour on all that they meet;
And the moldiest landmarks of classical time
Brighten up and look young at the sound of your feet.

Alas! for those ruins which feel, when you've passed,
That the glow of their Spring-time comes never again;
And the brief, happy gleam which your glances have cast
Only deepens their longing, and sharpens their pain!

Don't be hard on the ruins! Don't murmur too loud!
Lest the mossy old relic you've sought far and wide
Should chance, in the drift of Society's crowd,
To bend at your footstool, or sit by your side!

SEXAGENARIUS.

JEALOUSY.

Constraint.

DOWN through the orchard wandered we,
Where, bending low, each burdened tree
Hung full of fruitage yellow.
'Twas morning, and the autumn sun
Shone on the leaves of gold and dun
With radiance soft and mellow.

There came a blush upon her cheek,
I thought my time had come to speak,
She seemed so sad and tender;
I touched her snowy dimpled hand,
But found no words at my command,
My burning love to render.

At last we paused beneath a tree,
The branch that sheltered her and me
Reached low its luscious fruit.
"Be seated, pray," I gently plead;
"I cannot—cannot," soft she said,
"I'm in my walking suit."

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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NEW YORK IN THE REVOLUTION.

FIRST PAPER.

DEALING THE DOLE.—CHRISTMAS, 1777.

ONE hundred years ago New York was a city of less than twenty-five thousand inhabitants. It was described by contemporary historians as being a mile in length and half a mile in breadth. The aristocratic residences of the miniature metropolis clustered around the Bowling Green, and the gardens of those who lived on Broadway and on Pearl street stretched down to

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the waters of the North and the East rivers. The City Hall Park was then an uninclosed space, known as the Fields or Commons, disfigured by the gallows, bridewell, jail, and barracks, with the Liberty Pole of the patriots as its only ornament. St. Paul's Church, newly built, was one of the ornaments of the upper city, but there were many green fields and few residences in its vicinity. For a neighbor, it had the Old Brick Church, which was trying to gather an up-town congregation to its site on the triangular space of ground bounded by Park Row, Beekman, and Nassau (then Kip) street. Other edifices of note were Trinity Church, on Broadway; the Middle Dutch Church on Nassau street, until recently occupied as the post-office; the North Dutch Church in Partition (now Fulton) street; the Government House in the fort on the Battery, and King's (afterward Columbia) College, whose quadrangle faced the Hudson, and was described as the most beautifully situated college in the world.

The traveler of that day avers that the city was tolerably well built. Though its streets, with the exception of Broadway, Wall, and Broad, were narrow, they were paved and very clean,—a state of affairs on which our nineteenth century civilization has not improved. On Broadway nearly all the houses had rows of trees before them, and

TRINITY CHURCH IN 1775.

most of the private residences in other streets were encircled by pleasant gardens. Many houses had balconies on the roof, where the families sat in summer evenings. The people, of whom at least one-half were of Dutch descent, are described as frugal, industrious, and quick at a bargain. Yet they indulged heartily in their favorite amusements, and kept their legal holidays with an unction worthy of imitation by their descendants. Balls and sleighing expeditions enlivened the winter, and in summer fishing and sailing parties were numerous, and excursions to the upper end of the island took place once or twice a week. "Thirty or forty gentlemen and ladies," writes an English visitor, "would meet to dine together, drink tea in the afternoon, fish and amuse themselves till evening, and then return home in Italian chaises," adding, with just a suspicion of humor, that there were "a gentleman and lady in each chaise." The same close observer of men and manners also noted that there was a bridge about three miles distant from the city, which was always crossed in returning, and which was known as the Kissing Bridge, because it was "a part of the etiquette to salute the lady who had put herself under your protection." The writer was a clergyman, and it is fair to presume that he omitted this uncanonical ceremony. The bridge in question crossed De Voor's mill stream, near Fifty-fourth street, between Second and Third Avenues.

Beyond the Commons, the island stretched away, unbroken by streets, and crossed but by few roads, dotted here and there by the elegant summer residences of the merchant princes of the city. There Walton, Rutgers, Stuyvesant, Murray, Beekman, Morris, Watts, Lispenard, Mortier, and other men of wealth, exercised a bountiful hospitality. Their houses were embowered in groves of chestnut, oak, beech, and hickory trees, while every kind of wild berry grew in the meadows in profusion. Fisherman and hunter found abundant sport in every quarter. The East and North rivers, and the bay, swarmed with shad, bass, salmon, and black-fish, and the sporting citizen had no need to go farther than Minetta Brook, which emptied into the North River near the foot of Houston street, in his search for trout. Wild geese, ducks, and pigeons, quail, partridges, and snipe, had their haunts near the quiet city. There was nothing to disturb them. Travelers were not numerous. The high road to Boston crossed the Common on its east side, and followed the Bowery to the spot where the Cooper Union now stands, where it branched off into the Middle road, joining Harlem Lane at about Thirty-seventh street, and the Bloomingdale road at a very short distance above. The latter avenue,

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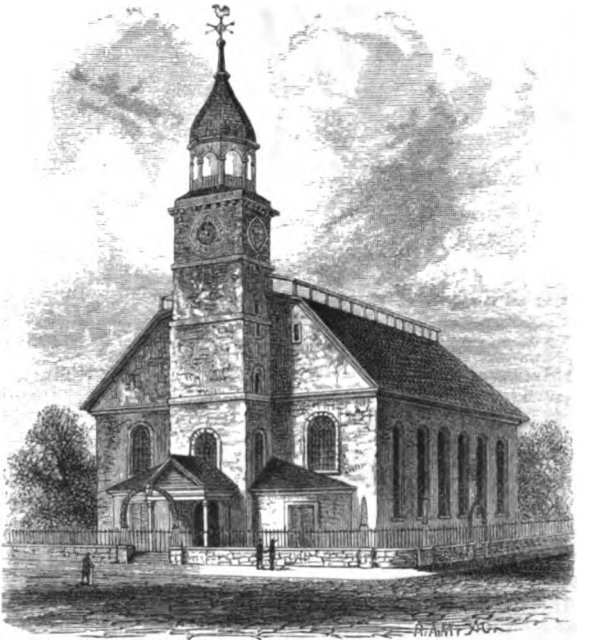
which skirted the Hudson, was much the most picturesque route. On these roads the residences were far apart All else was an unbroken wilderness, which possessed few attractions for the settler or the speculator. Indeed, the immediate suburbs of the city remained in their native state. A deep pond of fresh water covered the site of the present City Prison, from which a brook ran through Beekman's swamp to the East River. Farther to the north and west was another marsh, known as Lispenard's meadows, and when the water was high, there was constant water communication between the East River and the Hudson.

Upon these pleasant scenes the fires of the Revolution began to throw their lurid light one hundred years ago. The crisis came not without signs and omens. For ten years prior to the news of Lexington battle, the patriot people of New York had been in a fever of excitement. Political sentiment had divided society, but the secret discussion of the rights of colonies had recruited the ranks of those who had determined to resist oppression. When the day came for action, New York spoke out boldly for the cause of freedom. She paid dearly for it by a captivity of seven years in British hands, but she has gained a glorious record. Few of the myriads who throng her crowded streets to-day realize that their feet are on holy ground, consecrated by the sacrifices, sufferings, and heroism of the men of the Revolution. It is well that pilgrimages should be made to Concord, Ticonderoga, and Independence Hall; but New York's notable sites should not be forgotten. The house still stands in which Putnam, Howe, Clinton, and Washington had their headquarters, and in which André nursed his plot against West Point. On the City Hall Park stood Washington, surrounded by his staff, when the Declaration of Independence was read to the Continental brigades. A church and a sugar-house yet stand that witnessed within their walls the tortures of thousands of American prisoners. Up the Boston road swept the sullen lines of the patriot army after its desperate defeat on Long Island. It was but the other day that the old butternut-tree, on which Nathan Hale forfeited his life as a spy, was hewn down. At McGowan's Pass, along the upper edge of Central Park, occurred the brilliant skirmish in which the gallant Knowlton fell. At Fort Washington the Continental army suffered a terrible and needless defeat.



MIDDLE DUTCH CHURCH, AFTERWARD POST-OFFICE.

A few of the dilapidated homes of the men who entertained royalist and patriot generals a century ago; the remains of revolutionary lines of fortifications near the extreme edge of the island; the walls of the Hall of Records, which are the same that held Ethan Allen and other American prisoners when the brutal Cunningham was the British jailer; and St. Paul's Church, which looks down upon the peaceful things of to-day, just as once it towered serenely above the hurrying ranks that wore the scarlet of England, or the blue and buff of the old Continentals,—these are shrines which should not be uncared for or unvisited. There are enough ancient landmarks still extant to recall the revolutionary days vividly, and New Yorkers have every reason to be proud of the record of their forefathers. The streets of the New World's commercial metropolis are sanctified by the footsteps and by the blood of the soldiers of the War for Independence.

The story of New York's struggle to throw off the royal yoke begins with the passage of the odious Stamp Act, March 22, 1765. As soon as the news of this legislation reached

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the city, the Sons of Liberty were organized. They were not numerous, but they comprised such men as Marinus Willett, Isaac Sears, Alexander McDougal, William Wiley, Gershom Mott, John Lamb, and Edward Laight,

THE PITT STATUE.

—patriots whose ardor was invincible. Their usual place of meeting was at the house of Abraham Montagne, in Broadway, near Murray street, which, in 1775, was occupied as a tavern by Samuel Fraunces. The day before the Stamp Act was to go into effect, October 31st, 1765, the "Gazette, or Weekly Post Boy," which was then the organ of the Liberty Party, appeared in mourning with the following prologue at its head:

A Funeral Lamentation on the
Death of Liberty,
Who Finally Expires on this
31st of October in the Year of our Lord MDCCLXV,
And of our Slavery.
I.

The same evening there was a general meeting of citizens at the King's Arms, when measures were taken to compel the Government officers who had charge of the stamps to resign their office. This, however, was not sufficient to appease popular indignation. Major James, Commandant at Fort George, had boasted that he would cram the stamps down the rebel throats. The stamps were in possession of Acting-Governor Colden at the Government House in the fort, the guns of the fort were loaded with grape and turned up Broadway; yet a maddened throng paraded the streets, tore down the wooden fence that inclosed the Bowling Green, and made a bonfire of this material, on which they placed the Governor's costly coach. Meanwhile, they dared the soldiery to fire upon them, and finally ended the night's work by despoiling Major James's elegant residence, Ranelagh, situated out of town, in the vicinity of Worth street and West Broadway. Thereupon the stamps were delivered to the Mayor and Common Council, who wisely put them out of sight, and peace was restored.

In February, 1766, the Stamp Act was repealed. On the following 4th of June, the King's birthday, the people celebrated the event with high carnival on the Commons. An ox was roasted whole. Twenty-five barrels of strong beer and a hogshead of rum contributed to the feast, and a liberty pole was erected, with the inscription, "To His Most Gracious Majesty George III., Mr. Pitt, and Liberty." The mass of the people for a time became intensely loyal. Petitions of citizens were addressed to the Colonial Assembly, requesting the erection of a statue to Pitt, and that body not only complied, but voted also an equestrian statue to the King, to be set up in the Bowling Green. Of the latter, only the stone pedestal remains, having recently been rescued from its ignominious service, for the greater part of a century, as a door-step. The statue of Pitt was of marble, and represented the great commoner as clad in a Roman toga, having in the right hand a scroll partly opened, on which was inscribed, "Articuli Magna Charta Libertatum," and extending the left hand in an oratorical gesture. In revenge for the destruction of the King's statue, some British officers during the war knocked off the head and arms of the Pitt statue, and it passed from one hand to another, until it found a fit resting-place in the rooms of the New York Historical Society. The statue originally stood at the corner of Wall and William streets.

The Stamp Act troubles bred bad blood between the soldiers and the colonists. On the King's birthday, in 1767, the citizens ran up the colonial flag to the top of the Liberty Pole on the Common, and a cannon at its foot answered derisively the salute at Fort George. Finally, the soldiers determined on the destruction of the pole, which had become the rallying point of the patriots. Twice the pole was cut down by the British troops, and twice restored. Finally, on the night of January 16, 1770, a party of the Sixteenth Regiment cut down the pole for the third time, hewed it into pieces and piled the fragments in front of Montagne's,

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where the Liberty Boys held their meetings. This insult brought on the "battle of Golden Hill," as it was termed in colonial days. The locality was at the intersection of John and Pearl streets. There a party of soldiers drew their swords, and, with the cry, "Where are your Sons of Liberty now?" fell upon a crowd of citizens, cutting and slashing about them with great violence, and wounding six or seven persons. The citizens were unarmed, and their only crime was a petition to the Mayor to repress the insolence of the British troops. This contest took place two months before the massacre in King's street, Boston, and five years prior to the battle of Lexington. It may be, therefore, that New York is entitled to claim that the blood of her citizens was the first that was shed in the cause of freedom.

THE PEOPLE THROWING TEA OVERBOARD.—APRIL, 1774.

New York had her revolutionary tea-party as well as Boston. When the news of Lord North's Tea Act reached the city, in November, 1773, the popular excitement became intense. The "Nancy" was the first tea ship to arrive. By advice of the pilot, Captain Lockyier left his vessel at Sandy Hook, and came up to the city and held a conference with the Committee of Correspondence. Becoming satisfied that he would not be permitted to land his cargo, he at once set sail again for England. Another skipper fared worse. A merchant vessel, under command of Captain Chambers, arrived in April, 1774, bringing eighteen boxes of tea hidden in her cargo. The Liberty Boys boarded the ship in open day, dragged out the chests, emptied them into the harbor, and bade the Captain recross the Atlantic without delay. He was wise enough to obey peaceably. When he set sail, the cannon pealed a triumph, and the flag on the rebuilt Liberty Pole waved a farewell amid the cheers of the colonists.

On Sunday morning, April 23d, 1775, a messenger rode in hot haste down the Bowery Lane, and through the fields, summoning the citizens to the Liberty Pole by a startling blast of his trumpet. There he astounded them by announcing that the battle of Lexington had been fought, and the British troops had been driven into Boston. The news was sufficient to fill the hearts of the Sons of Liberty. Led by Isaac Sears,—who was then known as "King" Sears, and who subsequently died in poverty in a foreign land,—they rushed to the arsenal at the corner of Wall and Broad streets, forced the doors and captured six hundred muskets, with a considerable supply of cartridges.

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The Custom House and general stores were also seized. The Eighteenth Regiment of Foot (Royal Irish) prudently kept within their barracks. A day or two afterward, a public meeting of citizens formally placed the government of the city in the hands of a committee of one hundred.

Immediately after these events, orders came for the Eighteenth Regiment to embark for Boston. Marinus Willett was at the tavern of Francis Drake on Water street, near Beekman, when he heard that the soldiers were on their way to the boats. Sending messages to his nearest comrades, he started in pursuit and overtook the regiment at Broad and Beaver streets. Finding that they had a quantity of extra arms, in wagons, with them, he boldly seized the foremost horse by the bridle and checked the convoy. He was speedily joined by John Morin Scott and a score of other determined men. David Mathews, the acting Mayor, who was a violent Tory, remonstrated with the patriots, but in vain. Willett spoke a few stirring words to the crowd, who thereupon seized the carts and escorted them in triumph up Broadway to the ball-alley of Abraham Van Wyck in John street. Tradition adds that several soldiers of the Royal Irish regiment seized this opportunity to desert. Certain it is that the arms afterward did good service in the first regiment raised by the State of New York.

The battle of Bunker Hill found the Provincial Congress engaged in raising four regiments of soldiers, while General Wooster, with a brigade of Connecticut troops, was encamped at Yorkville. At this time General Washington was on his way to Bos-

KING'S COLLEGE.

ton to take command of the Continental army. He was accompanied by Generals Lee and Schuyler, and by the Philadelphia Light Horse. At four o'clock in the afternoon, Washington landed "at Colonel Lispenard's seat, about a mile from New York city," as we are informed by Rivington's "Royal Gazetteer." The locality was near the foot of Murray street, on the North River. Here the new Commander-in-Chief was received by nine companies of militia and a great concourse of the "principal inhabitants." Washington tarried only for a brief conference with the military leaders, and then at once sped on his way to Boston. His visit was marked, however, by a curious coincidence. On the evening of the same day the ship "Juliana" landed in the bay, bringing Governor Tryon as a passenger from London. This was just the juxtaposition of affairs which all parties had been fearing. However, the Tory merchants and officials, who seem also, according to the "Gazeteer," to have made up "an immense number of the principal people," kept the celebrations apart, and at night escorted the royal Governor with martial music, torches, and huzzas to "the house of the Hon. Hugh Wilson, Esquire," a member of the Council. Tryon seems to have possessed in an eminent degree the discretion which at times is preferable to valor. He attended to his official work quietly and did not interfere even when, on the following fourth of July, the Military Club entertained Generals Schuyler, Wooster, and Montgomery, at the house of Mr. Samuel Fraunces "in the fields." These gentlemen were engaged in putting the local recruits and city militia in fighting trim. They even went so far as to have Wooster's brigade reviewed by Schuyler and Montgomery on the Commons. The royal Governor was content to be openly acknowledged as the lawful executive. In private, however, the patriots made it so uncomfortable for him that he was glad to flee in the early autumn.

Stirring events were soon to follow. On the night of the 23d of August a party of soldiers and citizens, under the command of Lamb and Sears, seized the Grand Battery and the Fort, in which twenty-two iron eighteen-pounders and several smaller cannon were mounted. Among the party was Alexander Hamilton, then a student of King's College. A barge sent from the British man-of-war "Asia" to watch the movement was fired upon, and the vessel answered by a broadside. An eighteen-pound ball was shot into the house of Samuel Fraunces,

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at the corner of the Exchange, and another into an adjacent house. This firing caused a general alarm, and many women and children were hurriedly sent out of the city for safety. The patriots stood firm under the cannonade, and removed every gun.

The house then occupied by Samuel Fraunces for his down-town tavern was better known in that day as the De Lancey mansion. It was built by Stephen De Lancey in 1724, during the governorship of William Burnet, son of the famous bishop of that name, and stood at the corner of Broad street and that part of Pearl which was then called Dock street. Its situation was admirable, as it was near the Government House, and Front and South streets did not exist at that time. Forty years afterward it was discovered to be too far down town, and Oliver De Lancey sold it to Samuel Fraunces, the Delmonico of his day, who was made steward of Washington's household when the first President resided in New York. Fraunces, who from the swarthiness of his complexion was generally spoken of as "Black Sam," had a genius for cookery, and was a connoisseur in wines. Accordingly, after leasing the house for a while, he opened it as a tavern in 1771. The spacious mansion was admirably adapted for purposes of entertainment, and soon became a center of resort. Here the "Social Club" met every Saturday night and praised their host's Madeira. There were many loyalists in this organization, but John Jay, Gouverneur Morris, Morgan Lewis, Livingston, Verplanck, and other patriots, were also members. From this source, perhaps, Fraunces imbibed his championship of colonial independence. When the Revolution broke out he became an ardent patriot, and when the "Asia" discharged her broadside at the city, his house was made the target, because it was supposed to be the gathering place of the rebels. When the British entered the city on the 15th of September, 1776, Fraunces fled with General Putnam and his troops, and his house was occupied by British officers. He did not venture to return until November 25th, 1783. After the British troops had marched sullenly to their boats, and the Americans occupied Fort George, Washington took up his headquarters at Fraunces's Tavern. Here it was that the Commander-in-Chief bade farewell to his officers on the 4th of December following. The old house is still standing, but it has been gutted once or twice by fire, and changed very much in rebuilding. As erected by Stephen De Lancey, the front on Broad street had three floors and an attic, and the Dock street front had an additional floor with a hip roof. The ancient building has changed and its glory has departed, but it has survived more than a century and a half of existence, to challenge the homage of those who love to dwell on the memories of old New York.

A daughter of "Black Sam," Phœbe Fraunces, was Washington's housekeeper when he had his headquarters in New York in the spring of 1776, and was the means of defeating a conspiracy against his life. Governor Tryon, Mayor Mathews, and other Tories, had laid a plot to seize the city and hold it for the British. One part of the plan was the poisoning of the American commander. Its immediate agent was to be Thomas Hickey, a deserter from the British army, who had become a member of Washington's body guard, and had made himself a general favorite at headquarters. Fortunately the would-be conspirator fell desperately in love with Phœbe Fraunces, and made her his confidant. She revealed the plot to her father, and at an opportune moment the *dénouement* came. Hickey was arrested and tried by court-martial. He confessed his crime and revealed the details of the plot. A few days afterward he was hanged at the intersection of Grand and Christie streets, in the presence of twenty thousand spectators.

Fort George, from which the patriot forces removed the guns under the cannonade of the "Asia," was the pride of the city in its early days. As originally constructed, it was bounded by the present State, Bridge, and Whitehall streets, and faced the Bowling Green. It changed names often and suddenly. Christened Fort Amsterdam by the peaceful Dutch, it became Fort James at the first occupation of the island by the British. When the Dutch re-occupied the city they gave their old stronghold the name of Fort Wilhelm Hendrick, in honor of the Prince of Orange. Afterward English governors gave it successively the names of Fort James, Fort William, and Fort William Henry. Finally the name Fort George was fixed upon, and that title it continued to bear until it was finally evacuated by the British. It had four points, or bastions, and could mount sixty guns, though Washington found but six cannon there when he first occupied the city. Within the walls were the Governor's house and a chapel.

By the time the Revolution was ended

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Fort George had become thoroughly hateful to the people, because of its associations with British tyranny. They had grown tired of seeing the royal flag floating from the flag-staff, and petitioned the city authorities to level the fort to the ground. Accordingly, in 1788, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty decreed its demolition. On the line of its northern front, facing the Bowling Green, they proceeded to erect an imposing edifice, intended as the official residence of the President of the United States. The national capital was transferred to the District of Columbia before it was completed, and the new building was occupied by the Governor of the State. When Albany was finally fixed upon as the State capital, it was made the Custom House for a while, but in 1815 it was taken down and a row of brick buildings took its place. With this last change, even the traditions of the old fortress that so long had witnessed the varying fortunes of the city, seem to have faded away.

FRAUNCES'S TAVERN OR DE LANCEY MANSION (NOW STANDING).

When Alexander Hamilton led fifteen of his fellow-students against the Grand Battery (a fortification connected with Fort George, though very much smaller) on the August night in which they drew the fire of the English fleet, he virtually disbanded King's College. This venerable institution had been founded by royal charter in 1754. Its first students gathered in the vestry of Trinity Church, under the presidency of the Reverend Dr. Samuel Johnson. They were eight in number, and all of them rose to positions of importance. Among the eight were Samuel Provoost, afterward Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, Isaac Ogden, Pierre Van Cortlandt, subsequently Lieutenant-Governor, and Samuel Verplanck. Trinity Church gave the college a considerable tract of land in the old King's Farm, and there the corner-stone of its main building was laid with imposing ceremonies on the 23d of August, 1756.

Those whose memory goes back twenty years will readily recall the not very pretentious buildings which at that time formed three sides of the college quadrangle on Church street at the head of Park Place. The grounds originally extended to the river, and the college was intended to face in that direction, but after the water front had been extended from Greenwich to West street, the relative situation of the buildings was supposed to have changed. When the first college building was erected the city had about sixteen thousand inhabitants, and the institution was out of town. For this reason the students were required to "lodge and diet" in the college. The edifice was "surrounded by a high fence," and a porter was on guard at the front gate, "which is closed at ten o'clock each evening in summer and nine in winter, after which hours the names of all that come in are delivered weekly to the President."

An English tourist wrote of King's College in 1766, that it was "pleasantly situated," but expressed his surprise that "people could have been found foolish enough to build the college at such a distance from the furthest limits to which the city could by any possibility extend." A letter written by Dr. Myles Cooper, who succeeded Dr. Johnson as President of the college in 1763, says that the building was "situated on dry, gravelly, soil, about one hundred and fifty yards from the banks of the Hudson River, which it overlooks." This same Dr. Cooper was an inveterate lover of royalty, and had been threatened with summary punishment by the Liberty Boys. Warned by Alexander Hamilton, he fled from his house one

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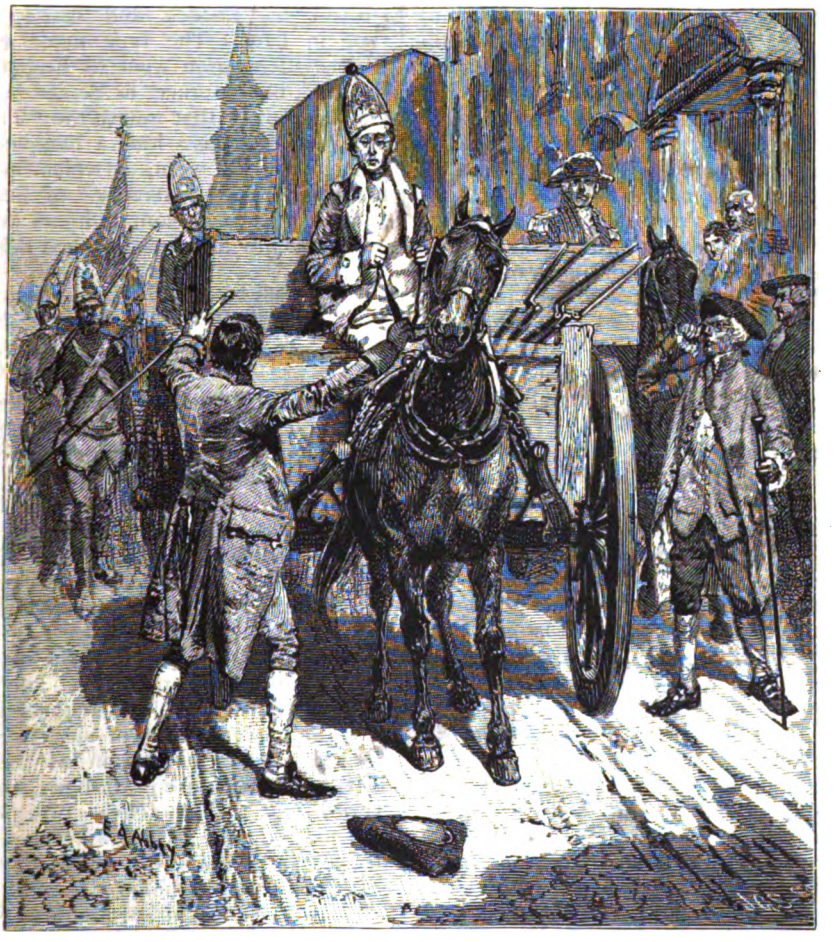
dark night in 1775, just escaping a visit from four hundred of the patriots. He found a haven of refuge on the man-of-war "Asia," whence he made his way to England. New York saw him no more.

Dr. Cooper was not only an inflexible loyalist, and thoroughly English in his sympathies, but he seized every convenient occasion to air his peculiar views in the public press. At last he was surprised to find his arguments met and answered in the patriot organ, and his curiosity was excited to find out the name of his opponent. To his intense disgust, the foeman was at length revealed in the person of Alexander Hamilton, a youth of eighteen, who had already won reputation as a popular speaker. This is one of the glorious legends of the old college. Another tradition pictures Hamilton reading the Declaration of Independence to the populace under one of the sycamore trees that shaded the campus. During the war the college buildings were occupied for military purposes. The institution continued on its old site until 1857, when the ebb of population up-town compelled its removal. A street was cut through the historic campus, and rows of modern stores took the place of the old halls of learning. The event was inevitable, but the change cannot dispel the glories that cluster around the spot. There John Jay, Gouverneur Morris, Robert R. Livingston, Alexander Hamilton, De Witt Clinton, Daniel D. Tompkins, John Randolph, of Roanoke (who left college in his Junior year), and many of later celebrity, won their first literary laurels. In writing up the record of the Revolution, it must never be forgotten that Columbia College did her share in training men for the crisis.



THE SONS OF LIBERTY, LED BY MARINUS WILLETT, SEIZING BRITISH ARMS.

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In 1775 there were four newspapers published in New York. Rivington's "Royal Gazetteer" was the subservient tool of the British authorities. "The Mercury," published by Hugh Gaine, was a time-server and trimmer. Anderson's "Constitutional Gazette" was born and died in 1775, and had no influence whatever. "The New York Journal," published by John Holt, was the sturdy and unpurchasable organ of the Sons of Liberty. Its editor fled the city after the disastrous battle on Long Island, and he was heard of afterward as publishing his newspaper at one and another of the towns on the Hudson under circumstances that would have appalled a less determined man. In the month of August, 1777, while at Esopus, he printed an advertisement, in which he proposed to take any kind of country produce in the way of trade. His prospectus reads very quaintly: "And the printer, being unable to carry on his business without the necessaries of life, is obliged to affix the following prices to his work, viz.: *For a quarter of news*, 12 lbs. of beef, pork, veal, or mutton, or 4 lbs. of butter, or 7 lbs. of cheese, or 18 lbs. of fine flour, or half a bushel of wheat, or one bushel of Indian corn, or half a cord of wood, or 300 wt. of hay, or other articles of country produce as he shall want them, in like proportions, or as much money as will purchase them at the time; for other articles of printing work, the prices to be in proportion to that of the newspaper. All his customers, who have to spare any of the above, or other articles of country produce, he hopes will let him know it, and afford him the necessary supplies, without which his business here must very soon be discontinued." It is gratifying to be able to state that the sturdy patriot survived the Revolution, and lived to revisit the city, of which he had been Postmaster in 1775. His patriotic labors and sufferings justly entitled him to the following epitaph: "A due tribute to the memory of John Holt, printer to this State, a native of Virginia, who patiently obeyed death's awful summons on the thirtieth of January, 1784, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. To say that his family lament him is needless; that his friends bewail him, is useless; that all regret him, unnecessary; for that he merited every esteem is certain. The tongue of slander cannot say less, though justice might say more." Such an epitaph, inscribed over the dust of an editor, who had also held commission as Postmaster, opens a wide field of emulation to the journalists and officials of these later days.

James Rivington, publisher of the "Royal Gazetteer," was a man of a far different stamp. Thoroughly unscrupulous, he wielded a keen and bitter pen, which he used unsparingly against the patriots. His personal attacks at length so fired Captain Sears, that this gentleman returned from Connecticut, whither he had gone to consult certain American leaders, at the head of seventy-five light-horsemen. Entering the city at midday, the party at once proceeded to Rivington's office in Wall street, destroyed his presses, and carried off his type in bags. The type made excellent bullets. Rivington went to England after this raid, but returned in September, 1777. On the 26th of that month the "True Sons of Freedom" gave him a banquet at the King's Head Tavern, at which, according to the "Weekly Mercury" of September 29th, 1777, "a person, in honor to a free press, extemporarily pronounced this:

"'Rivington is arrfved; let every man
This injured person's worth confess;
His royal heart abhorr'd the Rebel plan,
And boldly dam'd them with his press.'"

Toward the close of the war Rivington became convinced that the colonists would succeed in gaining their independence, and for two years acted as a spy for General Washington. In consequence of this service he was allowed to remain in the city after its evacuation by the British and their Tory friends. His business, however, never prospered. He died in poverty and obscurity in 1802.

It must be confessed that the royalists in New York were numerous and active. Many of the staid old merchants and men of position were fearful of any change, and desired matters to remain as they were. De Lancey, Robinson, Mathews, and other Tories kept up an active correspondence abroad, and were busy sowing the seeds of disaffection at home. A knowledge of this fact prompted Washington to send General Charles Lee early in 1776 with twelve hundred volunteers to garrison the city. In vain the Committee of Safety protested that this action would draw the fire of the British fleet in the harbor. Lee marched his men to the Commons and encamped them, making his headquarters at the famous Kennedy House, of which mention will be made hereafter. The Yankee General had a quiet but effective way with him. He remarked to the more timid of the citizens: "If the ships of war are quiet, I will be quiet; if

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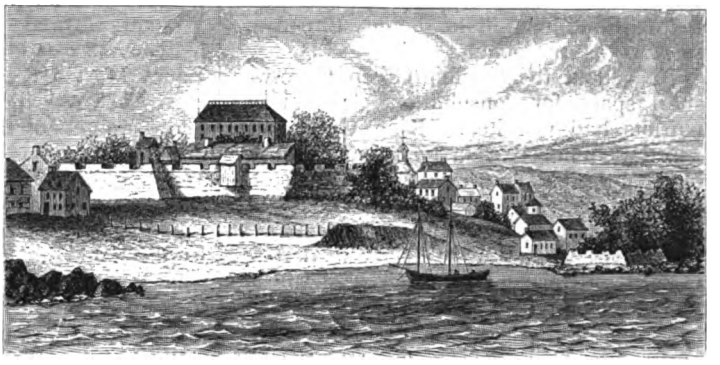
they make my presence a pretext for firing on the town, the first house set in flames by their guns shall be the funeral pile of some of their best friends." It is hardly necessary to add that the fleet gave the city no trouble. It may have been because Lee's words were repeated to Captain Parker of the "Asia."

After the British evacuated Boston, General Washington at once hastened to New York, believing that Lord Howe would immediately attack the city. The American commander arrived on the 14th of May and pushed forward the organization of troops and the fortification of the rivers and harbor. A few skeleton mounds and ditches still remain on the upper end of the island, to point the spot where the spade came to the aid of the musket.



OLD FORT GEORGE.

This was neither the first nor the second visit of Washington to the city of New York. The handsome young Virginia Colonel had stopped at the town-house of Colonel Beverly Robinson when on his way to Boston, in 1756, to consult General Shirley. The two were old acquaintances. It was Colonel Robinson's father who, as Speaker of the Virginia House of Burgesses, had relieved the blushing modesty of the hero of Fort Duquesne, when the latter rose to stammer out his thanks for the resolutions giving him the credit of having saved the remnant of Braddock's army. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said the Speaker with rare tact; "your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess." So it was natural that Washington, when visiting New York, should seek the friendly roof of Colonel Robinson, and perhaps quite as natural, also, that he should become deeply enamored of Miss Mary Phillipse, the beautiful sister of Mrs. Robinson. Tradition avers that the Virginia Colonel proposed, only to find himself rejected in favor of Colonel Roger Morris, who had served with him in the French and Indian war as an aid to General Braddock. The sequel of the story is stranger than fiction could have fashioned it. Mary Phillipse was attainted of treason during the Revolution, and the entire Phillipse estate was confiscated, because she had followed the fortunes of her husband. What of fame and position came to Washington the world knows.

It was during the occupation of New York by the Continental forces under Washington, that the Congress at Philadelphia issued the Declaration of Independence. A copy of the document was immediately forwarded to the Commander-in-Chief, with instructions to have it read to the several brigades of the army. It was received on the 9th of July, and the same evening, at six o'clock, the brigades were formed in hollow square on their respective parade grounds, to hear the decisive action taken by Congress. General Washington was within one of the squares on horseback, surrounded by his staff, while one of his aids read the Declaration. This square was formed on the grounds of the present City Hall Park, between the City Hall and the new Post-Office building. The soldiers sealed their approval of the step taken by Congress by giving three hearty cheers. The occasion was made still more notable by the release from prison of all poor debtors.

Among the spectators who listened to the new political departure was Captain Isaac Sears, accompanied by a party of friends on horseback. The simple ceremonial at headquarters must have made a deep impression on them, but it was not enough for their fiery souls. They had acquired a habit of celebrating such occasions by acts that savored more of zeal than law. Scarcely had the last files of soldiery wheeled away to their barracks, when a cry arose, "To the Bowling Green!" Perhaps a plan of action had been mooted previously. Be that as it may, the crowd surged down Broadway, increasing at every step, headed by Sears

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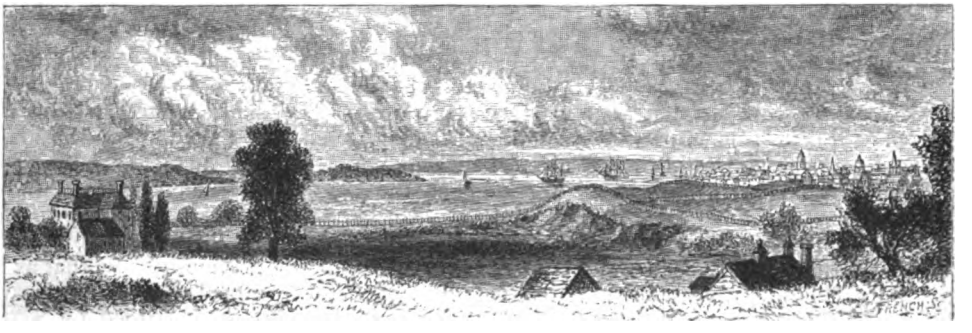
and his horsemen. Soon they were joined by some of the Continental soldiers, many of the buff and blue uniforms of Glover's Marblehead regiments being conspicuous among them. Neemaum, an Indian chief, was there also, a wondering spectator, and the negro population of the city turned out *en masse* as to a general holiday.

Arrived at the Bowling Green, there was short space for consultation. The ardent patriots had just heard King George the Third denounced as a tyrant and usurper of unauthorized powers; his statue stood before them. It had been erected by the representatives of the people, and the people themselves were there to decree its destruction. It was a life-size equestrian statue. A gilded crown rested on the royal head; one hand held the bridle, and the other rested on the hilt of his sword. The material was lead, an article of which the patriots were much in need. Around the green a handsome iron railing had been erected in 1771 at a cost of £800. There were enough mechanics in the throng to level the iron barrier, and this was quickly accomplished. They even twisted off the heads of the spikes to hurl them from the mouth of cannon at the British fleet in the harbor. As soon as the railing was removed, men climbed upon the statue, twisted stout ropes around the neck of King and horse, and, when all was ready, gave the signal to the cheering crowd to pull with a will. A hint was sufficient; no exhortation was needed. The royal statue soon lay prostrate, subject to every indignity that an excited populace could heap upon it. Axes were at hand, and the leaden bulk was speedily chopped into fragments ready for the fire and the bullet mold. The main portions of the statue were sent to a place of safety at Litchfield, Conn., and there the family of Governor Wolcott speedily transmuted them into bullets, fulfilling the threat of a patriotic New Yorker, that the British troops would probably "have melted majesty fired at them." Forty-two thousand ball cartridges were manufactured from this source, and a record found among the papers of Governor Wolcott showed that Mrs. Marvin had made 6,058 cartridges, Ruth Marvin 11,592, Laura Marvin 8,370, Mary Marvin 10,790, etc. Such was the temper of the mothers and daughters of that day.

An attempt was made to connect General Washington with the destruction of the statue, but it failed. He knew nothing of the affair until it was ended. The next day, however, having learned that some of the soldiers were present and assisting, he issued an order warning them not to countenance any such riotous proceedings in future. It was right that Washington should maintain discipline among his troops, but New York will always sympathize with the men who overturned the King's statue. The Bowling Green henceforth became associated with the first daring blows struck for independence.

It is worthy of remark that, during the eight months of 1776 in which the Continental army occupied New York, the houses and property of loyalists were untouched by the needy Colonial leaders. It must be confessed again here, that the wealth and aristocracy of the city either inclined to royalty, or waited to see which side would win. Some families, like that of Robert Murray, were divided in sentiment. In this particular case the staid Quaker merchant inclined to King and Parliament, while his wife and daughters were ardently devoted to the buff and blue of Congress. Oliver De Lancey was a royalist without reserve. The Waltons, again, were of the number who thought it best to temporize and see whether Washington's raw recruits could do as well



SOUTH-WEST VIEW OF NEW YORK DURING THE REVOLUTION.

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elsewhere as at Lexington and Bunker Hill.

Down in the busiest portion of Pearl street, in Franklin Square, near Peck Slip, there stands a large building whose shabby gentility and antique air would invite the gaze of the passing stranger, even if he heeded not the legend, "Old Walton House," smeared across its front in black letters. It looks like a worthy object of private or public charity. Built of brick with stone trimmings of the last century style, its prevailing color is a yellowish brown, relieved by the Quaker drab of the stone-work. The windows are large and square, but the panes of glass are small and numerous. The spacious interior affords room for half a dozen stores, and an army of tenants populate the remote interior. Fruit, candies, pictures, and (tell it not in the fashionable Gath of England!) junk are the attractions flaunted by the signs that adorn its walls, and the whole is capped by a placard announcing "Boarding" for such unfortunates as may venture to apply. The old house has long ago seen its best days, but, if walls have memories as well as ears, it can recall scenes it has witnessed that would make Madison Avenue envious. It is a wreck now, and out of place—stranded among a people with whom it has no sympathy. But it has a history, and something of our Centennial's glory will soon light up its worn and aged face.

THE WALTON HOUSE IN ITS PRIME.

The house was built in 1754 by William Walton, a wealthy merchant and "Member of His Majesty's Council for the Province of New York." When he selected the site, people asked with amazement why he proposed to build so far out of town. At that time there was only one building on the south side of Pearl (then Queen) street, between Peck Slip and Cherry, and only four or five in the neighborhood of Franklin Square. When completed, the Walton mansion was the wonder of the day. The main entrance boasted a massive portico with fluted columns. Two rows of balustrades encircled the roof. A grand mahogany staircase occupied the center of the house. Some of the great rooms were paneled in oak, richly carved, while the walls of others were hung with stamped leather, heavily gilded, which was then extremely fashionable, and is now once more coming into use. The bright yellow bricks, of which the building was constructed, were brought from Holland; the live oak used for timbers was imported from England, and the tiles of the great sloping roof were of Dutch make. The pediment was ornamented with two angels carved in stone, who supported the Walton coat-of-arms. The house was magnificently furnished, and its gilding, carving, tapestries, carpets, and gold and silver plate were the talk and marvel of the town. In one of the upper rooms traces of the superb carvings still remain, and those who are curious enough to explore will find among sights and smells worthy of the famous city of Cologne, some remains of the porcelain tiles that adorned the fire-places, elaborately set with flowers and birds. Walton spared no expense in the erection and furnishing

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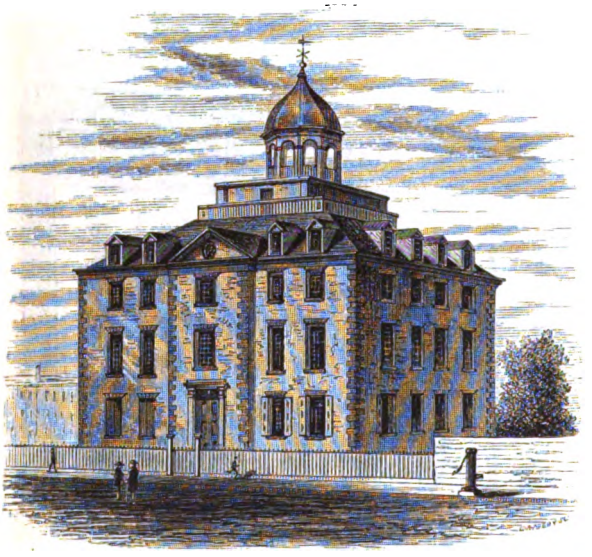
of his mansion, but he would never tell the sums he had expended upon it. The fame of his Sybaritic dwelling extended to England, and it was quoted in Parliament as an example of colonial extravagance and a proof of the ability of the people to pay the royal taxes.

It is singular to read that in his day the



THE OLD PROVOST PRISON.

Hon. William Walton, Esquire, Member of His Majesty's Council, was known as "Boss" Walton. Whence he acquired the title is uncertain. His wealth was inherited from his father, Captain William Walton, who sailed his own ships and made a large fortune by successful ventures. It is fair to presume, therefore, that the "Boss" of the last century was not the head of a Ring, and knew nothing of unauthorized municipal contracts. He entertained regally. His hospitality attracted out of the city the equipages of the merchant princes with their liveried footmen. Their host, whose portrait represents him as a man of robust build, attired in brown velvet coat with long-flapped waistcoat of white satin, welcomed them to a table crowned with ancient Burgundy and Madeira. In the ample gardens, which then stretched down to the East River with no intervening streets, the beauties of the day,—charming to the eye in petticoats of satin and sacques of silk, with long pointed waists gathered at the peak by golden cords, and nebulous with lace,—sauntered in the early evening, listening to the love tales of their cavaliers. Grand as was the display at dinners and parties, the good people of those times kept early hours. Public dances were advertised to begin "precisely at five o'clock in the evening," and to be abroad at a private party after nine o'clock was an exception upon which the best society frowned. In its gayest days, the old Walton House closed its shutters at ten o'clock.

Of the churches that were standing in New York in 1776, but two remain, and only one of them is now occupied for public worship. St. Paul's Church, in Broadway between Vesey and Fulton streets, is apparently in as good condition as when it was first opened, though it no longer gathers within its walls a congregation of wealthy and eminent citizens, but is content with doing a missionary work among the poor. The corner-stone of this beautiful edifice was laid in a wheat-field near the Commons in 1764. At that time the fashion of the city was gathered near the Bowling Green, and people criticised the folly of building a church so far out of town that it would take a century to gather a substantial congregation within it. Shortly after the arrival of the American troops in New York, St. Paul's was closed for a season, but, on the advent of Lord Howe, his military chaplain, the Rev. Dr. O'Meara, opened it and preached there. In September, 1776, the sacred edifice had a narrow escape from fire. Trinity Church was burned and the entire district between that locality and Fulton street, but, though the roof of St. Paul's was repeatedly set on fire by sparks and cinders, the citizens succeeded in quenching the flames.

There is probably no building in the city which has preserved its revolutionary memories so well as old St. Paul's. It is little changed from its ancient comeliness, though everything in its vicinity has undergone a complete transformation. Built to face the river, and originally looking out upon the wooded shores of New Jersey, custom has reversed the ancient order, and the chancel end on Broadway is usually spoken of as the front. Its quiet graveyard now seems strangely out of place among the neighboring temples of business. The sleepers there have witnessed every change that has swept over the city since the Colonial Governor

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sat in vice-regal style in the royal pew. Its graves are garlanded every summer with flowers, through the pious care of the vestry, and the names inscribed on the head-stones tell the social record of the city in the last century. But the spot most attractive to resident or stranger is the monument raised against the chancel end of the church and facing Broadway, on which the inscription reads as follows:

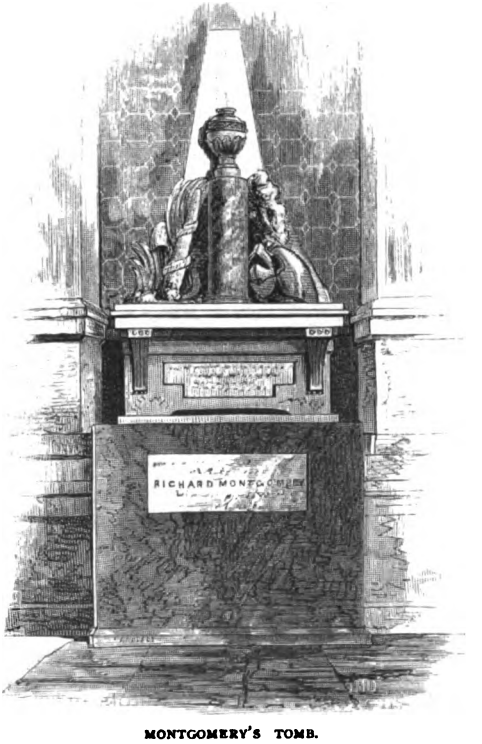
This
Monument is erected by order of Congress
25th of January, 1776,
to transmit to posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotic conduct, enterprise and perseverance of
Major-General Richard Montgomery,
who, after a series of successes amid the most discouraging difficulties, Fell in the attack on Quebec, 31st of December, 1775, aged 37 years.

If Massachusetts furnished, in the person of Dr. Warren, the first martyr-leader of the Revolution, New York gave to the patriot army and to an early grave one of the most brilliant soldiers of the century. There is, probably, no monumental inscription so frequently read as that of General Montgomery. He who passes on the street can easily decipher it, and there is not a pleasant day that does not witness little groups peering through the iron railings to study the record of the gallant young patriot whose praises were sounded in Parliament by Barré, Burke, and Chatham, and whose loss was felt throughout the colonies to be a public calamity.

Trinity Church, which was the most aristocratic place of worship in old New York, was an edifice that made more pretensions than St. Paul's, but was its inferior in architectural beauty. The original building was opened for divine service in February, 1697, under the rectorship of the Rev. William Vesey. It was enlarged in 1735, and its steeple, which a contemporaneous journal speaks of as "splendid and superb," was pointed out to strangers with most devout pride. But even pride must have a fall, and, in the great fire of 1776, its interior was entirely destroyed, and only its stone walls and a portion of its spire were left standing. The ruins remained uncared for until 1788, when a new building was reared on the old site, and it in turn gave place to the present fine edifice in 1846. Dr. Charles Inglis, a devoted royalist, was rector during the entire period of the Revolution, retiring to Nova Scotia when it became evident that the colonies would achieve their independence.

The great fire of 1776 broke out on the night of September 20th in a low groggery near the Whitehall. It took its course up the west side of Broad street as far as Flattenbarrack Hill (Exchange Place), burning everything in its way. Thence, crossing Broadway, it destroyed Trinity Church and some few houses below it, and from the church it swept upward to Barclay (then Mortkile) street and King's College. Four hundred and ninety-three buildings were destroyed, and an immense amount of property. New York has never since suffered so severely, in proportion, by fire.

A visit to the church-yard of old Trinity will amply repay the trouble. It is rich in monuments of the past. There sleeps the dust of William Bradford, printer, in whose office Benjamin Franklin sought employment when he came to this city at the age of sixteen, seeking his fortune. The vault of Col. Marinus Willett, soldier of the Revolution,



MONTGOMERY'S TOMB.

and Mayor of New York in 1807, is there; and in different portions of the crowded little city of the dead rest the remains of William, Earl of Sterling, Albert Gallatin, Robert Fulton, Captain James Lawrence, of the famous "Chesapeake," and the beautiful and unfortunate Charlotte Temple. But the

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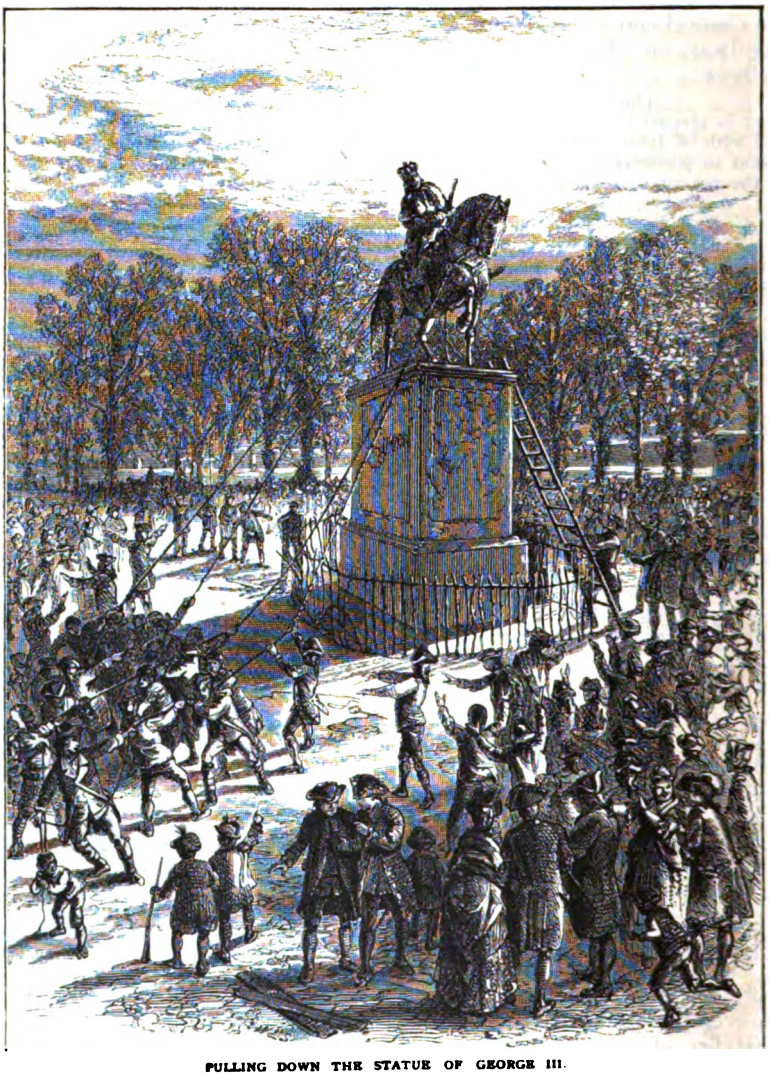
monument that attracts the largest number of pilgrims is that which commemorates the virtues of "the patriot of incorruptible integrity, the soldier of approved valor, the statesman of consummate wisdom," Alexander Hamilton.

had its picturesque points, for the trees planted around it made it "look as if it were built in a wood." The building was erected in 1726. The British seized it in 1776, tore out the pews, and burned them for fuel, and then crammed three thousand



PULLING DOWN THE STATUE OF GEORGE III.

When Professor Kalm, of European celebrity, visited New York in 1748, he spoke with praise of the "New Dutch Church on Nassau street," saying that it was not only large and provided with a steeple, but that its clock was "the only one in town." Apparently he was surprised to find there neither "altar, vestry, choir, sconces, nor paintings;" but the Middle Dutch Church

American prisoners in it. Finally the small-pox broke out among the captives, and the frightened officials hurried them away. Subsequently the edifice was occupied as a circus for cavalry practice. At the same time, the North Dutch Church, at the corner of Fulton and William streets, the corner-stone of which was laid July 2, 1767, and which was torn down last year, was floored over, from

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gallery to gallery, and used as a store-house. It was more fortunate than its companion church on Nassau street, for, after the Revolution, it was devoted solely to public worship until its demolition. The old Middle Dutch Church, on the other hand, has only just ceased to echo with the bustle of a great post-office, and it now stands alone and forlorn amid a crowded population, awaiting the assaults of the crowbar and the spade.

The Huguenot and Lutheran churches were also used as places of confinement for military prisoners, and when these became insufficient, Van Cortlandt's and Rhinelander's sugar-houses, and one on Liberty street, near the Middle Dutch Church, were mustered into the service. The second of these prison pens is yet standing at the corner of William and Duane streets in a fair state of preservation. In all these places the sufferings of the prisoners were intense, and the manner of their treatment has left an indelible stain on the memory of Lord Howe. "I have gone into a church," writes Colonel Ethan Allen, who was a prisoner in New York in 1777, "and seen sundry of the prisoners in the agonies of death in consequence of very hunger, and others, speechless and near death, biting pieces of chip; others pleading for God's sake for something to eat, and at the same time shivering with cold. Hollow groans saluted my ears, and despair seemed to be imprinted on every one of their countenances. The filth of these churches was almost beyond description. I have seen in one of them seven dead at the same time." This was the price with which our independence was bought.

State prisoners were usually confined in the "New Jail" on the Commons, afterward made historical as the "Old Provost Prison." This was a plain building of brown-stone, erected in 1758, having a high, sloping tiled roof, with dormer windows. It was three stories in height. Here many distinguished Americans were confined during the war. One of the large chambers on the second floor was styled "Congress Hall" from the character of its inmates. Besides Colonel Ethan Allen, Major Travis of the Virginia Horse, Judge Fell of Bergen, Major Wynant Van Zandt, and others of high rank, were here subjected to the brutalities of the infamous Captain Cunningham, who made it his boast that he had starved two thousand rebels by selling their rations.

A characteristic anecdote is told of Allen's imprisonment. When Judge Fell was released, after being confined for several months, he determined to celebrate his good fortune by sending a present to his late companions in bonds. He sent to the prison a case of cheese and two cases of porter. A dispute arose at once as to the manner of disposing of the treasure. Some advocated an economy of the supplies, others were disposed to be more extravagant. Allen spoke in favor of one great feast, and his eloquence carried the day. The table was spread, toasts were drank, speeches made, and for one happy evening the prisoners were able to forget their sorrows.

In 1831. the jail was converted into the present Hall of Records. Its walls were stuccoed, a new roof was substituted for the old, and six marble columns, which were subsequently covered with stucco, entirely changed the appearance of the old building. The stout stone walls, however, are the same that witnessed the woes of the patriot captives. The crowds that hurry across the City Hall Park pay little attention to the legendary history of the Hall of Records, but Centennial enthusiasm may revive its memory. The place deserves all honor at the hands of the citizens of New York.

There was little space for Christmas festivities while the hand of the foreign soldier was at the throat of the city. Families were divided; homes were in ruins; death was reaping a wide harvest. Wealthy men found themselves suddenly impoverished by the contest, and many whom the war had spared lost all in the great fire. But it was no time for domestic rejoicings. But it was meet that the poor should be remembered. And when did New York ever fail in her charities? The "Gazette and Weekly Mercury" of December 22d, 1777, made the following announcement: "On Wednesday next, being Christmas Eve, forty poor widows, housekeepers, having families in this city, will receive 40 lbs. of fresh beef and a half a peck loaf each, on a certificate of their necessity signed by two neighbors of repute, which is to be determined at the Reverend Dr. Inglis's house in the Broadway, between 10 and 12 o'clock that day, who will give a ticket for the above donation." This generous gift was the Christmas offering of John Coghill Knapp, attorney at law, who lived at the corner of Flattenbarrack Hill, near the old City Hall in Broad street. It has kept his memory green for a century.

New York at this time was less fair to look upon than at the outbreak of hostilities. Acres that had been burned out in the heart

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of the city were converted into rude settlements by using walls that the fire had spared and supplementing them with spars and canvas. In these hovels, half hut, half tent, dwelt a race of vagabonds who made their living by crime. Churches and sugar-houses were crowded with starving prisoners. Red-coated soldiers swaggered through the streets, and made life unendurable for the families of patriots, while their officers held high revel in the homes of fugitive colonists. Fortifications had grown up at every eligible point on the outskirts of the island and in the bay. The pleasant heights of Brooklland had been deluged with blood, and the graves of Colonel Knowlton and Major Leitch marked the scene of a fierce struggle in McGowan's Pass. Timid patriots had taken courage when they heard the thunder of Washington's victorious guns at Trenton and Princeton, and sometimes they gathered on their house-tops and looked across the quiet waters to the pleasant shores of Nassau Island or New Jersey, wondering when their own deliverance would come. Their heritage was too fair to be surrendered without a struggle. So they vowed to toil and pray until their independence was won.

One hundred years have passed since those days, and while the natural face of the city is so changed that the men who wore the buff and blue would not be able to recognize it, the characteristics of the inhabitants are the same as of old. Patriotism, persistence, and pluck still mark the people of the great metropolis. This is the inheritance that has descended to them from the New York of 1775.

CUPID AND MARS.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

I.

It was Christmas eve—or, to use words more agreeable to Tabitha Cudworth and Abigail Nixon—Sabbath night, the 24th of December, 1775, as those two dames sat over the fire in a little house in Salem street, Boston.

"I feel heathenish-like, Mrs. Nixon," said Tabitha, putting another stick on the fire, "when I think that this wood, mayhap, was a part of the very seat I sat in at the Old North. To think of the sermons I've heard there, and then to be warming myself by the fire of it."

"You may get what comfort you can out of it," answered her neighbor. "You'll never hear any more sermons there nor anywhere else, I mistrust."

She spoke with a quaver in her voice and a shake of the head.

"You didn't hear Parson Eliot's last Thursday lecture? It was the last Thursday lecture that will ever be given in this town; he told the people that not one week had gone by for upward of a hundred and thirty years—a hundred and thirty years, Mrs. Cudworth—but there had been a Thursday lecture. It looks as if the day of judgment was coming; and if they do these things in the green branch, what'll they do in the dry? These Gageites," and she sank her voice to a whisper, "had rather go to the play than to a Thursday lecture."

"Well, well, Abigail, I'd quite as lieve they'd go to the play as ask me to go to their Sabbath day play-house. I wanted to box that young lieutenant's ears to-day, when he asked me if I wouldn't like to go and hear Dr. Caner at the King's Chapel. 'Hear him?' says I. 'There's much hearing, indeed! If you'd asked me to see that man perform in his stage clothes you'd have come nearer the truth. He wants to be one of your bishops, that's what he wants.' I gave him a piece of my mind, Mrs. Nixon."

"Oh!" groaned Mrs. Nixon. "How are the Lord's high places thrown down. And what did he say then, Tabitha?"

"Oh, he laughed; he laughs easily. But I'm thinking these British officers will laugh on the other side of their mouths soon."

"It's not much our mouths have to do with laughing, or with eating either," piped the other crone; "but He shall laugh them to scorn. Not a mouthful of fresh meat have I tasted these six weeks; and when salt pork is fifteen pence sterling a pound I can see nothing but starvation clean before me."

"You'll have to trust the Lord and Dr.

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Eliot a bit longer, neighbor," said Mrs. Cudworth briskly. "Mark my words. The new year won't be very old before we see those ships in Boston harbor sailing out. Then we'll see about fresh meat."

"It's easy for you to talk so, Tabitha," said Mrs. Nixon querulously. "You've got a young officer quartered on you, and he'll be bound to have a good platter full; but here be I, my house torn down over my head and forced to live in a hole, as you may say, and if I didn't have an honest neighbor like you to go to now and then, to warm myself, I'd be frozen stiff, and the Lord have mercy on my soul."

"It's well it's an open winter, Abigail, or our poor boys out there in the camp would have a hard time of it. I'd give much to hear how my Thomas thrives. He's new to soldiering, but he's got a strong arm. He got that in the smithy."

"He served his time with Edward Foster, eh? That's a busy place now. They're a making horseshoes all day long with three prongs stuck up like that"—and she held up three bony fingers—"and I asked young Edward what they were for. 'For toasting-forks, granny,' says he; but I know better. They're to fire at our poor boys; they'll hurt a deal more than the smooth round balls."

"I can tell ye a word about them," said Mrs. Cudworth. "I heard our young lieutenant explaining them to Miss Hope the other day. They call them crows' feet, and they're just sowing the Neck with them, so that when our boys come galloping down their horses will step on these wicked points; ah! but it's a cruel thing to do."

"The wicked in his pride doth persecute the poor; let them be taken in the devices that they have imagined," said Mrs. Nixon solemnly. "'Tis an awful place we're living in. I fear the Lord has deserted Boston—that He's clean gone forever."

"He'll come back again with General Washington, Abigail; depend upon it," and Mrs. Cudworth walked firmly across the floor, and wound the eight-day clock, as she always did, in preparation for another week's work. "I'm that firm in my conviction, that every time I wind the clock I thinks to myself, may be you won't wind that clock again while you're a slave. That's what we are, Abigail; we're slaves. I honor my King, and I'm willing to pray for him. It's the Parliament that wants to ride over us; it's the ministers that wants to indulge themselves and screw it all out of us; and they send their hirelings over here to trample us under feet. Not a drop of tea did they ever make me drink, and the Lord knows I can drink tea when I want to."

"Do you want any tea, Tabitha?" asked a voice mischievously behind her.

"Land o' mercy, Miss Hope, how you scart me. You came down-stairs so softly like. Tea! not I. I'd give ——"

"Well, well; softly, Tabby. I thought our rebels must be coming by the noise I heard, and I came down to beg you not to let mother know it too quickly. How do you do, Abby?" and she went near the fire and took old Mrs. Nixon's hand.

"The Lord bless your young eyes," said Abigail, looking with pride at the tall, fair girl with gray eyes that stood before her. "I'm just creeping along. I thought I'd come in a minute to warm myself before Mrs. Cudworth's fire. The patrol will be along soon, and I have no mind to be shut up in the guard-house. Eh? but these soldiers are a dreadful set of people. They have no respect for gray hairs. Tabitha here thinks they will be gone soon, and I pray they may, for it's hard living in the midst of such an ungodly generation."

At this moment a knock was heard, and Tabby, taking a light, went cautiously to the entrance, holding the door open as little as might be necessary.

"In the King's name, Mrs. Cudworth," said a frank, hearty voice without.

"Is it you, Lieutenant?" said Tabby, opening the door widely. "I thought it might be one of those graceless scamps you brought over with you from the other side."

The young man threw open his cloak as he entered the kitchen, and smiled as he saw the girl still standing quietly by the open fire. She moved to give him place upon the hearth.

"A merry Christmas eve," said he, as he drew near. "Mayn't I wish *you* a merry Christmas, Mrs. Nixon," turning to the dame, who sat rigidly in her chair.

"I'll take none o' your popish wishes, young sir," said she grimly. "We came a good way across the waters to get rid of all your mummery. Ye have piped unto us and we have not danced. It will be an evil day when the saints come to live with us."

"Well," he laughed, "choose your own company if you won't have the saints. But, I must say, this is not much like Christmas eve at home. I dare say, now, Miss Deland, you never have been visited by waits in

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Boston, and had carols sung under your windows?"

"My father has told me of those Christmas sports in England, but we did not bring many of them to this country."

She hesitated a moment, and then added, with heightening color:

"I think we brought with us the faith that keeps the worship of Christ pure."

The lieutenant looked into the fire, but in a moment said:

"Was it for this faith that your friends turned against the King? I think I have heard that your General Washington was a good Church of England man."

"I do not know that you and I can settle this matter, Lieutenant Page," said the girl, smiling; "yet I think I see clearly how it has come about. It was for this faith that my father and many before him came to this new country, and they built this town and formed the colony by the light their religion gave them. It has come about that England is not willing we should have what our fathers earned for us, and so we are holding it in the spirit of the same faith that established it, and if the other colonies help us, it is because they know we are right, and not because we have a different way of worshiping God from what you have."

"Nay," said the young man hastily, "there is not so much difference between us as you may think;" then, checking himself: "well, so far as Christmas goes, I fancy General Washington will eat a more cheerful dinner than we shall enjoy in this town. You may count me out to-morrow, Tabby. The General is to give a dinner at the Province House, to which I am invited; but I do not look for very sumptuous fare, nor for better cooking than you give us."

"Is this a time to make merry?" asked Mrs. Nixon, rising, to take leave. "I think it will go hard with your feasters and revelers when this town shall rise up against you; but I do not mean you in special, young sir," she added, in a mollifying tone. "I have found you a peaceful gentleman, and Mrs. Cudworth speaks naught but well of you; but it is bad company ye keep."

"I must even sit with the scornful, I suppose," he retorted gayly; "but I'm obliged to you for your kind exception in my favor."

Mrs. Cudworth saw her friend well out of the house, and the lieutenant turned to Miss Deland.

"Miss Hope," he said, "I made but a reluctant assent to the General's invitation. I had hoped to take my Christmas here. Perhaps I might have persuaded you into a half acknowledgment of the charm about the day that separates it from the others; who knows?"

"The days now do not vary much," said she. "I hardly dare hope to do more than leave each one behind with a feeling of relief that that day, at any rate, is not to be lived over again. But even I cannot help taking courage at the turn of the year."

"Ah, you hope to see us all go before spring, I suppose," said he, with a boyish pout on his handsome face. She turned away from him.

"I left mother asleep, Tabby," she said to Mrs. Cudworth as she came back into the kitchen; "but we must not leave her alone long. Good-night, Lieutenant Page. I should like to hear some of our rebel waits sing carols across the Charles River to-night," and she looked back on him with a mischievous smile.

"You may be sure my Thomas would make the bullets whistle," said Mrs. Cudworth heartily, as she proceeded to bar and bolt her premises, while the lieutenant, well used to the ways of the house, found a candle and made ready to light himself to his room.

"Your Thomas doesn't seem to be of the doubting kind," said he; "but don't you think it would go rather hard with him to touch off a gun that was pointed toward the barracks on Salem street?"

"May their guns batter down every house that General Howe hasn't pulled down before your cowardly troops run away from this town," said the dame, with flashing eyes. "I'm hot sometimes, Lieutenant," she added, with a sudden change of tone; "you mustn't mind me; I'm only an old woman. Just take some of our boys on Charlestown hill."

The lieutenant marched upstairs with this parting shot bouncing after him, and Mrs. Cudworth soon followed. She entered the room where Mrs. Deland lay and the young girl sat with eyes dewy with tears. The spirit and resolution which the two women could show before the lieutenant, who was quartered upon them, was rarely able to do more than carry them just beyond the scenes in which he figured. In the refuge of the chamber, where Miss Deland's mother lay stricken with paralysis, there were frequent reliefs of tears,—tears which left no stain behind, yet gave to the young girl's eyes a clearness and sweetness which turned her

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most resolute glances into something a trifle less stern than they might have been.

"It's not so bad as it might be, dear," said Tabitha, with her oft-repeated consolation. "The lieutenant's not near so bad as some of them. Why, there's Mrs. Gray; her Anne was telling me the other day how a light-horseman got caught in the rain and brought his dirty beast right into her kitchen, and, not liking that, took him into the sitting-room. Mrs. Gray heard the clatter, and called down to Anne to know what the matter was, when the fellow began to curse and swear at her, and there he stayed till the rain stopped. And Mr. Gray an addresser too. If your good father had lived, he'd never have signed an address."

"If he had lived, Tabitha, we should never have stayed in the town; but now we must make the best of it."

She went to the window and peered out into the darkness. Far across the water she could see the camp lights at Lechmere Point. Every night she stood and looked, and looked, as if she might be the first to detect some movement. This night, as she stood there, she heard a window raised near by. Her forehead was pressed against the window pane, and she heard the voice of her military guest singing at his open window. It was a rich, powerful voice, and though she could not catch many words, and dared not betray herself by opening her own sash, she made out that he was singing a Christmas carol. The stars were shining brightly, and a few lights were faintly glimmering in houses about her; her thoughts flew to the scene at Bethlehem. Then she heard the dull sound of a distant gun; the step of the patrol beat the walk below her. It was not altogether good-will among men nor peace on earth. The sound of Lieutenant Page's voice ceased, but his window did not fall, and she fancied him sitting by it, watching the night as she watched it. There was a stir in the room, and she turned back to find her mother moving uneasily. She smoothed the pillow, and gave those few touches to the bed-clothes which seem to have, under the skillful hand of a girl, a charm to restore sleep to the sleepless.

"Good-night, Tabitha," said she; "I do not think mother is waking; if she does, and needs anything, you know I can call you."

"Miss Hope," said trusty Mrs. Cudworth, as she left the room, "I'm much mistaken if we don't hear from our boys within twenty-four hours," and Mrs. Cudworth's prophecy, though it had been made with great regularity for a good many weeks, had in it so much confidence to-night that her young mistress was almost ready to accept it as having some mysterious ground, for she knew that no human intelligence fortified Mrs. Cudworth.

II.

The Province House, which had long been the residence or the town headquarters of the colonial governors appointed by the Crown, was now occupied, since Governor Gage's departure, by General Sir William Howe, who added to his office, as General of the forces then quartered in Boston, the somewhat shorn dignity of Governor of the Massachusetts. His proclamations read as authoritatively as if they were not, when sent outside of Boston, torn up for cartridges with which to charge the muskets that peppered his sentries. Within the town he held supreme sway, though his military discipline needed often to be strained severely to meet the flagrant cases of disobedience and disorder among his soldiers, who pillaged the houses of the defenseless families, and used much ingenuity in annoying and insulting the poor patriots who were shut up with them in an unwilling bondage. Upon the top of the cupola that surmounted the Province House stood Deacon Browne's copper Indian always making ready to shoot, and perhaps the General, climbing into the cupola to get a fair view of his surroundings, may sometimes have been oppressed with the uneasy suspicion that his own military attitude was grotesquely like that of the figure perched over his head. Be this as it may, he was surrounded by those who would be little likely to disturb him with much irony or contempt. His brother officers were in the same boat with himself, and such state as he bore was enlarged socially by the presence of rich and arrogant Tory families that had always stood near the Governor, or had now, under the pressure of circumstances, crowded into town from the neighboring country, and were loud in their profession of loyalty to King and Parliament, and in contempt of the miserable malcontents who had audaciously set up the standard of rebellion against the royal authority.

Before the entrance way on old Marlborough street a guard was pacing back and forth, as Lieutenant Page entered the grounds on Christmas afternoon and passed up the flagged walk to the red stone steps that led to the broad, stately portal. He ascended the steps and was ushered up the great staircase

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that occupied the center of the house, and, by its noble proportions, and its studied carvings, was so prominent an architectural feature. Removing his outer wraps and flicking a speck or two from his handsome uniform, he descended to the grand reception-room, with its paneled wainscot and tapestry hangings. Here was the General, receiving his guests, who had already begun to assemble. Officers of the army and of the navy were there, though Admiral Graves was conspicuous by his absence. He had received General Howe's invitation, but had found means to excuse himself, for the two commanders were not on very good terms, and the Admiral was daily expecting the arrival of his successor, Admiral Shuldham. The Tory families were well represented, and the brilliant uniforms of the officers gave additional brilliancy to the rich dress of the ladies by whom they stood.

Lieutenant Page presented his respects to the General, and was followed a moment afterward by Lord Percy, who joined him by the window where the lieutenant had taken his stand.

"I had small hopes of seeing you, Edward," said the Earl, smiling significantly. "There are stories that a Puritan dinner in Salem street would have more attractions for you than a Christmas feast here."

The lieutenant colored as he replied:

"I trust I am too good a soldier, my Lord, to disobey the order of my General, whether it comes by an orderly or on gilt-edged paper."

"Well, why could you not have whispered to the General the name of one other guest whom he might invite? I, for one, should have liked well to see the fair Hope that has anchored your heart, if we are to believe all that is said."

"Is it quite wise to believe all that is said?" asked the lieutenant, with some impatience in his tone, for it seemed as if Lord Percy had touched Miss Deland when he gave her name without a title. "If so, I could fancy there might be some hard feeling between some of the ladies here present, between Miss Byles, for instance, and Miss Edson."

"Well said," laughed the Earl, "and you shall have the opportunity to see what one thinks of the other; for you are assigned to Miss Edson for dinner, and I propose to conduct you to your post. First, I will get Miss Edson's permission," and he stepped gayly over to a young and highly dressed girl who stood by the side of her somewhat flaming mother. Page could see that his advance threw the girl into a flutter which changed into an ill-concealed annoyance, when the Earl had fulfilled his errand; but, as due permission had been given, the lieutenant was shortly engaged in saying such polite things as he could invent to his somewhat *distraite* companion and her mother.

"His Lordship never looks so well as when in his gay humor," said he.

"Indeed," said Madam Edson, "I should like to have received him at our country-seat. We could have shown him how country gentlemen live here."

"Now, mamma, you know you detest the country. I'm sure I'm glad we're in Boston. I was dying to come, and now that those low rebels have gone, and we have the house to ourselves, I'm sure it's delightful. Don't you think so, Lieutenant Page?"

"A soldier is apt to be impatient, when in garrison," said he, "but he might be in worse places than Boston during a winter."

"Oh, it would be frightfully dull if the officers were not here. Mamma, Lord Percy is actually going to take out Miss Byles. Do you play in the new farce, Lieutenant Page?"

"General Burgoyne's? No. I confess, I do not think it in very good taste for us to turn the blockade into ridicule. We could better afford to do it if we had broken it."

"Oh, it will be immensely witty, and I'm sure we needn't stay here if we don't want to, but General Howe has some great plan, I am very certain; indeed, Lord Percy as much as told me so, and I suppose it will not be very long before all those wretched men take to their heels. They know how to do that: Discretion is the better part of their valor."

"And this is the girl I am to spend the afternoon with," said the lieutenant to himself, as his mind reverted to Miss Deland. His companion was handsome rather than beautiful, with a rich complexion and dark hair that was made blacker still by the gleaming of the white powder profusely sprinkled over it; but her voice was like a peacock's, and by no means rendered more endurable by what issued upon it. Just then the sound of music was heard.

"The band of the Twenty-seventh Regiment," exclaimed Miss Edson. "Lord Percy told me it was to play. Isn't it divine?"

"I understand we are to have some concerts given by it, under Mr. Morgan's direction," said the lieutenant, suddenly, recalling

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a paragraph he had read in Madam Draper's "News Letter."

"Yes; Lord Percy told me so," said the beauty, whose eyes at this moment were roaming after that officer, as he led Miss Byles into the dining-hall, preceded by General Howe, who attended Madam Oliver, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor. Page and Miss Edson took their place in the company moving into the hall, and were assigned seats not far from the head of the table, which was richly laid and splendid with damask and silver. They found themselves in the immediate neighborhood of Lord Percy and Miss Byles, of William Brattle, and Colonel Gilbert, while Miss Edson's father was near by, together with ladies of the Vassall and Paddock families, with all of whom Lieutenant Page had acquaintance. The guests had their seats, and Sir William Howe, rising in his place, bade them welcome to a Christmas dinner in the Province House.

"I am very happy," said the soldier, "in having the honor of receiving at His Majesty's table this company of loyal gentlemen, and of the ladies who make loyalty an easy and gracious duty. I should be glad if I could set before you a more bountiful feast; but if you mess with soldiers you must look for soldiers' fare. I am at least able to offer you an English plum-porridge, without which no Christmas is complete; but, before we pay our respects to the dish, I will call on the Rev. Dr. Caner to say grace."

Grace was said, and the dinner was formally open; but the guests were obliged to confess to themselves in strict secrecy that the splendor of the service had to go far toward compensating for the meagerness of the fare. Simple Mr. Edson spoke frankly the feeling of those around him, when he turned to William Brattle and said:

"I don't know why a good wild turkey would not be a good Christmas dish as well as fit for Thanksgiving."

"You may well say that," said General Brattle, rolling his eyes disconsolately. "It makes a very comfortable lining, Edson, to one's paunch. If General Howe knew our country better, I think he would have sent for one of those birds."

"A mandamus councillor would have been a good person to send," growled Timothy Ruggles.

"Did you ever taste of a famous English plum-porridge?" asked Lieutenant Page of his companion.

"No," said she, "it must be perfectly delicious; so different from these coarse Yankee dishes. I adore English things."

"A good bit of English plum-porridge would not be so bad," said the lieutenant, "and here comes the dish, properly set forth."

It was borne into the room in state and placed upon the table in a huge punch-bowl, steaming, and giving all the appearance of genuineness; but Madam Oliver, who made the first acquaintance with it, was observed to treat it quite as if it were some rare and choice viand, only to be taken in infinitesimal quantities. The General's brow clouded as he also tasted of the national dish, and the guests, whose curiosity had been excited, each received a portion, but eyed it with some suspicion.

"The man from Norwich could have ate this, I suppose," said Brattle. "I could tell the General what the trouble is, Page. His cook has not used brown bread at all, but moldy wheat bread, and his beef is old and stringy."

"I'm afraid the man from Fairfax made this pudding, then," laughed the lieutenant. "Flour is not so plenty, I am told, in Boston, as it will be; but the raisins are good. Miss Edson, does this come up to your fancy of an English plum-porridge?" he whispered to the lady beside him.

"I think I should come to like it," said she.

"It wants Yankee sauce," said Ruggles.

"Sir William ought to send another just like this with his compliments to Washington," said Brattle.

"We'll send our porridge from the cannon's mouth," said Colonel Gilbert, "before long. As soon as the new troops arrive we shall be ready to make those Yankees eat humble pie. It makes me laugh to think how they will show their heels when we quit this town. We shall quit it on the Cambridge side."

"It is strange," said Edson mildly, "that the people show so little respect for law and the officers of the law. It used not to be so, and I am almost persuaded that some madness had possessed them, and that their eyes will be opened in time to the foolishness of their course. I would gladly aid in an honest reconciliation."

"Reconciliation, indeed!" snarled Ruggles. "It will come when a few of the ringleaders like Sam Adams and John Hancock have been put beyond the point where they can beg His Majesty's pardon. For

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my part, I shouldn't object to seeing a Knox roasted whole for a Christmas dinner."

The guests did not for a moment see the coarse joke, until Miss Edson tittered.

"That was one of Dr. Byles's jokes," said she to the lieutenant. "They say Mr. Knox has been made an officer in the rebel army."

"He boasted he would come back to Boston at the head of artillery," said Gilbert. "Let him come to-morrow, if he wants to be in season to bid in his books and jews-harps. I see Loring is to hold an auction sale at his store to-morrow."

The talk went on in a desultory manner round the table, but there was not much heart in it. In truth, it was rather a sorry dinner upon which to base much joviality. The service was rich and elegant, the wines were good; but as Lord Percy whispered to Miss Byles, the plum-porridge, upon which the General had staked all, was strong enough to stand a siege, with all their knives and forks pointed toward it. Toasts were presented and speeches made, a song or two sung, but the ceremony of the dinner was too painfully a substitute for the dinner itself, and nothing, perhaps, served more to produce a general depression than the reflection, which passed through every one's mind, that if the General could produce no more substantial feast, it was going hard with the town at large.

"I am afraid the Masons will have rather a scanty feast Wednesday, now that we have ate our Christmas dinner," said Lord Percy to Page, as the company rose from the table and passed out into the hall. The couples moved through the broad passages and up the grand staircase, some even venturing into the cupola, and tried to make out the camp lights in the dark December night. The ladies peered curiously into the offices of the General and his aids, which were thrown open, and the house, gayly lighted, began to give back some of the cheer of which the dismal dinner had robbed the guests.

The lieutenant had cheerfully relinquished the handsome Miss Edson to Lord Percy, and now strolled about among the different groups, with no more settled purpose than to avoid the persons most distasteful to him. Of a frank nature, he was a favorite among the officers and the town's people, but with his frankness he had a sensitiveness which made him equally careful to keep aloof from what was disagreeable, and to conceal his annoyance if caught unaware. To-day he felt singularly restless and ill at ease in the company with which he consorted. He avoided one and another, until, in one of his evasions, he came full upon the Reverend Dr. Caner.

"Well, Lieutenant," said the minister, "do you not think this a reasonably fair copy of an English Christmas?"

"Perhaps as good a copy as Boston is of London."

"Then you are one of the discontented ones, eh, that would like Boston better if you saw it at a distance?"

"I cannot say that I have any great fault to find with Boston, but I confess to being in no merry-making mood to-night; I suppose it is the soldier in me that chafes at the forced confinement here. Though for that matter, if the soldier ever had his way, I am not sure but what is left of the man in me would pull back quite as stiffly."

"Then you do not breathe out fire and slaughter against the men yonder, the other side of the water?"

"I confess that this idle life has set me thinking, and made me more ready to see the dispute from the other side. To tell the truth, the manner in which the American party has acted has shaken my confidence in the common view that is taken of them. Men do not sacrifice what these Bostonians have sacrificed, for a mere petulant, lawless self-will."

"But are there not sacrifices made by the loyalists too? I speak as one who has elected to stand by the king and the law, and I think my position is not altogether an enviable one."

"I own that I see among the loyalists those who have deliberately chosen, on principle, to abide by the old order of things, and I honor them; but, Dr. Caner, is not the town itself a standing witness to the sincerity of the great body of its inhabitants, who chose rather to suffer the loss of property and to be banished, than to yield principles which had made the town what it is?"

"You speak earnestly, Page," said Dr. Caner, smiling, "but you speak, pardon me, as a young man led away by the enthusiasm of youth for a fine, large-sounding phrase. Perhaps my training and my office make me cautious, but I have learned to look with suspicion upon these philosophic utterances. As I look back upon the political history of this colony, I think I see plainly how the separatism, the individualism of the early settlers that made them

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impatient of our English Church, has steadily acted upon their political sentiments, until now they will not be satisfied with anything short of exclusive self-government. The whole principle is wrong in state, wrong in church, and I cannot separate my loyalty to the church from my loyalty to the crown. I believe in the organic union of the two. If I saw my way to a separation of the two in this country, and an independent existence of the church, I might look on the impending conflict differently; but I do not, and with me there is no choice left. If the colonies break away from the mother country, the church will be reduced so as to lead only a lingering life; the great body of the disaffected is opposed to the church, and, once in power, will strip it of all dignity and place; so I cast in my lot with England. If the rebels, in their madness, carry the day, I shall go back to England, and I do not think I should do amiss if I carried with me, to save from desecration, the sacred vessels and robes of the church."

"It would hardly be becoming in me to argue with you on such a question, Dr. Caner," said the young man, "but I can't help thinking that the church has within itself a principle of life not dependent upon the action of the colonies or of the king's troops, or of the king himself. Might it not be, if the present dispute should end in the separation of the colonies and their establishment under a separate government, that the church would be freed from the suspicion under which it now rests of being a creature of the state?"

"No, no," said Dr. Caner warmly, "the church is always on the side of order and good government, and it is idle to expect anything but lawlessness from these schismatics."

At this point the band began playing a minuet, and there was an evident disposition of the company toward the great hall. Dr. Caner, whom professional etiquette forbade to remain, hastily left his companion to pay his respects to General Howe and Governor Oliver and lady, while Lieutenant Page, in no mood for dancing, strayed from the company and ascended the great staircase to the cupola. His eye followed the line of houses to the barracks at the corner of Prince and Salem streets, and thence to the little house which held the key to his roving mind. He wondered what Hope Deland was doing; how her Christmas evening was passed. He blushed alone there as he said the name to himself; he heard the sound of music below and murmurs of laughter and talk. How would she look moving about with her stately, maidenly grace? He could hardly picture her to himself in the rich robes of Miss Edson; yet her grace and dignity, as he had seen her in her small house, seemed to make Miss Edson's dress tawdry and vulgar, and to place Miss Edson beyond the pale of his interest and concern.

So it was that, turning away, he descended the staircase, and, entering again the throng, threaded his way to General Howe and pleaded some excuse, he hardly knew what, for so early a withdrawal. He wrapped himself in his cloak and walked through the nearly deserted streets to his lodging. Patrols marched up and down, and he passed knots of officers and gentlemen, more or less noisy from such Christmas cheer as they had rejoiced in. As he entered Salem street, the figure of an old woman heavily muffled was before him, and he recognized by her gait the dame Abigail Nixon, who was a frequent visitor of Mrs. Cudworth's, and thus familiar to his sight. She was bending her steps now in the direction of his quarters, and he came up with her just as she stopped at the door, and, without lifting the knocker, tapped gently upon the wood.

"That knock will answer for me too, Mrs. Nixon," said the lieutenant.

She started, and turned upon him.

"Is it you, young sir? You have come to the house of mourning."

Before he could ask more, the door was opened by Tabitha.

"Come in," said she in a low voice.

"What has happened?" asked the lieutenant, entering the kitchen.

"Madam Deland is dead."

The lieutenant had thrown open his cloak.

"Is Dr. Rand here? Has he been sent for?" he asked, preparing to go out again.

"Yes, he has been here, and Dr. Eliot also. The Lord knows neither of them can do anything for the dead; perhaps they can help the living, poor child."

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord taketh me up," said Mrs. Nixon, warming her old bones at the fire.

"She died this afternoon about three o'clock," continued Mrs. Cudworth. "Miss Hope was with her, and called me suddenly. It was over in a moment. She was a good woman, Lieutenant, and what that poor child will do now I don't know. Oh, if your Gage and your Howe had never set foot in Boston we shouldn't lack for friends and neighbors now who would care for that young

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lady. But she'll not want for a friend while I'm by her. May the whole British army—" but Mrs. Cudworth's objurgation died in her heart as she recalled the scene she was in. "You're better than the rest, Lieutenant; but I wish the whole parcel of ye had never set foot in Boston."

"Now just tell me, Mrs. Cudworth, what I can do," said Page. "These are new scenes to me."

"There's nothing," said she; "there's nothing more can be done to-night. If these drunken fellows that have been singing and swearing will only let the house alone to-night. Twice they've rapped at the knocker, and it was all I could do once to keep them outside."

"You shall not be troubled," said the lieutenant, as he slipped from his guard a silver whistle. "See, take this, and when you need me, open the window or door a bit and whistle. I shall be near, and you'll know my rap. I'll only tap once on the knocker. I've some matters outside I want to attend to, but I shall be within call."

He stammered a little as he said this, but gathered his cloak about him, fastened it securely, and passed quickly out of the house again.

"He's a willing young man," said Mrs. Cudworth, eyeing the whistle curiously.

"It's a wild life these young officers lead," said Mrs. Nixon dubiously. "I suppose we'd best go up and sit with the body, Tabitha, eh?" and she looked rather regretfully at the fire.

"Sit you here, Abigail," said Mrs. Cudworth. "I mistrust Miss Hope's there now, and she'll not thank us to disturb her."

A step was heard on the staircase, hesitating in the passage by the kitchen. Mrs. Cudworth hastened out with her light to find her young mistress standing there.

"Is any one with you, Tabitha?" she asked in a low tone.

"Only Abigail Nixon, Miss Hope."

"Ah, I thought I heard other voices."

"The lieutenant came in with her a moment ago, but he has gone again. Come to the warm fire, child."

"No, not now," said she. "I will go up again. When will the lieutenant return?"

"I don't know. He acted strangely; said he had matters outside, but if I needed him, I might only whistle on this toy he handed me."

The girl took the whistle and examined it. She had heard the conversation in the kitchen.

"Do not keep Abigail long to-night," said she in a whisper. "I do not wish to see any one," and she went upstairs again.

Mrs. Cudworth returned to the kitchen, and began bustling about, putting it in order.

"It's a dark night," said she, going to a window and peering out between her shading hands.

A man just then passed beneath the window, and she half drew back, but saw it was the lieutenant. She watched him pace down the walk and then turn again.

"The Lord preserve us," she said to herself, "but the lieutenant's keeping guard. He'll catch his death of cold."

"There's many a house in Boston to-night," said Mrs. Nixon, "where there's either a dead body or a dying one. The Lord's judgments are upon us. The town is doomed to destruction."

"Mrs. Nixon," said Mrs. Cudworth, planting herself before her, "the Lord keeps his own counsel. There have been folks died from the beginning, and it's no worse dying in Boston than anywhere else. There are a good many live people here too, and there are live people over yonder, the other side of the Charles, and what we've got to do is to keep our courage up, that's what I say; and when those boys come over here, as come they will, and I shouldn't wonder if they came this blessed night, what we want is to be ready for them. *I'm* not going to give in. I'm going to stand it out, and the town ain't going to be doomed either."

Mrs. Nixon spread out her hands to the fire, but said nothing, perceiving, poor thing, in her dull way, that she and Mrs. Cudworth jarred that night, and that not even a corpse in the house could depress Mrs. Cudworth to her own habitual level. Presently she rose and shuffled out of the house, with a promise to come early in the morning again.

"I'll not desert ye now, Tabitha, when ye're in the valley of the shadow of death," and from the firmness of her tone, it was plain that Mrs. Nixon, besides being a little piqued, was capable of enjoying a walk with her friend through any tract that looked desolate and gloomy.

Above, in the room where the paralytic had lain for weeks, steadily watched, a death in life, by her daughter, lay now the dead woman, while her daughter still sat by her side. For weeks no voice had left the mother's lips, and scarcely a sign of recognition, yet she had been alive, and now she was

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dead. Ah, the wide separation there was in that. Speechless, almost immovable, she had been a comfort and a hope to which her daughter clung. Now, speechless and immovable, still she was a memory receding with every tick of the clock. Not yet had the girl turned away from that past which she was vainly striving to perpetuate in the present, cheating herself willingly into the belief that, so long as she sat there, she was living the old life still. But always, like a deep-toned bell, came the word dead, dead to her lips, forced up from her heart, and in the dullness of her grief, she seemed able only to repeat it again and again, as if trying to make the fact certain, and so tolerable.

As she sat thus, isolated by her grief, with only this dull beat of the melancholy word, it seemed as if it came with renewed force at regular intervals. She found herself mechanically listening to a word which she almost mechanically framed for her own hearing. Then she became strangely aware of a measured beat mingling with this melancholy iteration in her own heart. She aroused herself to listen. It was a foot-fall in the street below, steady and firm. She heard it pass and re-pass back and forth, and she knew before she quite confessed her knowledge to herself that it was the lieutenant keeping guard over the house. Soon she watched for the sound, letting it die away with a half fear, hearing it come again with a new sense of relief. As she sat thus, leaning back wearily in her chair, Mrs. Cudworth entered.

"Dear Miss," said she, "pray take your rest now and I will watch."

"Really I am not tired, Tabby," said she. "Have you closed everything below? Has Abigail gone?"

"She has gone, and the house is closed; but I am dubious what to do about the lieutenant. He has not come in, and I mistrust he is patroling in front of the house. There has not been a knock at the door since he went out."

"He said this whistle would call him?" asked Miss Deland, fingering the toy. "Leave a light in the kitchen, Tabitha, and I will call him presently."

"There is a light there now, Miss. I will watch here if you wish to go down," said Mrs. Cudworth, having a dim sense that her mistress must needs be humored.

"No, go to bed. You are very kind, Tabby, and you need not fear but I will call you if I need you."

Mrs. Cudworth left her young mistress to herself; she was wont to obey her, for Miss Deland's eyes were of the kind that make one's words final, and she had looked at Tabitha while she spoke.

When Hope Deland was left alone, she sank back in her chair again and listened to assure herself that her guard still paced back and forth. Presently she left the room and went below into the kitchen. They had closed the sitting-room and dining-room of the house and used the kitchen for a common room, for wood was scarce, and Miss Deland had no wish to invite society. She went to the door, opened it, and blew a soft note upon the whistle. As soon as she had done it, and heard a step coming quickly down the walk, the blood rushed to her cheeks and she stretched out her hand to a chair. The lieutenant entered the open door, and closed it behind him. The girl rose as he came forward and held out her hand.

"What can I do for you?" he asked gently, as he took it.

The words came to her with a singular fullness, and in her half-active state, she found herself pursuing them beyond the simple meaning. A smile even began to grow upon her lips, unknown to herself, answering some subtile suggestion of her mind. What could he do? She was not looking at him, and the lieutenant let his eyes rest earnestly upon her. Somehow, an equal leisure of mind possessed them each. With her, it was a dreamy condition; the time for action had not yet come violently to her. With him, it was a steady concentration of all the turns and questionings of the evening upon a single idea. Her face resolved his doubts. He let her hand fall, and she looked up and said simply:

"You are very kind, but I could not let you stay longer out of doors. Tabitha gave me your whistle," and she returned it to him. "I have no fear," she added. "There is something of a protection in death, I think."

"I have never known it," said he. "I have never stood in the presence of death."

"Come," said she, with a swift impulse.

He followed her upstairs into the room where the mother lay, calm and remote. They stood side by side. He could not speak. The silent witness before them was witness to a silent bond. The weeks of their life together in this old house had been steadily drawing them together, yet that morning they had been apart, separated by

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questions on one side and the other. To-night, each had suddenly, swiftly, unmistakably been drawn to the other, and the mutual dependence had decided the questions that they could not decide apart. "Till death us do part" is the old formula, and here it was preceded by "since death us doth unite." Hope bent over her mother's face and touched the cold lips with her own, and Edward Page reverently bent, kneeled, and bowed over the form likewise. It was a silent exchange of vows; but there is a silence which does not covet words.

III.

On the morning of the 5th of March, General Howe, climbing the staircase of the Province House to the cupola, looked out and saw in the gray distance a redoubt upon Dorchester Heights.

"The rebels!" he exclaimed. "They have done more in one night than my whole army would have done in a month."

The whole town was thrown into an uproar. It was quickly known that the council of war had determined upon an attack of the redoubt, and transports were bearing men to Castle William, where they were to rendezvous, previous to the attack, which was to be made under the command of Earl Percy. As the day wore on, the March winds began to rise and increased in violence. The harbor was beaten by the wind and the storm which it brought, and the surf could be seen breaking upon the shore below the heights, where the landing was to be made. The troops were forced to return, and every one was running hither and thither, the officers and men pursued by varying orders, the loyalists crowding about the Province House and loudly boasting of the deeds that were to be done, timid citizens secretly making preparations for a safer hiding of their property, too well aware that, in the general disturbance, plunder would be the first thought of many, while here and there women of bolder patriotism met one another with high hopes of a release at the hands of the colonial troops, with whose more active valor their own patient faith had kept company.

The storm rose higher, when a boat pushed off from Gree's ship-yard, near the Charlestown ferry-way. The wind blew violently, and the boat made slow headway, but the tide was in its favor, as it worked its way across the river toward Lechmere's Point. The young man who pulled at the oars was an athletic fellow, but he pulled slowly and apparently in no haste, while his companion in the stern of the boat occasionally, in a low voice, gave directions as to the course. As they neared the other shore, the lights from the camp grew more distinct, and it was plain that a large body of men were bivouacked there. The outline of a redoubt could be seen indistinctly, and presently a voice was heard on the shore.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend. Show me where to land."

There was a murmur of voices on the shore, when presently a boat pushed off in the darkness. It came near, and a lantern was suddenly flashed upon the two occupants of the first boat.

"Miss Deland!"

"What! Is that you, Thomas Cudworth?"

"Aye, it is. Throw us your painter, Captain, and we'll tow you in," and shortly they were drawn up by a rough wharf and the boat made fast.

"I was Lieutenant Page, of the —— Regiment," said that young man to the officer of the guard. "I am a deserter from the army. That's an ugly word, and it sticks in my throat; but, as I know very well what I am doing, I am not to be frightened by a word. I ask that I may be taken to headquarters with this lady, who has made an escape from the town with me."

The officer smiled to himself, but ordered a guard of men to escort the two to Cambridge.

"There's a wagon out here, Captain," said Thomas Cudworth, who had begged to be one of the guard; "it hasn't any springs, but may be it will be better than walking. I say, Miss Deland, how's mother?"

"Very well, and waiting for you, Tom. I couldn't persuade her to come with us. She said you would be sure to be in Boston in a few days, and she meant to welcome you."

The free and easy manner of the American soldiers and their officers struck Page as a great novelty, and suddenly the ludicrousness of their situation, so soon after the peril of his head, overcame him.

"Hope," he whispered, "deserting is a desperate business, but deserting in a market wagon is something of a novelty. I say that word over often, so as to get used to it."

"Edward," said she, more earnestly, "I am glad you would not let me persuade you to come alone."

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"No, we are deserters together; that's very plain."

The wagon stopped before General Putnam's headquarters at the Inman House in Cambridge. Green, Sullivan and Putnam were all there as the two deserters were brought in. Miss Deland was given in charge of the ladies of the household, while Page was examined by the officers. He gave his name and rank, but utterly refused to give any information respecting the movements or position of troops in Boston.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am a deserter, as I have told you, and I have left Boston at the peril of my life. I do not propose to enter the American army, but I do propose to be an American citizen. Do not ask me to betray my late country any further than by depriving her of my personal services. It cost me a struggle to give up my country, and I cannot turn right about and be a fierce American, but I shall be an honest one. I became convinced that the principle was on your side. I could not fight you any longer, and, when it came to the pinch, I deserted, rather than join in attacking you. I am to marry Miss Deland. I could have married her and thrown up my commission, but the decision was forced upon me by the exigencies of war. I have thrown up my commission with a vengeance, and I am in no mood to receive a new one from you, to fight my late friends. Gentlemen, I am frank with you, and I have only one other favor to ask, that you will grant me a soldier's wedding to-night."

The Generals held a brief council, the result of which was, that while the storm was raging and thousands of anxious hearts in Boston and out were beating at the near approach of the raising of the siege, Edward Page and Hope Deland were married—a pastoral in the midst of a lowering war.

HOUSE-BUILDING.

I. IN GENERAL.

I DISLIKE and decline the word architecture in this connection, because I cannot see that architecture, properly speaking, has anything to do with the building of a house. I have never seen what might be called an architectural dwelling-house that was not a monstrosity. As soon as a man attempts to build architecturally, all the gentler divinities begin to weep. Architecture is for public building, and belongs to the State or the Church. It is inspired by patriotism or the grandeur of the religious sentiment; but a dwelling-house is the fruit of the domestic instinct—the need of shelter, the love of home, of wife, child and friend, and the question of art, or of what is usually understood as architectural beauty, is to be steadily ignored in its construction.

In fact I set out with the principle that one's house, outside and inside, is to have in the main what may be called negative beauty; because a house truly viewed is but a setting, a background, and should never be pushed to the front and made much of on its own account.

The hangings are a background for the pictures, and are to give tone and atmosphere to the rooms, while the whole interior is but a background for the human form and for the domestic life lived there, and should always be minor, low-toned, and unobtrusive.

Mr. Conway describes some artists' houses in London, the positive beauty of whose interiors must have completely belittled and shamed the occupants, and made all domestic life therein appear vulgar and mean. What jewels of humanity were these that required such a setting?

A house is for shelter, comfort, health, hospitality—to eat in and sleep in, and be born in and die in, and should accord in appearance with homely every-day usages, and with natural universal objects and scenes. Its root must be in the affections, its characteristic tone and suggestion that of domestic life.

The domestic impulse or instinct is not the greatest the human heart is capable of. It is not that which built the cathedrals or inspired the grand works of art in painting, sculpture, poetry, etc., but it is that which must build our houses, our homes, if we would not have them an eye-sore to the passer by. When father or grandfather, beginning at the stump, set out to build his house, filled with this impulse alone,—the desire for shelter, safety, and simple comfort,—and the log cabin arose under cover of the dark

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forest, the result was beautiful to the true eye; or later, when the stumps had disappeared, the forest had retreated and the family increased, his low, broad, unpainted, clap-board house still merged in the landscape and left the eye free. Its beauty was negative, it was more or less according to him who looked upon it. But later still, when the family had increased in wealth, and its pride had kept pace, but not its culture and good manners, and its representative aimed to build something pleasing, something that would look well and mark his place as that of a man of wealth and social importance, and his white, heavily corniced, towered, French-roofed structure obtruded itself upon the old spot, pushing to the background with its white picket fence, all the old landmarks, the heart experienced a chill and every wise eye was outraged. And we know what the pretentious white-house period marks the end of in the rural settlement. It marks the end of the spirit of friendliness and social interchanges between neighbors. It inaugurates the period of jealousy, of coldness, of back-biting. While the people yet lived in their log huts, and the battle went hard with them, they had things more in common; there was sympathy and hearty good-will between them; hard work and hard times made all the world akin; the people were drawn together and their humble abodes were scenes of sweet domestic life and neighborly interchanges. And when the primitive cabin gave place to the large-ceiled farm-house, there was still love, and fellowship, and contentment among the people. They still had large families, many children, hard work, plain fare, few wants, and social gatherings. They had "bees," apple-cuts, huskings, quiltings, spinnings, raisings, shooting matches, trainings, etc., and plenty of weddings and christenings. The tramp or the stranger was given lodgings and food, and the hospitality of the roof denied to none.

But when the white house comes in, then stand back; no familiarity, no "changing works," no borrowing or lending now; no welcome to the peddler, or the poor itinerant, now; jealousy, envy, rivalry, and general uncharitableness reign. Of course I would not have the man of wealth and refinement imitate in his dwelling the rude and simple make-shifts of his forefathers. Let his wealth, his culture, and his position be all inferred from his house, as we infer his refinement and good breeding from his tone and presence, and not by open advertisement of the fact in dress and equipage. But all the same his house must be built by his heart, his love of home. It must be as truly expressive of his larger and more complex wants, as was the log house of the simple needs of the settler; but its beauty may be negative for all that. It may have the beauty of rocks and trees, and not come out and challenge the eye any more markedly.

For it may be observed that what we call beauty of nature is mainly negative beauty; that is, the mass, the huge rude background, made up of rocks, trees, hills, mountains, plains, waters, etc., has not beauty as a positive quality, visible to all eyes, but affords the mind the conditions of beauty, namely: health, strength, fitness, etc., beauty being an *experience* of the beholder. Some things, on the other hand, as flowers, foliage, brilliant colors, sunsets, rainbows, water-falls, may be said to be beautiful in and of themselves; but how wearisome the world would be without the vast negative background upon which these things figure, and which provokes and stimulates the mind in a way the purely fair forms do not.

If one's house existed for its own sake, if it were an end in and of itself, there might be some fitness in the attempt to give it positive beauty. But as the matter stands, only that human habitation satisfies my eye in which the aim of beauty or art as such is entirely swallowed up and lost sight of in the suggestion of comfort, warmth, stability, and I do not think that the house is beautiful, but inviting and home-like. If the builder has added any extrinsic ornaments, anything not in keeping with the necessities of the construction (of course I would not confine him to the bare bones of the case); if he has clapped on an abominable French roof, which, in our climate, answers so poorly the purposes of a roof, and suggests no shelter or hospitality; if he has thrust up a tower where there is no view to command; or if he has painted his structure one of those light, delicate tints, that is like nothing out of doors, and makes one feel as if the house ought to be taken in out of the wet and the weather, I see he has made a bid for the admiration of the public, and that he had no deep want in his heart to satisfy.

We are drawn most by negative things or qualities any way, are we not? The healthful, robust mind is positive, and seeks in nature, and mainly in art, something to

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awaken it and draw it out, its feminine counterpart, a condition in which its own germs of thought and feeling are unfolded and given back enlarged.

How we are drawn by that which retreats and hides itself, or gives only glimpses and half views! Hence the value of trees as a vail to an ugly ornamental house, and the admirable setting they form to the picturesque habitation I am contemplating. But the house the heart builds, whether it be cottage or villa, can stand the broad, open light without a screen of any kind. Its neutral gray or brown tints, its wide projections and deep shadows, its simple strong lines, its coarse open-air quality, its ample roof or roofs, blend it with the landscape wherever it stands. Such a house seems to retreat into itself, and invites the eye to follow. Its interior warmth and coziness penetrate the walls, and the eye gathers suggestions of them at every point.

But how rare to see a country house that suggests an inviting interior! The outside is generally so stark and bald and pronounced, that all other ends or suggestions are eclipsed, and the building seems to exist for its exterior alone. Any very light tint helps to give this effect, and destroys the sense of depth and retreat the eye covets.

Herein is one great objection to the Mansard roof in the country. Now the roof of a building allies it to the open air, and carries the suggestion of shelter as no other part does, and to belittle it, or conceal it, or in any way take from the honest and direct purport of it as the shield, the main matter after all, is not to be allowed. In the city we see only the fronts, the façades of the houses, and the flat and Mansard are in order. But in the country, the house is individualized, stands defined, and every vital and necessary part is to be boldly and strongly treated. The Mansard gives to the country house a smart, dapper appearance, and the effect of being perched up, and looking about for compliments; such houses seem to be ready to make the military salute as you pass them. Whereas the steep, high roof gives the house a settled, brooding, introverted look. It also furnishes a sort of foil to the rest of the building.

What constitutes the charm to the eye of the old-fashioned country barn but its immense roof—a slope of gray shingle exposed to the weather like the side of a hill, and by its amplitude suggesting a bounty that warms the heart? Many of the old farm-houses, too, were modeled on the same generous scale, and at a distance little was visible but their great sloping roofs. They covered their inmates as a hen covereth her brood, and are touching pictures of the domestic spirit in its simpler forms.

What is a man's house but his nest, and why should it not be nest-like both outside and in—coarse, strong, negative in tone externally, and snug and well-feathered and modeled by the heart within? Why should he set it on a hill, when he can command a nook under the hill or on its side? Why should it look like an observatory, when it is a conservatory and dormitory?

The domestic spirit is quiet, informal, unceremonious, loves ease, privacy, low tones; loves the chimney corner, the old arm-chair, the undress garb, homely cares, children, simple pleasures, etc.; and why should it, when it seeks to house itself from the weather, aim at the formal, the showy, the architectural, the external, the superfluous? Let State edifices look stately, but the private dwelling should express privacy and coziness.

But every man's house is in some sort an effigy of himself. It is not the snails and shell-fish alone that excrete their tenements, but man as well. When you seriously build a house, you make public proclamation of your taste and manners, or your want of these. If the domestic instinct is strong in you, and if you have humility and simplicity, they will show very plainly in your dwelling; if you have the opposite of these, false pride or a petty ambition, or coldness and exclusiveness, they will show also. A man seldom builds better than he knows, when he assumes to know anything about it.

It cannot be said of us as a people that we are a domestic, home-abiding folk. We shift about from house to house with as little concern as do the woodchucks from hole to hole. Most of us prefer to get our houses ready made—builders' houses planned and shaped on general principles like ready-made clothing, and warranted to be in the latest fashion. Indeed, it is a current saying with us, that "fools build houses and wise men live in them;" as if the wise man had no house in his character, but only a roof and four walls.

Our rural and suburban houses look smart, airy, wide-awake, but they also look thin, cold, flat, brazen, shoppy. You shall travel days and hardly see one that gives the impression of dignity, stability, coziness, or homeliness. They are, no doubt, in the main comfortable, but they have bad man-

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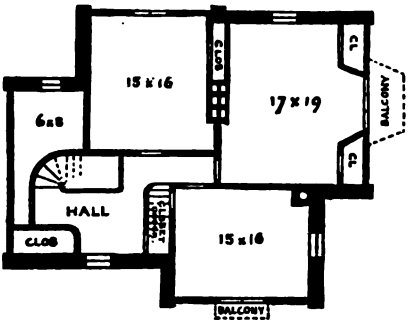
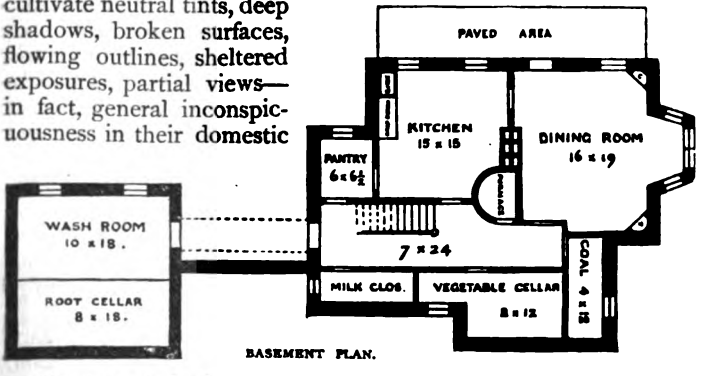
ners; they stare at you, they advertise themselves, they crowd up on the highway, they vie with each other, they are affected, proud, scornful. Men of means for the most part, especially citizens who go out into the country, build upon about the same principle that women dress. I never see one of their fancy, ornamental structures, but I am reminded of a fashionably dressed girl of the period, tucked, and ruffled, and padded, and flounced and panniered; not so bad in dry-goods and for an afternoon promenade, but preposterous in any more enduring form and for any more serious purpose. When will we get beyond this millinery style and build with as good taste as we dress ourselves? This gray and drab, these soft hats, these coarse Scotch and English cloths, this complete subordination of everything to ease and health—when will we carry the same wise economies into our house-building? For is not one's house only a larger kind of dress?



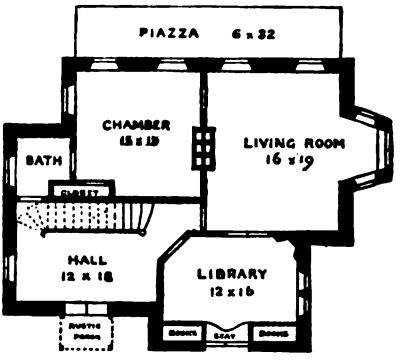
CHAMBER PLAN OF HOUSE ON PAGE 337.

No people ever before so much needed to cultivate neutral tints, deep shadows, broken surfaces, flowing outlines, sheltered exposures, partial views—in fact, general inconspicuousness in their domestic architecture, as do the people in this country. Our climate is perhaps the most merciless under the sun; it exposes everything. The atmosphere is telescopic. In fact, there is no atmosphere, but hard naked space. Surfaces glare, lines are sharp, objects are near, distance is foreshortened, perspective is killed. The eye does not get the sense of depth and mellowness it does in more humid climes. There is no tone, no age, no universal presence, touching, subduing, harmonizing, as under Transatlantic skies. And because we live amid such publicity shall we take especial pains to make ourselves seen? Because the climate glares shall our house glare also? Even the European soon succumbs and adopts our stark trimness and baldness. I knew an Englishman who painted his cottage white as if perforce, but revenged himself by a black door and a black fence.



BASEMENT PLAN.

As yet, our people have shown no sense of the picturesque. When they builded from necessity, this quality often attended them; but when they builded for good looks, it retreated, and flew to the furthermost bound.



MAIN FLOOR PLAN.

The cheapness and abundance of wood, of sawed timber, in this country, obviating the necessity of going to the earth for our material, and shaping our dwellings out of the shapeless but picturesque stone, has been an active cause in leading us astray. With wood, and the planing and scroll-sawing mill, comes this cheap and hollow ornamentation and ginger-bread work. With wood, also, comes the paint-pot, and the temptation to bright colors.

Then every man thinks the time may come when he will want to sell, so he must give his building a taking, *ad captandum*

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look, whatever his own private taste may be.

More than that, we have had an immensity of space opposed to us. We have had more room than we could warm. We have had to pitch our efforts in a high key to make an impression. If the vast and vacant surrounding has not quenched and blighted in us the feeling of the snug, the cozy, the private, it has, at least, kept it in abeyance.

THE HOUSE.

Man butters the bread of life from his own heart; but in this country the slice has been so large, and the unctuous hearts so few, that our bread is yet unbuttered. The mellowing quality strikes in or dries up, and it must be a long time yet before we, as a people, can radiate or effuse enough of ourselves to make our land or homes as redolent of human qualities as are our ancestral domains over seas.

II.—IN PARTICULAR.

After all our failure, I regard the problem of how to build a house that shall not, at least, offend the eye as a very simple one. For the most part, one has only to avoid doing what his neighbor has gone about with so much pains to do: avoid light colors, leave off the cornice, the stuck-on ornaments, build low and rambling, and, in general, adhere rigidly to the laws of construction, and let beauty take care of itself. The architect certainly cannot add this part; he cannot thrust beauty upon your house; it must come of itself; it must be born of the design, and of bold and simple treatment. Do not so much seek to please the eye as not to displease it. Let one remember that his house is to stand in the open air, and not in a show-case; that it is to fraternize with rocks, stones, and trees, and rude nature. If it does not look at home where it stands, how are you going to feel at home in it? If it does not blend with its surroundings, if it does not nestle fondly and lovingly in the landscape, how are you going to nestle fondly in it? If it looks foreign and artificial, how can it be the abode of peace and contentment?

I think that, on examination, it will be found that the main secret of the picturesqueness of more simple structures, like fences, bridges, sheds, log huts, etc., is that the *motive*, the principle of construction, is so open and obvious. No doubt, much might be done to relieve the flatness of our pine-box houses by more frankness and boldness in this respect. If the eye could see more fully the necessities of the case, how the thing stood up and was held together, that it was not paste-board, that it did not need to be anchored against the wind, etc., it would be a relief. Hence the lively pleasure we feel in what are called "timber-houses," and in every architectural device by which the anatomy, the real frame-work of the structure, inside or out, is allowed to show, or made to serve as ornament. The eye craves lines of strength, evidence of

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weight and stability. But in the wooden house, as usually treated, these lines are nearly all concealed, the ties and supports are carefully suppressed, and the eye must feed on the small, fine lines of the finish. When the mere outlines of the frame are indicated, so that the larger spaces appear as panels, it is a great help; or let any part of the internal economy show through, and the eye is interested, as the projection of the chimney-stack in brick or stone houses, or the separating of the upper from the main floor by a belt and slight projection, or by boldly projecting the chamber floor-joist, and letting one story overlap the other.

Herein is the main reason of the picturesqueness of the stone house above all others. Every line is a line of strength and necessity. We see how the mass stands up; how it is bound and keyed and fortified. The construction is visible; the corners are locked by header and stretcher, and are towers of strength; the openings pierce the walls and reveal their cohesion; every stone is alive with purpose, and the whole affects one as a real triumph over nature—so much form and proportion wrested from her grasp. There is power in stone, and in a less measure in brick; but wood must be boldly handled not to look frail or flat. Then unhewn stone has the negative beauty which is so desirable.

I say, therefore, build of stone by all means, if you have a natural taste to gratify, and the rockier your structure looks the better. All things make friends with a stone house—the mosses and lichens, and vines and birds. It is kindred to the earth and the elements, and makes itself at home in any situation.

When I set out to look up a place in the country, I was chiefly intent on finding a few acres of good fruit land near a large stone-heap. While I was yet undecided about the land, the discovery of the stone-heap at a convenient distance, vast piles of square blocks of all sizes, wedged off the upright strata by the frost during uncounted ages, and all mottled and colored by the weather, made me hasten to close the bargain. The large country-seats in the neighborhood were mainly of brick or pine; only a few of the early settlers had availed themselves of this beautiful material that lay in such abundance handy to every man's back-door, and in those cases the stones were nearly buried in white mortar, as if they were something to be ashamed of. Indeed, the besmeared, beplastered appearance of most stone houses is by no means a part of their beauty. Mortar plays a subordinate part in a structure, and the less we see of it the better.

The proper way to treat the subject is this: As the work progresses, let the wall be got ready for pointing up, but never let the pointing be done, though your masons will be sorely grieved. Let the joints be made close, then scraped out, cut with the trowel, and while the mortar is yet green, sprinkled with sand. Instead, then, of a white band defining every stone, you have only sharp lines and seams here and there, which give the wall a rocky, natural appearance.

The point of union between the stones, according to my eye, should be a depression, a shadow, and not a raised joint. So that you have closeness and compactness, the face of your wall cannot be too broken or rough. When the rising or setting sun shines athwart it and brings out the shadows, how powerful and picturesque it looks! It is not in cut or hewn stone to express such majesty. I like the sills and lintels of undressed stone also,—"wild stone," as the old backwoodsman called them, untamed by the hammer or chisel. If the lintels are wide enough, a sort of hood may be formed over the openings by projecting them a few inches.

Is there any pleasure like that of building a house to your taste? How I pity those people that buy their houses and never know the delight and the intoxication of building one!—just as I should pity a man who does his wooing and wedding by proxy. House-building is a kind of fever, or natural heat like love, and is quite sure to attack a man sooner or later—generally sooner than later. I have had two attacks, both serious, and both ran their course rapidly. One begins by toying with the subject, looking over the architect books, and considering the various plans. Presently he begins to make sketches and combinations of his own, till he hits upon something that suits him, when he becomes fairly inoculated. The desire waxes till it becomes a kind of delicious rage that consumes obstacles like stubble. One understands the hurry and eagerness of the birds in building their nests. But the bird is its own architect. In like manner, if one can sufficiently master the subject to dispense with that functionary (though a competent architect should in all cases be had to look over and revise the plans before they are put into execution), the interest and pleasure are greatly increased.

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The bird is its own builder, too. And have I not read that the main secret of the beauty and excellence of the ancient architecture was to be found in the fact that the architect was the master-workman, and not a mere theorist and draughtsman? So, if one will take hold earnestly with his own hands and make a positive contribution of genuine manual labor, the house will have a history and a meaning to him which it can have on no other terms.

It seems to me that I built into my house every one of those superb autumn days which I spent in the woods getting out stone. I did not quarry the limestone ledge into blocks any more than I quarried the delicious weather into memories to adorn my walls. Every load that was sent home carried my heart and happiness with it. The jewels I had uncovered in the débris, or torn from the ledge in the morning I saw in the jambs, or mounted high on the corners at night. Every day was filled with great events. The woods held unknown treasures. Those elder giants, frost and rain, had wrought industriously; now we would unearth from the leaf mold an ugly customer, a stone with a ragged quartz face, or cavernous, and set with rock crystals like great teeth, or else suggesting a battered and worm-eaten skull of some old stone dog. These I needed a sprinkling of for their quaintness, and to make the wall a true compendium of the locality. Then we would unexpectedly strike upon several loads of beautiful blocks all in a nest; or we would assault the ledge in a new place with wedge and bar, and rattle down headers and stretchers that surpassed any before. I had to be constantly on the lookout for corner-stone, for mine is a house of seven corners, and on the strength and dignity of the corners the beauty of the wall largely depends. But when you bait your hook with your heart, the fish always bite. "The boss is as good as six men in the woods, getting out stone," flatteringly spoke up the master-mason. Certain it is that no such stone was found as when I headed the search. The men saw indifferently with their eyes; but I looked upon the ground with such desire that I saw what was beneath the moss and the leaves. With them it was hard labor at so much per diem, with me it was a passionate pursuit; the enthusiasm of the chase venting itself with the bar and the hammer, and the day was too short for me to tire of the sport.

The stone was e[illegible] in form and color. Sometimes it seemed as if we had struck upon the ruins of some ancient structure, the blocks were so regular and numerous. The ancient stone-cutters, however, had shaped them all to a particular pattern, which was a little off the square, but in bringing them back with the modern pitching-tool the rock face was had, which is the feature so desirable.

I confess I should not relish a house built of some stone I have seen—that cold blue stone, or that dark iron-looking stone, or that frosty, inert stone, full of minute glistening scales. Even granite would not suit me, it being too uniform in color, and too austere in expression. And as for marble, if it could be had for the gathering—how can any but dead men stand marble? I like a live stone, one upon which time makes an impression, which in the open air assumes a certain tone and mellowness. The stone in my locality surpasses any I have ever seen in this respect. A warm gray is the ruling tint, and a wall built of this stone is of the color of the bowl of the beech-tree, mottled, lively, and full of character.

In building in the country, I found one must go to the city for skilled labor, especially in stone, and avail himself of the imported article. American mechanics can seldom be depended upon further than the cellar wall, and unless you want cellar wall all the way to the eaves, you must employ men who have learned their trade. Then, our mechanics will strike the stone on the face, and can be made to see no beauty but in a smooth surface. But a quick, intelligent Irishman, who has learned his trade in the Old World, is as witty in stone as in speech. He knows that every stone was destined for a particular place, and not to be put anywhere indifferently. What a satisfaction it was to find that what my own eye, familiar with natural forms and effects, preferred, was approved by the most skilled workman! We had been to widely different schools, but had both learned the same lesson. To bring harmony out of dissonance, to contrast and set off one stone with another, to mix up as in nature the little and the big, marks the skilled workman from the bungler. In building of stone, it is a question whether to use stone throughout, or to build the upper half or three-quarter story of wood, as is often done in France and England, and as is recommended in Mr. Gardner's recently [illegible]lished work on "Homes and How to

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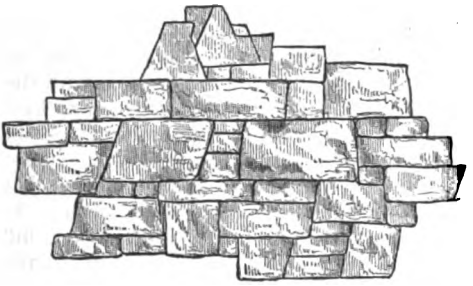
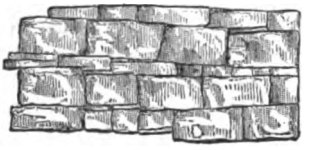
Make Them." The addition of wood gives more variety and picturesqueness, and if the walls are rather high on either side or



PICTURESQUE STONE WALL BY AN IRISH MASON.

end, as may be the case in a basement house, the wood superstructure may be so treated as to diminish the apparent height. But to my eye it was not sufficient to see the timber part simply superincumbent upon the stone. I wanted to see a closer and more vital union; to see the two parts incorporated, if possible. So, in my house, I



STONE WALL BY AN AMERICAN MECHANIC WHO DID NOT KNOW HIS BUSINESS.

ran the stone-work up to the eaves, and the timber gables down to the chamber floor—that is, cut into the walls six feet with my wooden gables, and halved or dove-tailed the lighter material into the heavier, so that neither is complete without the other. Thus each of the four gables is flanked by two stone breasts or piers to a height of six feet. But, better than that, I projected the gables fourteen inches and carried the wall out by three steps with them. This I had no trouble in doing with the admirable stone at my command, and the effect is rocky and bold in the extreme. After this stroke it would not do to leave the wooden ends plain and smooth, so I planted upon them a timber finish, following rigidly the principle of construction, and making every line a line of strength—or showing only ties, braces and supports, and thus breaking the space up into numerous irregular panels.*

By building the ends of wood, and projecting them thus from the chamber floor, I gain considerable space in the chambers—about sixteen square yards in all, making the rooms in this part of the house unusually large and fine. What should a house of undressed stone be trimmed out with but unpainted wood? Oak, ash, cedar, cherry, maple,—why import pine from Michigan or Maine when nearly all our woods contain plenty of these materials? And now that the planing mills are so abundant, and really do such admirable work, an ordinary-priced house may be trimmed out mainly in hard wood for nearly the same cost as with pine. Good white pine costs from five to six cents per foot, and in many places in New York State, ash, oak, chestnut, maple, etc., can be had at from two and one-half to four cents per foot. So far as the work can be done by machinery, it makes but little difference what your timber is. The smoothing and fitting, and final putting together of the hard wood finish, takes longer time; but the oiling, or washing of it with some preparation, is again a great saving over three coats of paint.

In my case I began at the stump; I viewed the trees before they were cut, and took a hand in sawing them down and hauling them to the mill. One bleak winter day I climbed to the top of a mountain to survey a large butternut which some hunters had told me of, and which now, one year later, I see about me in base and panel as I write. One thus gets a lively background of interest and reminiscence in his house from the start.

The natural color and grain of the wood give a richness and simplicity to an interior that no art can make up for. How the eye loves a genuine thing; how it delights in the nude beauty of the wood! A painted surface is a blank, meaningless surface; but

* In the engraving on page 337 this timber-work is too pronounced and has a cluttered appearance, and obscures the windows on the south gable, which is not the case in the house itself. The plans on page 336 are adapted from Vaux. A more rambling style of house would have afforded greater picturesqueness, but less snugness and compactness for winter, which was an important point with me. The open fire-place in the library is connected with the main chimney by means of a cement pipe in the attic. The house is finished as follows: The kitchen in oak, ash, and yellow pine; the dining-room in oak; the lower hall in maple and chestnut; the living-room or parlor in butternut; the library in butternut; the mistress's chamber in chestnut; the bath in curly maple; the main hall in oak and black walnut; the chambers in ash, maple, and birch; the doors on main floor are butternut, and cost a little over $5 each; the chamber doors are black ash, and cost about the same; the yellow pine doors in dining-room cost $8 each. After one season of a hot-air furnace, the hard wood has hardly started at all, and not one door has sprung. The whole cost of the house was about $6,000.

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the texture and figure of the wood is full of expression. It is the principle of construction again appearing in another field. How endless the variety of figures that appear even in one kind of wood, and, withal, how modest! The grainers do not imitate oak. They cannot. Their surface glares; their oak is only skin-deep; their figures put nature to shame.

Oak is the wood to start with in trimming a house. How clear and strong it looks! It is the master wood. When allowed to season in the log, it has a richness and ripeness of tone that is delicious. We have many kinds, as rock oak, black oak, red oak, white oak,—all equally beautiful in their place. Red oak is the softest, and less liable to spring. By combining two different kinds, as red oak and white oak (white oak takes its name from the external color of the tree, and not from the color of the wood, which is dark amber color), a most pleasing effect is produced.

Butternut is the softest and most tractable of what are called hard woods, and its hue is eminently warm and mellow. Its figure is pointed and shooting—a sort of Gothic style in the grain. It makes admirable doors. Indeed, Western butternut, which can usually be had in the Albany market, makes doors as light as pine, and as little liable to spring. The Western woods are all better than the Eastern for building purposes. They are lighter, coarser, easier worked. They grow easier and thriftier. The traveler through Northern Ohio and Indiana sees a wonderful crop of forest trees, tall, uniform, straight as candles, no knots, no gnarls,—all clear, clean timber. The soil is deep and moist, and the trees grow rank and rapid. The chestnut, ash, and butternut grown here work like pine, besides being darker and richer in color than the same woods grown in leaner and more rocky soils. Western black ash is especially beautiful. In connection with our almost bone-white sugar maple for panels, it makes charming doors—just the thing for chambers, and scarcely more expensive than pine. Of our Eastern woods, red cedar is also good, with its pungent, moth-expelling odor, and should not be neglected. It soon fades, but it is very pleasing, with its hard, solid knots, even then. No doubt some wash might be applied that would preserve its color.

There is a species of birch growing upon our mountains that makes an admirable finish. It is usually called red or cherry birch, and it has a long wave or curl that is found in no other wood. It is very tough and refractory, and must be securely fastened. A black ash door, with maple or white pine panels set in a heavy frame of this red, wavy birch, is a most pleasing chamber finish. For a hard wood floor, in connection with oak or ash, it is to be preferred to cherry.

Growing alongside of the birch is the soft maple—the curly species, that must not be overlooked. It contains light wood and dark wood, as a fowl contains white meat and dark meat. It is not unusual to find a tree of this species, the heart of which will be a rich grayish brown, suggesting, by something in the tone and texture of it, the rarer shades of silk, while the outer part is white, and fine as ivory. I have seen a wainscoting composed of alternate strips of this light and dark wood from the same tree, that was exquisite, and a great rarity.

Aside from its cost, I think black walnut should be used very sparingly in finishing. Alone, and in large masses, it is too dark, unless the light is very strong; and used in connection with lighter woods, the contrast is too great. The eye soon tires of sharp, violent contrasts. It is pleased at first, but wearied in the end. In general, that which is striking, or taking at first sight, is to be avoided in interior finishings or decorations, especially in the main or living-rooms. In halls, a more pronounced style is permissible, and the contrast of walnut with pine or maple, or oak, is not in bad taste, or open to the objection of being too "loud." For mantels, I know of no other wood so suitable. And wooden mantels are what you want. Marble makes good tombstones, but it is an abomination in a house, either in furniture or in mantels. The hand dislikes it as it does a corpse, and it offends the eye. Marbleized slate is much to be preferred. What one wants in his living-rooms is a quiet, warm tone, and the main secret of this is dark furniture and hangings, with a dash of color here and there, and floods of light,—big windows, and plenty of them. No room can be cheerful and inviting without plenty of light, and then, if the walls are light too, and the carpets showy, there is flatness and garishness. The marble mantel-piece, with its senseless vases, and the marble-topped center table, add the finishing-touch of coldness and stiffness.

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BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS: II.

MORE ABOUT THE LIVING-ROOM.

AFTER the publication of the first of these chapters (SCRIBNER for June, 1875), several letters, as might have been expected, came to the editor, all asking for more minute and particular directions on various points only touched upon: the cost of this, that, or the other piece of furniture; where one might hope to find some piece which looked inviting as pictured in these pages, but seemed as hopeless of ever being achieved in real life as the prize pansy of a seedsman's spring catalogue. But more questions were asked in these letters about carpets and rugs than about anything else; it really looks as if house-furnishing turned more upon this one item than upon all else besides; as if, to parody Poor Richard, the American housekeeper were persuaded if she would take care of the carpets, the chairs and tables would take care of themselves. Yet this writer has not had any new inspiration on the subject of carpets and rugs since he wrote his first screed on the subject last June. It shows how the matter of carpets weighs on the housekeeping mind, that even in the summer-time it set people to writing letters about how they are to cover their floors the coming winter. One thinks in these autumn days how pleasant 'twould be if we could only settle the matter as easily as the model housewife Nature does. Here is the lawn, that has been mowed to a velvet nap—the ideal, the poetic carpet!—and raked clean of every slightest twig or stick; yet a light

No. 1. "AHA! I AM WARM—I HAVE SEEN THE FIRE!"

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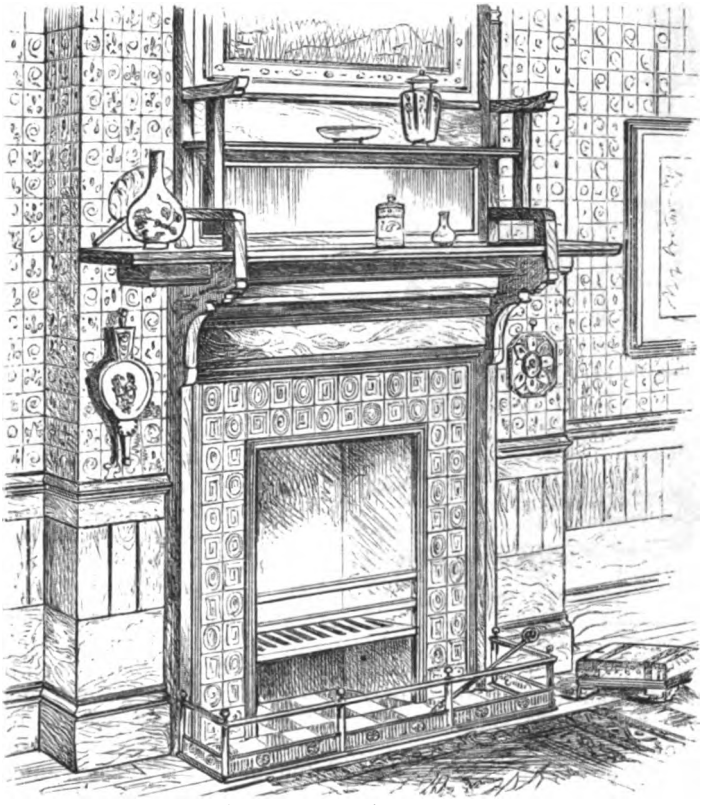
breeze stirs of an afternoon, or blows through the night, and the dark green is golden yellow with myriads of locust leaves, that cover the drives as well, and huddle in a bordering fringe along its edges. Nature's continual, kindly lesson is, "Don't bother!" but we cannot learn it, and, in spite of her and of ourselves, make our lives as troublesome as our wits can devise. The advice to use rugs instead of carpets was given, not as the result of an individual discovery, but as a return to first principles, which had been followed for hundreds of years by nations who are admitted, on all hands, to have successfully solved a great many of the problems of external living.



No. 2. 'TIS HOME WHERE'ER THE HEARTH IS.

In England and America carpets were used in the beginning to cover up badly made floors, and to promote warmth by keeping the air from coming through cracks. As floors have continued to be badly made in these countries, as a rule, ever since they began to have wooden floors at all, and as these floors are rarely, we may say never, solid, but simply planks resting on beams closed on the under side by the lath and plaster ceiling of the room below, carpets have been held indispensable these many years; and as great perfection has been reached in their manufacture—as they are thick and soft, and may be handsome—they will hold their own for a long while, certainly, until the floors are so well made as to permit us to do without them.

Yet they ought to be discarded on several grounds. They are the source of by far the greater part of the dirt and dust that annoy housekeepers and endanger health. It only needs some person of a statistical and worrying turn of mind to save the contents of the dust-pan for a month or so, and to insist upon the presence, at Hankinson's, of the members of the family who stand up for carpets to the bitter end—when the roller brings their end of the acre of painted woolen under the tell-tale beaters—to prove to any doubtful persons what dirt-makers and dirt-holders carpets can be. Of course, rugs are dirt-makers and dirt-holders just the same, but the advantage is, that they can be easily moved and shaken whenever it is thought necessary, and without occa-

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sioning any extra labor to speak of, whereas taking up a carpet is so troublesome an affair that it is seldom done more than once a year.

Of course, we all want to look, as well as

No. 3. A COZY CORNER.

to be, comfortable, and many people are persuaded that a room whose floor is only covered in one place or in spots by rugs cannot look comfortable. And it is urged, too, that the expense is much greater, or at any rate that nothing is saved by substituting rugs for carpets. The rugs are dear, and it costs to put the floor in order for them. It is a great pity that good floors are not common here; it is to be hoped that the new way of living in "flats" will make it necessary to build the floors solider, making them one compact mass, unburnable, and impermeable to sound or air, which is found so easy in countries where it is not usual for one family to occupy a whole house, and where there must, therefore, be a substantial barrier between the several floors. Our readers have been told on this subject all that we know, and we need therefore only repeat, that the best thing of all is a well-laid floor of narrow boards of hard wood properly deafened and well waxed or oiled; but waxing is the better way. If the floor be already laid, and a poor one, then, if it can be afforded, an excellent way is, to lay over it a wood carpet, choosing one of the plainest patterns—a "herring bone," or something as unpretending and as easily laid; but if that cannot be, then staining a dark color and shellacking would be a very good resource.

One of these ways the end can be accomplished of making the floor tight and smooth, so that the rug once rolled over and out of the way, the sweeping can all be done with a hair broom, and as little dust raised as possible. It is understood that unless it be a table in the center of the room, no heavy piece of furniture is to rest upon the rug, but that it is to be free to get up and go out and shake itself whenever the house-maid whistles to it. All this has been said or hinted before; but there is one other point that has not yet been touched—a point on which nearly all the letters that have been received, in query or criticism on the first of these articles, exhibit anxiety. This is the question of symmetry. Several letters have been received asking how to treat the floors of two rooms opening one into the other, the "front and back parlor" of so many New York houses. But it ought to be understood that "symmetry"—or, to use a word that will apply to color as well as to form—and these inquiries are chiefly about color—not "symmetry," then, but "balance,"—is a thing whose laws cannot be taught. At least, it is as difficult to teach them to one who does not perceive them by intuition as it is to teach an earless pupil to keep time in music, to teach a bad speller to spell correctly, or to teach an awkward boy of twenty to get out of a drawing-room when his call is ended.

There are parlors belonging to rich men who are the sons of rich men, who have been educated carefully, and who have traveled and seen all that there is to be seen of splendid and beautiful, and yet, though their rooms are full of the external evidences of wealth and travel, the things seem unhappy; the colors all "swear at one another," as the French artistic slang has it; the chairs and tables, like people too early at a country party, are waiting for an introduction, and the taste, if taste it may be called, in the pictures and bric-à-brac, is so discordant, that if the owner really likes one half of them we cannot understand how he should be able to tolerate the other. Of

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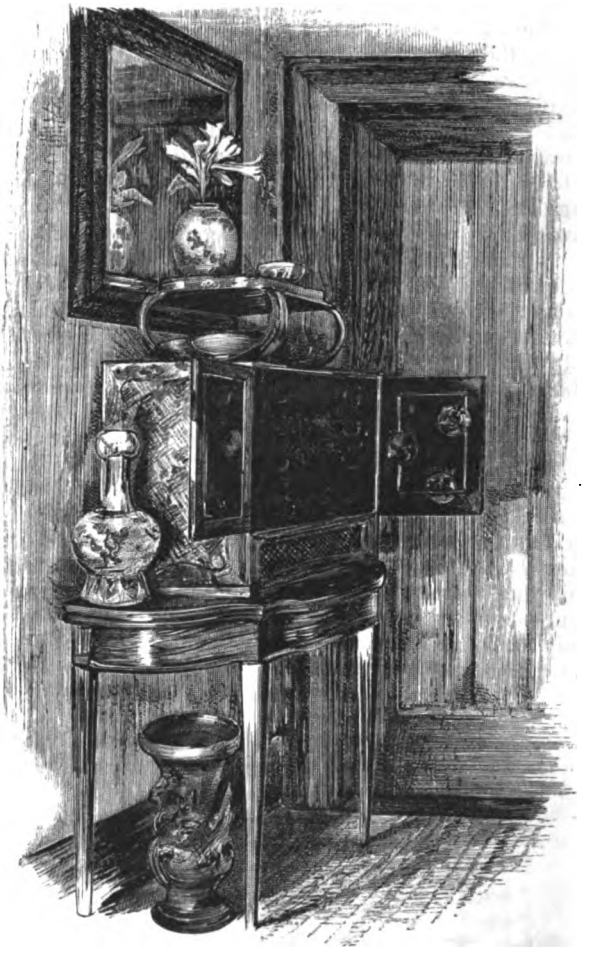
course, it is not fair always to judge the owner of one of these multifarious drawing-rooms by what he puts forward as his own taste. In nine cases out of ten it is not his taste at all, but the taste of the town, and he has meekly put himself into the hands of the fashionable Furnisher. We might as well lay the charge of the theatrical, vulgar paraphernalia of a modern first-class funeral at the door of the dead man upon whose unresisting body all these hideous "floral emblems" are piled. The fashionable Undertaker sits on him when dead, as the fashionable Furnisher sat on him when alive. We cannot judge of his taste until he shows it; until he takes his house into his own hands, and makes it to his mind. It is to persuade people to do this that these papers are written, but the writer is not very hopeful of persuading any but young people and those who have a natural independence. Rich people are for the most part so bullied by their money, they don't dare do what they would like. And people who are well on in life do not, as a rule, take enough interest in the subject. They find the old shoes easier to the feet.

But the young people can be asked to look at nature, or—if they can't get into the country—to take the next best thing, and study the Japanese decoration on books and trays and tea-pots—with a view to ridding their minds of the belief that things ought to be in *suites;* that a front parlor must be like a back one; that one side of a chimney pier must just reflect the other; that there must always be a middle and sides, and so forth, and so on,—laws which are Medean and Persian laws to tradesmen and conservative, safe, respectable furnishers, but not laws with which we are concerned. Nature, who never makes two sides of a leaf alike, nor two sides of a flower, nor two sides of a face, will surely repay industrious study of her works by some hint of how not to do it, when we are bent on seeing our back parlor reflected in our front one like the sky in a mill-pond.

Each room ought to be considered by itself, no matter if it be only nominally separated from another by the piers on each side of a wide archway. Its floor, its walls, its ceilings, ought to be brought into harmony by a right arrangement of color—that is the first thing. They are only the background for the furniture, the pictures, and the people, but they must have unity among themselves. It is not of course meant that they should be like one another, or that any one of them should be all of one hue. But, the wall being first divided up horizontally into its natural parts, the wainscot or dado, the wall-paper, the frieze and the cornice, all these must make an agreeable impression upon the eye; and if a person does not feel that his own knowledge or instinct is all he needs to help him bring



No. 4 A SURPRISE PARTY.

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the business to a happy ending, he must get help from some artist, or architect, or from some professional decorator, who is a decorator by nature and training. We have plenty of good guides—Mr. Russell Sturgis, Mr. George F. Babb, Mr. Alexander Sandier, Mr. James S. Inglis, Mr. John La Farge, Mr. Francis Lathrop; if a man were in doubt as "how to present Wall," any one of these accomplished architects and artists could solve his doubt, and make him glad he had had it.

The walls once settled to the owner's mind, the floor may almost be trusted to take care of itself, and yet, before thinking of it, the ceiling ought to be married to the wall by being papered or painted in harmony with it. Our ceilings have been getting into bad ways of late, though rather mending than otherwise from what they were five years or so ago. Then the plasterers had it all their own way, and a pretty mess they made of it. They evidently thought "there was nothing like plaster." They have been taught better, of late, than to put into our always small rooms cornices heavy enough for a Roman palace, with centerpieces as ponderous and outlandish as their wits could devise. Since architects have come to be consulted so much with regard to the furniture of the houses they design, it has been getting more and more the custom to put the whole interior decoration into their hands, and the ceilings have shared this good fortune—for it often is good fortune—with the rest. A white ceiling can only look well when the room is white, and it ought to carry out the tone of the room, whatever that may be. The difficulty has been that coloring the ceiling has been thought to be attended with considerable increase of expense; it must be painted or frescoed, and accordingly it is but rarely colored at all. There is no reason at all why a ceiling should not be papered as well as a wall, and in building houses if all plaster ornaments were omitted from the ceiling, and all cornices also, and the walls and ceilings made pretty and harmonious with paper, or washed with color, money could be saved, and a much more agreeable result obtained. Of course the paper on the walls should not be repeated on the ceiling, but one chosen that will harmonize with that, and, as a rule of general application, one that is lighter than the lightest part of the wall. If there is a cornice at all it ought to be small; something merely to break the ugly line where the wall and ceiling meet; a wooden molding will often be all that is needed, and will be cheaper than plaster.

"But," says one letter-writer, "all this is expensive, and we are tired of spending money; besides, you told us in the beginning you were going to show us how to make our houses pretty on next to nothing." The complaining writer is not quite fair with us. Nothing worth having is to be had without expense either of time or money, but many of the best things in house decorating and furnishing are those that cost least. What I object to is the measuring beautiful things by a money standard, or a standard of fashion; and what seems to me most needed just now is, that people should put their own taste into their houses and not depend so much on professional help. It is often seen that people have an instinctive taste—a sense of color, a gift at making a room look cozy with simple, inexpensive things—a gift at making a table look elegant with homely china and linen; but few even of such persons are willing to trust their own intuitions. Years ago, when the Philistines were telling in Gath, and whispering in the streets of Askelon, that it was a barbarous thing to wear blue and green, or two blues, or two greens, or two any colors in the same dress, a few women who hadn't the fear of Philistia before their eyes, and were quite given over by all their fashionable friends, so far as dress went—"makes a perfect guy of herself, you know, my dear!"—these poor ladies would insist on wearing blue and green ribbons on their bonnets, or two blues, or two greens, or two any colors they pleased—and, as they were not to be

No. 5. CHAIR AND TABLE FROM COTTIER'S.

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taught how to behave themselves, Mrs. Grundy quietly let them gang their ain gait. Now, to-day, Mrs. Grundy thinks blue and green together "just lovely," and the "Mesdames Mèdes et Persans," who make the laws of the modes, have reconciled even the artists to their doings, and combine colors that even artists wouldn't have dared to put side by side on their palettes a few years ago. The luckless ladies who did as they pleased and flew in the face of fashion, were simply born colorists, though born too early; but any woman who can make a bouquet, or knows how to dress herself so that artists praise her, is pretty sure to make a room harmonious with very simple materials. It would be very easy for some women to make a room delightful in color—a place in which the eye should be at once exhilarated and rested, and the whole should not cost as much as another woman would spend on a single piece of furniture—of which, after all, the best she could say would be, "You wouldn't believe it, but this chair cost so many dollars." Now that wall-papers are so greatly improved in their patterns, and so cheap in price, it cannot be that anything but taste is wanted to make a telling arrangement at a small expense; and if paper is not to be had, the color that is put upon the walls should be water-washes, and not paint, and this, not because of the greater cheapness of the water-wash alone, but, because of the better surface texture, the avoidance of even as little shine and gloss as the flattest treatment of paint cannot avoid.

The treatment of the floor is then, after all, the simplest part of the problem, and there is no reason why it should be more expensive than the walls or the ceiling, or at least—for rugs and carpets are always more costly than paint or paper—not so much more expensive as is thought. A first-rate rug is a first-rate investment for any one who has enough of the artist in him to enjoy seeing things get mellowed and subdued with time, who does not like to see things spick-and-span new. A rug of first-rate make and good design gets better with time, until it is actually used up. That is, it gets better to the artist eye; but everybody has not the artist eye, and people who do not care for the soft, blended tints of the best Eastern rugs, had better have squares made of the best European carpets with borders sewed on. Have the floor painted, or stained, and shellacked round the edges of the room in a band wide enough for the carpet-rug to overlap it six inches or a foot, and to clear all the large pieces of furniture that stand against the wall. This solves the problem of the carpet, and is getting to be the accepted solution of many more people each year. A little while ago rugs were a rarity, now they are imported by thou-

No. 6. "BUT SOFT! WHAT LIGHT THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS!"

sands, and are met with, good, bad, and indifferent (but rarely "good"), at every turn. As for the color, it ought to be light or dark to mate with its own room, but surely it ought not to be insisted on that all the rooms which open into one another should be or seem to be alike. Let the front parlor be good in its way, and the back parlor in its, and they will not be discordant when one is seen from the other.

But I wanted this month to say something about fire-places and mantel-pieces. Enough has been said about carpets and rugs—at least I have emptied my wallet, and said all the little I know about them. In fact, there is such easy communication in America, that whereas a little while ago, what has been lately said about the substitution of rugs for carpets, and the desirableness, on picturesque grounds as well as grounds of healthfulness, of leaving much of the floor bare, was all "news," now it has almost become old-fashioned doctrine, and people are waiting for something that shall have the charm of novelty. So with the question of grates and mantel-pieces. We are just putting behind our backs the time when furnaces were all the rage, and the doctors in consequence were rattling round in their gigs with no end of business, and it required a

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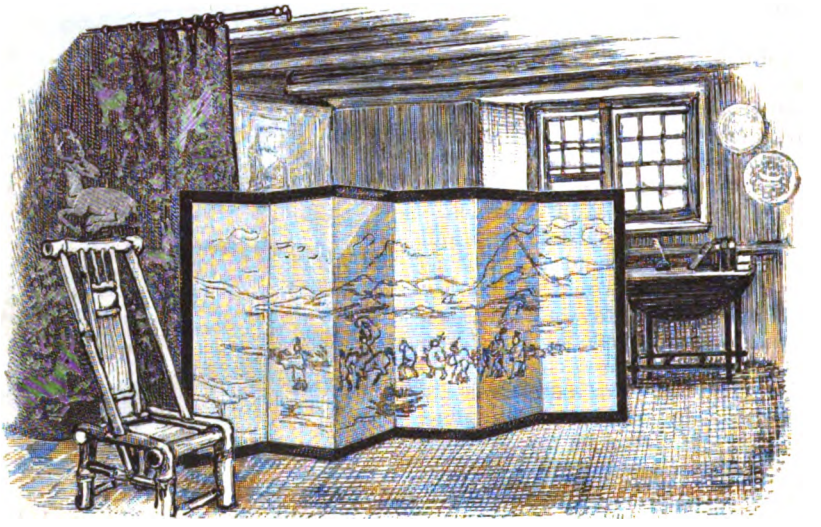
steady stream of rich men's last-will-and-testaments to keep up the supply of hospitals that were made necessary by this, the devil's last, best gift to man, as much as by anything. It really began to seem as if the hearth-stone were a dead institution; and yet it was pathetic to see how men and women still held on to the idea, and instead of logically leaving



No. 7. "AND ONE DESCRIBES A CHARMING INDIAN SCREEN."

chimneys out of their houses, or building the piers up solid, kept on putting in expensive make-believe fire-places, and erecting mantel-pieces over them, as if they couldn't bear to give up the memory of what had once been so pleasant. In those days, the kitchen came near being the only cheerful room in the house, for there, at least, there was a real fire-place with a real fire in it, giving out heat that was actually warm. Poorish people had to give up burning wood, of course, because it was too dear; but rich people who might have kept up the delightful luxury, didn't, of course, dare to, when all the world took to burning hard coal. However, some few of them did, and there were others who wanted to, and so made a compromise by employing that funniest of all the fashionable humbugs of our time, funnier than wedding presents, than funeral flowers, or dinner parties with borrowed silver, the fire-place with its make-believe andirons supporting make-believe logs with pieces of asbestos stuck between them, and made red-hot by lighting the gas discharged by pipes hidden behind the fraudulent heap. Still, even this, vulgar or babyish as it was, was a concession to the god of hospitality, who really does not know how to make people sociably happy unless he can bring them round a fire, and, as a concession, it had an air of respectability about it. But the "furnace register" that puffed out its dusty heat at you from behind the so-called "summer blower" was not a concession at all; it was a pretense, and deserved no fair words. It was and is honester to frankly make a hole in the floor and warm yourself at that, than to pretend you still have something left of the beloved old-time fire-place with its hospitable warmth and eye-and-heart-delighting glow.

It was noticeable, too, that, all the time we were trying to thrust the fire-place and the hearth-stone out of doors, the traditional surroundings of the fire-place became more and more pretentious and unmeaning. The house-builders went on building chimneys, and, though we didn't use them, there seemed no way of using the piers except as supports for make-believe mantel-pieces, with mirrors over them. And then cheapness began to run riot in her delight at seeing how much finery could be got for next to nothing. This was the era of marbleized slate, by which invention nature was taught what ugly things in the way of marble she might have made if she had been born a Yankee; and the manufacturers became at last so intoxicated with their success in the business as to overshoot the mark and produce a reaction. Now, as we know, marbleized slate, if found at all in good houses, is thrust out of sight into rooms little used;

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but its main employment is in cheap houses made to sell and to tickle the buyer's eye, or in "flats," where these stunning mantel-pieces are supposed to make the rash gazer, while he wipes his eye, forget to remark the cracked and blistered plaster, the gaping wood-work, and the wind that whistles through the door and window-frames for want of thought.

But marbleized slate, though dead, has let his mantel-piece fall on the shoulders of "wood," and the fashionable furnishers are trying how much vulgarity they can get for a good deal of money in that material. But not to waste words on these offensive mixtures of veneer and meaningless moldings, let us be glad of anything almost that keeps alive the sentiment of the fire-place, especially since we see how much has been done of late to re-instate the open fire in public favor. People have been finding out that though a furnace may be an excellent thing in the long-continued cold of winter, yet there are days in early spring and late fall when a fire of logs is much pleasanter and seems to go more directly to the right spot. And then all the accompaniments of the open fire are of an ornamental character, the fire-dogs, or the taller andirons, the tiles that border the opening, the brass fender of open-work, the very shovel and tongs, with the bellows,—all these are the shining armor of the god of fire, and he likes to let his sparkling eye roam over them in the twilight, as he recalls a thousand memories of the days that are no more, or feeds a thousand hopes for the days that are to come.

It is a good plan to have the fire-place made as in our illustration No. 1, which, with No. 2, has been copied by Mr. Inglis from wood-cuts in "The Architect." The two fire-places and mantels were designed by Mr. Edward W. Godwin, one of the best of the rising English architects. Mr. Francis Lathrop, who has drawn all the other illustrations in the present article, has added the lady in the first wood-cut, and has kindled the flames that Mr. Marsh has cut with such a flowing hand. The fire in this illustration is burning on a steel basket or cradle which rests upon the andirons. This being movable, a wood fire can be kindled on the hearth at any time, the cradle for coals being simply lifted off and set away. The other illustration, No. 2, shows a grate set into the pier in the ordinary way, but the reader's attention is particularly called to the plainness of this grate, which is in pleasant contrast to the showy, over-ornamented, pretentious things that are so much in favor with us. There is this excuse, however, for the bad taste shown in the employment of the "fashionable" New York grates: they are not intended for use, but for show. Probably not one in fifty of them ever was defiled by fire; yet they are almost always well made, and in the stage scenery of our social life they may be reckoned among the things which the slang of the theaters call "practicable;" they are real things, not shams. But, if they are used, they very soon lose their elegance and luster, or require a great deal of care and labor to

No. 8. CHINESE ÉTAGÈRE, WITH CUPBOARD.

keep them neat and bright. The English grates, the best of them, are either kept very plain, or depend for their ornamentation upon good design. The best of the modern English grates, those designed by Mr. Morris particularly, depend for their ornamentation a good deal upon the delicate casting of the iron, which brings out the pat-

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tern in clear relief on the flat surface. It may be remarked in passing, that very good ornamental casting is done here even now, and in the old time our American casting could not be excelled. The "Franklin" stoves for burning wood were covered with excellent ornament executed in a first-rate

CHINESE ÉTAGÈRE, WITH MODERN ENGLISH SCONCE.

manner, and the good design and workmanship were inherited by the "Nott" stoves, that superseded them on the coming in of anthracite; but the stoves for heating made now are as coarse in execution as they are clumsy in form. The only handsome "stoves" seen nowadays are the cooking stoves, but they are generally kept austerely plain.

The English grates I am praising come provided with the prettiest appendages in the shape of andirons, brass shovels, tongs and pokers, fenders, scuttles, with "trivets," for holding the tea-kettle; and when the grate is fairly installed with her frame and tiles (as in No. 2), her ministering kettle singing on the trivet, and all her shining appurtenances in order about her, a man must have an inhospitable streak in him, or be entirely given over to "social science" and the Spencer-Youmans theory of life, who doesn't feel the cockles of his heart thrill a wee bit with the cheerful human sight.

But, however people have been willing to give up fire-places, they have not been willing to give up mantel-pieces, and, indeed, I suppose the keeping up even a show of fire-places has been partly owing to the liking for the shelf that has so long been suspended over them. It has long been the fashion to support this shelf in one way—that is, with two seeming posts, or piers, or pilasters, one on either side supporting an entablature, or sometimes a simple lintel, whether of wood or marble, and the shelf supported by a molding that played the part of cornice. This is the arrangement which, whether reduced to its simple element in upstairs bedrooms, or covered over with a heap of absurdities by way of ornament, obtains in nearly all our houses, and wherever in any country there are fire-places at all. In New York, Boston, and Philadelphia houses of the late last century or early present century, pleasing examples of this may be found where the piers and the lintel are sculptured, sometimes by skillful hands, with delicately designed classic ornamentation of leaf, or flower, or arabesque; but this refinement seemed tame to the next generation, and but little of it survives. In England in the time of Queen Anne and the early Georges, there was a great deal of this sort of work done, and good sculptors did not think it beneath them to carve mantel-pieces; nor would it be a bad thing now if some of our sculptors would leave their search for the ideal and their search for a big job, and take humbler tasks in hand, that were perhaps better suited to the measure of their talent. In England to-day they are coming to set great store by the delicately carved mantel-piece of Queen Anne's time; and as the houses of that period are pulled down, as too many of them are, the mantel-pieces, and not only the mantel, but the wrought-iron stair-rails, the wainscoting and the paneled doors are bought up, often for good round prices. But there, as well as here, houses built thirty or forty years ago have nothing in them worth buying, except as lumber, and it will be so with the houses we are building to-day.

In wood-cut No. 2 Mr. Godwin has discarded, even more positively than in No. 1, the old post and lintel system, and has devised a very simple way of framing the grate and of supporting the shelf. He gets,

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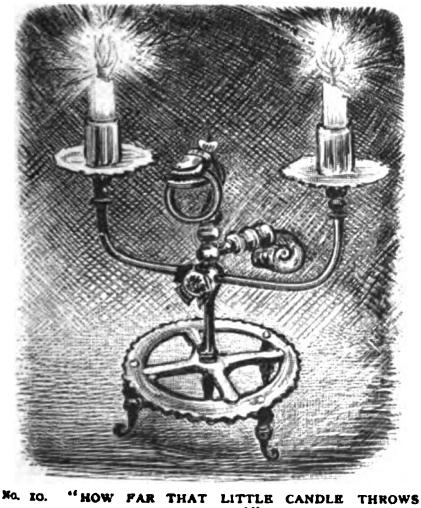
in fact, two shelves,—the lower one with projecting ends, and, between it and the upper one, a long strip of mirror, which enables us to look at ourselves on the sly by accident whenever we want to, and also gives opportunity for all sorts of pretty reflections and glancing lights without usurping the room we may happen to want for our favorite picture or print. The wood-work in No. 2 would look best in mahogany, or in some hard wood stained black; but of course this depends on the general tone of the room.

Hardly anything in the modern parlor is so uninteresting as the mantel-piece. It is such a trouble to most people to think what to put on it, that they end by accepting blindly the dictation of friends and tradesmen and making the customary sacrifice to Mammon of the clock-and-candelabra suite. I remember a rich lady who had so much money she never could devise ways enough of spending it, and who one day introduced us to a stunning suite of mantel-piece ornaments, fearfully and wonderfully made, in the very latest style, and costing all that even the most fashionable votary could require. The handsome owner stood before



No. 10. "HOW FAR THAT LITTLE CANDLE THROWS HIS BEAMS!"

her purchase, and good-naturedly excused herself by declaring that she had been so badgered by her friends, who, one and all, to the self-same tune and words, had declared that she must have a set of mantel-piece ornaments. "I didn't want 'em; never did care for such things, and don't like 'em now I have 'em; but I've done my duty, and shall have a little peace from my friends." Now this was a person who had a strong, clear mind of her own on most subjects, who was abundantly able, out of her own pursuits and resources, to have made her house delightful by simply allowing it to reflect her own accomplished individuality, and there was much about the house which did reflect her own tastes and studies, and gave a peculiar charm to certain corners, but this was overcrowed by the conventional commonplace note of the world she lived in, and the total result was mere tameness and matter-of-fact. The mantel ornaments were the key to the whole.

A clock finds itself naturally at home on a mantel-piece, but it is a pity to give up so much space in what ought to be the central opportunity of the room to anything that is not worth looking at for itself, apart from its merely utilitarian uses. It is very seldom worth while to look at a clock to know what time it is, and, as a rule, it would be much better to keep clocks out of our dining-room, though, for that matter, it is hard to say where they are not an impertinence. In the dining-room they are a constant rebuke to the people who come down late to breakfast, and they give their moral support to the priggishness of the punctual people, while they have, no doubt, to reproach themselves for a good share in the one bad American habit of eating on time. In a drawing-room a clock plays a still more ill-mannered part, for what can he do there but tell visitors when to go away, a piece of information the well-bred man is in no need of, and which the ill-bred man never heeds. So that, if a clock must usurp the place of honor on a mantel-piece, it ought to have so good a form, or serve as the pedestal to such a bit of bronze, or such a vase, as to make us forget the burden of time-and-tide in the occasional contemplation of art eternities. We get this habit of clocks, with their flanking candlesticks or vases on all our mantel-pieces, from the French, who have no other way, from the palace to the bourgeois parlor. But they get rid of the main difficulty, by either making sure that the clock does not keep good time,—the best French clock being delightfully irresponsible in this particular,—or by having clocks without any insides to them, a comfortably common thing, as every one used to Paris "flats" knows.

Ever since Sam Slick's day, America has been known as the land where cheap clocks abound. If we were a legend-making people, we should have our Henry IV., who would have said he wished every peasant might have a clock on his mantel-piece.

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But, though we have cheap clocks enough, we have no pretty ones, and we are therefore thrown back on those of French make, which are only to be endured when they are mere blocks of the marble they polish so finely, of which we can make a pedestal to support something we like to look at.

It is to be hoped it will not be thought trivial to suggest that the mantel-piece ought to second the intention of the fire-place as the center of the family life—the spiritual and intellectual center, as the table is the material center. There ought, then, to be gathered on the shelf, or shelves, over the fire-place, a few beautiful and chosen things—the most beautiful that the family purse can afford, though it is by no means necessary that they should cost much, the main point being that they should be things to lift us up, to feed thought and feeling, things we are willing to live with, to have our children grow up with, and that we never can become tired of, because they belong alike to nature and to humanity. Of course, if one were the happy owner of a beautiful painting—but that is so rare a piece of good fortune we need hardly stop to consider it—the problem would be easily solved, but we are happy in knowing that in these days there can always be procured, at trifling expense, some copy of a noble picture—the Sistine Madonna of Raphael, the Madonna of the Meyer Family, by Holbein, or some one of the lesser, yet still glorious, gifts of Heaven to man. There are photographs taken now in large size from the originals of all the famous pictures (the Sistine Madonna has just been so taken), and they are, both for truthfulness and richness of effect, superior to any engraving of these pictures, no matter by what master.

No. 11. "THE YOUNG SCHOLAR AND HIS WIFE."

There is a certain parlor where, in long years, some of the best and bravest spirits of our time have found loyal welcome and equal companionship, and whose walls are covered with such pictures and engravings as naturally find a place in such a home; but all these give place in memory to a large photograph of the Madonna of the Grand Duke, which hangs over the fire-place, and which is certainly better to have than any copy. There are German lithographs of the Sistine Madonna, and of the Meyer Family, which, to my thinking, are much more desirable than even Steinla's engravings of the two great masterpieces, although, as engravings, Steinla's seem to me far the best that have been made.

All this, by the way. It is impossible to choose for another, and it is fortunate there is so wide a field from which to select. All is, to choose something for the living-room

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mantel-piece that shall be worth living with; it ought to be something that is good alike for young and old. Such an engraving, photograph, or picture might be flanked on either side by a cast of some lovely masterpiece; but for casts there is no resource but Europe—there is small opportunity for getting them here. However, they can always be ordered from London, Paris, or Berlin,—the expense of even the very best casts of the good things is but small, the main obstacle is the trouble—and there is hardly anything that better rewards trouble than a fine cast of a really noble or lovely piece of sculpture. Who would ever get tired of seeing on the wall over his mantel-piece, as he sat with wife or friend before his sea-coal fire, the mask of either one of Michael Angelo's "Captives" on one side, and the Naples "Psyche" on the other—these or any two of the many everlasting works made in the charméd days ere sculpture was a lost art.

Of course, the two or three "great" things having been installed, there is room enough for the pleasant little things that always find a hospitable place at the feet of greatness, and which as they cannot derogate from the master's dignity, so neither does his dignity crush them, nor make us think them out of keeping. Here is the bit of Japanese bronze, or the Satsuma cup, or the Etruscan vase, or the Roman lamp, or the beautiful shell, or the piece of English or Venetian glass. Here, too, is the tumbler filled with roses, or the red-cheeked apple, or the quaintly painted gourd, or the wreath of autumn leaves. And here, too, must be the real candlesticks, with real candles to be lighted at twilight, before the hour for the lamps, in the hour of illusion and of pensive thought, casting a soft, wavering gleam over the down-looking picture and the mysterious cast, and bringing a few moments of poetry to close the weary working-day.

Nos. 3 and 4 are intended to hint at ways of grouping simple objects in a picturesque and yet natural way, so as to get something out of them besides their individual elegance or interestingness. No. 3 is made up of a chair, well shaped and comfortable for a chair not intended for lounging, covered with old needle-work tapestry; a Chinese table of simply-carved teak-wood with a marble slab let into the top; and a Japanese scroll hanging upon the wall. The other cut, No. 4, shows one of the old-fashioned card-tables so commonly met with in old-fashioned homes, and now much sought after. It supports one of the useful Japanese cabinets of lackered wood, and on this is one of the Japanese tray-stands, which, in its turn, supports a jar with flowers, whose gleam is reflected in a deep-framed mirror with its beveled glass. In arranging these objects, the artist's intention was to show how a dark corner may be lighted up, and, perhaps, also how things, which, beautiful or handsome or curious in themselves, lose something of their value by isolation, and are also sometimes in the way, and apt to find themselves thrust into closets and corners, may be made pleasing to their owner and just to themselves. Everybody must have noticed how corners seem to be, in nine cases out of ten, mistakes; how seldom it is that any good is got out of them. There is, to be sure, the corner-cupboard, a delightful invention, of which the reader will find pretty examples in future articles of this series; but they are more at home in the dining-room,—for no reason, to be sure, except a traditional one. Corners, however, are fond of a bust occasionally, and, as things go, this may be allowed the best thing to do with a bust, seeing how small our rooms are apt to be, and how difficult of solution the pedestal question is. The corner chosen, too, is to be a matter of consideration; one of those on either side the window is the fittest, the effects of light and shade being the most telling there. Our way of muffling up our windows with heavy upholstery stuffs, however, makes these corners almost useless for any such delicate light as is needed for the refinement of sculpture. Meantime, much pleasure for the eyes can be procured by putting together some such group as this, composed of a few rich-looking (in this case inexpensive) things, with subdued color, as in the porcelain vase on the edge of the table, and in the one that holds the flowers, with sober, rich reflection all through the trophy, brought to a ripe accord in the gleaming mirror.

There is hardly anything this time of ours enjoys less, less knows how to value, than a clear space of blank wall. Yet there are few things so pleasant to the eye, provided the wall is of a good tone and has a surface that absorbs the light, or at least does not reflect it. The early Italians, painters and builders alike, understood this, and some of them, Giotto, for instance, liked such breadths of breadth so well, that he could sometimes hardly make up his mind to put a fold or a wrinkle into the cloaks

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and mantles of his personages. But all the great men knew the secret, Titian best of all; and this delight in broad stretches of blank wall, broken only, and that rarely, by the shadow of a projecting corbel, or of the wrought-iron support of a lantern, or by the sparse leaves and knotted, straggling branch of a creeping vine, is one of the most encouraging elements in the art of the new school of Italian-Spanish painters. We must try and get something of the feeling in our house-furnishing, trust more to simplicity and unity; give the eye some repose, and put the little bits of pictures and the knick-knacks away in closets and drawers and portfolios, to be looked at only when we have nothing better to do.

Cut No. 5 does not call for much remark. The table is one that Cottier and Co. made recently, and the chair is one of a pattern they made some time ago, and which seems to me perfect of its kind, both for the elegance of its lines and its comfortableness as a seat. This chair must not be confounded with other chairs of the same general shape, but which, as a rule, are as different from it as a cabbage is from a rose. They are almost always too large; that is their main fault; and their curves are abrupt, and the proportions not well kept. This chair is small, but amply large enough for a comfortable man, and nothing could be better managed than the flow of its lines. The original chair is covered with a material of a golden yellow color, damasked over with a floriated pattern, and round the bottom is a silk fringe of the same color, with some red introduced into it. It is so pretty to look at, that one forgets to sit down in it; but this is not to imply that it is too good to use. The stuff it is covered with is a sensible work-a-day material, looking as if it were made of silk and linen; but, in reality, the seeming silk is jute, I believe. However, the form is the principal thing, and such a chair, covered with a good chintz, might be as pretty a creature as she is in her golden gown. Next to making simplicity charming, the Cottiers have done us the greatest service, in showing us how to unite usefulness and beauty. All that they manufacture is made for every-day use, and will stand service. If they are not as much sought after as they should be, it is because they do not know how to minister to the popular desire to make a great splurge on a very little money. It is amusing to hear that when they recommend their things as thoroughly well made and good for a life-time, the modish people cry out, "Oh, we don't want things to last a life-time!" "What is life?" says one beauty, as she glances at her charming head in a Venetian mirror. "What is life without new furniture?" But the number of people increases who like sincerity even in chairs and tables.

The table in cut No. 5 is a good design for a center-table; it is as light and easily moved as it looks, and of generous size, without being clumsy. And here it occurs to me to meet an objection that has been made to these designs I offer—the objection, namely, that, though often very pretty and attractive in themselves, they are of no practical use, because they are not procurable by the general public; or, if procurable, are too expensive or difficult to find. Now, this objection is valid enough, but it does not touch me, since my main object in writing these papers is not to dogmatize, nor to give definite rules for doing this or that, nor to give people precise patterns to follow. On the contrary, it has been urged from the beginning that people should follow their own taste, and do the best they can to make their homes pretty and attractive in their own way. If everybody's rooms are to be furnished like C's, how is that better than when they were all furnished like B's? There is always a first sheep to leap a fence or run down a side street, and all the sheep follow their leader till a new one tries a new start. I write in the hope that people are not all sheep, and that enough will be found to look at the principle taught, and to try and put it into practice in their own way. This is all I am after, and these cuts are meant to indicate my general taste in furnishing a home, and what seems to me likely to be pleasing to many people besides myself.

As for getting these things, or things like them, there isn't any real difficulty. We have shops like Sypher's, where in the course of a year more good things appear and disappear than any one house of ordinary size could find room for, and considering how really good they are, and how well made, they cannot be called dear. They would not be called dear in most cases if they were new, and careful use improves almost all furniture. Every artist or artistic person would rather have a well-kept piece of old furniture than any new piece. But if old things are not wanted, have new ones made; and if the Cottiers or Herters cannot suit you, do as I have found it profitable to do—go to an architect, to Mr. John F. Miller, or Mr. Babb, or Mr. Sandier, or to any one

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of the company of cultivated, thoughtful young men who are doing so much to honor architecture among us, and tell him what you want, and have him draw you a design. Then with your working-drawings go to the best house-carpenter you can find—if you want the best there is, or can be, find Mr. Matthias J. Miller, No. 126 Amity street—and ask him to carry out the design strictly, in good material, and in a workman-like way, and you will find your desires more than met. There is a pleasure in getting things this way that there is not and cannot be in going into shops and buying them. We get attached to our surroundings; we know their history and their character, and feel that we can depend on them. Mr. John F. Miller, who is too well-known for me to praise him, is one of the best-trained architects we have, and one of the most refined men in his taste, though he is, perhaps, more devoted to the Gothic than is likely to bring him favor in these days. He has designed many pieces of furniture for me, and his brother, Mr. Matt. Miller, has made them, and better work than Matt. Miller's was never done anywhere in any time that I know any thing about. The secret of his good workmanship is, not as he thinks, if he modestly thinks about it, that he went through the painful drill of apprenticeship, nor that he had a good master, nor even that he had been trained in the solid school of Leopold Eidlitz and his brother John, but that he loves his trade, believes in it, and puts all his mind, and heart, and character into it. The wood of which my furniture is made has been chosen by him with as much knowledge and care as Van Eyck would have used in selecting a panel for a picture, and, like the Deacon's one-horse shay, it will last till it can last no more, and then must all go to powder at once, for one piece is as perfect as another. The construction is as admirable as the material, and in it one may see the carpentry of the times of our great grandfathers brought back, for here are no make-shifts, no nails, nor glue—except where Saint Joseph himself would have ordered it; but the whole is held together by science and by conscience. If it might be, I would send some of his work to the Centennial—not, of course, for any brag, for what had I to do with it?—but to praise him, and to show what work has been done by one American carpenter, taught and trained at home.

Of course, if we would give our carpenters more such work to do, there would be more Matthias Millers than there are. It would be greatly to our advantage to do so, and a good thing if we could learn to do without much of the sort of furniture made by so-called cabinet-makers. Matthias Miller tells me that he remembers when there was no such trade in New York as "cabinet-making;" when plain house-carpenters like himself made all the furniture that was made, and it was better designed and better made than the most of what is made even at expensive establishments in New York to-day. The trade of carpentry, however, is in such a state in this country to-day, that no carpenter I know can be trusted to design a piece of furniture, even of a very simple kind. But the expense of getting designs from an architect is comparatively small, and certainly the satisfaction in getting a good design, and having it well carried out, is great enough to make it worth the trouble and expense.

Cuts Nos. 6 and 7 are a little premature in this article. They are intended to go, No 6 with what is to be said about curtains and hangings, and No. 7 with some chat about screens, in the next article. They are both of them incidents in a story of real life which might be good to tell, if I were in for a serial tale. I dare say the reader will enjoy looking at Mr. Lathrop's little pictures quite as much as he would, if he knew more about this quaint Crusoeish hut and its occupants. He can, at all events, see that it looks a comfortable place, though not painfully proper and conventional. He shall learn more about it, if we can get permission, in the next article for this series. Meanwhile, if he should be led by it, to think it a good notion to divide a large room up by screens and curtains instead of always by formal and permanent partitions, the little picture will be doing a part of its duty. To many people a large room is a great pleasure. Indeed, I think, most people like to have plenty of space in which to move about, but as we all like privacy sometimes, and seclusion from the doings of others, if for no other end than to have the temptation to talk and to look about us removed, it is good to have easy ways of attaining our object. The long, narrow parlors that are such an affliction to New York housekeepers are much more elegantly divided by screens, which may be made as rich or as plain as we choose, or by curtains, than by the ordinary partition and sliding-door. For comfort and for coziness they often need to be divided, and

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yet they often need also, when company comes, to be left free from end to end. But, more of this by and by. The window and curtain in cut No. 6 are at the other end of the room shown in No. 7. In our formal way of hanging curtains from a so-called cornice, we lose the freedom and artistic movement of a piece of stuff such as this curtain is made of; it becomes a mere piece of machinery, and calls the dumb-waiter brother, and the furnace-register sister. But, hung by rings and hooks to a brass rod, and moved back and forth at pleasure, it becomes another creature, and is second cousin at least to the pictures and casts. From being a pesky, troublesome, dust-collecting member of the family, it is now a docile, cheerful, neat-handed minister of sunlight and cool shade, no trouble to anybody, and only pleasant to live with.

Cuts Nos. 8 and 9 are étagères, both of Chinese make; one of them, No. 8, has a cupboard beneath it, and both of them are lifted from the floor by stands which are movable at pleasure. Both are handsome pieces; but No. 8 is of a more useful kind than No. 9, and better suited, perhaps, to a dining-room than to the parlor; certainly it would be found very useful in a room where there are tea-things, especially if they were pretty ones, to put under lock-and-key. No. 8 is of the black wood the Chinese so much affect, and which they carve and polish so skillfully. No. 9 is of a wood resembling mahogany, but without the magic translucent lights that make mahogany so noble a member of the wood family. Giorgione's and Titian's women, with their red-gold hair, may have been, after all, only the Hamadryads of the mahogany-tree, seen by the painters in vision. This Chinese wood is, however, less rich than mahogany; but it is handsome, and makes a good contrast to the darker piece. Both these shelves were bought at Sypher's, and were of moderate price; nor is there anything so rare about them as to make it impossible to meet their mates some day. But many of our readers will, we are sure, see how superior they are to the general run of furniture in the shops. The object on the top of No. 9 is a jade dish supported on a stand of carved oak, and over the shelves there hangs on the wall, a sconce of beaten brass for three candles, specimens of which are always to be seen at Cottier's and Tiffany's, and there are often excellent ones to be found at the rooms of the "Household Art Company," in Boston. No. 10 is a jolly bit of old iron-work, a double candlestick picked up at a Christmas booth in Paris streets, and since, for many a day, found a most useful table companion to one who always works at night by candle-light. It lifts easily by the strong projecting handle, and is not to be upset.

I had promised myself, too, the amusement of a tilt against pianos as we make them in this the present year of grace—"bow-legged megatheriums," as somebody has hit them off, the ugliest pieces of furniture which we of this generation, fertile in ugliness, have as yet succeeded in inventing. The first pianos were prettier than any that have been made since, but they were too spindle-legged for real beauty, and owed too much to the color of the wood they were made of, with its pretty inlayings and marquetry, and painted panels above the key-board—too little to the excellence of their form. A handsome piano, one that an artist could enjoy the sight of, does not exist to-day out of museums, nor is made by any one of the legion of manufacturers. But a piano, even a "square" or a "grand," might be made a stately ornament to our drawing-rooms, and even the "uprights," which try to be as ugly as their four-footed and hooved brethren, but cannot wholly succeed, might be made much better than they are, in artistic hands. I wish some one would try the experiment of a plain case, were it even of pine, and let it be decorated with color simply, after the fashion of the clavichord in cut No. 11. This rests upon a stand, and the raised lid has a pastoral landscape with figures painted on the inside. There has been for some time at Goupil's a water-color by one of the new men, Rossi, in which a lady is seated at a piano, in the style of Louis XIV., very ornate with flourishing carving and gilding not exactly to be recommended, but having the inside of the lid delightfully painted with a dance of Cupids, or some sacred mystery of that sort. Why can't some of our young artists plot and plan to induce some one of the young piano-makers with his fortune to make, to combine with some clever designer, and devise a case for them to paint? The result might be delightful, and even if the first go-off were not wholly successful, it would show the way. It would be good to see a herd of the present heavy-footed antediluvians that stretch their huge bulks about our drawing-rooms, turned out of their luxurious quarters and sent lumbering down the avenue, yielding place to

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something that would seem more like an instrument of music. As it is now, the loveliest woman that sits down to play at a modern piano is a little dimmed; the instrument, instead of setting off her beauty, seems to do its best to disparage it.

No. 11. was drawn on the block by Mr. Lathrop, from an etching that appeared in the "Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst" (vol. vii., p. 8, 1872). The etching is by W. Unger, after a picture by Gonzales Coques, which is in the Gallery at Cassel. It is called "Ein junger Gelehrter mit seiner Frau im Zimmer." The etching is one of Unger's best, but Mr. Henry Marsh's woodcut from Mr. Lathrop's reduction, is no less a masterpiece in its way. I had it done mainly for the clavichord, but it will be of much use to us with relation to other matters.

CHILDHOOD'S FANCIES.

I AM accustomed to make great use of an invaluable little volume, the "Brief Biographical Dictionary," and it contains one line that often arrests my attention, and has for me an inexhaustible charm. The plan of the book is simply to give in alphabetical order the name of each noted person, with his occupation, his biographer, and the dates of birth and death; thus preserving in the smallest space, as in an urn-full of white dust, the substance of each career. And among these condensed memorials—inserted between "Fleming, John, Scottish Naturalist," and "Fleming, Patrick, Irish Roman Ecclesiastic"—occurs this line:

"Fleming, Marjorie, *Pet.* (Life by J. Brown, M. D.) 1803–1811."

That is all; but it is to me as touching as the epitaphs of children in the Greek "Anthology." Those who have read in Dr. Brown's "Spare Hours" his delicious sketch of the fascinating little creature thus commemorated, will not wonder that her life of eight years obtained for her a niche in fame's temple as enduring as that of any of her maturer clansmen. Nay, what to us is a mere "Scottish Naturalist" or "Roman Ecclesiastic" beside "Pet Marjorie?"

I would fain take this adoption of this rare little maiden into the Biographical Dictionary as an indication that we are beginning a more careful and reverent study of childish ways. It is wrong to leave this mine of quaintness and originality to be the mere wonder of a day in the household, when even the savants are beginning to talk about "Psychological Embryology," thus vouchsafing us two polysyllables, beneath whose protecting shadow we may enter on pleasant themes. Why should we praise Agassiz for spending four hours a day at the microscope, watching the growth of a turtle's egg, and yet recklessly waste our opportunities for observing a far more wondrous growth? Or why should the scientific societies send agents to study the Chinook jargon, or the legends of the Flathead Indians, when the more delicious jargon of these more untamable little nomads remains unrecorded? Mr. G. P. Marsh has drawn important inferences as to language from the broken English of children; and there are themes of study, more absorbing still, in their broken and fantastic imaginations.

Care and duty hem us in so closely during maturer years, that we should become dry and desolate but for constantly recurring to the one period of life when the limitations of space and time do not oppress us, and the far off is as the near. The baby who puts out his little hand for the moon is compelled to draw it back empty, yet he puts it forth many times again. My friend's little daughter, after having the stars for the first time pointed out to her, requested next day to have "two little stars with sugar on them for breakfast." And in their first dealings with human beings children set aside the petty barriers of generations and centuries in the same fine way. "Mamma," said in my hearing the little daughter of a certain poetess, "did I ever see Mr. Shakespeare?" It was at the dinner-table and between two bites of an apple. On another occasion the same child said with equal confidence, "Mamma, did you ever know Cleopatra?" There was no affectation about it; she was accustomed to seeing literary people and other notabilities at her mother's house; and Shakespeare and Cleopatra might have come and gone, arm in arm, without exciting her half so much as the arrival of a new

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paper doll. Thus a child traveling with me, and seeing me salute, at a railway station, a certain Methodist minister of great dimensions, inquired, with casual interest, whether that was the Pope? To assign to the Pope his proper place in space, and to Shakespeare or his heroines their rightful position in time,—what have children to do with such trifles? Matters more important claim their attention; are there not hoops and skipping-ropes and luncheon?

And when the imagination of children thus sets out on its travels, it embraces with the same easy sweep the whole realm of mythology and fairyland, still without questioning or surprise. A young gentleman of my acquaintance, aged seven, who had already traveled in Greece with his father, and who was familiar by hearsay with the Homeric legends, formed lately a plan of vast compass for summer entertainment. He proposed to his father that they should erect a hotel on one of the Plymouth (Massachusetts) hills, and should engage all the Greek gods and goddesses as permanent attractions for the possible boarders. He suggested that these deities had been "turned out" so long that they would doubtless be glad to get places, and he could afford to pay them handsome salaries out of the profits. It was a part of the scheme that Agamemnon, Ulysses, and others, should also be engaged to "preach" at the hotel, giving in their discourses a narrative of the Trojan war. This course of lectures was to last ten years, and to be repeated in every decade; and finally Orpheus and the Nine Muses were to give a series of concerts for the benefit of the enterprise. This plan he devised for himself and quite independently of his father, but wished that gentleman to use his influence with the colleges toward securing the necessary spectators. This appeal was met by the generous pledge of a hundred tickets from Cambridge alone, whenever this "grand combination of attractions," as the programmes say, should be brought together.

In what land of blissful fancy do children dwell, when they build up such visions as this—eager to talk about them, wounded if they are ridiculed, desolate if they are crushed, and yet never absolutely believing them to be wholly true? In maturer years we still yield ourselves with some readiness to fancy; we weep at the theater; actors themselves weep. Charles Lamb's friend Barbara S. remembered, in old age, how her neck had been scalded in childhood by the hot tears that fell from the eyes of Mrs. Porter, as Isabella. It does not even require the illusion of the visible stage in order to produce such emotions. When Richardson was writing "Clarissa Harlowe" he had letters by scores, imploring him to save his heroine from impending despair, or to bring back Lovelace to virtue. "Pray, reform him; will you not save a soul, sir?" wrote one correspondent; and Colley Cibber vowed that he should lose his faith in a merciful Providence unless Clarissa were protected. Nor were these the mere whims of a fantastic period, for who does not remember the general groan of dismay among the young women of America when Miss Alcott, in her second volume, forbade the banns between Jo and Laurie. Yet how far do even these instances fall short of the intensity of childhood's emotions!

I knew a little girl who was found sobbing in bed, one night, unable to close her eyes, long after her usual time of slumber. With much reluctance and after long cross-examination, she owned that her sorrow related solely to the woes of "Long Tail" and "Blue Eyes," two devoted rats, whose highly wrought adventures she had just been reading in a child's magazine. "Blue Eyes" had been caught in a trap, from which "Long Tail" had finally rescued her, but their sufferings had been so vividly described, that it was long before she could be induced to view it as anything but a real tragedy. Less easy of persuasion was a child once under my charge, a boy of twelve, unusually strong and active, spending almost his whole time in the open air, who was yet moved by the story of "Undine" to such exaggerated emotion, that he lay awake the greater part of the night, in an agony of tears, which grew worse and worse till I hit upon a happy thought, and imagined for him a wholly new ending to the tale,—bringing Undine out of the water and re-uniting her to Hildebrand, so that all should live happily ever after. Being offered this entirely ideal refuge from an equally ideal woe, my poor little pupil dried up his tears and was asleep in ten minutes.

We are apt to be amazed that children should thus lend themselves to be profoundly moved by what they do not, after all, accept as truth. But what know they of real or unreal? The bulk of the world's assumed knowledge—as that the earth revolves around the sun—is to them as remote from per-

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sonal verification as their fairy stories, and seems more improbable. They have to take almost everything for granted, and the faculty of "make-believe" is really in constant exercise, whether in study or play. "Only the Encyclopedia to learn," said Lord Chatham, with doubtful encouragement, to his boy; but, so long as it is all hearsay, how is any one to draw the line where the wonders of the Encyclopedia end, and those of the "Arabian Nights" begin?

"I should think," said my little cousin to me, as he hung enraptured over the "Pilgrim's Progress," "that those Apollyons must be a bad kind of fellows to have about!" He would have taken the same view of rattlesnakes, never having actually seen either species of monster. Sir Philip Sidney says, when speaking of the old theatrical practice of labeling the stage-scenery, "What child is there, that, coming to a play, and seeing 'Thebes' written on an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes?" But all history, and art, and science are but so many stage-doors to the child, and they are all labeled Thebes, or something still more incomprehensible. Even Keats begins his classification of the universe with "things real, as sun, moon, and passages of Shakespeare." The truth is, that the child does not trouble himself to discriminate between the real and ideal worlds at all, but simply goes his way, accepts as valid whatever appeals to his imagination, and meanwhile lives out the day and makes sure of his dinner. Luckily, you can by no means put him off with any Barmecide delusion about that.

We do not sufficiently remember that the most hum-drum daily life is essentially ideal to an imaginative child, or is, at least, easily idealized. One secret of the charm of "Charles Auchester" is, that in the early chapters it describes the enchantment produced by music on many a susceptible child, portraying emotions such as many have experienced, but none had ever before dared to describe. There is nothing in it which overstates what I can remember to have felt in childhood when lying awake in bed, after dark, and listening to my sister's piano. It may have been a nightly ten minutes, at most, but I perceive now, in looking back, that the music lulled all childish sorrows to sleep, and drew a curtain of enchantment over the experience of every day. And even without such melodious aid, children will take the echoes of the most prosaic events and weave them into song and legend for themselves. How vivid the picture of the lonely life of the Brontë household, with their nightly dramas, into which Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington enter, and the wayfaring man at the door is caught up into the romance. But a thousand such childish experiences are unrecorded. We go to visit the families of our friends, and find that we have long served as *dramatis personæ* to their children. They have only heard of us, have never seen us; but they have long since painted us in their pictures, played us in their games, named dolls or boats after us, and taken us with them on imaginary voyages to the North Pole. They have supplemented their own lives, in short, by including in fancy the experiences of every life with which they have come in contact.

It is a common thing for children to live in some world of their own, apart from all their daily duties and belongings. In one household of my acquaintance, two little girls possess a private fairyland named "Blab." All their play hours are passed in it; its secrets are known to them only: even their parents are not admitted; but their baby sister, not yet two years old, is by birthright a citizen of the realm, and acts with great dignity her part in its pageants. They have invented for this enchanted land a language, both spoken and written,—their father, it should be said, is an eminent linguist,—and they have devised novel combinations of letters, to express sounds not represented in the English tongue.

I knew another child who spent her summers on a charming estate by the sea-shore, with her grandfather for chief playmate. They jointly peopled with a fairy world the woods and rocks around them; every rocky cave, every hollow tree, every hole in the ground was full of enchantment. There were paths and ravines where it was forbidden to walk fast or speak aloud. The two playmates would steal off by themselves and hold secret converse, for hours, concerning these wonders, till, on one unlucky day, the elder conspirator forgot himself so far as to speak disrespectfully of the prime minister of the Court of Fairyland. No actual peril could have taken more apparent hold of the child's imagination. She walked up and down, wringing her hands, and endeavoring to propitiate the supposed wrath of these beings unseen, by such highly wrought appeals as this:

"I come to implore you in behalf of my beloved grandpapa! Spare him! O respectable Green Bird! do his doom lightly!"

Another child of my acquaintance created

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for himself, before he could speak plain, a realm less fairy-like but more fantastic, whose ideal hero was named "Mr. Dowdy." The materials for his career were all drawn from the incidents of daily life in the streets of Boston, where the child dwelt; and nothing was seen from the windows that was not immediately glorified among the incidents of Mr. Dowdy's life. Going once to spend a night at the house, I found the elder members of the family quite excited about a public meeting which they had attended, and which had been broken up by a mob. I had petitioned, as usual, that the little boy might sleep with me, for his imagination, like that of most children, was liveliest at first waking, and his prattle was, when taken in moderation, a great delight. I accordingly found his pretty head lying on my pillow at bed-time, and was aroused the next morning, to listen with drowsy ears to Mr. Dowdy in full career. Nestling close to me, the young narrator proceeded. The excitements of the night previous had added to his vocabulary a new word; and, accordingly, "Mobs" appeared on the scene as a new figure, a sort of collective unit, antagonistic to all good—a prince of the powers of evil—a malign being who made unseemly noises, broke benches in halls, and forced peaceful aunts to flee for their lives. To "Mobs" malignant enters the virtuous and triumphant Dowdy, and the scene thus proceeds:

"Then Mobs come up'tairs again, make a noise, frighten the people, frighten Aunty. Then Mr. Dowdy come; he set his dog on Mobs; eat him all up; drive him away."

Then rising in bed, with an air of final decision and resistless fate:

"It says in Queen Victoria's book, that outragis Mobs must be put down-'tairs!"

So heartily had I gone along with the flow of narrative, that I hardly felt disposed to question the infallible oracle thus cited, and "The Koran or the Sword" seemed hardly a more irresistible appeal than Queen Victoria's book. I had not the slightest conception what it meant; but, on inquiry at breakfast, I was shown one of those frightful medical almanacs, such as are thrown in at unoffending front doors. This, it seemed, had been seized upon by one of the elder boys, and one of its portraits had been pronounced to look just like the pictures of Prince Albert. It had afterward passed to my little friend, who had christened it, for the alleged resemblance, "Queen Victoria's book," and had hung it on the wall, to be henceforth cited solemnly, as containing the statutes of the imaginary realm where the Dowdies dwelt.

More commonly, I suppose, this ideal being is incarnated in a doll. I knew a little girl who spent a winter with two maiden ladies, and who had been presented by one of them with a paper doll, gorgeously arrayed. She named it the Marquis, and at once assigned to that nobleman the hand and hand of her younger hostess. He was thenceforth always treated with the respect due to the head of the house; a chair and plate were assigned him at table, though for reasons of practical convenience, he usually sat in the plate. "Good-morning" must always be said to him. The best of everything must be first offered to him, or else Lizzie was much hurt, and the family were charged with discourteous neglect. Indeed she always chose to take the tone that he did not receive quite the consideration to which his rank and services entitled him; and when she first awaked in the morning, she would give reproving lectures to his supposed spouse. "He does everything for you," the child would say to the lady; "he earns money, and buys you all that you have; he shovels your paths for you"—this being perhaps on a snowy morning when that process was audible—"and yet you do not remember all his kindness." The whole assumed relationship was treated as an absolute reality, and the lively farce lasted, with undiminished spirit, during the whole of a New England winter.

It is matter for endless pondering. What place does this sort of thing really occupy in a child's mind? It is not actually taken for truth; the child will sometimes stop in full career and say: "But this is all make-believe, you know," and then fling itself again into the imaginary drama, as ardently as ever. These little people know the distinction between truth and falsehood, after all, and the great Turenne, when a boy, challenged a grown-up officer for saying that Quintus Curtius was only a romance. These fancies are not real; they are simply something that is closer than reality. This makes the charm of that inexhaustibly fascinating book, "Alice in the Looking-Glass," a book which charms every child, and which I have yet heard quoted by the President of the London Philological Society in his annual address, and to the reading of a chapter of which I have seen Mr. Darwin listen with boyish glee by his own fire-side. No other book comes so near to the

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very atmosphere of the dawning mind, that citizen of an inverted world, where the visions are half genuine, and the realities half visions. After Alice in the story has once stepped into the looking-glass, passing through it to the world where everything is reversed, she is at once amazed by everything and by nothing. It does not seem in the least strange to be talking with the queen of the white chessmen, or to have her remember the things that are not to happen till week after next. Alice in the pictures never loses the sweet bewildered expression we know so well, and yet she is "always very much interested in questions of eating and drinking," and is as human and charming as Pet Marjorie. Who shall disentangle the pretty complication? The real and unreal overlap and interpenetrate each other in a child's mind, film upon film, till they can be detached only by a touch as subtile as that of Swinburne, when he essays to separate the successive degrees of remoteness in the portrait of a girl looking at her own face in a mirror, —a poem on the picture of a likeness, the shadow of the shadow of a shade.

> "Art thou the ghost, my sister,—
> White sister there?
> Am I the ghost,—who knows?
> My hand, a fallen rose,
> Lies snow-white on white snows, and
> takes no care."

Nor does it require any peculiarly gifted temperament to bring forth these phenomena of childhood. Given the dawning mind as agent, and the wonderful universe as material, and all else follows of itself. Some of the most remarkable stories I have ever known were told of children whose maturer years revealed nothing extraordinary, just as I heard the other day of a girl who could hum the second to a musical air before she could speak, and who, on growing up, proved to have hardly any ear for music. There never was a child so matter-of-fact, perhaps, but his mind, on coming in contact with the outer world, encountered experiences as hazy as the most dreamy poet could depict. In older people we can discriminate between different temperaments, but childhood is in itself a temperament, or does the work of one; and it is brought face to face with a universe of realities so vast and bewildering that you may add all the realm of the impossible and hardly make the puzzle more profound.

In Hans Andersen's story, the old hen assures her chickens that the world is very much larger than is commonly supposed—that indeed it stretches to the other side of the parson's orchard, for she has looked through a hole in the fence and has seen. But to the child, the whole realm of knowledge is the parson's orchard, and all experience is only a glimpse through some new hole in the fence. What deceives us elders is, that the child placidly keeps on his way through this world of delusion, full of his school and his play, and accepting everything as easily as we accept the impossibilities of our dreams. He is no more concerned with your philosophical analysis of his mental processes than were the pigeons reared by Darwin with the inferences he drew from their plumage and their shapes. Holding in himself, could we but understand him, the key to all mysteries, the urchin does not so much as suspect that there is a key to be sought. If he bestows one thought upon the problem of his existence, he dismisses it easily with the assumption that grown-up people understand it all. But his indifference lulls the grown-up people also, and even as we watch him his childhood passes, and his fancies "fade into the light of common day."

Thus much for the forms which a child's fancy wears. They might be further illustrated by endless examples, but let us now consider the influence exerted by this faculty upon the other powers. It is certain, to begin with, that the imagination is, next to love, the most purifying influence of a child's life. In proportion as the little creature absorbs itself in an ideal world, it has a mental pre-occupation "driving far off each thing of sin and guilt." Indolence or selfish reverie may come in, doubtless, but not coarseness. In a strongly imaginative childish nature, even if evil seems to enter, it leaves little trace behind, and the soul insensibly clears itself once more. The foundations of virtue are laid in the imagination, before conscience and reason have gained strength. This is according to Plato's theory of the true education, as given in the second book of "The Laws." "I mean by education," he says, "that training which is given by suitable habits to the first instincts of virtue in children; when pleasure and friendship, and pain and hatred [of vice] are rightly implanted in souls not yet capable of understanding the nature of them, and who find them, when they have attained reason, to be in harmony with her. This harmony of the soul, when perfected, is virtue."

I do not, by any means, assert that the ideal temperament tends to keep a child from all faults—only from the grosser faults.

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The imagination may sometimes make him appear cowardly, for instance, through the vividness with which he imagines dangers that do not touch the nerves of the stolid or prosaic. On the other hand, the same faculty may make him brave, when excited by a great purpose, excluding all immediate fears. So the imagination may make him appear cruel sometimes, when it takes the form of an intense desire to solve the mystery of life and death, and to assert the wondrous fact of human control over them; an impulse beginning when the boy kills his first bird, and not always satiating itself in the most experienced hunter. But the same imaginative power may also make him humane, if it be led to dwell on the sufferings of the animal, the bereaved nest, the dying young. "God gives him wings and I shoot him down," says Bettine. "Ah, no; that chimes not in tune." I suppose we are all at times more sentimental than we consent to acknowledge, and at other times more hard-hearted; and it is for education so to direct our imaginative power that it shall help us in the contest between right and wrong.

Nevertheless parents, as must be owned, often regard the imagination as a faculty to be dreaded for their children. People are like Mr. Peter Magnus in Pickwick, who disliked anything original, and did not see the necessity for it. They assume that this faculty is a misleading gift, tending to untruth—making a boy assert that a hundred cats are fighting in the garden, when there are only his own and another. Yet even this extreme statement is not to be ranked among deliberate falsehoods—it is only an intense expression, what the Greeks called a plural of reverence. For the boy two cats are as good or as bad as a hundred, if they only scratch and sputter enough, which, indeed, they are apt to do. He cannot report the battle as greater than his imagination sees it. Objectively there may be but two cats, subjectively there are a thousand. Indeed, each single animal expands before his eyes like that dog in Leech's "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," which is first depicted as it seemed to those travelers—vast, warlike, terrific;—and afterward, as it would have seemed to the unimaginative observer, only a poor little barking cur. To give the full value of the incident both pictures are needful, and it is only when the power of expression matures that we learn to put both into one, securing vividness without sacrificing truth. Professor Jared Sparks, the most painstaking of historians, used to tell us in college that no man could write history well without enough of imaginative power to make it graphic.

The fables of children and of child-like nations, even where they give tongues to animals and trees, have an element of truth which causes them now to be collected for the purposes of science. While the philosopher looks for the signs of human emotion in the facial expression of animals, children boldly go farther, and attribute words as well as signs. "I was never so be-rhymed," says Shakespeare's Rosalind, "since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember." But children, as Heine says, still remember when they were animals and trees; and the theory of transmigration always has great fascination for them, as all those who were brought up on "Evenings at Home" will recall. Even the conception of their own pre-existence sometimes gets into their heads. A meditative little fellow, the son of a friend of mine, waked one morning with the mystical remark on his lips: "Mamma, we have all been here more than once, and I was only the last that was sent." In the thought of God and of the future life, too, their imaginations have play, sometimes leading to the most familiar and amusing utterances, and then to words that help older minds to trust a higher guidance, and to keep an outlook into spheres unseen. The easy faith of children strengthens our own, and reminds us that the very word "juvenile" comes from the Latin *juvo*, which means "to help."

Every autumn I collect in my room the young seed-vessels of the common milkweed, which may be found by every roadside. They presently open, and all winter long the graceful tufts of sheeny silk are slowly detaching themselves with constant, tireless, noiseless motion; each mounting into the currents of warm air and silently floating away. You cannot keep these little voyagers down; you cannot guide them as they soar; they are presently found clinging in unexpected places and are set free at a touch, to float away again; they occupy the room with a delicate aërial life of their own. Like these winged things are the fancies of childhood, giving to the vital seed of thought its range; bearing it lightly over impurities and obstructions, till it falls into some fitting soil at last, there to recreate itself and bear fruit a hundred fold.

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HOOKS AND EYES.

"WHY, it looks like hooks and eyes!" said a friend to whom the book was shown. It did look like hooks and eyes. But, then, what can one expect of Tamil? It is bad enough to have a Sanskrit text forced on one's attention, although its solid letters are of considerable beauty, and augur well for the nobility of the language; but Tamil! Why should not Tamil look like hooks and eyes?

Nevertheless the dictionary says that it is a language spoken by some ten millions of thriving aboriginals of Lower India, and ten millions of human beings are not to be put aside irreverently; neither do hooks and eyes, delicately shaped and arranged in line across a page from left to right, form such an ungraceful sight, after all; the open-handed fling of some of the Tamil letters gives the character a decided individuality. One who tells fortunes by the handwriting would say that the writers of Tamil must have been imaginative persons of a romantic turn of mind.

It was a piece of chance-work that Tamil turned up at all. In Ann street, on a spot now occupied by an ugly iron hive for offices, there stood formerly an old book-store, infested, as if he were a spider, by a tall and grimy seller of second-hand books. He is gone, and his memory is embalmed in two popular reports,—one that New Orleans and an immense fortune has claimed him, the other that he is dead. Peace be with him in any case, for one day he stood on a table in the back part of his shop, and, murmuring words which he called English, but which none but a Creole Frenchman could understand, began stirring about in the thick dust of a certain shelf. Among a shower of Oriental manuscripts, old English books minus their covers, and the usual run of an old book-shop, there was one flat, gray octavo, which, being gingerly pried open, proved to be all hooks and eyes—in fact the Grammatica Damulica. If the question should arise why Damulica and Tamil are interchangeable, let it be understood that the Indians are to blame. They do not care a button whether you pronounce it D or T.

The next thing to do was to attempt roughly the deciphering of one or two letters of the curious alphabet. The hook which represented K was not only oftenest recurrent in the words, but looked strangely like the same letter in Sanskrit; much thinner, it is true, and very much curled. Then there was a nasal formed of three joined slim O's, which, together with a down-stroke, looked the shadow of that Sanskrit "n" which is pronounced from the roof of the mouth. Proceeding in this manner, the likeness of the Tamil written character to Sanskrit became patent, and memory hastened to recall a passage in a paper of Professor Wm. Dwight Whitney on India—now published in his second series of "Oriental and Linguistic Studies"—in which he alludes to the Tamils as a people found in India by that Sanskrit-speaking race calling itself Arya which imposed its religion and letters on the occupants of the soil. This, then, was a Grammar of that people, and its written character showed the foreign source. In one alphabet, as in the other, the lengthening of words by a down-stroke placed immediately behind them is almost the same, as also the signs for the vowels "o" and "i" when they occur in the middle of a word. The same sign for "e" has been shifted from above the consonant to a position before it, and receives in Tamil hands a fine spiral sweep which gives it the shape of a pine shaving. As a consequence, the open, rolling text scorns space and that economy of paper which produces compactness in other languages. The writer of Tamil has no taste for the Sanskrit dot above the line which represents an "m," just as Western monks abbreviated the same letter in Latin. His "m" is an open right angle with a long foot ending in a flourish. But another fact of later discovery accounted for the peculiar length of Tamil words. Like all nations, it has its own fashion of articulation and probably its own individuality in the organs of speech. This consists in the inability or dislike to pronounce many combinations of consonants. Consequently short syllables containing one consonant take the place of two or three consonants, somewhat as Italian appears when compared to German. The tendency is shown in words of Sanskrit origin; thus, Brahma becomes Biruma. A single sound will sometimes take up half an inch of paper if the characters be printed on the scale, as to height, of the capitals on this page.

But curiosity once satisfied as to the identity of Grammatica Damulica, the next point of interest was the title-page. There Bartholomæus Ziegenbalg, Missionary of his Most Serene King of Denmark in the Oriental Indies, informs us that his book was composed on a travel through Europe, *or* on a Danish ship. Such particularity of state-

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ment on a red and black title-page, dated MDCCXVI, having invited in an immediate dipping into the Latin preface, it appeared that it was by the nod of God *(nutu Dei)*, as well as the command of the Most Serene Frederick IV., that Bartholomæus abode for ten years in the Danish colony of Tranquebar on the east coast above Ceylon.

Having studied this Damulic language for the space of eight months, he not only understood the speech and writings of the "barbarians," but himself began to speak "with an Indian lip." He used the long return voyage to write his Grammar, and does not fail to tell us why he is competent. For in the second year of his sojourn he began to penetrate more deeply into the nature and sources of Indian superstition, in order to its more complete overthrow. To this end such Damulic books as he can get by prayers or purchase were compared and studied day and night, not without assistance of interpreters. "For it has its own rough spots, this Damulic literature; it has almost inexplicable labyrinths; nay, rather the superstition and idol-mania latent in it has vulgarities unbearable by the wise man, mixed up with the most absurd fables which cohere like the dreams of a sick man." This is the petulance of the missionary; on the ground of taste and science he is more liberal:

"For the Malabar people—so called by Europeans—if we consider them in the way of learnedness, are, in their own manner, most cultivated with respect to letters, and almost every kind of knowledges; moreover, by reason of climate and a quick nature, skillful, ingenious, and most wide-awake *(excitatissima)*, abounding in books which they make from leaves of certain trees, and inscribe with wonderful quickness and elegance by means of iron and steel pens without any assistance of table or other rest for the arm, but suspended in their hands. Especially rich are they in the poetic art and in metrical writings."

In 1712 the arrival at the colony of men who not only understood type-setting, but type-founding, allowed Bartholomæus to put the New Testament before Tamils and Portuguese in their respective tongues, so that Europeans, half-castes, and natives should not want the sacred book. But they were much in need of paper, and the keen missionary, as if it were a pity such a fiber should not be used, advises that the natives make paper from their "flax-bearing plant (Gossipium)," which abounded on the Coromandel coast. This was cotton, which was not imported into England from India till the close of the century. Ziegenbalg ends his preface with a grand flourish of trumpets in honor of the Serenities and Most Learneds who sent him to Tranquebar and assisted him when there.

Here truly was a man worth meeting again! A fortunate circumstance soon after drew attention to another book of his, in which the spirit of the uncompromising missionary could take a stronger flight than in a Latin preface of a Grammar. This is called "Thirty-four Conferences between Danish Missionaries and Malabarian Brahmans." London, 1719.

Here Ziegenbalg is in his element. In March of 1708 he takes a journey to Dirukuddeur, and, entering the Garden of the Brahmans' Inn, seats himself on the grass. The Brahmans flock around, and he exhorts them; after which he distributes twenty-five sermons, printed by himself in the Tamil tongue. Presently a Brahman arises, and, with great courtesy, asks for news, for light, for instruction concerning the missionary's faith. Then Ziegenbalg, a subject of the King of Prussia, the translator calls him, opens his mouth after this wise:

"How can you believe the foul nonsense in your sacred books? Buddireu, Wischtnu and Biruma quarreled together about Precedence, whereupon Buddireu Stabb'd Wischtnu and struck of Biruma's Head. The God Raschanidizen ran raving Mad for a considerable time. Ramen and Lethschemen wag'd such bloody Wars with Rawanen as ended in the utter Destruction of all the Three Fighting Deities. Your God Ischokkanaden acted Sixty-four Comedies in this Country (!!); Wischtnu is sleeping upon Serpents in a Sea of Milk; and Pulleiar is Continually eating and drinking on a Milky Sea, sweetened with the finest Sugar; Isuren is everlastingly Dancing. These are the atchievments of your Gods thro' whom you expect Eternal Happiness!"

The poor heathen have no chance with Ziegenbalg, who does not hesitate to call a spade a spade. On one occasion he rides near a Pagoda, and is suddenly pelted with maledictions by Brahmans. Instantly he alights, and asks the reason. He is ready for the fray. "Why should I not ride my horse in the neighborhood of your bloody idols of wood and paint?" Fortunately a number of Mohammedans present join with him in ridiculing the idol-worshipers who slink away. On another occasion he infuriates the Brahmans by offering to demolish their gods if they will protect him from the

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rage of the multitude, but with all provocation they are seldom angry or uncivil. A plaintive tone pervades their words, even as reported by Ziegenbalg. They acknowledge the iniquities of their race without forgetting the greater wickedness of Europeans—everyone concedes the pre-eminence of that race in wickedness—but either ascribe it to the will of God, or the fact that one great age is coming to a close prior to the thorough regeneration of the whole world. But alas! the difficulty is that they will not be converted, even when they seem almost convinced. They appear to have put shrewd questions. When a physician, who has come from a great distance, hears him inveigh against a plurality of gods, he asks how he accounts for the Trinity. That, says Ziegenbalg, is a great mystery, and explains it by analogy with the soul of man, which is distinct, and yet one, with both will and understanding.

"But," says the physician, "so do we argue with our many Gods. They are Lieutenants of our God."

"God would make use of Lieutenants like Himself," roars Ziegenbalg triumphantly; "not Robbers and Adulterers."

Yet, with all his energy, they will not be converted. The name Christianity is no news to them. St. Thomas is believed to have established a church on that coast which received bishops from Babylon for some 1,300 years. On their arrival the Portuguese captured several of these Babylonish bishops and sent them to Lisbon and Rome, where they were judged out of orders, one of them dying in a monastery. Finally the Portuguese stopped the supply from Babylon, and forcibly put one of their own number, a layman apparently, in the chair; but him the primitive Christians resisted with arms. These facts, however, conjoined with others worse, such as the license and rapacity of Europeans, the real corruptions in Christian churches, do not seem to be the actual obstacle to conversions. The reasons lie much deeper. One thing always seems to have won their approval: Ziegenbalg's hearty denunciation of the slothful Brahmans. That struck the popular fiber. But when he argued in a mixed company of Brahman and Mohammedan priests, who were politely noting the resemblances of their religion to his, they may have been amused, but were certainly not convinced, by the kind of parable he applied to them. For he informed them that certain masters of families, who were blind men, went to visit an elephant, having heard much talk of the beast. One, laying hold of his tail, reported to his wife and children that an elephant resembles a great pole. Another, who touched his ear, announced that the animal is like a besom; while a third, in feeling for the beast, caught his trunk in his hand, and returned to his home, well satisfied that an elephant was the image of an apothecary's pestle. But their families always held these different beliefs.

One conference is with certain poets, who finally ask for employment. "First get converted," says the wily Ziegenbalg, "and then we will see." But the poets wish to show their skill at once, and on any subject he may give them. Accordingly, in his humorous way, he gives a subject on his side of the recent controversy:

"*There is one God in whom we believe; and those that know Him not, but adore the Malabarian false gods, are heathens, and are in danger of being damned forever.*"

The poets, however, are equal to the emergency, for in a short time they write him a very fine poem against plurality of gods.

"What a pity," he says, delighted with their work, "that such genius should go to waste among heathens!"

"Well, we were born here," the poets answer, "and must live. If we turned against the gods, no one would employ us."

"At this rate," retorts Ziegenbalg, "you would rather go to hell in Malabar company than to heaven in the company of strangers!"

Unfortunately for him it was too true. They *would* prefer what he was pleased to call hell, but which was heaven in their estimation, although, by so choosing, they were obliged to await the national transit of the soul from the body to the chair of Emen, Judge and God of Death. It seems that when the soul is breathed out of the Tamil body, Emendudakel, the messenger of that god, receives it in a kind of sack, and runs away with it through briars and thorns, and burning whirlwinds, which torment the soul to the bank of the Fiery Current, through which it has to pass to the God of Death. This is the usual proceeding. If Emen assigns hell to the new arrival, he is ushered into "a large fiery cellar, where are fiery leeches." Doubtless the good poets knew they had done nothing to deserve these fiery leeches, and therefore had no fear of their hell, while Ziegenbalg's place of punishment must be heaven, for it was to contain their gods!

One may smile at the vehemence of Bartholomæus Ziegenbalg, but what shall be said of those ten years in which his energy, as far as relates to his real object, was wasted?

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It is pathetic to hear the bitterness breaking through his "conferences," and not less so is the brave face he puts on in the preface to his Tamil Grammar. His conversions, it is to be feared, were even fewer than the number he gives, and of those assured, how many were from interested motives? Let those answer who have been missionaries in Oriental lands. With him the difficulty was the same that missionaries find at the present day, but he had not the means of judging which we now possess. When his heathen opponents acknowledged the folly and wickedness of their rites, he could not see why they should hesitate; but they were perfectly aware that their debased religion rested on as sound precepts as his, and, like his, was daily perverted from the truth. He made the great mistake of treating Brahmans as heathen.

It is one thing to attack the savage rites of a barbarous tribe, and another, the ingrained religious observances of a mighty and deep religion. Ziegenbalg could not get sight of those mysterious sacred books the priests spoke of, and which we now know as the Vedas, and therefore concluded that they were myths; he looked upon the Tamils as low-grade savages, who allowed themselv to be imposed upon by the priests, while t latter juggled them with idols. What h said was partly true, but he did not kn that the faithful inquirer, who penetrated last into the arcana, discovered there the sa great truths which underlay Ziegenbal faith; that was the knowledge he lack perhaps fortunately lacked, for it might ha weakened that fiery energy of his, and West would have been compelled to w still longer for the Tamil Grammar.

Thus from two great nations, which iss no one knows when, from some Cen Asiatic region, no one knows where, ca priests to the Tamil. The Brahmans ca first, and Ziegenbalg found their work do They had permitted idols, fostered the giv of sacrifices, reaped for themselves the b efits of appeals to charity, given the na the kind of outward religion suited to t development. The Teutonic mission arrived centuries later, and attempted introduce among them a religion of highest European stamp. It was as if had come to Tranquebar with a cargo hooks, and found in all Damulia no eye

COMFORT—BY A COFFIN.

Ah, friend of mine,
The old enchanted story!—Oh,
I cannot hear a word!
Tell some poor child who loved a bird,
And knows he holds it stained and still:
"It flies—in Fairyland!
Its nest is in a palm-tree, on a hill;
Go, catch it—if you will."

Ah, friend of mine,
The music (which ear hath not heard?)
At best wails from the skies,
Somehow, into our funeral cries!
The flowers (eye hath not seen?) still fail
To hide the coffin-lid.
Against this face so pitiless now and pale
Can the high Heavens avail?

Ah, friend of mine,
I think you mean—to mean it all!
But then an angel's wing
Is a remote and subtle thing,
(If you could show me any such
In air that I can breathe!)
And surely Death's cold hand has much, so much,
About it we can touch!

Ah, friend of mine,
Say nothing of the thorns—and then
Say nothing of the snow.
God's will? It is—that thorns must grow,
Despite our bare and troubled feet,
To crown Christ on the cross;
The snow keeps white watch on the unrisen wheat,
And yet—the world is sweet.

Ah, friend of mine,
I know, I know—all you can know!
All you can say is—this:
"It is the last time you can kiss
This only one of all the dead,
Knowing it is the last;
These are the last tears you can ever shed
On this fair fallen head."

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GABRIEL CONROY.*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH THE ARTFUL GABRIEL IS DISCOVERED.

NOTWITHSTANDING his assumed ease and a certain relief, which was real, Gabriel was far from being satisfied with the result of his visit to Mrs. Markle. Whatever may have actually occurred, not known to the reader except through Gabriel's own disclosure to Olly, Gabriel's manner hardly bore out the boldness and conclusiveness of his statement. For a day or two afterward, he resented any allusion to the subject from Olly, but on the third day he held a conversation with one of the Eureka Bar miners, which seemed to bear some remote reference to his experience.

"Thar's a good deal said lately in the papers," began Gabriel, cautiously, "in regard to breach o' promise trials. Lookin' at it, by and large, thar don't seem to be much show for a feller ez hez been in enny ways kind to a gal, is thar?"

The person addressed, whom rumor declared to have sought One Horse Gulch as a place of refuge from his wife, remarked with an oath that women were blank fools anyway, and that on general principles they were not to be trusted.

"But thar must be a kind o' gin'ral law on the subject," urged Gabriel. "Now what would be your opinion if you was on a jury onto a case like this? It happened to a friend o' mine in Frisco," said Gabriel, with a marked parenthesis, "a man ez you don't know. Thar was a woman—we'll say a widder—ez had been kinder hangin' round him off and on for two or three year, and he hadn't allowed anything to her about marryin'. One day he goes down thar to her house, kinder easy-like, jest to pass the time o' day, and be sociable——"

"That's bad," interrupted the cynic.

"Yes," said Gabriel, doubtingly, "p'r'aps it does look bad, but you see he didn't mean anythin'."

"Well?" said the adviser.

"Well! thet's all," said Gabriel.

"All!" exclaimed his companion, indignantly.

"Yes, all. Now this woman kinder allows she'll bring a suit agin him to make him marry her."

"My opinion is," said the adviser, bluntly, "my opinion is that the man was a —— fool, and didn't tell ye the truth, nuther, and I'd give damages agin him, for being such a fool."

This opinion was so crushing to Gabriel that he turned hopelessly away. Nevertheless, in his present state of mind, he could not refrain from pushing his inquiries farther, and in a general conversation which took place at Briggs's store, in the afternoon, among a group of smokers, Gabriel artfully introduced the subject of courtship and marriage.

"Thar's different ways of getting at the feelins of a woman," said the oracular Johnson, after a graphic statement of his own method of ensnaring the affections of a former sweetheart, "thar's different ways jest as thar's different men and women in the world. One man's way won't do with some wimmen. But thar's one way ez is pretty sure to fetch 'em allers. That is, to play off indifferent—to never let on ye like 'em! To kinder look arter them in a gin'ral sort o' way, pretty much as Gabe thar looks arter the sick!—but not to say anythin' particler. To make them understand that they've got to do all the courtin', ef thar's enny to be done. What's the matter, Gabe, ye ain't goin'?"

Gabriel, who had risen in great uneasiness, muttered something about "its being time to go home," and then sat down again, looking at Johnson in fearful fascination.

"That kind o' thing is pretty sure to fetch almost enny woman," continued Johnson, "and a man ez does it orter be looked arter. It orter be put down by law. It's tamperin', don't yer see, with the holiest affections. Sich a man orter be spotted whar'ever found."

"But mebbe the man don't mean anythin'—mebbe it's jest his way," suggested Gabriel ruefully, looking around in the faces of the party, "mebbe he don't take to wimmen and marriage nat'ral, and it's jest his way."

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"Way be blowed!" said the irate Johnson, scornfully. "Ketch him, indeed! It's jest the artfullest kind o' artfulness. It's jest begging on a full hand."

Gabriel rose slowly, and, resisting any further attempts to detain him, walked to the door, and, after a remark on the threatening nature of the weather, delivered in a manner calculated to impress his audience with his general indifference to the subject then under discussion, melted dejectedly away into the driving rain that had all day swept over One Horse Gulch, and converted its one long narrow street into a ditch of turbulent yellow water.

"Thet Gabe seems to be out o' sorts to-day," said Johnson. "I heerd Lawyer Maxwell asking arter him this mornin'; I reckon thar's suthin' up! Gabe ain't a bad sort of chap. Hezen't got enny too much *sabe* about him, but he's mighty good at looking arter sick folks, and thet kind o' man's a power o' use in this camp. Hope thar ain't anything ez will interfere with his sphere o' usefulness."

"May be a woman scrape," suggested Briggs. "He seemed sort o' bound up in what you was saying about women jest now. Thar is folks round yer," said Briggs, dropping his voice and looking about him, "ez believes that that yer Olly, which he lets on to be his sister, to be actooally his own child. No man would tote round a child like that, and jest bind himself up in her, and give up wimmen and whisky, and keerds, and kempeny, ef it wasn't his own. Thet ain't like brothers in my part of the country."

"It's a mighty queer story he tells, ennyways—all this yer stuff about Starvation Camp and escapin'," suggested another. "I never did, somehow, take enny stock in that."

"Well, it's his own lookout," concluded Johnson. "It's nothin' to me. Ef I've been any service to him pintin' out sick people, and kinder makin' suggestions here and thar, how he should look arter them, he's welcome to it. I don't go back on my record, if he hez got into trouble."

"And I'm sure," said Briggs, "if I did allow him to come in here and look arter thet sick Mexican, it ain't for me to be expected to look arter his moril character too." But here the entrance of a customer put a stop to further criticism.

Meanwhile the unfortunate subject of this discussion, by clinging close to the walls of houses, had avoided the keen blast that descended from the mountain, and had at last reached the little trail that led through the gulch to his cabin on the opposite hillside. Here Gabriel hesitated. To follow that trail would lead him past the boarding-house of Mrs. Markle. In the light of the baleful counsel he had just received, to place himself so soon again in the way of danger seemed to him to be only a provocation of fate. That the widow and Sal might swoop down upon him as he passed, and compel him to enter; that the spectacle of his passing without a visit might superinduce instant hysterics on the part of the widow, appeared to his terror-stricken fancy as almost a certainty. The only other way home was by a circuitous road along the ridge of the hill, at least three miles further. Gabriel did not hesitate long, but began promptly to ascend the hill.

This was no easy task in the face of a strong gale and torrents of beating rain, but the overcoming of physical difficulties by the exercise of his all-conquering muscles, and the fact that he was doing something, relieved his mind of its absurd terrors. When he had reached the summit he noticed for the first time the full power of those subtle agencies that had been silently at work during the last week's steady rain. A thin trickling mountain rill where he had two weeks before slaked his thirst during a ramble with Olly, was now transformed into a roaring cataract; the brook that they had leaped across was now a swollen river. There were slowly widening pools in the valleys, darkly glancing sheets of water on the distant plains, and a monotonous rush and gurgle always in the air.

It was half an hour later, and two miles further on his rough road, that he came in view of the narrow precipitous gorge through which the Wingdam stage passed on its way from Marysville. As he approached nearer he could see that the little mountain stream which ran beside the stage road had already slightly encroached upon the road-bed, and that here and there the stage road itself was lost in drifts of standing water. "It will be pretty rough drivin' up that cañon," said Gabriel to himself as he thought of the incoming Wingdam stage, now nearly due; "mighty onpleasant and risky with narvous leaders, but thar's worse things than that in this yer world," he meditated, as his mind reverted again to Mrs. Markle, "and ef I could change places with Yuba Bill, and get on that box and Olly inside—I'd do it!"

But just then the reservoir of the Wingdam

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ditch came in view on the hill beside him, and with it a revelation that in a twinkling displaced Mrs. Markle, and seemed almost to change the man's entire nature! What was it? Apparently nothing to the eye of the ordinary traveler. The dam was full, and through a cut-off the overplus water was escaping with a roar. Nothing more? Yes—to an experienced eye the escaping water was not abating the quantity in the dam. Was that all? No! Half-way down the rudely constructed *adobe* bank of the dam, the water was slowly oozing and trickling through a slowly widening crevice, over the rocks above the gorge and stage road below! The wall of the dam was giving away!

To tear off coat and all impeding garments, to leap from rock to rock, and bowlder to bowlder, hanging on by slippery *chimisal* and the decayed roots of trees; to reach at the risk of life and limb the cañon below, and then to run at the highest speed to warn the incoming stage of the danger before it should enter the narrow gorge, was only the resolve and action of a brave man. But to do this without the smallest waste of strength that ought to be preserved, to do this with the greatest economy of force, to do this with the agility and skill of a mountaineer, and the reserved power of a giant; to do this with a will so simple, direct, and unhesitating, that the action appeared to have been planned and rehearsed days before, instead of being the resolution of the instant,—this belonged to Gabriel Conroy! And to have seen him settle into a long swinging trot, and to have observed his calm, grave, earnest, but unexcited face, and quiet, steadfast eye, you would have believed him some healthy giant simply exercising himself.

He had not gone half a mile before his quick ear caught a dull sound and roar of advancing water. Yet even then he only slightly increased his steady stride, as if he had been quickened and followed by his trainer rather than by approaching Death. At the same moment there was a quick rattle and clatter in the road ahead—a halt, and turning back, for Gabriel's warning shout had run before him like a bullet. But it was too late. The roaring water behind him struck him and bore him down, and the next instant swept the coach and horses a confused, struggling, black mass, against the rocky walls of the cañon. And then it was that the immense reserved strength of Gabriel came into play. Set upon by the almost irresistible volume of water, he did not waste his power in useless opposition, but allowed himself to be swept hither and thither until he touched a branch of chimisal that depended from the cañon side. Seizing it with one sudden and mighty effort, he raised himself above the sweep and suction of the boiling flood. The coach was gone; where it had stood a few black figures struggled, swirled, and circled. One of them was a woman. In an instant Gabriel plunged into the yellow water. A few strokes brought him to her side; in another moment he had encircled her waist with his powerful arm and lifted her head above the surface, when he was seized by two despairing arms from the other side. Gabriel did not shake them off. "Take hold of me lower down and I'll help ye both," he shouted, as he struck out with his only free arm for the chimisal. He reached it; drew himself up so that he could grasp it with his teeth, and then, hanging on by his jaw, raised his two clinging companions beside him. They had barely grasped it, when another ominous roar was heard below, and another wall of yellow water swept swiftly up the cañon. The chimisal began to yield to their weight. Gabriel dug his fingers into the soil about its roots, clutched the jagged edges of a rock beneath, and threw his arm about the woman, pressing her closely to the face of the wall. As the wave swept over them, there was a sudden despairing cry, a splash, and the man was gone. Only Gabriel and the woman remained.

They were safe, but for the moment only. Gabriel's left hand, grasping an insecure projection, was all that sustained their united weight. Gabriel, for the first time, looked down upon the woman. Then he said, hesitatingly:

"Kin ye hold yourself a minnit?"

"Yes."

Even at that critical moment some occult quality of sweetness in her voice thrilled him.

"Lock your hands together hard, and sling 'em over my neck."

She did so. Gabriel freed his right hand. He scarcely felt the weight thus suddenly thrown upon his shoulders, but cautiously groped for a projection on the rock above. He found it, raised himself by a supreme effort, until he secured a foothold in the hole left by the uprooted chimisal bush. Here he paused.

"Kin ye hang on a minnit longer?"

"Go on," she said.

Gabriel went on. He found another pro-

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jection, and another, and gradually at last reached a ledge a foot wide, near the top of the cliff. Here he paused. It was the woman's turn to speak.

"Can you climb to the top?" she asked.

"Yes—if you——"

"Go on," she said, simply.

Gabriel continued the ascent cautiously. In a few moments he had reached the top. Here her hands suddenly relaxed their grasp; she would have slipped to the ground had not Gabriel caught her by the waist, lifted her in his arms, and borne her to a spot where a fallen pine-tree had carpeted and cushioned the damp ground with its withered tassels. Here he laid her down with that exquisite delicacy and tenderness of touch which was so habitual to him in his treatment of all helplessness as to be almost unconscious. But she thanked him, with such a graceful revelation of small white teeth, and such a singular look out of her dark gray eyes, that he could not help looking at her again. She was a small, light-haired woman, tastefully and neatly dressed, and of a type and class unknown to him. But for her smile, he would not have thought her pretty. But even with that smile on her face, she presently paled and fainted.

At the same moment Gabriel heard the sound of voices, and, looking up, saw two of the passengers, who had evidently escaped by climbing the cliff, coming toward them. And then—I know not how to tell it—but a sudden and awe-inspiring sense of his ambiguous and peculiar situation took possession of him. What would they think of it? Would they believe his statement? A sickening recollection of the late conversation at Briggs's returned to him; the indignant faces of the gaunt Sal and the plump Mrs. Markle were before him; even the questioning eyes of little Olly seemed to pierce his inmost soul, and, alas! this hero, the victorious giant, turned and fled!

CHAPTER XIV.

SIMPLICITY VERSUS SAGACITY.

WHEN Gabriel reached his home it was after dark, and Olly was anxiously waiting to receive him.

"You're wet all through, you awful Gabe, and covered with mud in the bargain. Go and change your clothes, or you'll get your death, as sure as you're a born sinner!"

The tone and manner in which this was uttered was something unusual with Olly, but Gabriel was too glad to escape further questioning to criticise or rebuke it. But when he had re-appeared from behind the screen with dry clothes, he was surprised to observe by the light of the newly lit candle that Olly herself had undergone since morning a decided change in her external appearance. Not to speak alone of an unusual cleanliness of face and hands, and a certain attempt at confining her yellow curls with a vivid pink ribbon, there was an unwonted neatness in her attire, and some essay at adornment in a faded thread-lace collar which she had found among her mother's "things" in the family bag, and a purple neck-ribbon.

"It seems to me," said the delighted Gabriel, "that somebody else hez been dressin' up and making a toylit, sence I've been away. Hev you been in the ditches agin, Olly?"

"No," said Olly with some dignity of manner, as she busied herself in setting the table for supper.

"But I recken I never seen ye look so peart afore, Olly; who's been here?" he added, with a sudden alarm.

"Nobody," said Olly; "I recken some folks kin get along and look decent without the help of other folks, leastways of Susan Markle."

At this barbed arrow Gabriel winced slightly.

"See yer, Olly," said Gabriel, "ye musn't talk thet way about thet woman. You're only a chile—and ef your brother did let on to ye, in confidence, certing things ez a brother may say to his sister, ye oughtn't say anythin' about it."

"Say anythin'!" echoed Olly, scornfully; "do you think I'd ever let on to thet woman ennything? Ketch me!"

Gabriel looked up at his sister in awful admiration, and felt at the depths of his conscience-stricken and self-depreciatory nature that he didn't deserve so brave a little defender. For a moment he resolved to tell her the truth, but a fear of Olly's scorn and a desire to bask in the sunshine of her active sympathy withheld him. "Besides," he added to himself, in a single flash of self-satisfaction, "this yer thing may be the makin' o' thet gal yet. Look at thet collar, Gabriel! look at thet hair, Gabriel! all your truth-tellin' never fetched outer thet purty child what thet one yarn did."

Nevertheless, as Gabriel sat down to his supper he was still haunted by the ominous advice and counsel he had heard that day. When Olly had finished her meal—he noticed that she had forborne, evidently at

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great personal sacrifice, to sop the frying-pan with her bread—he turned to her gravely.

"Ef you wus ever asked, Olly, ef I had been sweet upon Mrs. Markle, wot would ye say?"

"Say," said Olly, savagely, "I'd say that if they ever was a woman ez had run arter a man with less call to do it—it was Mrs. Markle—that same old disgustin' Susan Markle. Thet's wot I'd say, and I'd say it—to her face! Gabe—see here!"

"Well," said the delighted Gabriel.

"Ef that school-ma'am comes up here, do you jest make up to her!"

"Olly!" ejaculated the alarmed Gabriel.

"You jest go for her! You jest do for her what you did for thet Susan Markle. And jest you do it, if you can, Gabe,—when Mrs. Markle's around—or afore little Manty—she'll go and tell her mother—she tells her everything. I've heer'd, Gabe, that some o' them school-ma'ams is nice."

In his desire to please Olly, Gabriel would have imparted to her the story of his adventure in the cañon, but a vague fear that Olly might demand from him an instant offer of his hand and heart to the woman he had saved, checked the disclosure. And the next moment there was a rap at the door of the cabin.

"I forgot to say, Gabe, that Lawyer Maxwell was here to-day to see ye," said Olly, "and I bet you thet's him. If he wants you to nuss anybody, Gabe, don't ye do it! You got enough to do to look after me!"

Gabriel rose with a perplexed face and opened the door. A tall dark man, with a beard heavily streaked with gray, entered. There was something in his manner and dress, although both conformed to local prejudices and customs, that denoted a type of man a little above the average social condition of One Horse Gulch. Unlike Gabriel's previous evening visitor, he did not glance around him, but fixed a pair of keen half-humorous, half-interrogating gray eyes upon his host's face, and kept them there. The habitual expression of his features was serious, except for a certain half-nervous twitching at the left corner of his mouth, which continued usually, until he stopped and passed his hand softly across it. The impression always left on the spectator was, that he had wiped away a smile, as some people do a tear.

"I don't think I ever before met you, Gabriel," he said, advancing and offering his hand. "My name is Maxwell. I think you've heard of me. I have come for a little talk on a matter of business."

The blank dismay of Gabriel's face did not escape him, nor the gesture with which he motioned to Olly to retire. "It's quite evident," he said to himself, "that the child knows nothing of this, or is unprepared. I have taken him by surprise."

"If I mistake not, Gabriel," said Maxwell aloud, "your little—er—girl—is as much concerned in this matter as yourself. Why not let her remain?"

"No, no," said Gabriel, now feeling perfectly convinced in the depths of his conscience-stricken soul that Maxwell was here as the legal adviser of the indignant Mrs. Markle. "No! Olly, run out and get some chips in the wood-house agin to-morrow morning's fire. Run!"

Olly ran. Maxwell cast a look after the child, wiped his mouth, and, leaning his elbow on the table, fixed his eyes on Gabriel.

"I have called to-night, Gabriel, to see if we can arrange a certain matter without trouble, and even—as I am employed against you—with as little talk as possible. To be frank, I am intrusted with the papers in a legal proceeding against you. Now, see here! is it necessary for me to say what these proceedings are? Is it even necessary for me to give the name of my client?"

Gabriel dropped his eyes, but even then the frank honesty of his nature spoke for him. He raised his head and said simply:

"No!"

Lawyer Maxwell was for a moment staggered, but only for a moment. "Good," he said, thoughtfully; "you are frank. Let me ask you now if, to avoid legal proceedings, publicity, and scandal—and allow me to add, the almost absolute certainty of losing in any suit that might be brought against you—would you be willing to abandon this house and claim at once, allowing it to go for damages in the past? If you would, I think I could accept it for such. I think I could promise that even this question of a closer relationship would not come up. Briefly, *she* might keep her name and *you* might keep yours, and you would remain to each other as strangers. What do you say?"

Gabriel rose quickly and took the lawyer's hands with a tremulous grasp. "You're a kind man, Mr. Maxwell," he said, shaking the lawyer's hand vigorously; "a good man. It's a bad business, and you've made the best of it. Ef you'd been my own lawyer

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instead o' hers, you couldn't hev treated me better. I'll leave here at once. I've been thinking o' doin' it ever since this yer thing troubled me; but I'll go to-morrow. Ye kin hev the house and all it contains. If I had anything else in a way of a fee to offer ye, I'd do it. She kin hev the house and all that they is of it. And then nothing will be said?"

"Not a word," said Maxwell, examining Gabriel curiously.

"No talk—nothin' in the newspapers?" continued Gabriel.

"Your conduct toward her, and your attitude in this whole affair, will be kept a profound secret, unless you happen to betray it yourself; and that is my one reason for advising you to leave here."

"I'll do it—to-morrow," said Gabriel, rubbing his hands. "Wouldn't you like to have me sign some bit o' paper?"

"No, no," said the lawyer, wiping his mouth with his hand, and looking at Gabriel as if he belonged to some entirely new species. "Let me advise you, as a friend, to sign no paper that might be brought against you hereafter. Your simple abandonment of the claim and house is sufficient for our purposes. I will make out no papers in the case until Thursday; by that time I expect to find no one to serve them on. You understand?"

Gabriel nodded, and wrung the lawyer's hand warmly. Maxwell walked toward the door, still keeping his glance fixed on Gabriel's clear, honest eyes. On the threshold he paused, and leaning against it, wiped his mouth with a slow gesture, and said:

"From all I can hear, Gabriel, you are a simple, honest fellow, and I frankly confess to you, but for the admission you have made to me, I would have thought you incapable of attempting to wrong a woman. I should have supposed it some mistake. I am not a judge of the motives of men; I am too old a lawyer, and too familiar with things of this kind, to be surprised at men's motives, or even to judge their rights or wrongs by my own. But now that we understand each other, would you mind telling me what was your motive for this peculiar and monstrous form of deception? Understand me; it will not alter my opinion of you, which is, that you are not a bad man. But I am curious to know how you could deliberately set about to wrong this woman; what was the motive?"

Gabriel's face flushed deeply. Then he lifted his eyes and pointed to the screen. The lawyer followed the direction of his finger, and saw Olly standing in the door-way.

Lawyer Maxwell smiled. "It is the sex, anyway," he said to himself; "perhaps a little younger than I supposed; of course, his own child." He nodded again, smiled at Olly, and with the consciousness of a professional triumph, blent with a certain moral satisfaction that did not always necessarily accompany his professional success, he passed out into the night.

Gabriel avoided conversation with Olly until late in the evening. When she had taken her accustomed seat at his feet before the fire, she came directly to the point.

"What did he want, Gabe?"

"Nothing partickler," said Gabriel, with an affectation of supreme indifference. "I was thinking, Olly, that I'd tell you a story. It's a long time since I told one."

It had been Gabriel's habit to improve these precious moments by relating the news of the camp or the current topics of the day, artfully imparted as pure fiction, but since his pre-occupation with Mrs. Markle he had lately omitted it. Olly nodded her head, and Gabriel went on.

"Once upon a time they lived a man ez hed lived and would live—for thet was wot was so sing'ler about him—all alone, 'cept for a little sister ez this man hed, wot he loved very dearly. They was no one ez this man would ever let ring in, so to speak, between him and this little sister, and the heaps o' private confidence, and the private talks about this and thet, thet this yer man hed with this little sister, was wonderful to behold."

"Was it a real man—a pure man?" queried Olly.

"The man was a real man, but the little sister, I oughter say, was a kind o' fairy, you know, Olly, ez hed a heap o' power to do good to this yer man, unbeknownst to him and afore his face. They lived in a sorter paliss in the woods, this yer man and his sister. And one day this yer man hed a heap o' troubil come upon him thet was sich ez would make him leave this beautiful paliss, and he didn't know how to let on to his little sister about it; and so he up, and he sez to her, sez he, 'Gloriana'—thet was her name—'Gloriana,' sez he, 'we must quit this beautiful paliss and wander into furrin parts, and the reason why is a secret ez I can't tell ye.' And this yer little sister jest ups and sez, 'Wot's agreeable to you, brother, is agreeable to me, fur we is everything to each other the wide world over,

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and variety is the spice o' life, and I'll pack my traps to-morrow.' And she did. For why, Olly? Why, don't ye see—this yer little sister was a fairy, and knowed it all without bein' told. And they went away to furrin parts and strange places, war they built a more beautiful paliss than the other was, and they lived thar peaceful like and happy all the days o' their life."

"And thar wasn't any old witch of a Mrs. Markle to bother them. When are ye goin', Gabe?" asked the practical Olly.

"I thought to-morrow," said Gabriel, helplessly abandoning all allegory and looking at his sister in respectful awe, "thet ez, I reckoned, Olly, to get to Casey's in time to take the arternoon stage up to Marysville."

"Well," said Olly, "then I'm goin' to bed now."

"Olly," said Gabriel reproachfully, as he watched the little figure disappear behind the canvas, "ye didn't kiss me fur good-night."

Olly came back. "You ole Gabe—you!" she said patronizingly, as she ran her fingers through his tangled curls, and stooped to bestow a kiss on his forehead from an apparently immeasurable moral and intellectual height—"you old, big Gabe, what would you do without me, I'd like to know?"

The next morning Gabriel was somewhat surprised at observing Olly immediately after the morning meal proceed gravely to array herself in the few more respectable garments that belonged to her wardrobe. Over a white muslin frock, yellow and scant with age, she had tied a scarf of glaring cheap pink ribbon, and over this again she had secured, by the aid of an enormous tortoise-shell brooch, a large black and white check shawl of her mother's, that even repeated folding could not reduce in size. She then tied over her yellow curls a large straw hat, trimmed with white and yellow daisies and pale green ribbon, and completed her toilet by unfurling over her shoulder a small yellow parasol.

Gabriel, who had been watching these preparations in great concern, at last ventured to address the *bizarre* but pretty little figure before him.

"War you goin', Olly?"

"Down the gulch to say good-bye to the Reed gals. 'Tain't the square thing to vamose the ranch without lettin' on to folks."

"Ye ain't goin' near Mrs. Markle's, are ye?" queried Gabriel, in deprecatory alarm.

Olly turned a scornful flash of her clear blue eye upon her brother, and said curtly:

"Ketch me!"

There was something so appalling in her quickness, such a sudden revelation of quaint determination in the lines of her mouth and eyebrows, that Gabriel could say no more. Without a word he watched the yellow sunshade and flapping straw hat, with its streaming ribbons, slowly disappear down the winding descent of the hill.

And then, a sudden and grotesque sense of dependence upon the child; an appreciation of some reserved quality in her nature hitherto unsuspected by him—something that separated them now, and in the years to come would slowly widen the rift between them, came upon him with such a desolating sense of loneliness that it seemed unendurable. He did not dare to re-enter or look back upon the cabin, but pushed on vaguely toward his claim on the hill-side. On his way thither he had to pass a solitary redwood tree that he had often noticed, whose enormous bulk belittled the rest of the forest; yet, also, by reason of its very isolation, had acquired a certain lonely pathos that was far beyond the suggestion of its heroic size. It seemed so imbecile, so gratuitously large, so unproductive of the good that might be expected of its bulk, so unlike the smart spruces and pert young firs and larches that stood beside it, that Gabriel instantly accepted it as a symbol of himself, and could not help wondering if there were not some other locality where everything else might be on its own plane of existence. "If I war to go thar," said Gabriel to himself, "I wonder if I might not suit better than I do yer, and be of some sarvice to thet child." He pushed his way through the underbrush, and stood upon the ledge that he had first claimed on his arrival at One Horse Gulch. It was dreary—it was unpromising—a vast stony field high up in air, covered with scattered bowlders of dark iron-gray rock. Gabriel smiled bitterly. "Any other man but me couldn't hev bin sich a fool as to preëmpt sich a claim fur gold. P'r'aps its all for the best that I'm short of it now," said Gabriel, as he turned away, and descended the hill to his later claim in the gulch, which yielded him that pittance known in the mining dialect as "grub."

It was nearly three o'clock before he returned to the cabin with the few tools that he had gathered. When he did so, he found Olly awaiting him, with a slight flush of excitement on her cheek, but no visible evi-

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dences of any late employment to be seen in the cabin.

"Ye don't seem to have been doin' much packin', Olly," said Gabriel—"tho' thar ain't, so to speak, much to pack up."

"Thar ain't no use in packin', Gabe," replied Olly, looking directly into the giant's bashful eyes.

"No use?" echoed Gabriel.

"No sort o' use," said Olly decidedly. "We ain't goin', Gabe, and that's the end on't. I've been over to see Lawyer Maxwell, and I've made it all right."

Gabriel dropped speechless into a chair, and gazed open-mouthed at his sister.

"I've made it all right, Gabe," continued Olly, coolly, "you'll see. I jest went over thar this morning, and hed a little talk with the lawyer, and gin him a piece o' my mind about Mrs. Markle—and jest settled the whole thing."

"Good Lord, Olly, what did you say?"

"Say?" echoed Olly. "I jest up and told him everythin' I knew about thet woman, and I never told you, Gabe, the half of it. I jest sed ez how she'd been runnin' round arter you ever sence she first set eyes on you, when you was nussin' her husband wot died. How you never ez much ez looked at her ontil I set you up to it! How she used to come round yer and sit and sit and look at you, Gabe, and kinder do this et ye over her shoulder"—here Olly achieved an admirable imitation of certain arch glances of Mrs. Markle that would have driven that estimable lady frantic with rage, and even at this moment caused the bashful blood of Gabriel to fly into his very eyes—"and how she used to let on all sorts of excuses to get you over thar, and how you refoosed! And wot a deceitful old mean disgustin' critter she was enny way!" and here Olly paused for want of breath.

"And wot did he say?" said the equally breathless Gabriel.

"Nothin' at first! Then he laughed, and laughed and laughed till I thought he'd bust! And then—let me see," reflected the conscientious Olly, "he said thar was some 'absurd blunder and mistake'—that's jest what he called thet Mrs. Markle, Gabe—hope God'll kill me next minnit ef those wasn't his very words! And then he set up another yell o' laughin', and somehow, Gabe, I got to laughin', and she got to laughin' too," and Olly laughed at the recollection.

"Who's *she*?" asked Gabriel, with a most lugubrious face.

"Oh, Gabe! you think everybody's Mrs. Markle," said Olly, swiftly. "*She* was a lady ez was with thet Lawyer Maxwell, ez heerd it all. Why, Lord, she seemed to take ez much interest in it ez the lawyer. P'r'aps," said Olly, with a slight degree of conscious pride as *raconteur*, "p'r'aps it was the way I told it. I was *thet* mad, Gabe, and sassy!"

"And what did he say?" continued Gabriel, still ruefully, for to him, as to most simple, serious natures devoid of any sense of humor, all this inconsequent hilarity looked suspicious.

"Why, he was fur puttin' right over here 'to explain,' ez he called it, but the lady stopped him, and sed somethin' low I didn't get to hear. Oh, she must be a partikler friend o' his, Gabe—for he did everythin' thet she said. And she said I was to go back and say thet we needn't hurry ourselves to git away at all. And thet's the end of it, Gabe."

"But didn't he say anythin' more, Olly?" said Gabriel, anxiously.

"No! He begin to ask me some questions about old times and Starvation Camp, and I'd made up my mind to disremember all them things ez I told you, Gabe, fur I'm jest sick o' being called a cannon-ball, so I jest disremembered everything ez fast ez he asked it, until he sez, sez he to this lady, 'She evidently knows nothin' o' the whole thing.' But the lady hed been tryin' to stop his askin' questions, and hed been kinder signin' to me not to answer, too. Oh, she's cute, Gabe; I could see thet ez soon ez I set down."

"What did she look like, Olly?" said Gabriel, with an affectation of carelessness, but still by no means yet entirely relieved in his mind.

"Oh, she didn't look like Mrs. Markle, Gabe, or any o' thet kind. A kinder short woman, with white teeth, and a small waist, and good clo'es. I didn't sort o' take to her much, Gabe, though she was very kind to me. I don't know ez I could say ezackly what she did look like; I reckon thar ain't anybody about yer ez looks like she. Saints and goodness! Gabe, that's her now; thar she is."

Something darkened the door-way. Gabriel, looking up, beheld the woman he had saved in the cañon. It was Madame Devarges!

CHAPTER XV.

AN OLD PIONEER OF '49.

A THICK fog, dense, impenetrable, bluish-gray and raw, marked the advent of the

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gentle summer of 1854 on the California coast. The brief immature spring was scarcely yet over; there were flowers still to be seen on the outlying hills around San Francisco, and the wild oats were yet green on the Contra Costa mountains. But the wild oats were hidden under a dim India-inky vail, and the wild flowers accepted the joyless embraces of the fog with a staring waxen rigidity. In short, the weather was so uncomfortable that the average Californian was more than ever inclined to impress the stranger aggressively with the fact that fogs were healthy, and that it was the "finest climate on the earth."

Perhaps no one was better calculated or more accustomed to impress the stranger with this belief than Mr. Peter Dumphy, banker and capitalist. His outspoken faith in the present and future of California was unbounded. His sincere convictions that no country or climate was ever before so signally favored, his intoleration of any criticism or belief to the contrary, made him a representative man. So positive and unmistakable was his habitual expression on these subjects, that it was impossible to remain long in his presence without becoming impressed with the idea that any other condition of society, climate or civilization, than that which obtained in California, was a mistake. Strangers were brought early to imbibe from this fountain; timid and weak Californians in danger of a relapse had their faith renewed and their eyesight restored by bathing in this pool that Mr. Dumphy kept always replenished. Unconsciously people at last got to echoing Mr. Dumphy's views as their own, and much of the large praise that appeared in newspapers, public speeches, and correspondence, was first voiced by Dumphy.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Dumphy's positiveness of statement and peremptory manner were at all injurious to his social reputation. Owing to that suspicion with which most frontier communities regard polite concession and suavity of method, Mr. Dumphy's brusque frankness was always accepted as genuine. "You always know what Pete Dumphy means," was the average criticism. "He ain't goin' to lie to please any man." To a conceit that was so outspoken as to be courageous, to an ignorance that was so freely and shamelessly expressed as to make hesitating and cautious wisdom appear weak and unmanly beside it, Mr. Dumphy added the rare quality of perfect unconscientiousness unmixed with any adulterating virtue.

It was with such rare combative qualities as these that Mr. Dumphy sat that morning in his private office and generally opposed the fog without, or rather its influence upon his patrons and society at large. The face he offered to it was a strong one, although superficially smooth, for since the reader had the honor of his acquaintance, he had shaved off his beard, as a probable unnecessary indication of character. It was still early, but he had already dispatched much business with that prompt decision which made even an occasional blunder seem heroic. He was signing a letter that one of his clerks had brought him, when he said, briskly, without looking up:

"Send Mr. Ramirez in."

Mr. Ramirez, who had already called for three successive days without obtaining an audience of Dumphy, entered the private room with an excited sense of having been wronged, which, however, instantly disappeared, as far as external manifestation was concerned, on his contact with the hard-headed, aggressive, and prompt Dumphy.

"How do?" said Dumphy, without looking up from his desk.

Mr. Ramirez uttered some objection to the weather, and then took a seat uneasily near Dumphy.

"Go on," said Dumphy. "I can listen."

"It is I who came to listen," said Mr. Ramirez, with great suavity. "It is of the news, I would hear."

"Yes," said Mr. Dumphy, signing his name rapidly to several documents, "Yes, *Yes*, YES." He finished them, turned rapidly upon Ramirez, and said "Yes!" again, in such a positive manner as to utterly shipwreck that gentleman's self-control.

"Ramirez!" said Dumphy, abruptly. "How much have you got in that thing?"

Mr. Ramirez, still floating on a sea of conjecture, could only say, "Eh! Ah! It is what?"

"How *deep* are you? How much would you *lose*?"

Mr. Ramirez endeavored to fix his eyes upon Dumphy's.

"How—much—would I lose?—if how? If what?"

"What—money—have—you—got—in—it?" said Mr. Dumphy, emphasizing each word sharply, with the blunt end of his pen on the desk.

"No money! I have much interest in the success of Madame Devarges!"

"Then you're not 'in' much! That's

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lucky for you. Read that letter. Show him in!"

The last remark was in reply to a mumbled interrogatory of the clerk, who had just entered. Perhaps it was lucky for Mr. Ramirez that Mr. Dumphy's absorption with his new visitor prevented his observation of his previous visitor's face. As he read the letter, Ramirez's face first turned to an ashen-gray hue, then to a livid purple; then he smacked his dry lips thrice, and said "*Caramba*," then with burning eyes he turned toward Dumphy.

"You have read this?" he asked, shaking the letter toward Dumphy.

"One moment," interrupted Dumphy, finishing the conversation with his latest visitor, and following him to the door. "Yes," he continued, returning to his desk and facing Ramirez, "Yes!"

Mr. Ramirez could only shake the letter and smile in a ghastly way at Dumphy.

"Yes," said Dumphy, reaching forward and coolly taking the letter out of Ramirez's hand. "Yes. Seems she's going to get married," he continued, consulting the letter. "Going to marry the brother, the man in possession. That puts her all right; any way the cat jumps. And it lets *you* out."

With the air of having finished the interview, Mr. Dumphy quietly returned the letter, followed by Ramirez's glaring eyes, to a pigeon-hole in his desk, and tapped his desk with his pen-holder.

"And you—you?" gasped Ramirez, hoarsely, "you?"

"Oh, *I* didn't go into it a dollar. Yet it was a good investment. She could have made out a strong case. You had possession of the deed or will, didn't you? There was no evidence of the existence of the other woman," continued Mr. Dumphy, in his usually loud voice, overlooking the cautionary gestures of Mr. Ramirez, with perfect indifference. "Hello! How do?" he added, to another visitor. "I was just sending you a note."

Mr. Ramirez rose. His long finger-nails were buried in the yellow flesh of his palms. His face was quite bloodless and his lips were dry.

"What's your hurry?" said Dumphy, looking up. "Come in again! There's another matter I want you to look into, Ramirez! We've got some money out on a claim that ought to have one or two essential papers to make it right. I dare say they're lying round somewhere where you can find 'em. Draw on me for the expense."

Mr. Dumphy did not say this slyly, nor with any dark significance, but with perfect frankness. Virtually it said: "You're a scamp, so am I; whether or not this other man who overhears us is one likewise, it matters not." He took his seat again, turned to the latest comer, and became oblivious of his previous companion.

Luckily for Mr. Ramirez, when he reached the street he had recovered the control of his features if not his natural color. At least the fog, which seemed to lend a bluish-gray shade to all complexions, allowed his own livid cheek to pass unnoticed. He walked quickly, and it appeared, almost unconsciously, toward the water, for it was not until he reached the steamboat wharf that he knew where he was. He seemed to have taken one step from Mr. Dumphy's office to the pier. There was nothing between these two objects in his consciousness. The interval was utterly annihilated.

The steamboat did not leave for Sacramento until eight that evening, and it was only ten o'clock now. He had been conscious of this as he walked, but he could not have resisted this one movement, even if a futile one, toward the object of his revengeful frenzy. Ten hours to wait—ten hours to be passive, inactive—to be doing nothing! How could he pass the time?

He could sharpen his knife. He could buy a new one. He could purchase a better pistol. He remembered passing a gunsmith's shop with a display of glittering weapons in its window. He retraced his steps and entered the shop, spending some moments in turning over the gunsmith's various wares. Especially was he fascinated by a long, broad-bladed bowie-knife. "My own make," said the tradesman, with professional pride, passing a broad, leathery thumb along the keen edge of the blade. "It'll split a half-dollar. See!"

He threw a half-dollar on the counter, and with a quick, straight, down-darting stab pierced it in halves. Mr. Ramirez was pleased, and professed a desire to make the experiment himself. But the point slipped, sending the half dollar across the shop and cutting a long splintering furrow in the counter.

"Yer narves ain't steady. And ye try too hard," said the man coolly. "Thet's the way it's apt to be with you gents. Ye jest work yourself up into a fever 'bout a little thing like thet, ez if everythin' depended on it. Don't make sich a big thing of it. Take it easy like this," and with a

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quick, firm, workmanlike stroke the tradesman repeated the act successfully.

Mr. Ramirez bought the knife. As the man wrapped it up in paper, he remarked with philosophic kindness:

"I wouldn't try to do it agin this mornin'. It's early in the day and I've noticed thet gents ez hez been runnin' free all night ain't apt to do theirselves justice next mornin'. Take it quietly alone by yourself, this arternoon; don't think you're goin' to do anythin' big, and you'll fetch it, sure!"

When Mr. Ramirez was in the street again he looked at his watch. Eleven o'clock! Only one hour gone. He buttoned his coat tightly over the knife in his breast pocket, and started on again feverishly. Twelve o'clock found him rambling over the sand-hills near the Mission Dolores. In one of the by-streets he came upon a woman looking so like the one that filled all his thoughts, that he turned to look at her again with a glance so full of malevolence that she turned from him in terror. This circumstance, his agitation, and the continual dryness of his lips sent him into a saloon, where he drank freely, without, however, increasing or abating his excitement. When he returned to the crowded streets again, he walked quickly, imagining that his manner was noticed by others, in such intervals as he snatched from the contemplation of a single intention.

There were several ways of doing it. One was to tax her with her deceit and then kill her in the tempest of his indignation. Another and a more favorite thought was to surprise her and her new accomplice—for Mr. Ramirez, after the manner of most jealous reasoners, never gave her credit for any higher motive than that she had shown to him—and kill them both. Another and a later idea was to spend the strength of his murderous passion upon the man, and then to enjoy her discomfiture, the failure of her plans, and perhaps her appeals for forgiveness. But it would still be two days before he could reach them. Perhaps they were already married. Perhaps they would be gone!

In all this wild, passionate, and tumultuous contemplation of an effect, there never had been for a single moment in his mind the least doubt of the adequacy of the cause. That he was a *dupe*,—a hopeless, helpless dupe,—was sufficient. Since he had read the letter, his self-consciousness had centered upon a single thought, expressed to him in a single native word, "Bobo." It was continually before his eyes. He spelled it on the signs in the street. It kept up a dull monotonous echo in his ears. "Bobo." Ah! she should see!

It was past noon, and the fog had deepened. Afar from the bay came the sounds of bells and whistles. If the steamer should not go? If she should be delayed, as often happened, for several hours? He would go down to the wharf and inquire. In the meantime, let the devil seize the fog! Might the Holy St. Bartholomew damn forever the cowardly dog of a captain and the cayote crew who would refuse to go! He came sharply enough down Commercial street, and then, when opposite the Arcade Saloon, with the instinct that leads desperate men into desperate places, he entered and glared vindictively around him.

The immense room, bright with lights and glittering with gilding and mirrors, seemed quiet and grave in contrast with the busy thoroughfare without. It was still too early for the usual *habitués* of the place; only a few of the long gambling tables were occupied. There was only a single *monte* bank "open," and to this Ramirez bent his steps with the peculiar predilections of his race. It so chanced that Mr. Jack Hamlin was temporarily in charge of the interests of this bank, and was dealing in a listless, perfunctory manner. It may be parenthetically remarked that his own game was faro. His present position was one of pure friendliness to the absent dealer, who was taking his dinner above stairs.

Ramirez flung a piece of gold on the table and lost. Again he tempted fortune and lost. He lost the third time. Then his pent-up feelings found vent in the characteristic "*Caramba!*" Mr. Jack Hamlin looked up. It was not the oath, it was not the expression of ill-humor, both of which were common enough in Mr. Hamlin's experience, but a certain distinguishing quality in the voice which awoke Jack's peculiarly retentive memory. He looked up and, to borrow his own dialect, at once "spotted" the owner of the voice. He made no outward sign of his recognition, but quietly pursued the game. In the next deal Mr. Ramirez won! Mr. Hamlin quietly extended his *croupe* and raked down Mr. Ramirez's money with the losers.

As Mr. Hamlin doubtless had fully expected, Mr. Ramirez rose with a passionate scream of rage. Whereat Mr. Hamlin coolly pushed back Mr. Ramirez's stake and winnings without looking up. Leaving it

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upon the table, Ramirez leaped to the gambler's side.

"You would insult me, so! You would ch—ee—at! eh? You would take my money, so!" he said, hoarsely, gesticulating passionately with one hand, while with the other he grasped as wildly in his breast.

Mr. Jack Hamlin turned a pair of dark eyes on the speaker and said quietly:

"Sit down, Johnny!"

With the pent-up passion of the last few hours boiling in his blood, with the murderous intent of the morning still darkling in his mind, with the passionate sense of a new insult stinging him to madness, Mr. Ramirez should have struck the gambler to the earth. Possibly that was his intention as he crossed to his side; possibly that was his conviction as he heard himself—*he*—Victor Ramirez! whose presence in two days should strike terror to two hearts in One Horse Gulch!—addressed as Johnny! But he looked into the eyes of Mr. Hamlin and hesitated. What he saw there I cannot say. They were handsome eyes, clear and well opened, and had been considered by several members of a fond and confiding sex as peculiarly arch and tender. But, it must be confessed, Mr. Ramirez returned to his seat without doing anything.

"Ye don't know that man," said Mr. Hamlin to the two players nearest him, in a tone of the deepest confidence, which was, however, singularly loud enough to be heard distinctly by every one at the table, including Ramirez. "You don't know him, but I do! He's a desprit character," continued Mr. Hamlin glancing at him and quietly shuffling the cards, "a very desprit character! Make your game, gentlemen! Keeps a cattle ranch in Sonoma, and a private grave-yard whar he buries his own dead. They call him the 'Yaller Hawk of Sonoma.' He's outer sorts jest now; probably jest killed some one up thar, and smells blood."

Mr. Ramirez smiled a ghastly smile, affected to examine the game minutely and critically as Mr. Hamlin paused to rake in the gold.

"He's artful—is Johnny!" continued Mr. Hamlin in the interval of shuffling, "artful and sly! Partiklerly when he's after blood! See him sittin' thar and smilin'. He doesn't want to interrupt the game. He knows, gentlemen, thet in five minutes from now, Jim will be back here and I'll be free. Thet's what he's waitin' for! Thet's what's the matter with the 'Yaller Slaughterer of Sonoma.' Got his knife ready in his breast, too. Done up in brown paper to keep it clean. He's mighty pertikler 'bout his weppins is Johnny. Hez a new knife for every new man."

Ramirez rose with an attempt at jocularity, and pocketed his gains. Mr. Hamlin affected not to notice him until he was about to leave the table.

"He's goin' to wait for me outside," he exclaimed. "In five minutes, Johnny," he called to Ramirez's retreating figure. "If you can't wait, I'll expect to see you at the Marysville Hotel next week, Room No. 95, the next room, Johnny, the next room!"

The Mr. Ramirez who reached the busy thoroughfare again was so different from the Mr. Ramirez who twenty minutes before had entered the Arcade that his identity might have easily been doubted. He did not even breathe in the same way; his cheek, although haggard, had resumed its color; his eyes, which hitherto had been fixed and contemplative, had returned to their usual restless vivacity. With the exception that at first he walked quickly on leaving the saloon, and once or twice hurriedly turned to see if anybody were following him, his manner was totally changed. And this without effusion of blood, or the indulgence of an insatiable desire for revenge! As I prefer to deal with Mr. Ramirez without affecting to know any more of that gentleman than he did himself, I am unable to explain any more clearly than he did to himself the reason for this change in his manner, or the utter subjection of his murderous passion. When it is remembered that for several hours he had had unlimited indulgence, without opposition, in his own instincts, but that for the last twenty minutes he had some reason to doubt their omnipotence, perhaps some explanation may be adduced. I only know that by half past six Mr. Ramirez had settled in his mind that physical punishment of his enemies was not the most efficacious means of revenge, and that at half past seven he had concluded *not* to take the Sacramento boat. And yet for the previous six hours I have reason to believe that Mr. Ramirez was as sincere a murderer as ever suffered the penalty of his act, or to whom circumstances had not offered a Mr. Hamlin to act upon a constitutional cowardice.

Mr. Ramirez proceeded leisurely down Montgomery street until he came to Pacific street. At the corner of the street his way was for a moment stopped by a rattling team and wagon that dashed off through the fog in the direction of the wharf. Mr. Ramirez

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recognized the express and mail for the Sacramento boat. But Mr. Ramirez did not know that the express contained a letter which ran as follows:

"DEAR MADAM: Yours of the 10th received, and contents noted. Am willing to make our services contingent upon your success. We believe your present course will be quite as satisfactory as the plan you first proposed. Would advise you not give a personal interview to Mr. Ramirez, but refer him to Mr. Gabriel Conroy. Mr. Ramirez's manner is such as to lead us to suppose that he might offer violence, unless withheld by the presence of a third party. Yours respectfully,

"PETER DUMPHY."

CHAPTER XVI.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

THE street into which Ramirez plunged at first sight appeared almost impassable, and but for a certain regularity in the parallels of irregular, oddly built houses, its original intention as a thoroughfare might have been open to grave doubt. It was dirty, it was muddy, it was ill-lighted; it was rocky and precipitous in some places, and sandy and monotonous in others. The grade had been changed two or three times, and each time apparently for the worse, but always with a noble disregard for the dwellings, which were invariably treated as an accident in the original design, or as obstacles to be overcome at any hazard. The near result of this large intent was to isolate some houses completely, to render others utterly inaccessible except by scaling ladders, and to produce the general impression that they were begun at the top and built down. The remoter effect was to place the locality under a social ban, and work a kind of outlawry among the inhabitants. Several of the houses were originally occupied by the Spanish native Californians, who, with the conservative instincts of their race, still clung to their *casas* after the Americans had flown to pastures new and less rocky and inaccessible beyond. Their vacant places were again filled by other native Californians, through that social law which draws the members of an inferior and politically degraded race into gregarious solitude and isolation, and the locality became known as the Spanish Quarter. That they lived in houses utterly inconsistent with their habits and tastes; that they affected a locality utterly foreign to their inclinations or customs, was not the least pathetic and grotesque element to a contemplative observer.

Before, or rather beneath one of these structures, Mr. Ramirez stopped, and began the ascent of a long flight of wooden steps, that at last brought him to the foundations of the dwelling. Another equally long exterior staircase brought him at last to the veranda or gallery of the second story, the first being partly hidden by an embankment. Here Mr. Ramirez discovered another flight of narrower steps leading down to a platform before the front door. It was open. In the hall-way two or three dark-faced men were lounging, smoking *cigaritos*, and enjoying, in spite of the fog, the apparently unseasonable *négligé* of shirt sleeves and no collars. At the open front windows of the parlor two or three women were sitting, clad in the lightest and whitest of flounced muslin skirts, with heavy shawls over their heads and shoulders, as if summer had stopped at their waists, like an equator.

The house was feebly lighted, or rather the gloom of yellowish-browned walls and dark furniture, from which all luster and polish had been smoked, made it seem darker Nearly every room and all the piazzas were dim with the yellow haze of burning *cigaritos*. There were light brown stains on the shirt sleeves of the men, there were yellowish streaks on the otherwise spotless skirts of the women; every masculine and feminine forefinger and thumb was steeped to its first joint with yellow. The fumes of burnt paper and tobacco permeated the whole house like some religious incense, through which occasionally struggled an inspiration of red peppers and garlic.

Two or three of the loungers addressed Ramirez in terms of grave recognition. One of the women—the stoutest—appeared at the door-way, holding her shawl tightly over her shoulders with one hand, as if to conceal a dangerous dishabille above the waist, and, playfully shaking a black fan at the young man with the other hand, applied to him the various epithets of "Ingrate," "Traitor," and "Judas," with great vivacity and volubility. Then she faced him coquettishly.

"And after so long, whence now, thou little blackguard?"

"It is of business, my heart and soul," exclaimed Ramirez, with hasty and somewhat perfunctory gallantry. "Who is above?"

"Those who testify."

"And Don Pedro?"

"He is there, and the Señor Perkins."

"Good. I will go on after a little," he nodded apologetically, as he hastily ascended the staircase. On the first landing

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above he paused, turned doubtfully toward the nearest door, and knocked hesitatingly. There was no response. Ramirez knocked again more sharply and decidedly. This resulted in a quick rattling of the lock, the sudden opening of the door, and the abrupt appearance of a man in ragged alpaca coat and frayed trowsers. He stared fiercely at Ramirez, said in English, "what in h—! next door!" and as abruptly slammed the door in Ramirez's face. Ramirez entered hastily the room indicated by the savage stranger, and was at once greeted by a dense cloud of smoke and the sound of welcoming voices.

Around a long table covered with quaint-looking legal papers, maps and parchments, a half dozen men were seated. The greater number were past the middle age, dark-featured and grizzled-haired, and one, whose wrinkled face was the color and texture of redwood bark, was bowed with decrepitude.

"He had one hundred and two years day before yesterday. He is the principal witness to Micheltorrena's signature in the Castro claim," exclaimed Don Pedro.

"Is he able to remember?" asked Ramirez.

"Who knows?" said Don Pedro, shrugging his shoulder. "He will swear; it is enough."

"What animal have we in the next room?" asked Ramirez. "Is it wolf or bear?"

"The Señor Perkins," said Don Pedro.

"Why is he?"

"He translates."

Here Ramirez related with some vehemence how he mistook the room, and the stranger's brusque salutation. The company listened attentively and even respectfully. An American audience would have laughed. The present company did not alter their serious demeanor; a breach of politeness to a stranger was a matter of grave importance even to these doubtful characters. Don Pedro explained:

"Ah, so it is believed that God has visited him here." He tapped his forehead. "He is not of their country fashion at all. He has punctuality, he has secrecy, he has the habitude. When strikes the clock three he is here; when it strikes nine he is gone. Six hours to work in that room! Ah, Heavens! The quantity of work—it is astounding! Folios! Volumes! Good! it is done. Punctually at nine of the night he takes up a paper left on his desk by his *padrone*, in which is enwrapped ten dollars—the golden eagle, and he departs for that day. They tell to me that five dollars is gone at the gambling table, but no more! then five dollars for subsistence—always the same. Always! Always! He is a scholar—so profound, so admirable! He has the Spanish, the French, perfect. He is worth his weight in gold to the lawyers—you understand—but they cannot use him. To them he says: 'I translate, lies or what not! Who knows? I care not—but no more.' He is wonderful!"

The allusion to the gaming table revived Victor's recollection, and his intention in his present visit. "Thou hast told me, Don Pedro," he said, lowering his voice in confidence, "how much is fashioned the testimony of the witnesses in regard of the old land grants by the Governors and Alcaldes. Good. Is it so?"

Don Pedro glanced around the room. "Of those that are here to-night five will swear as they are prepared by me—you comprehend—and there is a Governor, a Military Secretary, an Alcalde, a Commandante, and saints preserve us! an Archbishop! They are respectable *caballeros*; but they have been robbed, you comprehend, by the *Americanos*. What matters? They have been taught a lesson. They will get the best price for their memory. Eh? They will sell it where it pays best. Believe me, Victor; it is so."

"Good," said Victor. "Listen; if there was a man—a brigand, a devil—an American!—who had extorted from Pico a grant—you comprehend—a grant, formal, and regular, and recorded—accepted of the Land Commission—and some one, eh?—even myself, should say to you it is all wrong, my friend, my brother—ah!"

"From Pico?" asked Don Pedro.

"*Si*, from Pico, in '47," responded Victor, —"a grant."

Don Pedro rose, opened a secretary in the corner, and took out some badly printed, yellowish blanks, with a seal in the right hand lower corner.

"Custom House paper from Monterey," explained Don Pedro, "blank with Governor Pico's signature and rubric. Comprehendest thou, Victor, my friend? A second grant is simple enough!"

Victor's eyes sparkled.

"But two for the same land, my brother?"

Don Pedro shrugged his shoulders, and rolled a fresh *cigarito*.

"There are two for nearly every grant of his late Excellency. Art thou certain, my

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brave friend, there are not *three* to this, of which thou speakest? If there be but one—Holy Mother! it is nothing. Surely the land has no value. Where is this modest property? How many leagues square? Come, we will retire in this room, and thou may'st talk undisturbed. There is excellent *aguardiente* too, my Victor, come," and Don Pedro rose, conducted Victor into a smaller apartment, and closed the door.

Nearly an hour elapsed. During that interval the sound of Victor's voice, raised in passionate recital, might have been heard by the occupants of the larger room but that they were completely involved in their own smoky atmosphere, and were perhaps politely oblivious of the stranger's business. They chatted, compared notes, and examined legal documents with the excited and pleased curiosity of men to whom business and the present importance of its results was a novelty. At a few minutes before nine Don Pedro re-appeared with Victor. I grieve to say that either from the reaction of the intense excitement of the morning, from the active sympathy of his friend, or from the equally soothing anodyne of *aguardiente*, he was somewhat incoherent, interjectional, and effusive. The effect of excessive stimulation on passionate natures like Victor's is to render them either maudlin or affectionate. Mr. Ramirez was both. He demanded with tears in his eyes to be led to the ladies. He would seek in the company of Manuela, the stout female before introduced to the reader, that sympathy which an injured, deceived, and confiding nature like his own so deeply craved.

On the staircase he ran against a stranger, precise, dignified, accurately clothed and fitted—the "Señor Perkins" just released from his slavery, a very different person from the one accidentally disclosed to him an hour before, on his probable way to the gaming table, and his habitual enjoyment of the evening of the day. In his maudlin condition, Victor would have fain exchanged views with him in regard to the general deceitfulness of the fair, and the misfortunes that attend a sincere passion, but Don Pedro hurried him below into the parlor, and out of the reach of the serenely contemptuous observation of the Señor Perkins's eye. Once in the parlor, and in the presence of the coquettish Manuela, who was still closely shawled, as if yet uncertain and doubtful in regard to the propriety of her garments above the waist, Victor, after a few vague remarks upon the general inability of the sex to understand a nature so profoundly deep and so wildly passionate as his own, eventually succumbed in a large black hair-cloth arm-chair, and became helplessly and hopelessly comatose.

"We must find a bed here for him to-night," said the sympathizing, but practical Manuela; "he is not fit, poor imbecile, to be sent to his hotel. Mother of God, what is this?"

In lifting him out of the chair into which he had subsided with a fatal tendency to slide to the floor, unless held by main force, something had fallen from his breast pocket, and Manuela had picked it up. It was the bowie-knife he had purchased that morning.

"Ah!" said Manuela, "desperate little brigand! he has been among the *Americanos!* Look, my uncle!"

Don Pedro took the weapon quietly from the brown hands of Manuela and examined it coolly.

"It is new, my niece," he responded, with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "The gloss is still upon its blade. We will take him to bed."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHARMING MRS. SEPULVIDA.

If there was a spot on earth of which the usual dead monotony of the California seasons seemed a perfectly consistent and natural expression, that spot was the ancient and time-honored *pueblo* and Mission of the blessed St. Anthony. The changeless, cloudless, expressionless skies of summer seemed to symbolize that aristocratic conservatism which repelled all innovation, and was its distinguishing mark. The stranger who rode into the *pueblo*, in his own conveyance,—for the instincts of San Antonio refused to sanction the introduction of a stage-coach or diligence that might bring into the town irresponsible and vagabond travelers,—read in the faces of the idle, lounging *peons* the fact that the great *rancheros* who occupied the outlying grants had refused to sell their lands, long before he entered the one short walled street and open plaza, and found that he was in a town where there was no hotel or tavern, and that he was dependent entirely upon the hospitality of some courteous resident for a meal or a night's lodging.

As he drew rein in the court-yard of the first large *adobe* dwelling, and received the grave welcome of a strange but kindly face, he saw around him everywhere the past unchanged. The sun shone as brightly and

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fiercely on the long red tiles of the low roofs, that looked as if they had been thatched with longitudinal slips of cinnamon, even as it had shone for the last hundred years; the gaunt wolf-like dogs ran out and barked at him as their fathers and mothers had barked at the preceding stranger of twenty years before. There were the few wild half-broken mustangs tethered by strong riatas before the veranda of the long low *Fonda*, with the sunlight glittering on their silver trappings; there were the broad, blank expanses of whitewashed *adobe* wall, as barren and guiltless of record as the uneventful days, as monotonous and expressionless as the staring sky above; there were the white, dome-shaped towers of the Mission rising above the green of olives and pear-trees, twisted, gnarled and knotted with the rheumatism of age; there was the unchanged strip of narrow white beach, and beyond, the sea—vast, illimitable, and always the same. The steamers that crept slowly up the darkening coast line were something remote, unreal, and phantasmal; since the Philippine galleon had left its bleached and broken ribs in the sand in 1640, no vessel had, in the memory of man, dropped anchor in the open roadstead below the curving Point of Pines, and the white walls, and dismounted bronze cannon of the Presidio, that looked blankly and hopelessly seaward.

For all this, the *pueblo* of San Antonio was the cynosure of the covetous American eye. Its vast leagues of fertile soil, its countless herds of cattle, the semi-tropical luxuriance of its vegetation, the salubrity of its climate, and the existence of miraculous mineral springs, were at once a temptation and an exasperation to greedy speculators of San Francisco. Happily for San Antonio, its square leagues were held by only a few of the wealthiest native gentry. The ranchos of "the Bear," of the "Holy Fisherman," of "The Blessed Trinity," comprised all of the outlying lands, and their titles were patented and secured to their native owners in the earlier days of the American occupation, while their comparative remoteness from the populous centers had protected them from the advances of foreign cupidity. But one American had ever entered upon the possession and enjoyment of this Californian Arcadia, and that was the widow of Don José Sepulvida. Eighteen months ago the excellent Sepulvida had died at the age of eighty-four, and left his charming young American wife the sole mistress of his vast estate. Attractive, of a pleasant, social temperament, that the Donna Maria should eventually bestow her hand and the estate upon some losel *Americano*, who would bring ruin in the hollow disguise of "improvements" to the established and conservative life of San Antonio, was an event to be expected, feared, and, if possible, estopped by fasting and prayer.

When the Donna Maria returned from a month's visit to San Francisco after her year's widowhood, alone, and to all appearances as yet unattached, it is said that a *Te Deum* was sung at the Mission church. The possible defection of the widow became still more important to San Antonio, when it was remembered that the largest estate in the valley, the "Rancho of the Holy Trinity," was held by another member of this deceitful sex—the alleged natural half-breed daughter of a deceased Governor—but happily preserved from the possible fate of the widow by religious pre-occupation and the habits of a recluse. That the irony of Providence should leave the fate and future of San Antonio so largely dependent upon the results of levity, and the caprice of a susceptible sex, gave a somber tinge to the gossip of the little *pueblo*—if the grave, decorous discussion of Señores and Señoras could deserve that name. Nevertheless it was believed by the more devout that a miraculous interposition would eventually save San Antonio from the *Americanos* and destruction, and it was alleged that the patron saint, himself accomplished in the art of resisting a peculiar form of temptation, would not scruple to oppose personally any undue weakness of vanity or the flesh in helpless widowhood. Yet, even the most devout and trustful believers, as they slyly slipped aside vail or *manta*, to peep furtively at the Donna Maria entering chapel, in the heathenish abominations of a Parisian dress and bonnet, and a face rosy with self-consciousness and innocent satisfaction, felt their hearts sink within them, and turned their eyes in mute supplication to the gaunt, austere patron saint pictured on the chancel wall above them, who, clutching a skull and crucifix as if for support, seemed to glare upon the pretty stranger with some trepidation and a possible doubt of his being able to resist the newer temptation.

As far as was consistent with Spanish courtesy, the Donna Maria was subject to a certain mild espionage. It was even hinted by some of the more conservative that a *duenna* was absolutely essential to the proper decorum of a lady representing such large

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social interests as the widow Sepulvida, although certain husbands, who had already suffered from the imperfect protection of this safeguard, offered some objection. But the pretty widow, when this proposition was gravely offered by her ghostly confessor, only shook her head and laughed. "A husband is the best *duenna*, Father Felipe," she said archly, and the conversation ended.

Perhaps it was as well that the gossips of San Antonio did not know how imminent was their danger, or how closely imperiled were the vast social interests of the *pueblo* on the 3d day of June, 1854.

It was a bright, clear morning—so clear that the distinct peaks of the San Bruno mountains seemed to have encroached upon the San Antonio valley overnight—so clear that the horizon line of the vast Pacific seemed to take in half the globe beyond. It was a morning, cold, hard, and material as granite, yet with a certain mica sparkle in its quality—a morning full of practical animal life, in which bodily exercise was absolutely essential to its perfect understanding and enjoyment. It was scarcely to be wondered that the Donna Maria Sepulvida, who was returning from a visit to her steward and major domo, attended by a single *vaquero*, should have thrown the reins forward on the neck of her yellow mare, "Tita," and dashed at a wild gallop down the white strip of beach that curved from the garden wall of the Mission to the Point of Pines, a league beyond. "Concho," the venerable *vaquero*, after vainly endeavoring to keep pace with his mistress's fiery steed, and still more capricious fancy, shrugged his shoulders, and subsided into a trot, and was soon lost among the shifting sand dunes. Completely carried away by the exhilarating air and intoxication of the exercise, the Donna Maria—with her brown hair shaken loose from the confinement of her little velvet hat, the whole of a pretty foot, and at times, I fear, part of a symmetrical ankle visible below the flying folds of her gray riding-skirt, flecked here and there with the racing spume of those Homeric seas—at last reached the "Point of Pines" which defined the limits of the peninsula.

But when the gentle Mistress Sepulvida was within a hundred yards of the Point she expected to round, she saw, with some chagrin, that the tide was up, and that each dash of the breaking seas sent a thin, reaching film of shining water up to the very roots of the pines. To her still further discomfiture, she saw also that a smart-looking cavalier had likewise reined in his horse on the other side of the Point, and was evidently watching her movements with great interest, and, as she feared, with some amusement. To go back would be to be followed by this stranger, and to meet the cynical but respectful observation of Concho; to go forward, at the worst, could be only a slight wetting, and a canter beyond the reach of observation and the stranger, who could not in decency turn back after her. All this Donna Maria saw with the swiftness of feminine intuition, and, without apparently any hesitation in her face or her intent, dashed into the surf below the Point.

Alas for feminine logic! Mistress Sepulvida's reasoning was perfect, but her premises were wrong. Tita's first dash was a brave one, and carried her half round the Point, the next was a simple flounder; the next struggle sunk her to her knees, the next to her haunches. She was in a quicksand!

"Let the horse go. Don't struggle! Take the end of your riata. Throw yourself flat on the next wave, and let it take you out to sea!"

Donna Maria mechanically loosed the coil of hair rope which hung over the pommel of her saddle. Then she looked around in the direction of the voice. But she saw only a riderless horse, moving slowly along the Point.

"Quick! Now then!" The voice was seaward now; where, to her frightened fancy, some one appeared to be swimming. Donna Maria hesitated no longer; with the recoil of the next wave, she threw herself forward, and was carried floating a few yards, and dropped again on the treacherous sand.

"Don't move, but keep your grip on the riata!"

The next wave would have carried her back, but she began to comprehend, and, assisted by the yielding sand, held her own and her breath until the under-tow sucked her a few yards seaward; the sand was firmer now; she floated a few yards further when her arm was seized; she was conscious of being impelled swiftly through the water, of being dragged out of the surge, of all her back hair coming down, that she had left her boots behind her in the quicksand, that her rescuer was a stranger and a young man —and then she fainted.

When she opened her brown eyes again she was lying on the dry sand beyond the Point, and the young man was on the beach

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below her, holding both the horses—his own and Tita!

"I took the opportunity of getting your horse out. Relieved of your weight, and loosened by the tide, he got his foot over the riata, and Charley and I pulled him out. If I am not mistaken, this is Mrs. Sepulvida?"

Donna Maria assented in surprise.

"And I imagine this is your man coming to look for you." He pointed to Concho, who was slowly making his way among the sand dunes toward the Point. "Let me assist you on your horse again. He need not know—nobody need know—the extent of your disaster."

Donna Maria, still bewildered, permitted herself to be assisted to her saddle again, despite the consequent terrible revelation of her shoeless feet. Then she became conscious that she had not thanked her deliverer, and proceeded to do so with such embarrassment that the stranger's laughing interruption was a positive relief.

"You would thank me better if you were to set off in a stinging gallop over those sun-baked, oven-like sand-hills, and so stave off a chill! For the rest, I am Mr. Poinsett, one of your late husband's legal advisers, here on business that will most likely bring us together—I trust much more pleasantly to you than this. Good morning!"

He had already mounted his horse, and was lifting his hat. Donna Maria was not a very clever woman, but she was bright enough to see that his business *brusquerie* was either the concealment of a man shy of women, or the impertinence of one too familiar with them. In either case it was to be resented.

How did she do it? Ah me! She took the most favorable hypothesis. She pouted, I regret to say. Then she said:

"It was all your fault!"

"How?"

"Why, if you hadn't stood there, looking at me and criticising, I shouldn't have tried to go round."

With this Parthian arrow she dashed off, leaving her rescuer halting between a bow and a smile.

(To be continued.)

ONLY THE SUNNY HOURS.*

Only the sunny hours
  Are numbered here,—
No winter-time that lowers,
  No twilight drear.
But from a golden sky
  When sunbeams fall,
Though the bright moments fly,—
  They're counted all.

My heart its transient woe
  Remembers not!
The ills of long-ago
  Are half forgot;
But Childhood's round of bliss,
  Youth's tender thrill,
Hope's whisper, Love's first kiss,—
  They haunt me still!

Sorrows are everywhere,
  Joys—all too few!
Have we not had our share
  Of pleasure too?
No Past the glad heart cowers,
  No memories dark;
Only the sunny hours
  The dial mark.

*Suggested by the inscription on a Sun-Dial: *Horas non numero nisi serenas.*

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THE KING'S CHRISTMAS.

A LEGEND OF NORWAY.

WITH an hundred Jarls at least
Held King Orm his Yule-tide feast,
Drinking merrily;
Foamed the ale; the din of revels
Sounded down the long sand levels
Of the wild North Sea.

Berserks chanted runes and rhymes,
Sagas of the elder times—
Deeds of force and might,
Mixed with hymns to martyrs glorious
And the white Christ, the victorious,
Born a babe to-night.

Midnight came, and like a spell
On the hall a silence fell—
Hushed the Berserk's tale;
Only the deep ocean thunder,
And the pine groves rent asunder
By the Norland gale.

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In that silence of the feast
Rose a white-haired Christian priest,
Spoke with accents mild:
"Will not each some offering proffer—
Each some birthnight present offer
To the new-born Child?"

Up there started Svend the bold,
Red his shaggy locks as gold,
Black as night his eye;
"Lands of Nordenfields twice twenty
Miles, where firs grow tall and plenty,
To the Church give I."

Runald next; where sailed his crew
Sea-wolves swam and eagles flew
Watching for the slain.
"Gold I give—doubloons an hundred,
Last year in Sevilla plundered,
When we ravaged Spain."

Thus they shouted, each and all,
Through the long low-raftered hall;
Each his gift proclaimed,
Then again the hush unbroken,
For the King had not yet spoken,
Nor his offering named.

In a sweet and gentle tone
Brave King Orm spoke from his throne:
"What befits the King?
Christian priest, I pray thee, tell me,
That none other may excel me
In the gift I bring."

In the silence of the feast
Spoke again the white-haired priest
'Mid the listening throng:
"Pardon grant, O King, and pity,
To all men in field or city
Who have done thee wrong.

"Whoso pardoneth his foes,
On his Lord a gift bestows
More than lands and sea.
Such a gift—it cometh solely
From a heart that's royal wholly
With heaven's royalty."

"Be it so," the King replied,
"All men from this Christmas-tide
Brothers do I call."
Through the hall all heads bowed loyal:
"King, thy gift has proved thee royal;
Thou surpassest all!"

That sweet Yule-tide gift went forth,
Bearing through the rugged North
Blessings far and wide;
Men grew gentler to each other,
And each called his neighbor brother
From that Christmas-tide.

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PICTURES OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE.*

Good Louis went to heaven soon after the wicked fifteenth century had sent its last sinner in the other direction. He had loved the comfort of his people, had put justice within their easier reach, had spared their purses by thinning his own, had deliberately limited some of his own powers to secure their rights, had done much to consolidate the kingdom, and hence the social weal; and at last, when preparing to leave it all, he said one day: "We are laboring in vain. That big boy is going to spoil everything for us."

The big boy was Francis of Valois. Louis had given him his daughter Claude and through her the future throne of France. He enters history as Francis the First.

Perhaps you remember the mighty coat of mail which stood in the Louvre, the last but one in the gallery, some twenty years ago. It made you think of Goliath of Gath; of Polyphemus, with the one big eye under its visor; of one of Don Quixote's knights of enchantment. That belonged to the Francis of the Field of the Cloth of Gold—the first Francis of France.

He was six feet in height; tall for a Frenchman.

"Every inch a king"?

No; not even with Titian's testimony to a heroic turn and harmony of limb. But the very function of the artist and the poet is the flattering lie. Besides, in Titian's portrait (also in the Louvre), the lower half of the figure is elegantly omitted. The homely English chronicler, whom Henry brought with him on his visit, pictures Francis with big feet, short legs like Napoleon le Petit's, and broad shoulders,—points that tell in a wrestling-match more than they impose in court or levee. And they served their owner once royally well—at the close of the brilliant jousts and tournaments of the Cloth of Gold. He and bluff Harry went away under a tent to drink together. Quoth Harry, "Brother, I should like to wrestle with you," and took him by the collar, and swayed him once or twice to right and left. "But Francis," says the scribe, "who is a mighty good wrestler, gave him a turn and threw him on the ground." Francis had, moreover, thick lips, a long nose and large eyes.

Lips, nose and eyes were prophetic of their owner's future. The philosophical historian might spare himself a headache and his readers immeasurable yawns, by closing research and fixing the prime motive of Francis's career on that nasal organ of such noticeable linear dimensions. The theory commends itself by the beautiful simplicity of truth. Francis did, from first to last, just what every man of us must do—follow his nose. It led him into situations of peril and of splendor, of honor and of shame.

The Renaissance—that is, the regeneration, the new birth—seemed to thousands then, and, indeed, seems to thousands now, rather the throes of a violent death than the leapings of a nascent life. It was both at once. Perhaps the highest and the lowest in man's nature found vent just then, and in outbursts more intense and explosive. Life—a man's, a nation's—was condensed and vivified as in a drama. The most startling contrasts of situation, such as usually stand apart by decades, made the story of a month, a week. The survival of one community, not always the fittest, seemed to involve, in its own view at least, the destruction of all the rest.

Francis had been twenty-one years old and King only six months gone, when he marched his army across the Alps, to cleave his way through the valleys and plains of all the long peninsula of Italy, and to regain the Neapolitan crown. A tremendous obstacle confronted him at the second step. He must make his Alpine passage along ravines, over chasms, under toppling crags, where never man had trodden before, except the few chamois-hunters of the spot. It would make a grand picture—Francis on a charger in the brilliant costume of his time—the broad, shading hat; winding, waving plume; velvet cloak drooping from one shoulder—all bright with the favorite colors which inspired the hand of Titian to paint; beside him, the slender sinewy form of the hunter-guide, who is pointing to his King the airy path which only himself and the lammergeyer know; the young monarch gazing up

* For the illustrations of this article we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Estes & Lauriat of Boston, publishers of "Guizot's Popular History of France. With 300 illustrations by A. De Neuville, and 40 fine steel engravings"—the work from which these cuts are taken.

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and away along crest and crest of gloomy woods, death-white masses of snows quietly preparing for their plunge, and causeways that seem to bear one only to the skies.

A singular scene was that of Francis at the bedside of Henry the Eighth. It shines at once with one of the most interesting traits of the man, and with the dawning light of the moral Renaissance. It could not have occurred a generation earlier, or its sequel would have been as widely different as semi-barbarism and treachery differ from civilization and magnanimity.

It was one early morning of the fête-days of the Cloth of Gold when Francis rode, almost alone, across the clanking bridge of Henry's strong castle. The English knights looked down from battlement and loop-hole upon him in astonishment.

"Where is the King, my brother?" he gayly asks of those that crowd around his horse, half ready to seize him, and lead him prisoner to Henry. Tableau 1st.

"Sir, he hath not yet awoke."

But he rides up the castle court to the door which had been pointed out to him, knocks at it with his hilt, and strides to the bedside of the King.

Henry, in bed, rose on his elbow, and stared at him, as at a ghost—Tableau No. 2—but rallied handsomely by exclaiming:

"Brother, you show me the great trust I should have in you. I am your prisoner;" and giving him, from his own neck, a jeweled collar worth fifteen thousand angels. Francis unhooked a thirty-thousand-angel bracelet and gave it to Henry. Tableau No. 3.

Tableau No. 4. England getting out of bed; France, meanwhile, holding England's shirt to warm before the blazing, smoking fire of logs. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*

Several artists have taken pleasure in picturing the interview between Francis and Robert Estienne, quite as well known now, and much better then, as Stephanus. The combination may well strike us of the nineteenth century as one of the grimmest humors of history.

It is glorified as a proof of the monarch's magnanimity toward the scholar artisan, and as a proud moment for the "art preservative of arts" in France. It is, indeed, an honor to the warrior King, the ambitious, irrepressible will that snatched at the Emperorship of Germany and withstood a whole Continental coalition, that he found wish and time to sanction and aid literature. Francis, in this work, was indeed an agent in producing that historic phase which is emphatically and peculiarly the Renaissance. His feeling toward those quiet men who sat in cloister or study, conjuring up the spirits of the classic dead, and making them a living, inspiring voice to the noisy, convulsed age; his foundation of the Royal College, which then, as ever since, represented protest against the arrogance of the Church; his expressed admiration of Erasmus, and desire to make him President of the institution; his establishment of the Library of France; his generous patronage of Marot,—all shed a more genuine luster on his name and his position than many, or perhaps all, of his exploits in the field.

In visiting Robert Estienne, Francis recognized both letters and industry—high letters, and an industry then honored more highly than at present. He went often to Estienne's printing-house in the Rue St. Jean de Beauvais. Sometimes he and his sister Marguerite dropped in together upon the learned man and watched, with long-continued interest, the slow process of the press, the composing, the inking and impression done by hand. One day he waited courteously and in silence until Estienne had finished the correction of a proof.

But if Francis had possessed the prophetic eye to trace the consequences and results of that humble process, another fate would have seized the printer, with his "devil and all his works." Francis would have seen empires crushed to their death under that simple lever; his kingly craft besmirched blacker than those ink-balls defaced the forms under them; theories of divine rights riddled by its shower of "bullets of the brain." But there he sits complacent in his own impregnable superiority, every ambitious jealousy directed far away; food, warmth, caress bestowed upon the bourgeois foundling which, three centuries later, is to drive his successors, the sixteenth Louis, the great Napoleon, and the little one, the tenth Charles, the first King of the French, from the heritage he leaves them.

Francis was the hero of one of the most brilliant and perhaps the last of the royal accolades. In that scene he joined the mediæval with the modern world.

The knighting took place upon the battle-field itself. Francis asked it at the hands of Bayard, the Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche.*

"Sir," answered the Chevalier, "he who has been crowned by the hand of Heaven is knight over all other knights."

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"Bayard, my friend, hasten! we quote no canons here."

The King kneeled down on both knees upon the bloody grass. Around him were gathered the mailed knights; some on horses; others, whose horses had been killed under them, standing in the front; shattered lances and bows, broken wheels of cannon, the dead and dying, lying everywhere around. The Chevalier laid the breadth of his sword-blade lightly on the King's shoulder.

"Avail it as much," said he, "as though I were Roland or Godfrey!"

Then he held up the sword in air and cried out to it:

"Good sword! never will I draw thee more, save against the Saracen or Turk!"

Then he jumped twice, and clanged the weapon into its sheath.

Well said Bayard that whom Heaven ennobles is noble indeed. His own companions, his enemies upon the field or the besieged wall, recognized in himself this divine nobility. Bayard, the kingliest man that ever missed a kingdom! a prince of war and peace! No type was he, exclusively, of the historic Renaissance, but the bright ideal of the New Birth which comes from above and which wrought his consecration as the miracle of an age. Still, perhaps the circumstances of just that period were needed to give him that play of virtue and faculty which have made his memory one of the most precious possessions of the

FRANCIS I. WAITS FOR ROBERT ESTIENNE.

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race. Certainly no other age could have given them that splendor and picturesqueness of setting which make them hold the gaze and admiration of the people forever.

When only fifteen years old, Bayard's graceful skill in horsemanship so charmed his King—and this in an age of cavaliers, that is, of horsemen—that he was made a companion of every royal pleasure, and soon placed in command in the campaigns.

In Ferrara, while fighting for France, one word from Bayard would have procured the poisoning of the Pope. He refused it, and indignantly threatened to hang the traitor and warn the Pope of his peril.

"Why," said the Duke, "Julius would have poisoned you or me."

"No odds is that to me. He is God's lieutenant on earth. He shall never, with my consent, die such a death."

But he used every means to make a present of the Pope's body as prisoner to his King.

At Brescia, just as the city was taken and entered, Bayard was wounded grievously, well-nigh to death. Of course, he had already leaped down the wall into the street, and two of his archers carried him to the richest-looking house at hand. Only the wife was left within, and two young girls, who had hidden in the granary. She led the way to her finest room, and saw him placed upon the bed; and she fell upon her knees and said:

"Noble sir, this house and all within are yours by right of war; but spare, I implore you, my honor and that of our two young daughters, now ready for marriage!"

"Madam," said Bayard, "while my wound shall let me live, you and they shall see no displeasure."

He sent for the lady's husband, who had fled to a monastery, and bade him take courage. When Bayard was preparing to leave, the lady came in the morning into his room, followed by a servant with a little box of steel. She offered it, with the two thousand five hundred ducats it contained, to the Chevalier. He was still weak, and lay half-reclining in his chair.

"My Lord," she said, "you have saved my husband's life, and my own, and my daughters' honor. Your men have been all courtesy. Please take in good part this little present which we make you."

The gentle lord, who never in his life made any case of money, burst out laughing. Then said he:

"I will none of your ducats. I have always loved people more than ducats."

When she still remained firm, he said:

"Well, then, madam, for love of you I will take this present; but call your daughters, as I would fain say farewell to them."

When they had come, he said to them:

"Dear damsels, you know that we fighting men are not likely to be laden with pretty things for to present to ladies. But your lady mother has given me two thousand five hundred ducats. Of them, I give you each a thousand toward your marriage, an' if it please you, pray God for me."

And he put the ducats into their aprons. And he said:

"Madam, I pray you distribute these five hundred ducats among the poor sisterhoods that have been plundered by my people; and hereupon I take my leave of you."

He touched their hands, as the Italians do, and the three fell upon their knees, weeping bitterly tears of gratitude.

As he was going to mount his horse, the two young girls came down and offered him their presents, which were worked with their own fingers while he was sick,—a pair of delicate bracelets, all of gold and silver threads, and a crimson satin purse, wrought most cunningly. He put the bracelets on his arms and the purse in his sleeve, and said he would wear them forever for love of the givers; and so he rode away.

His very enemies so admired and loved him, that, twice in his life, when taken prisoner, he was sent back to his camp without ransom, and with horse and arms.

As he was the first to plunge into the fight, so he was the last to leave it. At Romagnano, when the commanding officer was disabled, the direction of the contest fell upon Bayard. He charged upon the Spaniards and was struck by a shot.

"Jesus, my God," he said, "I am dead! *Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam!*" and kissed the cross-hilt of his sword as a sign of the cross.

They laid him down under a tree, with his face to the enemy. His attendant burst into tears.

"Leave off thy mourning, my friend," he said; "this is God's will. By His grace, I have lived long and received blessings and honors more than my due. All the regret I feel at dying is, that I have not done my duty as well as I ought."

To his own gentlemen who would not leave him, he said:

"I do beseech you, get you gone, else you might fall into the enemy's hands. All is over with me. Salute the King, our

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master; and my lords the princes of France, and all my lords, my comrades, and generally all gentlemen of the most honored realm of France, when ye see them."

From a king without a kingdom, we turn to a kingdom without a king, or rather to the semblance of a king. And yet Francis the Second has been treated hardly by the historians. What is charitable, fair, even just, to demand, amid affairs of state, from a youth of sixteen, whose bodily health had begun to fail before he came to responsibilities? His uncles and aunts had determined to rule the kingdom of their nephew, from its finances to its very consciences. They were all "bloody, bold, and resolute." They directed his daily education—sometimes by the most effective of object-lessons; as, when the Cardinal of Lorraine made him witness the execution of Protestant men and women, and, pointing to their firmness, said to Francis:

"See what they would do to you, if they had you in their clutches!"

Francis was at least harmless. The Guises and Medicis, who massacred and brutalized his people, might have envied his actual moral superiority to themselves. He might have presented the frequent spectacle of the cruelty of weakness. The times considered, it is, indeed, remarkable that he abstained from the overt persecution which characterized the day, and which would have needed from him but a syllable or sign.

Francis was affianced to Mary Stuart, before either of them was seven years old. But as neither of them knew anything of the transaction, their little hearts were as swift to coalesce, as if they had been forbidden to look at each other. And it is probable that love-making was the chief occupation of what powers Francis possessed.

They underwent their formal espousals at the Louvre, in the presence of the brilliant dames and gentlemen of the court. They were then about sixteen. The evening before, the young couple were left in intercourse more intimate than had of late been usual, and were noticed tenderly conversing, arm in arm, and heart with heart.

Again, the clash and crash of intestine war breaks over the "pleasant land of France." A king has come, who not only is a kingly king, but is resolved to have a kingdom—too well resolved, thought many of his day. King Henry of Navarre, although born to the throne, having all right, constitutional and "divine," had yet to make his own way to it. The calm, impartial historian of France, Guizot, himself a Protestant, and recognized as authority by Protestant and Catholic alike, adds his approval of the general career of Henry the Fourth. Both parties, in turn, have called Henry a traitor to his Christian and moral conscience; the one, when he exchanged the Protestant dogma for the Roman Catholic; the other, when he declared the Edict of Nantes. Of these critical acts, Guizot remarks: "Henry did not take for the ruling principle of his policy, and for his first rule of conduct, the plan of alternate concessions to the different parties, and of continually humoring personal interests; he set his thoughts higher, upon the general and natural interests of France as he found her and saw her. Maintenance of the hereditary rights of monarchy, preponderance of Catholics in the Government, peace between Catholics and Protestants, and religious liberty for Protestants,—these points became the law of his policy, and his kingly duty, as well as the nation's right."

"A true king," said the Protestant De Thou, "more anxious for the preservation of his kingdom than greedy of conquest; and making no distinction between his own interests and those of his people." Still, of that act of abjuration which awoke the horror of thousands, the troubled hope of more, the grave, sad questioning of all, the best word that the impartial, comprehensive judgment of Guizot can render is: "His procedure from the beginning seemed a painful mixture of the frivolous and the serious, of sincerity and captious reservation, of resolution and weakness, at which nobody has any right to be shocked who is not determined to be pitiless toward human nature, and to make no allowance for the complication of facts, ideas, sentiments, and duties under which the best men are often obliged to decide and to act."

Henry's face is hardly indicative of some of the traits which were most effective with the men of his day. Its length of feature, the somewhat deep-set eye, the somewhat retreating brow, suggest a nature rather contemplative, perhaps, than executive; rapid in conception; modulated by delicate sentiments, rather than outflowing in promiscuous companionship; guiding a people rather through plans and agents, than by any personal magnetism. As for the fact, we know that he was swift in plan and act, full of tact in his dealing with all classes, if not natur-

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ally sympathetic with them, and, seemingly at least, full of bonhommie.

As he started forth to claim his throne, Givry said to him:

BAYARD'S FAREWELL.

"Sir, you are the king of the brave. You will be deserted by none but dastards."

At Ivry, as he passed before his own squadron, he cried:

"Comrades, I will conquer or die with you! If you lose your standards, keep sight of my white plume. You will always find it in the path of honor, and I hope of victory."

As Francis the First had his Francis the Second, so Henry the Fourth, the patriot king, had his Louis the Thirteenth.

But this Louis had one most profitable virtue, one sort of wisdom, that stood him in stead of political genius and ruling will. He knew his own comparative incapacity; he knew where it lay, and hence he knew, with reasonable precision, what was its complement. Fortunate in this knowledge, he was equally fortunate in finding within his kingdom a man of wisdom, will, and devotion to absolutism in monarchy. Indeed, in securing that minister to the throne, he displayed much of that quality whose lack he was seeking to supply.

He stood one day in a little room of the Luxembourg, discussing with his mother the need of Richelieu's counsels, in the crisis of affairs. The Cardinal entered upon them unexpectedly. The queen-mother threatened him, told her son that not a servant of Richelieu's should remain about the palace.

The gentlemen both withdrew. All the court was prepared to enjoy the Cardinal's disgrace, and his rival held himself in readi-

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ness to receive from Louis the call to office.

Louis was standing at the window, tapping on the pane, and asked his favorite, St. Simon, what he thought of it all.

St. Simon answered:

"You are the true master here."

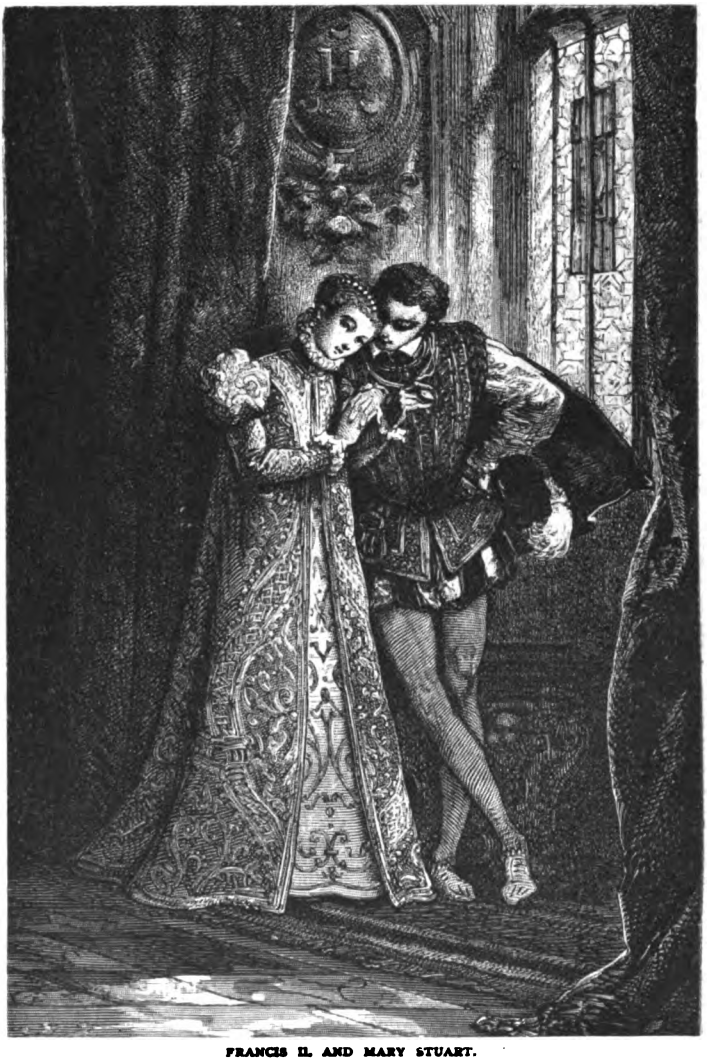
"Yes," said Louis, "and I will make it felt too;" and he sent for the Cardinal to come to him at once.

The next morning Richelieu began his reign in France—a reign which was the true foundation of all the glory, at least the political glory, of that of the Grand Monarque.

This act should cover the multitude of shortcomings of the man. He had of these more than enough to prove that genius is not communicated by blood, and quite enough to prove that the defects of character are more persistent in repeating themselves in offspring than are its merits. Music, drawing, carpentry, hunting with falcon, and pious reading, were honorable occupations for one whose "strength" evidently was "to sit still," and for whose one act and one life-long inaction, posterity may be equally grateful.

From the two great royal conservators of political and ecclesiastical institutions,—Francis and Henry,—we may profitably turn to two of the destructive agents in the mighty chaos-cosmos of that sixteenth century. In these, the same extremes join each other that are found in every other range of actors in that age. Who, at first thought, links the Iconoclasts with Rabelais; the peasant, artisan brain possessed with, rather than possessing, one idea, or rather the vulgar fraction of an idea, with the brain of genius unresting as its vagabond body, penetrating, comprehensive; the unreasoning faith, whose weapon was a hammer, with the reasoning unfaith, whose ingenious word sent through all the air a poison which struck its slow death into monarch and priest?

The uprising of the Image-breakers is one of the strange phenomena of its time. It presented its strongest features among the population of the north-eastern towns of France, and in the neighboring portions of Belgium. The first act, which spread its infection slowly through the kingdom, only, however, to the east and north, occurred in Paris in the early half of the century. It



FRANCIS II. AND MARY STUART.

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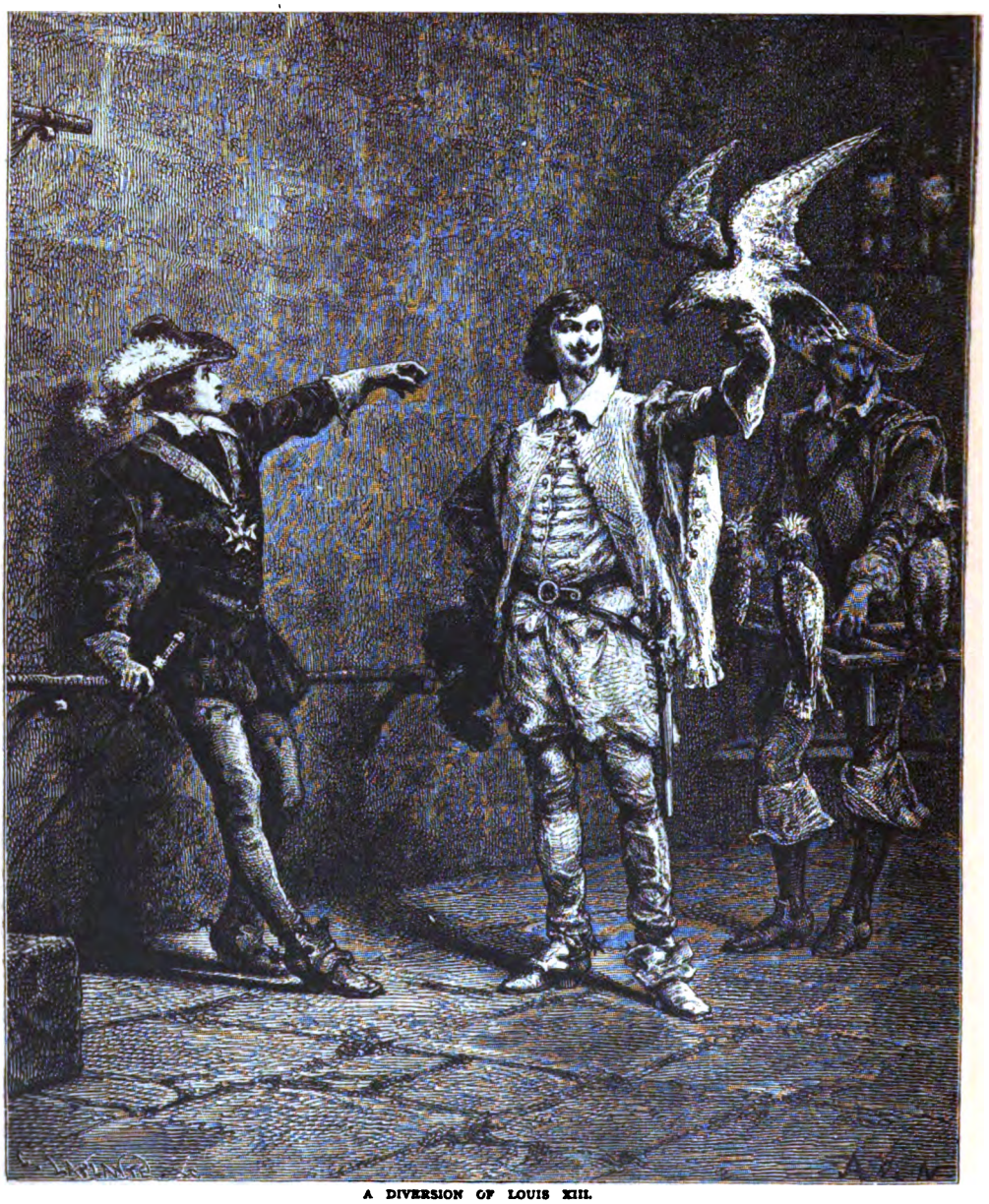

A DIVERSION OF LOUIS XIII.

contains, with its consequences, a most characteristic and vivid picture of times and men.

Behind the Church of Little Saint Anthony, at the corner of the street, stood an image of Our Lady, holding in her arms her little child, Our Lord. It was a favorite shrine and oratory for the good dames of the quarter; and even their less pious husbands crossed themselves as they passed, more reverently or less carelessly than at some other images of Madonne. The school-boys in procession, or trooping pell-mell by, seldom forgot to nod their bare heads, and the little girls always dropped their courtesy or kissed their hands to the little Jesus up there. Notre Dame de Pierre was the refuge and the love of all.

One morning, the second morning after the Feast of Pentecost, the baker's wife, who was passing early and who looked up to ask the Mother's blessing on the trade of the

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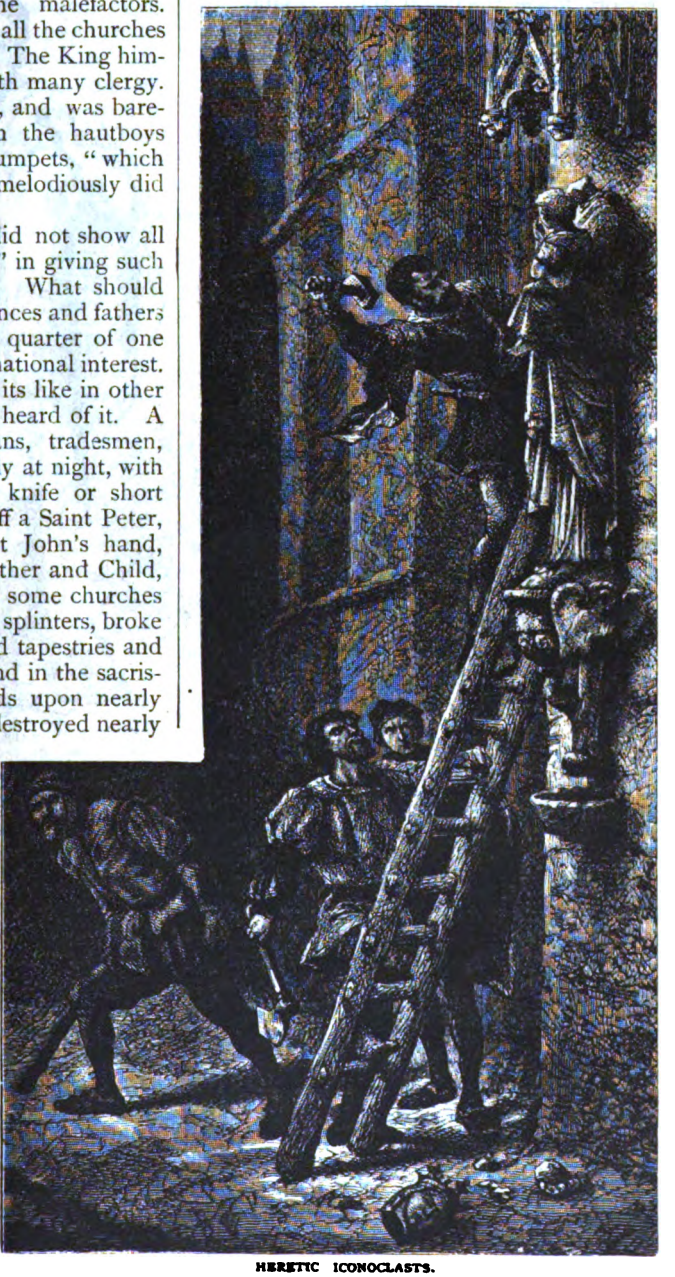
day, threw up her hands in horror. Our Lady's head was gone! and the head of the little Jesus! She spread the fearful news through the quarter. In two hours it had reached the palace. The King, Francis the First, "was so wroth," says the old chronicler, "and so upset, that he wept right sore, they say." He offered a thousand gold crowns as reward, and sent officers to every house, for detection of the malefactors. Special processions of nearly all the churches of the city visited the spot. The King himself went most devoutly with many clergy. He carried a lighted taper, and was bareheaded, and had with him the hautboys and several clarions and trumpets, "which made a glorious show, so melodiously did they play."

Francis and his clergy did not show all the "wisdom of the serpent" in giving such prominence to this sacrilege. What should have been left to the consciences and fathers of a comparatively humble quarter of one city grew into an affair of national interest. The heretical act produced its like in other towns, which else had never heard of it. A group of Protestant artisans, tradesmen, laborers, would go out quietly at night, with bar and hammer and long knife or short sword, and clip the nose off a Saint Peter, strike the book from Saint John's hand, heave over the group of Mother and Child, or cut the altar paintings. In some churches they cut the large organ into splinters, broke up altars, tore the robes and tapestries and altar-cloths which they found in the sacristies. They laid their hands upon nearly five hundred churches, and destroyed nearly five hundred thousand ducats' value. But what is very remarkable, these despoilers never committed any robberies or thefts, nor allowed any of their following to do so. They hanged one man for an attempt to steal vessels from an altar. They proceeded to and through their work with the sincerity and gravity of men of principle and conviction. They refused large bribes offered them to stay their destructive hands. They left gold articles and money untouched upon the ground. Some of their number declared themselves to be the "consuming fire" of God—pure themselves, and predestined to purify, as by fire, the groveling and idolatrous generation around them. They moved by an inner light. Certainly, they asked none from their superiors in rank and learning, for all the Protestant leaders held apart from or denounced them.

In one fortnight from its beginning, the



HERETIC ICONOCLASTS.

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last of these outbreaks of piety or fanaticism had completely ceased.

And now, a picture of the other extreme of the Iconoclastic movement of the times. It is the figure of Rabelais,—as peculiar, eccentric a phenomenon as the one just described.

Guizot, in his Philosophy of Civilization, presents, as one of the few primitive historic forces, the Great Man. Doubtless the Great Man does create history rather than spring from it. One hesitates, however, to bestow such a title upon the natural as well as professional vagrant, the almanac-maker, the traveling physician, the reckless jester, the twenty Heine-power scoffer of his day, known in every drinking-shop of Europe, as by every reader in France — François Rabelais.

But he was a power; in his own day recognized as such; doubly recognized by us, who can better judge the power by the effects. Let us call him a lesser volcano—in the Virgilian phrase, "vomiting forth mud" and slag, hideous smoke-forms, and sickening vapors; but amid these, also, some fires that help to clear the stagnant air, and whose heavings shake asunder the edifices of men, or weaken their foundations for the future attacks of time.

In the philosophy of education, as advanced by the thinkers of France, Rabelais, was the wiser father of Jean Jacques. Doubtless he furnished the latter with the seed-thoughts of "Emile." While, at the present day, "Gargantua and Pantagruel" is a work which only professional duty should compel one to endure, it will justly interest and will profit any thoughtful person to glance at this field of its author's influence.

In an age enslaved by precedents and forms—by precedents, the mummies of once living systems; by forms that were fast making mummies of the living beings who submitted to them,—in such an age, Rabelais, with many co-workers in other fields than his, struck bold and mortal blows at the precedents and forms of education. Under the scholastic, exaggerated syllogism, he placed the slow match which should yet blow it, with its majors and minors, to the limbo of all such pedantic trash. The metaphysical search for causes, instead of the practical experiment for discovery of values, he also assigned to a new and its proper place. He suggested to philosophy and to piety the claims of natural science, when nature was considered the realm of the prince of darkness. He suggested the true end of culture to be, not mere symmetrical being, but efficient doing. He suggested these fundamental truths, because it would have been vain to assert them explicitly. As to the

RABELAIS.

mold into which he cast them for public effect, it can only be said that he was the child of his age as well as one of its masters. His aimless, vagrant, unmanly life proves this. His greatest literary utterance proves it still more conclusively.

The monarch and the philosopher-monk, the pious devotee and the equally pious desecrator; love and battle, the tormenting ambition and the luxurious or imbecile indifference of kings, deeds of honor and of shame,—these are the full-lengths and the compositions which have happened to arrest our eye in this brilliant picture-hall of the sixteenth century. With nearly all the clearness of form and vividness of color that brighten the scenes of the Crusades, they glow with as rich a sentiment, with a deeper tone of principle and conviction. We emerge from the stories of the preceding age as from

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those low-walled galleries of Versailles, which held unending lines of battle-pieces alone. We think man an animal that feeds and fights. In this sixteenth century apartment, we find the fighting animal with the thinking mind and the adoring soul. The individual was still a true object of the historian's attention, for he made history; and the individual is the true subject of art. Men, too, while they hated well, loved well also. They did both with an expressiveness which rejoiced the artist's eye. They were not ashamed to weep, to embrace, to kiss at meeting or farewell, to kneel their reverence or loyalty, to leap out their delight. The costumes of civil life, the accouterments of war, were still full of individuality and every picturesque grace, from the flaming red cloak, to the cool light of the warrior's silver shield; and the street duel, the good-night of Jessica and Lorenzo, the brawl of the servants of Capulet and Montague, the commonest outdoor or indoor incident had an architectural setting which made a picture of its own.

Every condition of sensuous and heroic art at once fulfilled—the beautiful, the tender, the tragic! The bare story of the age, one of the strongest, grandest frescoes in the Walhalla of the nations!

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

PREVIOUS to the year 1870 no attempt had been made in England and Wales to meet the educational requirements of the entire nation, and consequently a considerable proportion of the population was growing up ignorant of the elements of culture. It was only thirty years earlier that Government made its first grant in aid of common schools. Lord John Russell, from the Whig benches of the House of Commons, was the statesman who succeeded in procuring this innovation, which was strenuously opposed by the Tory party. It is astonishing to us, living but one generation later, to read the utterances made by members of the British Parliament against the proposal. Sir Robert Inglis, for example, is reported to have said: "The best thing is to keep the people ignorant, and they will serve us efficiently and well; but educate them and make them wise, and they will be discontented, they will be our masters." Sir John Russell, however, as stated above, carried his proposal, and in 1840 a grant of about £150,000 was made. The amount allowed by the Government steadily increased year by year, the Church of England, Roman Catholic and Wesleyan Methodist bodies of Christians availing themselves of the assistance offered, which implied their obedience to conditions declined by the remaining more influential religious denominations, who are conscientiously opposed to receiving financial aid from the State for any object. Year after year the advantages of enlarged facilities for popular instruction became more patent with their growth, and by 1870 the public mind was ripe for the adoption of a scheme of elementary education intended to compass the national need. Accordingly a bill "To Provide Elementary Education in England and Wales" was in that year proposed by the Gladstone Government, our late visitor, the Right Honorable William E. Forster, Vice-President of the Committee on Education, being intrusted with its conduct. It was received with general approval at the first, due, in a great measure, to the success of Mr. Forster's speech when he introduced it. Soon, however, as its features became better known and understood, it encountered great opposition, which has been continued ever since, a powerful section of politicians objecting to its maintenance of the denominational principle, by which is meant the granting of aid to religious bodies. But even the late House of Commons, the most radical ever elected, was not prepared to forego altogether the principle upon which grants had hitherto been made, and the bill as passed meets the views of denominationalists. At the same time, as will be more fully explained afterward, it practically recognized a broader principle, which will, doubtless, in time prevail over the older and conservative one. To hasten the abrogation of grants to the churches, an organization called the Birmingham Educational League was established a few years ago. Mr. George Dixon, one of the members of Parliament for Birmingham, is one of its most conspicuous adherents, and many eminent names appear in its executive and membership. Speaking

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broadly, their platform, if carried out, would cover the land with schools supported on the same principle as the public schools in the United States. It may be mentioned here, as indicating one tendency of political thought in England, that the act of 1870 makes it compulsory in all Government aided schools, that the time when religious instruction is given shall be distinctly stated by the school management, and also limits the time, thus affording opportunity for the absence of those children whose parents object to their receiving it. To those who know England in the rural districts it need not be said, that practically the "Conscience Clause" is therein a dead letter, although conspicuously posted in the school-room; for the simple reason that the clergyman of the Establishment possesses an almost autocratic influence in his parish, and very few parents have the moral courage to create an invidious distinction—perhaps the adjective is a trifle too strong—between their own and other children. Manifestly the adoption of the League platform would imply a large expenditure in consideration of the vested interests of the churches who have provided those conditions under which Government aid is given, and who have received it accordingly.

The Elementary Education Act, 1870, which received the royal assent on August 9th, in that year, and was amended in 1873, divided the whole of England and Wales into "school districts," and required defined local authority in every district to supply information with respect to educational provision, to the Government Education Department. Otherwise, persons may be appointed by this authority to report thereupon. If the Department is not satisfied, after such inquiry, that sufficient educational provision has been already made for the whole population in any district, it is empowered to cause a "School Board" to be formed by popular election, in boroughs by burgesses, in parishes by rate-payers; this body to be elected for a three years' term of office, to be a body corporate, with power to acquire and hold property and to possess an official seal, and empowered to raise a "School Fund" in the form of a tax for the payment of the expenses necessary to the discharge of its function, which is to make such adequate provision. School Boards, moreover, have power to enforce attendance at school, and some have availed themselves of it, and procured magisterial convictions against offending parents. The Board is to be elected by ballot and cumulative voting. Very few School Boards have been, in this way, compelled into being. Most of them have been voluntarily provided, as the act requires, upon the demand of not fewer than fifty rate-payers in borough districts, and one-third of the rate-payers in parishes. It is scarcely necessary to add, that in many districts, owing to the existence already of adequate school accommodations, the formation of a School Board has not been necessary.

The election of a School Board is, in most places larger than a village, an exciting occurrence, second in importance only to a Parliamentary contest. Candidates are as distinctly divided into denominationalists and adherents of the policy of the Birmingham League, as, in the other case, into Liberal and Conservative. Newspaper records, preliminary to and after the election, give the religious profession of the candidates, which varies from Roman Catholic, through the degrees of removal from that church to the Friend and Freethinker. A good deal of adverse criticism has been bestowed upon the system of cumulative voting, which may need a word of explanation. If, say, there are ten candidates, the voter is provided with a paper upon which the names of the whole number of persons are printed, and may give, if he so please, ten votes to one candidate, or distribute his marks if he will. This peculiar system induces frequently the placing of the Roman Catholic clergyman at the head of the poll, many members of his flock dutifully giving him their undivided favors. The School Board, in addition to the levying of funds, building, the engagement of teachers and such other arrangements as are necessary to the supplementing of existing educational agencies, so as to make the instruction in secular subjects of all the children in the district practicable, is empowered to decide whether any, or what character of religious exercise shall be practiced in the schools, and many and fierce are the debates in some instances to be fought out before a decision on this delicate matter is arrived at.

Elementary schools are intended for the education of children between three and fifteen years of age, and the weekly fee charged to each child must not exceed ninepence. It is most frequently much less than this amount, varying from one penny to three or four pence. The pupils are divided into "Standards," six in number, based upon degrees of proficiency in reading, writing,

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and arithmetic; and, in the upper Standards, other elementary subjects, which are liable to a yearly change, when the "Code," defining the requirements made by the Government in every Standard, is subjected to a revision. A "Government Inspector," generally accompanied by an "Assistant Inspector," who has been an elementary teacher, and whose duties relieve his superior of the detail of inspection, visits every school receiving Government aid once a year. In anticipation of his coming, elaborate returns must be drawn up of the attendance of the children, the number to be submitted to him for examination in every Standard, expenditure in building, school furniture, salaries, and so forth. No child can be presented for examination who has not made two hundred and fifty attendances. The school-rooms are occupied twice a day five days in the week during the year.

The conditions as to the attendance and proficiency of the child being fulfilled, and expenditure in the various ways above indicated being made equal to half the estimated cost of each child's education for the year, the remaining moiety, fifteen shillings, is allowed by the Education Department. This sum is the "Government Grant," as distinguished from the local proceeds in the form of fees and subscriptions, and, in cases where School Boards have been formed, the School Fund. It is probable that during an early session of Parliament the grant will be raised to eighteen or twenty shillings, to keep pace with the necessity for remunerating teachers more liberally, and the increased variety and value of educational apparatus of various kinds. The amendments to the Act, made in 1873, provide principally that the Board of Guardians—elected to superintend locally the administration of relief, raised by poor's rates, to the poor, subject to the authority of the Local Government Board of the Imperial Administration—shall pay school fees for pauper children; and makes exceptions to the requirements of the original Act, chiefly in order to provide additional labor in agricultural districts, as during the harvest, for example.

SONG.

Love, art thou weary with the sultry day?
Fain would I be the cool and delicate air
About the whiteness of thy brow to play,
And softly, lightly stir thy cloudy hair.

Upon thy head doth the fierce winter smite,
And shudderest thou in darkness cold to be?
I would I were the coming of the light,
Shelter, and radiant warmth to comfort thee.

I would be fire and fragrance, light and air,
All gracious things that serve thee at thy need;
Music, to lift thy heart above all care—
The wise and charming book that thou dost read.

There is no power that cheers and blesses thee
But I do envy it, beneath the sun!
Thy health, thy rest, thy refuge I would be,
Thy heaven on earth, thine every good in one.

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PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPOR

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

"HE STOOD WATCHING THE RECEDING BOAT."

CHAPTER I.

A PARTING.

"O saw ye not fair Inez,
She has gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest."
—THOMAS HOOD.

"GOOD-BYE!"

"Good-bye, papa," and the poor girl waved her handkerchief, and broke into tears, though she had held up perfectly till now.

"Tirez!" cried Sancho, the blackest of all possible black men—and he shook his fist at his crew of twenty willing rowers, almost as black as he. The men gave way heartily, and in good time; the boat shot out from the levee, and in a few minutes Inez could no longer see her father's handkerchief, nor he hers. Still he stood watching the receding boat, till it was quite lost among the crowd of flat-boats and other vessels in the river.

The parting, indeed, between father and daughter was such as did not place, even in those regions, in Silas Perry, the father of this yo a successful merchant, who had lished near forty years in the Spanish colony of Orleans, then a ial trading-post, which gave litt the great city of New Orleans of had gone there—a young New who had his fortunes to make— 1763, when the King of Franc Louisiana to his well-beloved c of Spain. Silas Perry had his make,—and he made them. H loyal to the cause of his own soon as he heard of tea thro stamps burned in King street, a hanging on Liberty Tree. He gallantly with his friend and fell man, Oliver Pollock, in forward gunpowder from the King's sto ington's army, by the unsuspect the Mississippi and Ohio. He his way into the regards of

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Spanish governors, and had earned the respect of the more important of the French planters.

At this time the greater part of the handful of white people who made the ruling class in Orleans were French; and a brilliant "society" did the little colony maintain. But it had happened to Silas Perry, whose business had often called him to the Havanna, that he had there wooed, won and married a Spanish lady, and about the times of tea-parties, stamp-acts, English troops recalled from the Mississippi, and other such matters, Silas Perry had busied himself largely in establishing his new home in Orleans, and in bringing his bride there. Here the Spanish lady was cordially made welcome by the ladies of the little court, in which governor, and commandant, and the rest, were of Spanish appointment, though their subjects were of French blood. Here she lived quietly, and here, after ten years, she died, leaving to her husband but two children. One of them had been sent to Paris for his education, nine years before the time when the reader sees his sister. For it is his sister, who was an infant when her mother died, whom we now see, sixteen years after, waving her handkerchief to her father as the barge recedes from the levee. Other children had died in infancy. This little Inez herself was but six months old when her mother died, and she had passed through infancy and girlhood without a mother's care.

But her father had risen to the emergency in a New Englander's fashion. Not that he looked round to find a French lady to take the place of the Spanish donna. Not he. He did write home to Squam Bay and stated to his sister Eunice the needs of the little child. He did not tell Eunice that if she came to be the child's second mother she would exchange calls with marchionesses, would dress in silks, and ride in carriages. He knew very well that none of these things would move her. He did tell her that if she did not watch over the little thing in her growth, nobody else would but himself. He knew what he relied upon in saying this, and, on the return of Captain Tucker in the schooner "Dolores," sure enough, the aunt of the little orphaned baby had appeared, with a very droll assortment of trunks and other baggage, in the most approved style of Squam Bay. She was herself scarcely seventeen years old when she thus changed her home. But she had the conscientious decision, to which years of struggle had trained her before her time. She loved her brother, and she was determined to do her duty by his child. To that child she had ever since been faithful, with all a mother's care.

And so Miss Inez had grown up in a French town, under Spanish government, with her daily life directed at home under the simplest traditions of New England. With her little friends, and away from home, she saw, from day to day, the habits, so utterly different from those of home, of a French colony, not indisposed to exaggerate the customs of home. For language, she spoke English at home, after the fashion of the New Englanders. But in the society of her playmates and friends she spoke French, after the not debased fashion of the Creole French of Louisiana. Through all her life, however, Louisiana had been under the Spanish rule. Silas Perry himself spoke and read Spanish perfectly well, and he had taught Inez to use it with ease. The girl had, indeed, read no little of the masterpieces of Spanish literature, so far as, in a life not very often thwarted at home, she had found what pleased her among her father's books.

She was now parted from him for the first time, if we except short visits on one plantation or another on the coast. The occasion of the parting was an unrelenting storm of letters and messages from her mother's only sister, Donna Maria Dolores, the wife of a Spanish officer of high rank, named Barelo. For some years now this husband had been stationed at the frontier part of San Antonio, in the province which was beginning to take the name of Texas, and in this little settlement, Donna Maria, lonely enough herself, was making such sunshine as she could for those around her. Forlorn as such a position seems, perhaps, to people with fixed homes, it was anything but forlorn to Donna Maria. She had lived, she said, "the life of an Arab" till now. And now to know that her husband was really stationed here, though the station were a frontier garrison, was to know that for the first time since her girlhood she was to have the luxury of a home.

No sooner were her household gods established than she began, by the very infrequent "opportunities" for writing which the frontier permitted, to hurl the storm of letters on Silas Perry's defenseless head. Fortunately for him, indeed, "opportunities" were few. This word, in the use we now

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make of it, is taken from the older vocabulary of New England, in whose language it implied a method of sending a letter outside of any mail. Just as in English novels you find people speaking of "Franks" for letters, these older New Englanders spoke of "Opportunities." Mail between Texas and Orleans there was not, never had been, and, with the blessing of God, never would be. "Had I the power," said the Governor Salcedo, "I would not let a bird cross from Louisiana to Texas." But sometimes a stray priest going to confer with the Bishop of Orleans; sometimes a Government messenger from Mexico; sometimes a concealed horse-trader, and always camps of Indians, passed the frontier eastward, on one pretext or another; and, with proper license given, there was no reason left why they should not, after Louisiana became in name a Spanish province. No such stray traveler came to the city without finding Silas Perry, and inevitably he brought a double letter,—an affectionate note to Inez, begging her to write to her mother's sister, and an urgent and persuasive one to her father, begging him, by all that was sacred, not to let the child grow up without knowing her mother's only relations.

Silas Perry's heart was still tender. If he had lived to be a thousand, he would never have forgotten the happy days in the Havanna when he wooed and won his Spanish bride, nor the loyal help that her sister Dolores gave to the wooing and to the winning. But till now he had the advantage of possession, and the priests and soldiers and traders always carried back affectionate letters, explaining how much Inez loved her aunt, but how impossible it was for her to come. The concocting of these letters had become almost a family joke at home.

It may help the reader's chronology if we say that our story begins in the first year which bore the number of "eighteen hundred"—he may call it the last year of the eighteenth century, or the first of the nineteenth, as he likes to be accurate or inaccurate. At this time business required that Silas Perry should go to Paris and leave his home for many months, perhaps for a year. Silas would gladly have taken his sister Eunice and his daughter with him. But travel was not what it is now,—nor was Paris what it is now. And, although he did not think his daughter's head would be cut off, still he doubted, so far, what he might find in Paris, that he shrank from taking her thither. As it happened, at this moment, there came a particularly well-aimed shaft from Aunt Dolores's armory; and fortune added an "opportunity," not only for reply, but for permitting Inez and her aunt to make the journey into Texas under competent escort, if they chose to submit themselves to all the hardships of travel across prairies and through a wilderness. True, the enterprise was utterly unheard of. This did not make it less agreeable in Silas Perry's eyes. It was not such an enterprise as Donna Maria Dolores had proposed. She had arranged that the girl should be sent with proper companionship on one of Silas's vessels to Corpus Christi on the Gulf. She had promised to go down herself to meet her with an escort of lancers whom their friend Governor Herrera had promised her. But Silas Perry had not liked this plan. He said boldly that if the girl were to ride a hundred miles she might ride three hundred. Mr. Nolan would take better care of her than any Governor Herrera of them all. "Women always supposed you were sending schooners into mud-holes where there was nothing to buy, and nothing to sell." And so the most improbable of all possible events took place. By way of preparation for going to Paris, Silas Perry sent his precious daughter and his sister, only less precious, on a long land journey of adventure to make a visit as long, at least, as his own was. It need not be said, if the reader apprehends what manner of man he was, that he had provided for her comfort, so far as forethought, lavish expenditure, and a wide acquaintance with the country could provide for it. If he had not come to this sudden and improbable determination, this story would not have been written.

Inez, as has been said, fairly broke down as the rowers gave way. Her aunt Eunice kept up the pretense of flying her handkerchief till they had wholly lost sight of the point of their embarkation. And then the first words of comfort which came to the sobbing girl were not from her aunt.

"Take one o' them Boston crackers; they say they's dreadful good when you go on the water. Can't git none all along the coast; they don't know how to keep 'em. So soon as ye father said you was to go, I told old Tucker to bring me some from home. Told him where to git 'em. Got 'em at Richardson's in School street. Don't have 'em good nowhere else."

Inez, poor child, could as easily have eaten a horseshoe as the biscuit which was

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thus tendered her. But she took it with a pleasant smile, and the words answered a better purpose than Dr. Flavel's homilies on Contentment could have served.

The speaker was a short-set, rugged New Englander, of about sixty years of age, whose dress and appointments were, in every respect, curiously, not to say sedulously, different from those of the Creole French, or the Spanish seamen, or the Western flat-boatmen all around him. Regardless of treaties, of nationalities, or of birthright privileges, Seth Ransom regarded all these people as "furriners," and so designated them, even in the animated and indignant conversations which he held with them. He was himself a Yankee of the purest blood, who had, however, no one of the restless or adventurous traits attributed to the Yankee of fiction, or of the stage. He had, it is true, followed the sea in early life. But having fallen in with Silas Perry in Havana, he had attached himself to his service with a certain feudal loyalty. The institution of feudalism, as the philosophical student has observed, made the vassal quite as much the master of his lord as the master was of his vassal, if not more. That this was the reason why Seth Ransom served Silas Perry it would be wrong to say. But it is true that he served him in a masterful way, as a master serves. It is also true that he idolized Inez, as he had idolized her mother before her. Of each, he was the most faithful henchman, and the most loyal admirer. Yet he would address Inez personally with the intimate terms in which he spoke to her when she was a baby in his arms,—when perhaps she had been left for an hour in his happy and perfect charge. If no one else were present, he would call her "Een," or "Inez," as if she had been his own granddaughter. In the presence of others, on the other hand, no don of the Governor's staff could have found fault with the precision of his etiquette.

The necessities of Mr. Perry's business often sent Seth Ransom back to New England, so that he could drink again from the waters of the pump in King street, as he still called the State street of to-day. It was as Hercules sometimes let Antæus put his foot to the ground. Ransom returned from each such visit with new contempt for everything which he found upon other shores, excepting for the household of Silas Perry, and, perhaps, a modified toleration for that of Oliver Pollock. For Silas Perry himself, for Miss Eunice, and Miss Inez, his chivalrous devotion blazed out afresh on each return.

He was athletic, strong, and practical. Nobody had ever found anything he could not do, excepting that he read and wrote with such difficulty, that in practice he never descended to these arts except in the most trying emergency. When, therefore, Silas Perry determined on his rash project of sending his daughter and sister under Mr. Nolan's escort to San Antonio, he determined, of course, to send Seth Ransom with them as their body-guard. The fact that he sent him, in truth, really relieved the enterprise from its rashness. For though Seth Ransom had never crossed the prairies, anyone who knew him, and the relation in which he stood to Miss Inez, knew that, if it were necessary, he would carry her from Natchez to the Alamo in his arms.

The boat was soon free from the little flotilla, which then made all the commerce of the little port, and the steady stroke of the well-trained crew hurried her up-stream with a speed that exacted the admiration of the lazy lookers-on of whatever nation.

Inez thanked her old cavalier for his attention, made him happy by asking him to find something for her in a bag which he had stowed away, and then kept him by her side.

"Do they row as well as this in Boston harbor, Ransom?" she said. For some reason unknown, Ransom was never addressed by his baptismal name.

"Don't have to. Ain't many niggers there no way. What they is lives on Nigger Hill; that's all on one side. Yes; some niggers goes to sea, but them's all cooks. Don't have to row much there. Have sail-boats; don't have no rivers."

The girl loved to hear his dialect, and was not averse to stir up his resentment against all men who had not been born under her father's roof, and all nations but those which ate cod-fish salted on Saturday.

"I don't see where they get their ducks, if they have no rivers," she said artfully, as if she were thinking aloud.

"Ducks! thousands on 'em. Big ducks, too; not little critters like these! Go into Faneuil Hall Market any day, and have more ducks than you can ask for. Ducks is nothin'." And a grim smile stole over his face, as if he were pleased that Inez had selected ducks as the precise point on which her comparison should be made.

"Well, surely, Ransom, they have no sugar-cane," said she; and, by her eye, he saw that she was watching Sancho, the boat-

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swain, as he might be called, who, as he nodded to his men, solaced himself by chewing and sucking at a bit of fresh cane from a little heap at his side.

"Sugar-cane! Guess not. Don't want 'em. Won't touch 'em. Oceans of white sugar, all done up in sugar-loaves jest when they want it. Them as makes sugar makes it in the woods, makes it out of trees; don't have to have them dirty niggers make it. Oceans of sugar-loaves all the time!" And again that severe smile stole over his face, and he looked up into the sky, almost as if he saw celestial beings carrying purple-papered sugar-loaves to Boston, and as if—next to ducks—the supply of sugar to that town was its marked characteristic.

Eunice Perry was glad to follow the lead which Ransom had given, sagaciously or unconsciously. Anything was better for the voyage than a homesick brooding on what they had left behind.

"We must not make Inez discontented with Orleans and the coast, Ransom. Poor child, she has nothing but roses and orange blossoms, figs and bananas; we must not tell her too much about russet apples, or she will be discontented."

"I do like russet apples, aunty darling, quite as well as I like figs; but I shall not be discontented while I have you on one side of me and Ransom on the other, and dear old Sancho beating time in front." This, with a proud expression, as if she knew they were trying to lead her out from herself, and that she did not need to be cosseted. Old Sancho caught the glance, and started his rowers to new energy. To maintain a crack crew of oarsmen was one of the boasts of the "coast" at that time; and although Silas Perry was in no sort a large planter, yet he maintained the communication between his plantation above the city and his home in the city—which, for himself, he preferred at any season to any place of refuge—by a crew as stalwart and as well trained as any planter of them all.

The boat on which the two ladies and their companions were embarked was not the elegant barge in which they usually made the little voyage from the plantation to their city home. It was a more business-like craft which Silas Perry had provided to carry his daughter as far as Natchitoches on the Red River, where she and her companions were to join the land expedition of Philip Nolan and his friends. The after part of the boat was protected from sun or rain by an awning or light roof, generally made of sails, or sometimes of skins, but in Inez's boat, of light wood-work; it had among the *habitants* the name of *tendelet*. Under the tendelet a little deck, with the privileges of all quarter-decks, belonged to the master of the boat and his company. Here he ate his meals by day; here, if he slept on board, he spread his mattress at night. It was high enough to give a good view of the river and the low shores, of any approaching boat, or any other object of interest in the somewhat limited catalogue of river experiences. In the preparations for the voyage of the ladies, curtains had been arranged, which would screen them from either side, from the sun, from wind, or even from a shower.

A long tarpaulin, called the *prélat*, was stretched over the whole length of the boat to protect the stores, the trunks, and other cargo, from the weather. The rowers sat at the sides, old Sancho watching them from the rear, while a man in the bow called the *bosman*,* who generally wielded a sort of a boat-hook, watched the course, and fended off any floating log, or watched for snag or sawyer.

The voyage this afternoon was not long. It was, as Inez said, only a "taste piece." Eunice said it was as the caravans at the East go a mile out of town on the first night, so that they may the more easily send back for anything that is forgotten.

"All nonsense!" said Ransom. "I told ye father might as well start afore sunrise and be at the Cross to-night; would not hear a word on it and so lost all day."

In truth, Inez was to spend her last night at the plantation, which had been her favorite summer home for years, to bid farewell to the servants there, and to gather up such of her special possessions as could be carried on the pack-horses, on this pilgrimage to her Spanish aunt. Her father would gladly have come with her, but for the possibility that his ship might sail for Bordeaux early the next morning.

CHAPTER II.

A MEETING.

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."
—ALEXANDER POPE.

BEFORE sunrise the next morning the final embarkation was to take place. The whole house was in an uproar. The steady determination of old Chloe, chief of the kitchen, that Miss Inez should eat the very best breakfast she ever saw before she went off

* Was this word once "boatswain," perhaps?

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"to the wild Indians," dominated the whole establishment. In this determination Chloe was steadily upheld by Ransom, who knew by many conflicts from which he had retreated worsted, that it was idle to try to dictate to her, while at the same time he had views as decided as ever on the inferiority of French cookery to that of New England. The preparation of this master breakfast had called upon Chloe and her allies long before light. Cæsar and his allies, also preparing for a voyage which would take them from home for many days, were as early and as noisy. The only wonder, indeed, was that the girl, who was the center of the idolatry of them all, or her aunt, who was hardly less a favorite, could either of them sleep a wink, in the neighborhood of such clamors, after midnight passed. When they did meet at breakfast, they found the table lighted with bougies, and preparations for such a repast as if the Governor and his staff, the commandant with his, and half the merchants of Orleans had been invited. Besides François and Laurent, who were in regular attendance on the table, Ransom was hovering round, somewhat as a chief butler might have done in another form of luxurious civilization.

"Eat a bit of breast, Miss Inez; and here's the second j'int; try that. Don't know nothin',—niggers,—but I see to this myself. Miss Eunice, them eggs is fresh—took 'em myself from four different nests. Niggers don't know nothin' about eggs. Made a fire in the barn chamber and biled 'em right myself, jest as your father likes 'em, Miss Inez. Them others is as hard as rocks."

Inez was in the frolic of a new expedition now, and the traces of parting, if indeed they existed, could not be discerned. She balanced Ransom's attentions against the equal attention of the two boys, pretended to eat from more dishes, and to drink from more cups than would have served Cleopatra for a month, amused herself in urging Aunt Eunice to do the same, and pretended to wrap in napkins, for the "smoking halt," the viands upon which her aunt would not try experiments. The meal, on the whole, was not unsatisfactory to Aunt Chloe's pride, to Ransom's prevision, or to the public opinion of the household. All who were left behind were, in private, unanimous on one point—namely, that Miss Eunice and Miss Inez were both to be roasted alive within a week by the Caddo Indians; to be torn limb from limb and eaten, even as they were now eating the spring chickens before them. But as this view was somewhat discouraging, and as Aunt Chloe, after having once solemnly impressed it upon Eunice, had been told by Silas Perry that she should be locked up for a day in the lock-house if she ever said another such word to anybody, it was less publicly expressed in the farewells of the morning, though not held any the less implicitly.

In truth, the bougies were a wholly unnecessary elegance or precaution; for the noisy party did not, in fact, get under way till the sun had well risen, and every sign of early exhalation had passed from the river. Such had been Mr. Perry's private orders to his sister. And, although the general custom of a start at sunrise was too well fixed to be broken in upon in form, Eunice and Ransom had no lack of methods of delaying the final embarkation, even at the risk of a little longer pull before the "smoke."

The glory of the morning as seen from the elevated quarter-deck was a new delight to Inez. She watched at first for a handkerchief, or some other token of farewell from one or another veranda as they passed plantations which were within the range of a ride or sail from her own home. Afterward, even as the settlement became rather more sparse, there was still the matchless beauty of heavy clumps of green, and of the long shadows of early morning. Even in the autumn colors nothing can tame the richness of the foliage, and the contrast rendered by patches of ripening sugar-cane or other harvests, is only the more striking from the loyal and determined verdure of trees which will not change, but always speak, not of spring, but of perennial summer.

The crew felt all the importance of the expedition. Often as they had gone down the river with one or another cargo to Orleans, few of them had ever voyaged for any considerable distance up the stream. This was terra incognita into which they were coming. Not but they had heard many a story, extravagant enough, too, of the marvels of the river, from one or another flat-boatman who had availed himself of the hospitalities of the plantation for his last night before arriving at the city. But these stories were not very consistent with each other; and while the negroes half believed them, they half disbelieved at the same time. To go bodily into the presence of these unknown marvels was an experience wholly

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unexpected by each of them. Even Cæsar, the old cook, Sancho, and Paul, the bosman, were shaken from their balance or propriety by an adventure so strange. And the preparations they had made for the voyage, and the orders they had given to the men who were to leave home for a period so unusual, all showed that they regarded this event as by far the most important of their lives.

All the same the bosman gave out a familiar and sonorous song, and all the same the rowers joined heartily in the words. And when he cunningly inserted some new words, with an allusion to the adventures before them, and to the treasures of silver which all parties would bring back from the Caddo mines, a guffaw of satisfaction showed that all parties were well pleased. And the readiness with which they caught up such of the words as came into the refrain, showed that they were in no sort dispirited either by the fatigue or the danger of the undertaking before them.

The song was in the crudest French dialect used by the plantation slaves. The air was that of a little German marching song, which the quick-eared negroes had caught from German neighbors on the coast—old veterans of Frederick's, very likely. In the more polished rendering into which Inez and her aunt reduced it, before their long voyage was over, still crude enough to give some idea of the simplicity of the original, it re-appeared in these words:

"Darkeys make this dug-out hurry; *Tirez.*
Boys behind begin to row; *Tirez.*
And don't let misses have to worry,
Misses have to worry when the light of day is gone; *Tirez.*

"Lazy dogs there behind, are your paddles all broke?
Lazy dogs there before, have you all lost the stroke?
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell—Farewell,
Farewell! Dear Girl! Farewell—Farewell.

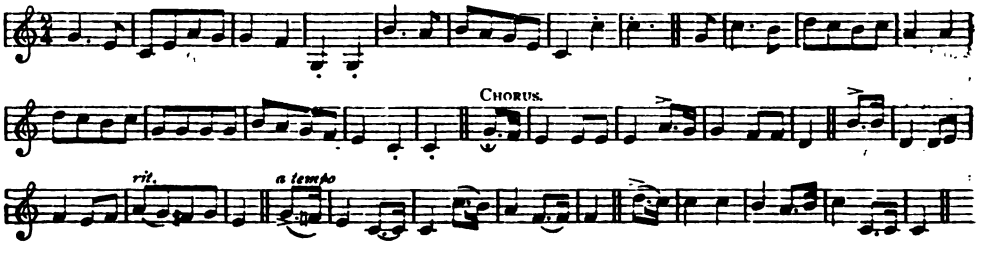
"Up the Mississippi River; *Tirez.*
Caddoes have a silver-mine; *Tirez.*
My sweetheart takes to all I give her,
All that I can give her when my misses is come home; *Tirez.*

"Lazy dogs there behind, are your paddles all broke?
Lazy dogs there before, have you all lost the stroke?
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell—Farewell,
Farewell! Dear Girl! Farewell—Farewell."*

It will not do, however, to describe the detail from day to day, even of adventures so new to Inez and all her companions as were these. For a day or two the arrangements which Mr. Perry had made were such, that they made harbor for each night with some outlying frontiersman's family. The only adventure which startled them took place one morning after they were a little wonted to their voyage in the wilderness.

By the laws of all river craft the hands were entitled every day, at the end of two hours, to a rest, if only to take breath. Everybody lighted a pipe, and the rest was called the "smoking halt." The boat was run up to the shore and the ladies would walk along a little way, ordering the boatmen to take them up when they should overtake them.

Inez had, one morning, already collected a brilliant bouquet, when, at a turning of the river, she came out on an unexpected encampment. A cloud of smoke rose from a smoldering fire, a dozen Indian children were chasing each other to and fro in the shrubbery, the mothers of some of them were at work by the fire, and the men of the party were lounging upon the grass. Four or five good-sized canoes drawn up upon the shore showed where the whole party had come from, each canoe bore at the head a stag's head fixed on a pronged stick, as a sort of banner, whether of triumph or of festivity

* Readers who find themselves on some placid lake, river, or bayou in an autumn day, should autumn ever come again, may like to entwine the words of the song in the meshes of the German air. Here it is:

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Inez and Eunice had so often welcomed such parties at the plantation, that neither of them showed any alarm or anxiety when they came so suddenly out upon the little encampment. But Inez did have a chance to say, "Dear old Chloe, she is a true prophet so soon. There are the fires, and here are we. Dear Auntie, pray take the first turn." Both of them, very likely, would have been glad enough to avoid the *rencontre*; but as they were in for it, and had no near base to retreat upon, they advanced as if cordially, and greeted the nearest woman with a smile and a few words of courtesy.

In a minute the half-naked children had gathered in three little groups, the smaller hiding behind the larger, and all staring at the ladies with a curiosity so fresh and undisguised that it seemed certain they had never seen such people, or at the least, such costumes before. It was clear enough in a minute more that the Indian women did not understand a syllable of the words which their fairer sisters addressed to them. One or two of the men rose from the ground and joined in the interview; but with little satisfaction, as far as any interchange of ideas went. Both parties, however, showed a friendly spirit. The Indian women went so far as to offer broiled fish and fresh grapes to the ladies. These declined the hospitality; but Inez, taking from her neck a little scarlet scarf, beckoned to her the prettiest child in the group nearest to her and tied it round the girl's neck. The little savage was pleased beyond words with the adornment, slipped from her grasp, and ran with absurd vanity from one group to another to show off her new acquisition.

"What would my dear Madame Faustine say, if she knew that her dearly beloved scarf was so soon adorning the neck of a dirty savage?"

"She would say, if she were not a goose," said Eunice, "that you will have the whole tribe on you for scarfs now, and as you have not thirty, that you have parted with your pretty scarf for nothing."

Sure enough, every little brat of the half-naked company came around them to try the natural languages of beggary. Inez laughed heartily enough, but shook her head, and tried if they would not understand "No! no! no!" if she only said it fast enough.

"We can do better than that," said Eunice. "We may as well make a treaty with them, as you have begun. We will wait here for the boat. I am horribly afraid of them, but, if we pretend not to be frightened, that will be next best to meeting nobody at all."

So she patted two dirty little brats upon the cheeks, took another by the hand, and led him to the shade of a China-tree which grew near the levee, and there sat down.

The children thought, perhaps, that they were to be roasted and eaten, for the tales of the Attakapes, or man-eaters of the coast, traveled west as well as east. But they showed all the aplomb of their race, and if they were to be eaten, meant to be eaten without groaning. In a moment more, however, they had forgotten their tears.

Eunice had torn from the book she held in her hand the blank leaf at the end. She folded a strip of the paper six or eight times, and then, with her pocket scissors cut out the figure of a leaping Indian. The feathers in his head-dress were, as she said to Inez, quite expressive, and his posture was savage enough for the reddest. The children watched her with amazement, the group enlarging itself from moment to moment. So soon as the leaping savage was completed, Eunice unfolded the paper, and, of course, produced eight leaping savages, who held each other by the hands. These she brought round into a ring, and by a stitch fastened the outer hands together. She placed the ring of dancers, thus easily made, upon her book, and then made them slide up and down upon the cover.

The reticence of these babes of the woods was completely broken. They shouted and sang in their delight, and even their phlegmatic fathers and mothers were obliged to draw near.

Eunice followed up her advantage. This time her ready scissors cut out a deer, with his nose down; and, as the paper was unfolded, two deer were smelling at the same root in the ground. Rings of horses, groups of buffaloes, rabbits, antelopes, and other marvels followed, and the whole company was spell-bound, and, indeed, would have remained so as long as Eunice continued her magic creations, when Inez whispered to her—

"I see the boat coming."

Eunice made no sign of the satisfaction she felt, but bade Inez walk quietly to the bend of the stream and wave her handkerchief, and the girl did so.

Eunice quietly finished the group which

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engaged her; and then singling out the youngest of the girls, with a pointed gesture gave one of the much coveted marvels to each of them, flung away the scraps of cut paper from her lap, and sprang quickly to her feet.

The flying bits of paper were quite enough to arrest the attention of the warriors, and they scattered in eager pursuit of them.

A minute more and the boat was at the rudiment of a levee which had already begun to form itself. The girls sprang on board again, not sorry to regain the protection of their party, and Eunice inwardly resolved to run no more such risks while she was commander of the expedition.

"Wouldn't have dared to do nothin'," said old Ransom, concealing by a square lie his own anxiety at the *rencontre*. "They's all cowards and liars, them redskins be; but if you go walkin' agin, Miss Eunice, better call me to go with you. They's all afraid of a white man."

"Ah, well, Ransom, they were very civil to us to-day, and I believe I have made forty friends at the cost of a little white paper."

None the less was Eunice mortified and annoyed that she should have had a fright, for a fright it was, so early in their enterprise. It had been arranged with care, that at night they should tarry at plantations, while plantations lasted. But from Point Coupée to Natchitoches, where they were to join Captain Nolan's party, was fifty-five leagues, which, at the best the "patron" could do, would cost them six or seven days, and she did not hope for even a log cabin on the way for all that distance. And now, even before that weakest spot in their line, she had walked into a camp of these red rascals, who would have made no scruple of stripping from them all that they carried or wore.

"All's well that ends well, Auntie," said Inez, as she saw her aunt's anxiety.

But none the less did Eunice feel that anxiety. Ransom, she saw, felt it, and the good fellow was, not more careful, but ten times more eager to show that he was careful at every encampment. The patron, who was wholly competent to the charge given him, with the utmost respect and deference, vied with Ransom in his arrangements. From this moment forward the ladies were watched with a surveillance which would have made Eunice angry, had she not seen that it was meant so kindly.

This caution and assiduity were not without their effect upon her. But, all the same, her relief was infinite, when on the night when they hauled up, rather later than usual, below the rapids of the Red River, she was surprised by hearing her own name in a friendly voice, and Captain Nolan sprang on board.

He had met them two or three days earlier than he expected.

CHAPTER III.

PHILIP NOLAN.

"Bid them stand in the King's name."

To Philip Nolan and his companions is due that impression of American courage and resource, which for nearly half a century, impressed the Spanish occupants of Texas, until, in the year 1848, they finally surrendered this beautiful region, however unwillingly, to the American arms and arts.

For ten years before the period of this story scarcely any person had filled a place more distinguished among the American voyagers on the Mississippi, or the American settlers on its eastern banks, than had PHILIP NOLAN.

His reputation was founded first on his athletic ability, highly esteemed among an athletic race. He had had intimate relations with the Spanish governors of Louisiana, but no one doubted his loyalty to his native land. He understood the Indians thoroughly, as the reader will have occasion to see. He had a passion for the wilderness, and for the life of the forest and prairie; but he was well educated, whether for commerce or for command, and Spanish governors, Orleans merchants, and American Generals and Secretaries of State, alike were glad to advise with him, and profited by his rare information of the various affairs intrusted to their care, information which he had gained by personal inspection and inquiry.

Once and again had Philip Nolan, fortified by official safeguards, crossed into Texas, hunted wild horses there, and brought them back into the neighborhood of New Orleans, or the new American settlements of the Mississippi, to a good market. A perfect judge of horses, an enthusiastic lover of them, he was more pleased with such adventure than with what he thought the hum-drum lines of trade. His early training, indeed, had been so far that of a soldier, that he was always hoping for a campaign.

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With every new breath of a quarrel between the United States and Spain, he hoped that his knowledge of the weak spots in the Spanish rule might prove of service to his own country. Indeed, if the whole truth could be told, it would probably appear that, for the last year or two, before the reader meets him, Nolan had been lying on his oars, or looking around him, waiting for the hoped-for war, which, as he believed, would sweep the forces of the King of Spain out from this magnificent country, which they held to such little purpose. Disappointed in such hopes, he had now undertaken, for the third time, an expedition to collect horses in Texas for sale on the Mississippi.*

Silas Perry knew Nolan so well, and placed in him confidence so unlimited, that he had, with little hesitation, accepted the offer of his escort, made first in jest, but renewed in utter earnest, as soon as the handsome young adventurer found that his old friend looked upon it seriously. Nolan had represented that he had a party large enough to secure the ladies from Indians or from stragglers. The ways were perfectly familiar to him, and to more than one of those with him. Their business itself would take them very near to San Antonio, if not quite there. And, without the slightest difficulty, he could and would see that the ladies were safely confided to Major Barelo's care.

So soon as this proposal had been definitely stated, it met with the entire approval of Miss Inez. This needs scarcely be said. To a young lady of her age, three hundred miles of riding on horseback seems three hundred times as charming as one mile, and even one with a good horse and a good cavalier is simply perfection. All the votes Miss Inez could give from the beginning were given in plumpers for the plan.

Nor had it met the objection which might have been expected from the more sedate and venerable Miss Eunice. It is true this lady was more than twice Inez's age. But even at thirty-five one is not a pillar of salt, nor wholly indisposed to adventure. Eunice's watchful eye also had observed many reasons, some physical and some more subtle, why it would be for the advantage of Inez to be long absent from Orleans. Perhaps she would have shed no tears had she been told that the girl should never see that town again. So long as she was a child, it had not been difficult to arrange that the society she kept should be only among children whose language, thought, and habit would not hurt her. But Inez was a woman now. A very lovely, simple, pure, and conscientious woman, it was true; but, for all that, Eunice was not more inclined to see the girl exposed to the follies and extravagances of the exaggerated French or Spanish life of the little colony, especially while her father was in Europe. And Eunice was afraid, at the same time, that the life, only too luxurious, which they led in the city and on the plantation did not strengthen the girl, as she would fain have her strengthened, against the constitutional weakness which had brought her mother to an early grave. Eunice saw no reason why, at sixteen years of age, Inez should not lead a life as simple, as much exposed to the open climate, and as dependent on her own resources, as she herself, with the advantages and disadvantages of Squam Bay, had led when she was a girl just beginning to be a woman.

Eunice Perry and Philip Nolan were almost of the same age. And those who knew them both, and who saw how intimate the handsome young Kentuckian was in the comfortable New England household of Silas Perry, whether in the town house or plantation house, were forever gossiping and wondering—were saying now that he was in love with Eunice—now that she was in love with him—now that they were to be married at Easter, and now that the match was broken off at Michaelmas.

From the time when he first appeared in Orleans, almost a boy, with the verdure of his native village still clinging to him, but none the less cheerful, manly, courageous, enterprising, and handsome, he had found a friend in Silas Perry, and the office of the New England merchant was one of the first places to which he would have gone for counsel. It was not long before the shrewd and hearty New Englander, who knew men, and knew what men to trust, began to take the youngster home with him. Those were in the days when Inez was in her cradle, and when Eunice was a stranger in Louisiana.

* The writer of this tale, by an oversight, which he regrets, and has long regretted, spoke of this venturous and brave young Kentuckian as *Stephen* Nolan in a story published in 1863. The author had created an imaginary and mythical brother of Nolan's, to whom he gave the name of *Philip* Nolan, and to whom he gave a place in the army of the United States. Ever since he discovered his mistake, he has determined to try to give to the true *Philip* Nolan such honors as he could pay to a name to which this young man gave true honor. With this wish he attempts the little narrative of his life which forms a part of this story.

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Silas Perry had been Philip Nolan's counselor, employer, and friend. Philip Nolan had been Silas Perry's pupil, agent, messenger, and friend. Eunice Perry had been Philip Nolan's frequent companion, his more frequent confidant, and most frequently his friend. And as such friendship had been tested, there were a thousand good offices which she had asked of him, and never asked in vain. An intimacy so sincere as this, the growth of years of confidence, made it natural to all parties that Eunice and Inez should undertake their journey under the escort of this soldier, who was not quite a merchant, and this merchant, who was not quite a soldier—Philip Nolan.

"But you are all alone, Captain Phil," said Inez, expressing in the very frankest way the pleasure which the meeting, hardly expected, with her old friend afforded her. "Where is our army?"

"Our army has gone in advance to free the prairies of any marauding throngs who might press too close on the princess who deigns to visit them."

"Which means, being interpreted, I suppose, that the army is buying corn at Natchitoches," said Eunice.

"Yes, and no," said he, a little gravely, as she fancied. "We shall find them near Natchitoches if we do not find them this side. I must talk with my friend the patron and see if I can persuade him to give up your luxurious boat for one that I have chartered above the rapids. I have not much faith that the 'Donna Maria,' or the 'Dolores,' or the 'Sea Gull'—which name has she to-day, Miss Inez?—that this sumptuous frigate of ours can be got through the rapids so easily as we thought at your father's. But I have what is really a very tidy boat above, and, before you ladies are awake in the morning, we will see if you are to change your quarters."

"And must I leave thee, my Martha?" cried Inez in a voice of mock tragedy. "Captain Nolan, she is the 'Martha,' named after the wife of the father of his country. In leaving the proud banner of Spain, under which I was born, to pass, though only for a few happy hours, under the stars and stripes, accompanied by this noble friend, whom I see I need not present to you,—Miss Perry, General Nolan,—a lady of the very highest rank of the New England nobility—accompanied, I say, by an American lady of such distinction,—I ordered the steersman of my bark to keep always in the eastern side of the river—in that short, but blessed interval, before we entered this redder, but more Spanish stream."

The young American of 1876 must remember that in 1800 both the east and west sides of the Mississippi were Spanish territory up to the southern line of our present State of that name. Above that point, the eastern half of the river was "American," the western half was Spanish. For a few miles before the boat had come into the Red River, she had in fact been floating, as Inez thought, in American waters, and the girl had made more than one chance to land on American soil, though it was the mud of a canebrake, for the first time of her life. All parties had joined in her enthusiasm, and they had fixed a bivouac on this little stretch of her father's land. So soon as they entered the Red River, they were under Spanish jurisdiction once more.

Nolan entered into the spirit of the girl's banter, and they knew very well that it was not all fun.

"What a pity that your ladyship could not have come to Fort Adams, or to Natchez,* to begin with us," he said.

Natchez, then a village of six hundred inhabitants, was the southernmost town in the United States. It was Nolan's own headquarters, and from there his expedition had started.

"Your grace should have seen the stars and stripes flying from the highest flagstaff in the West. I should have been honored by the presence of your highnesses at my humble quarters. Indeed, my friend, the Major-General commanding at Fort Adams, would have saluted your royal highnesses' arrival by a salvo of sixteen guns; and the moment your majesty entered the works of that fortress, every heart would have been yours, as every recruit presented arms. A great pity, Miss Inez, you had not come up to Natchez. But, what does my friend Ransom think of all this voyaging?"

Inez called him.

"Ransom! Captain Nolan wants to know how you liked coming back into your own country?"

"Evenin', Captain."

This was Ransom's only reply to the cordial salutation of the young Kentuckian, who was, however, one of Ransom's very few favorites.

* The reader must note that Natchez on the Mississippi, Natchitoches on the Red River, and Nacogdoches on the Angelina River, are three different towns. The names seem to have been derived from the same roots.

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"Miss Inez says you spent Monday night in the United States."

"Patron says so, too," replied the sententious Ransom. "Don't know nothin'. Much as ever can make them niggers pull the boat along. Wanted to walk myself, could walk faster than all on 'em can row, put together. Told the patron so. We slept in a canebrake; wust canebrake we see since we left home. Patron said it was Ameriky.* Patron don't know nothin'. Ain't no canebrakes in Ameriky."

"There's something amazingly like them for the first thousand or two miles of Miss Inez's journey there," said Nolan, laughing. "Any way, I'm glad the alligators did not eat her up, and you too, Ransom."

"They'd like to. Didn't give 'em no chance," replied the old man, with a beaming expression on his countenance. "Loaded the old double-barrel with two charges of buck-shot, sot up myself outside her tent, darned critters knew it 'zwell as I did, didn't dare come nigh her all night long."

"You should have given them pepper, Ransom. Throw a little red pepper on the water and it makes the bull alligators sneeze. That frightens all the others, and they go twenty miles off before morning."

Inez was laughing herself to death by this time, but checked herself in time to ask whether she might not fly the stars and stripes on the "Lady Martha?"

"What's the use of calling her the 'Lady Martha' only for these four or five miles? And my dear silk flag, is it not a beauty, Captain Nolan? I made it with my own fair hands. And if you knew how to sew, Captain Nolan, you would know how hard it is to sew stars into blue silk—silk stars, too. I never should have done it but for Sister Félicie, she helped me out of hours, and I wish I did not think she was doing penance now! But is it not a beauty? Look at it!" and she flung her pretty flag open over her knees and Eunice's. "All your stripes, you see, with the white on the outside, as you taught me. And I did not faint nor shirk for one star, though mortal strength did tire and Sister Félicie did have to help; but there are all the sixteen there—that one with the little blood spot on it is Vermont. I pricked my finger horridly for Vermont, and that is your dear Kentucky, Captain, and that is Tennessee."

Nolan bowed; and, this time with no mock feeling, kissed the star which the girl pointed out for his own State.

"May I not fly it to-morrow morning? Was it only made for that little sail through the canebrakes?"

Nolan's face clouded a little—a little more than he meant it should.

"Just here, and just now," he said, "I think we had better not show it. Not that I suppose we should meet anybody who would care. But they are as stupid as owls, and as much frightened as rabbits. It was only that very same Monday that we met a whole company of greasers, that is what my men called them, and we had to show our passports."

Inez asked him what he showed; and with quite unnecessary precision—precision which did not escape Eunice's quiet observation,—he told her that he had for his whole party, Governor Pedro de Nava's pass to Texas and to return; that he even had private letters from Governor Casa Calvo to Cordero, the General in command at the Alamo. Eunice said that the Marquis had been only too courteous in providing her also with a passport, for their whole party; he would have sent an escort had his friend, Mr. Perry, suggested. "Indeed, the whole army was at the service of the Donna Eunice, as he tried to say, and would have said, had my poor name been possible to Spanish lips. Why, Captain Nolan, I have sealing-wax enough and parchment enough for a King's ransom, if your papers were not enough for us."

"My good right arm shall write my pass in answer to my prayers," said Nolan, a little grimly. "Is not there some such line as that in your father's Chapman, Miss Inez?" And he bade them good-night, as he went to seek his quarters in the wretched cabin by the very roar of the rapids, and intimated to the ladies that they had best spread their mattresses, and be ready for an early start in the morning.

In truth, Nolan was geographer enough to know that the ladies had perhaps shown their flag a little too early. But he would not abate a whit of the girl's enthusiasm for what, as he said, and as she said, should have been her native land. Even the novel-reader of to-day reads with an atlas of maps at his side, and expects geographical accuracy even from the Princess Scheherezade herself. The reader will understand the

* The use of the words "America" for the United States, and "Americans" for their people was universal among the Spaniards, even at this early day.

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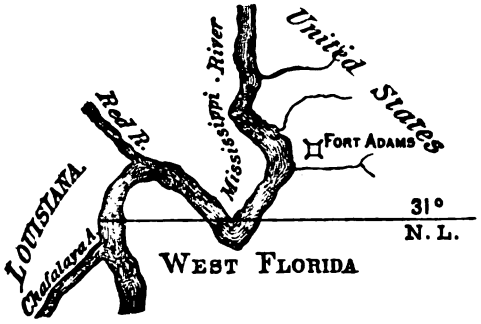
precise position by examining the little map below, which is traced from an official report of that time.

The western boundary of the United States was the middle of the Mississippi River. The southern boundary was the line of 31°. The girls knew, as everybody



knew, where that line crossed the river at different points. Was the little projection opposite the Red River a part of the United States, or of Florida? Inez and Eunice had thought they were out of Spanish dominion there. Perhaps they were. The reader can judge as well as the best diplomatist. Wars have been made out of less material. The surveyors who ran the boundary decided, not with the ladies, but with Nolan and Ransom. Maps of that time vary, and the river has since abated all controversy, by cutting across the neck of swampy land, and making the little peninsula into an island.

And it was only for the wretched five miles of canebrake, between the line of 31° and the mouth of the Red River, that the eager Inez, by keeping her boat on the eastern shore, had even fancied that she saw her own land, and was for once breathing what should have been her native air. As the boat hauled into the Red River she had hidden her head in Eunice's lap, and had sobbed out:

"This poor child is a girl without a country!"

CHAPTER IV.

"SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

"The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,
The palm-tree of the pine."—LORD HOUGHTON.

PHILIP NOLAN had his reasons for avoiding long tarry at the Rapids, and when the new boat came with the party to the little port of Natchitoches, he had the same reasons for urging haste in the transfer of their equipment there. These reasons he had unfolded to Eunice, and they were serious.

After all the plans had been made for this autumn journey—plans which involved fatigue, perhaps, for the ladies, but certainly no danger—the Spanish officials of Louisiana on the one side, and of Texas on the other, had been seized by one of their periodical quaking fits—fits of easy depression, which were more and more frequent with every year. Nolan had come and gone once and again, with Spanish passports in full form, from the Governor of Louisiana. The present of a handsome mustang on his return would not be declined by that officer; and, as the horse grew older, he would not, perhaps, be averse to the chances of another expedition. With just such free-conduct was Nolan equipped now, and with his party of thirteen men he had started from Natchez, on the Mississippi, to take up Miss Eunice and Miss Inez with their party at Natchitoches, the frontier station on the Red River. Just before starting, however, the Spanish consul at Natchez had called the party before Judge Bruin, the United States Judge there, as if they were filibusters. But Nolan's passport from Don Pedro de Nava, the commandant of the north-eastern provinces, was produced, and the Judge dismissed the complaint. This had been, however, only the beginning of trouble. Before Nolan joined the ladies, he had hardly passed the Mississippi swamp—had, in fact, traveled only forty miles, when he met a company of fifty Spanish soldiers, who had been sent out to stop him. Nolan's party numbered but twenty-one. The Spaniards pretended that they were hunting lost horses; but so soon as Nolan's party passed, they had turned westward also, and were evidently dogging them.

It was this unfriendly feeling on the part of those whom he was approaching as a friend, which had led Nolan to hasten his meeting with Eunice Perry and her niece, that he might, before it was too late, ask them whether they would abandon their enterprise and return.

But Eunice boldly said "No." Her niece was, alas, a Spanish woman born; she was going to visit a Spanish officer on his invitation. If she had to show her passports every day, she could show them. If Captain Nolan did not think they embarrassed the party, she was sure that she would go on. If he did, why, she must return, though unwillingly.

"Not I, indeed, Miss Eunice. You pro-

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tect us where we meant to protect you. Only I do not care to cross these Dogberrys more often than I can help."

So it was determined that they should go on,—but go on without the little halt at Natchitoches, which had been intended.

Inez shared in all the excitement of a prompt departure the moment the necessity was communicated to her. Before sunrise she was awake, and was dressed in the prairie dress which had been devised for her. The four packs to which she had been bidden to confine herself—for two mules, selected and ready at L'Ecore,—had been packed ever since they left Orleans, let it be confessed, by old Ransom's agency, quite as much as by any tire-woman of her train. She was only too impatient while old Cæsar, the cook, elaborated the last river breakfast. She could not bear to have Eunice spend so much time in directions to the patron, and farewells to the boatmen and messages to their wives. When it actually came to the spreading a plaster which Tony was to take back to his wife for a sprain she had in her shoulder, Inez fairly walked off the boat, in her certainty that she should be cross even to Eunice if she staid one minute longer.

Old Cæsar, at the last moment, blubbered and broke down. "Leave Miss Inez?"—not he. What a pity that his voluble Guinea-French is not translatable into any dialect of the Anglo-American-Norman-Creole tongue! Leave her?—not he. He had her in his arms when she was an hour old. He made her first doll out of a bulrush and some raw cotton. He taught her to suck sugar-cane; and he picked pecan meats for her before her mother knew that she could eat them. Should he leave her to be devoured alive by Caddo Indians? "Jamais. Impossible!"

"Come along with us, then," said Nolan; and he indicated the mule which Cæsar was to ride.

And Cæsar came, and his history is written in with that of Texas for the next ten years.

As the sun rose, the party gathered in front of the little shanty at which the most of the business of the landing was done. Ransom himself lifted Inez upon her saddle; adjusted the stirrups forty times, as if he had not himself cut the holes in the leathers, just as Inez bade him, a month before. Nolan watched for Eunice's comfort with the same care. Cæsar blubbered and bragged, and sent messages to the old woman—messages which, if she ever received them, were the food on which she fed for the next decade of married life. Nolan was not displeased with the make-up of the little party. They were but eight in all; but there was not a bad horse, a bad mule, a bad man, or a bad woman in the train, he said. What pleased him most was the prompt obedience of the women, and the "shifty" readiness of the men. Old Ransom scolded a good deal, but was in the right place at the right time. And so, avoiding the village of Natchitoches by an easy detour, the party were in the wilderness an hour before the military commander of that fort knew that a boat had arrived from below late the night before.

When the Spanish sentinel who had hailed her found that her passengers had all gone westward, he thought best not to report their existence to the Governor. And so Philip Nolan's first maneuver to escape frontier Dogberry No. 1 was perfectly successful.

In less than five minutes the whole party were in the pines, through which, over a sandy barren, they were to ride for two days. It was as if they had changed a world. To Eunice, why, the sniff of that pine fragrance was the renewal of the old life of her childhood. To Inez—not unused to forests, but all unused to pine-trees—the calm quiet of all around, the aromatic fragrance, the softness of the pine leaves on which her horse's feet fell,—all wrought a charm which overpowered the girl.

"Don't speak to me!"

And they left her alone.

"Does this seem more like home, Ransom?" said Nolan, letting his horse stand till the old man, who brought up the rear, might join him.

"Yes, sir! Pines is pines, though these be poor things. Pine-trees down East isn't crooked as these be; good for masts, good for yards; sawed one on 'em into three pieces when they wanted three masts for the 'Constitution.' But these has the right smell. These's good for kindlin's."

"You followed the sea once, Ransom?"

"Sarved under old Mugford first year of the war; was Manly's bo's'n when he went out in '77."

"Mugford?" asked Nolan. "I don't remember him."

"Pity you don't. Real old sea-dog; wasn't afraid of saltpeter. These fellers now, with their anchors and gold braid on they coat collars, don't know nothin'. Old Mugford never wore gold lace; didn't have none to wear. Wore a tarpaulin and a pea-

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jacket, when he could git it. Ef he couldn't git it, wore nothin'."

"Where did you cruise?"

"All along shore. Went out arter Howe when the Gineral druv him out of Boston. Kind o' hung round and picked up this vessel and that that was runnin' into the bay, cos they didn't know the British was gone. Took one vessel with six guns and no end of powder and shot. The old Gineral he was glad enough of that, he was. No end of powder and shot; six guns she had. Took her runnin' into the bay. We was in the 'Franklin' then."

"Tell us all about it, Ransom."

"That's all they is to tell. I sighted our nine-pounder myself—hulled her three times, and she struck. Old Mugford sent her into Boston, and stood off for more."

And the old man looked into the sky with that wistful look again, as if the very clouds would change into armed vessels and renew the fight; and for a moment Nolan thought he would say no more. But he humored him.

"Next mornin'," said Ransom, after a minute. "Next mornin', when we was to anchor off the Gut, be hanged if they warn't thirteen boats from some of their frigates crawlin' up to us as soon as the light broke. We giv 'em blazes, Cap'n. We sunk five on 'em without askin' leave. Then they thought they'd board us. Better luck 'nother time. Gosh! Poor devils caught hold of her gunnel, and we cut off their hands with broadaxes, we did."

"And Mugford?"

"Oh, you know, Mugford reached arter one on 'em to cut at his head, and he got stuck just here with a boardin' pike, 'n he called Abel Turner. I stood with him in ma own arms. He called Abel Turner, and says he, 'I'm a dead man, Turner; don't give up the vessel. Beat 'em off, beat 'em off. You can cut the cable,' says he, 'and run her ashore.' Didn't say 'nother word—fell down dead."

Another pause. Nolan humored him still and said nothing. And after another wistful glance at the heavens, the old man went on:

"Turner see the frigate was comin' down on him, and he run her ashore on Puddin' Point; and he sot fire to her, so that cruise was done. But none o' them fellers was ever piped to grog again, they wasn't; no, nor old Mugford, neyther."

A long pause, in which Nolan let the old fellow's reminiscences work as they might; he would not interrupt him.

But when he saw the spell had been fairly broken by some little detention, as they cared for the ladies in the crossing of a "sloo" or water-course, Nolan said to his old friend cautiously:

"Did you see the General? Did you see General Washington when he drove Howe out?"

Nolan spoke with that kind of veneration for Washington's name, which was then, perhaps, at its very acme—at the period when the whole country was under the impress of his recent death.

"Guess I did. Seen him great many times. I was standin' right by him when he cum into the old tavern at the head of King street, jest where the pump is, by the Town House. Gage boarded there, and Howe and Clinton had they quarters there, and so the Gineral come there when our army marched in.

"They was a little gal stood there starin' at him and all the rest, and he took her up, and he kissed her, he did.

"'Ne said to her: 'Sis,' says he, 'which do you like best, the Red-Coats or the Yankees?' 'N the child says, says she, she liked the Red-Coats the best,—gal-like, you know,—cos they looked so nice. 'N he laughed right out, 'ne says to her: 'Woll,' says he, 'they du have the best clothes, but it takes the ragged boys to du the fightin.' O, I seen him lots o' times."

By this time Nolan thought he might venture to join Inez again. She was now talking eagerly with her aunt, and seemed to have passed the depressed moment, which the young soldier had respected, and had left to her own resolution.

The truth was, that a ride through a pine forest in beginning a journey so adventurous, with no immediate possibility of a return to her father's care, had started the girl on the train of memories and other thoughts which stirred her most completely. For her mother she had a veneration, but it was simply for an ideal being. For her aunt she had an idolatrous enthusiasm, which her aunt wholly deserved. For the French and Spanish ladies and gentlemen around her, in their constant wars and jealousies with each other, she had even an undue contempt. Her father's central and profound interest in his own country and its prosperity came down to her in the form of a chivalrous passion for people she had never seen, and institutions and customs which she knew only in the theory or the idea. It would be hard, indeed, to tell whether her Aunt Eunice's

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more guarded narrative of her early life, or old Ransom's wild exaggerations of the glories of New England, had the most to do with a loyalty for the newly born nation which the girl found few ways to express, and indeed few ears to listen to.

Such a dreamer found herself now, for the first time, in the weird silence of a pine forest, which she fancied must be precisely like the silent pine groves of her father's home. Nor was any one cruel enough to undeceive her by pointing out the differences. She could hear the soughing of the wind, as if it had been throwing up the waves upon the beach. Her horse's feet fell noiseless on the brown carpet of leaves below her. And she was the center, if not the commander, of a party all loyal to her—strangers in a strange land, threatened perhaps, as it seemed, by the minions of this king she despised, though it was her bad luck to be born under his banner.

"Surely," she said to herself, "I am escaping from my thraldom, if it be only for a few days. I am a woman now, and in these forests, at least, I am an American."

In this mood Nolan found her.

"You have been talking with my dear old Ransom, Captain Nolan."

"Yes—he has been telling me of his battles. Did you know how often the old fellow has been under fire?"

"Know it—could I not tell you every shot he fired in the 'Franklin'—don't I know every word of Mugford's, and every cruise of Manly's? I love to make him tell those old stories. Captain Nolan, why did we not live in such times?"

"Perhaps we do."

"Do? I wish I thought so!" cried the girl. "The only battles I see are the Madame Superior's battles with his Excellency the Governor, whether the Donna Louisa shall learn a French verb or not. I am sick of their lies and their shilly-shally, are not you?"

"There is no harm in saying to you that for two years I have been hoping to lead a hundred riflemen down this very trail!"

"Thank you, Captain Nolan, for saying something which sounds so sensible. Take my hand upon it, and count me for number one when the time comes to enlist. Have you been in battle, Captain? or are you a Captain like ——?" and she paused.

Nolan laughed.

"Like the Governor's aids yonder, with their feathers and their gold lace? Woe's me, Miss Inez, the powder I have burned has been sometimes under fire from the Comanches, sometimes when I did not choose to be scalped by another red-skin, but nothing that you would call war."

"But you have been in the army! You brought Captain Pope to our house, and Lieutenant Pike."

"Oh, yes! If being with army men will help you, count me one. A good many of the older officers were in the war, you know. General Wilkinson was, and Colonel Freeman was. There is no end to their talk of war days. But I—I did nothing but train, as we called it, with the volunteers at Frankfort, when we thought the Indians would burn us out of house and home."

"Did you never—did you never—Captain Nolan, don't think it a foolish question—did you never see Washington?"

"Oh, no!" he said, with a tone that showed her that he would not laugh at her eagerness. "But these men have; Wilkinson has; Freeman has. They will talk by the hour to you about what he said and did. I wish they had all loved him as well then as they say they did now. But, really, Miss Inez, I do believe that in the trying times that are just now coming, young America is going to be true to old America. These twenty years have not been for nothing."

"Say it again," said the girl, with more feeling than can be described.

"Why, what goes there?" cried Nolan. He dashed forward. But this time old Ransom rose before him, and was the person to receive the challenge of a Spanish trooper.

The man was in the leathern garments of the wilderness, but he had a sash round his waist, a cockade in his hat, and a short carbine swinging at his saddle, distinct enough evidences that he belonged to the Spanish army. In a moment more, the whole group of cavaliers approached him, so that the conversation, if such it may be called, which he began with Ransom, was continued by others of the party.

The Spanish horseman volubly bade them stop in the King's name, and show who they were. He had order to arrest all travelers and turn them back.

"What did you tell him, Ransom?" said Eunice, as soon as she came up.

"Told him to go and be hanged. Told him he hadn't got no orders to arrest us, 'cos the Gov'ner had sent us. Told him he didn't know nothin' about it. Ye brother hed made it all right with the Gov'ner, and had gone to see the King about it. Wen

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I told him about the King, he seemed frightened and said he would see."

The appearance of the Spanish sergeant was indeed a surprise to all parties. Nolan had told Eunice that they should meet no one before they came to the Sabine River, and that he would keep himself out of the way when that time came. And now they had stumbled on just such another party as he met the week before, sent out, as it would seem, simply to look after him. Eunice, however, was quite ready for the emergency.

She saluted the Spanish sergeant most courteously, apologized in a few well-chosen words of very good Castilian for her servant's "impetuosity," and gave to the sergeant a little traveling bag which had swung at her saddle, telling him that if he would open it, he would find the pass which the Marquis of Casa Calvo had provided for them, and his recommendation to any troops of General Cordero.

"I cannot be grateful enough," she said, "to the good Providence which has so soon given to us the valorous protection of the chivalrous soldiers of the King of Spain."

The sergeant bowed, a good deal surprised, did not say he could not read, as he might have said with truth; but, touching his hat with courtesy, turned to an officer approaching him, whose dress had rather more of cloth, and rather less of leather, than his own, and indicated that he would show the passport to him.

The Captain Morales opened and scrutinized both papers; returned them silently to the leather satchel, and, with a low bow, gave it back to Eunice.

"This is a sufficient pass for yourself, my lady, and for the señorita who accompanies you, and for your party. How many of these gentlemen and servants are of your party? My officer here will fill out the verbal catalogue, which the Secretary of the Marquis has omitted."

"Let me present the Señorita Perry, my niece. Here is my major-domo; these three are servants with their duties in her household; the old negro yonder is our cook."

The lieutenant entered on his tablet this answer, and the Captain Morales said:

"And who is the hidalgo behind you —the gentleman who says nothing?".

(To be continued.)

VINO SANTO.

ONCE I read a strange, sweet story,
Of a sacred snowy wine,
Made by peasants on Lake Garda,
Brewed beneath the cross's sign;
Vino Santo called forever,
Sealed with seal of things divine—
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

On the first days of October,
Only in a shining sun—
Only in the dew of morning,
Clusters lifted one by one;
Thus begins the solemn vintage,
Vintage with the cross for sign—
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

Pales the autumn, falls the winter,
Lie the grapes untouched and still;
No man hastes and no man hinders
While their subtle juices fill,
Till the sacred day of Christmas,
Day of days, of joy divine,
Then is brewed the Holy Wine.

Past the winter, past the spring-time,
Into summer far and late;
For the joy of Vino Santo
They who long must long and wait;
Only glowing heat can ripen—
Glowing heat and cross's sign,
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

Dear, to-day, the strange, sweet story,
Sudden seemeth thine and mine;
Thine and mine and all true lovers,
Sealed by seal and signed by sign;
Silence, patience, from Love's Vintage
Drink at last, in joy divine,
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

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HILDA'S LITTLE HOOD.

In sooth I have forgotten, for it is long ago,
And winters twelve have hid it beneath their shrouds of snow;
And 'tisn't well, the parson says, o'er bygone things to brood,
But, sure, it was the strangest tale, this tale of Hilda's hood.

For Hilda was a merry maid, and wild as wild could be,
Among the parish maidens was none so fair as she;
Her eyes they shone with willful mirth, and like a golden flood
Her sunny hair rolled downward from her little scarlet hood.

And once I was out a-fishing, and, though sturdy at the oar,
My arms were growing weaker, and I was far from shore;
And angry squalls swept thickly from out the lurid skies,
And every landmark that I knew was hidden from mine eyes.

The gull's shrill shriek above me, the sea's strong bass beneath,
The numbness grew upon me with its chilling touch of death,—
And blackness gathered round me; then through the night's dark shroud
A clear young voice came swiftly as an arrow cleaves the cloud.

It was a voice so mellow, so bright and warm and round,
As if a patch of sunshine had been melted into sound;
It fell upon my frozen nerves and thawed the springs of life;
I grasped the oar and strove afresh; it was a bitter strife.

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The breakers roared about me, but the song took bolder flight,
And rose above the darkness like a beacon in the night;
And I steered swift and safely, struck shore, and by God's rood,
Through gloom and spray I caught the gleam of Hilda's scarlet hood.

The moon athwart the darkness broke a broad and misty way,
The dawn grew red beyond the sea and sent abroad the day;
And loud I prayed to God above to help me, if He could,
For deep into my soul had pierced that gleam from Hilda's hood.

I sought her in the forest, I sought her on the strand,
The pine-trees spread their dusky roof, bleak lay the glittering sand,
Until one Sabbath morning at the parish church I stood,
And saw, amid a throng of maids, the little scarlet hood.

Then straight my heart ran riot, and wild my pulses flew;
I strove in vain my flutter and my blushes to subdue;
"Why, Eric!" laughed a roguish maid, "your cheeks are red as blood;"
Another cried, "'Tis but the shine from Hilda's scarlet hood."

I answered not, for 'tis not safe to banter with a girl;
The trees, the church, the belfry danced about me in a whirl;
I was as dizzy as a moth that flutters round the flame;
I turned about, and twirled my cap, but could not speak for shame.

But that same Sabbath evening, as I sauntered o'er the beach
And cursed that foolish heart of mine for choking up my speech,
I spied, half wrapped in shadow at the margin of the wood,
The wavy mass of sunshine that broke from Hilda's hood.

With quickened breath on tiptoe across the sand I stepped;
Her face was hidden in her lap, as though she mused or slept;
The hood had glided backward o'er the hair that downward rolled,
Like some large petal of a flower upon a stream of gold.

"Fair Hilda," so I whispered, as I bended to her ear;
She started up and smiled at me without surprise or fear.
"I love you, Hilda," said I; then in whispers more subdued:
"Love me again, or wear no more that little scarlet hood."

"Why, Eric," cried she, laughing, "how can you talk so wild?
I was confirmed last Easter, half maid and half a child,
But since you are so stubborn—no, no; I never could—
Unless you guess what's written in my little scarlet hood."

"But I cannot, fairest Hilda," quoth I with mournful mien,
While with my hand I gently, and by the maid unseen,
Snatched from the clustering wavelets the brightly flaming thing,
And saw naught there but stitches small, crosswise meandering.

"There is nothing in your hood, love," I cried with heedless mirth.
"Well," laughed she, "out of nothing God made both heaven and earth;
But since the earth to you and me as heritage was given,
I'll only try to make for you a little bit of heaven."

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NORWEGIAN TRAITS.

MAN AND WOMAN RANTOKEINS.

AMERICANS cannot but be interested in all that relates to Norway and the Norwegians. The old Norsemen who visited our shores some five centuries before Columbus discovered the New World, have transmitted to their descendants many of the sterling qualities that made them once pre-eminent in Northern Europe, and the curious student who pores over the scanty records of their voyages to North America, should visit the land of their descendants, who are still a hardy race, and who have to a surprising degree adhered to their language and habits, their dress and architecture, naval as well as ecclesiastical. Moreover, Norway, if we are correctly informed, sends annually ten thousand of her sons and daughters to our shores, and they form, with the Swedes, the most valuable class of immigrants, learning our language with remarkable facility, and conforming to our ways and customs the more readily since they are closely allied to us by their mental traits.

The poorer class of Norwegians, with their blood relatives and neighbors, the Swedes, on the whole form the finest class of peasantry in Europe. Indeed, we were constantly reminded of New Englanders and the inhabitants of our northernmost States, in noticing the faces and idiosyncrasies of Norwegians. The common people rule absolutely in Norway as in America. They have never, strictly speaking, been under feudal laws, and have none of the servility and obsequiousness of the peasantry of England, Ireland, and Germany. Still independent, bold, and careful of their political rights, which each man holds as if a sacred trust handed down from his Viking ancestors, they excel in beauty of person, stature, and a certain freedom and nobility of carriage, those of a similar station in life elsewhere in Europe, not even perhaps excepting the Swiss. In these respects, they constantly remind the American traveler of the poorer class of farmers in New England and the North-western States. Add to this their strict economy, their proneness to strong drinks, in which during the fishing seasons they indulge far more than the people of Southern Europe, a taste undoubtedly fostered by the rigors and sudden changes of a cold climate; their devotion to chewing tobacco, almost a national trait; their native wit and mixture of simplicity and a certain quality of shrewdness, and one detects many

CHURCH IN NORWAY.

points of agreement between life in Norway and in colder portions of the United States.

We had traveled from Copenhagen to Stockholm through a country so wonder-

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fully like the flatter portions of New England, that we experienced a delicious home feeling. Here were groves of the ever-murmuring pine, with scattered clumps of the familiar birch, though exceeding ours in the beauty of its tracery of drooping branches and leafy sprays; with lakes blossoming with pond lilies identical with ours, and embosomed among swelling hills and rolling prairie-like fields, repeating exactly the scenic features of New England. The illusion was carried out by the faces of the people, portraits of those we had left at home; many a face might here have found its counterpart in any Eastern city or country town of America. Nature is constantly repeating herself over the world, but she evinces a rare economy in the Northern hemisphere, where representative species, races even, among plants and animals, stock countries of opposing continents, which are themselves organic equivalents, their geological history being parallel chapters in the history of the world.

In going from Stockholm across the country and entering South-eastern Norway, with its rugged hills and trough-like valleys, its tarns and lakes, and tumbling streams, bubbling brooks and roaring torrents, with smiling farms surrounding the familiar red farmhouse, and here and there a sandy barren waste, the more hilly parts of New York and New England seemed reproduced. On the other hand, along the southern coast, especially in the Christiania fjord, the multitude of islands, the rocks and skerries, either crowned with birches and firs, or bare and naked, recalled vividly the deep bays indenting the shores of Maine; though, in justice to the latter, we must say that no scene about Christiania, lovely as it is, approaches the wondrous beauty of Casco Bay, perhaps the finest indentation on the eastern coast of North America. The vegetation is much more scanty and far less varied than in Maine, while the beautiful coves and shaded harbors of the Maine fjords, or bays, have a fascinating beauty peculiar to themselves. The similarity of the northern coast of Norway to that of Labrador is also most striking, though here, on the other hand, the difference is much in favor of the Norwegian scenery, the fjords being much deeper and longer, and the mountains casting their reflections into the waters from a far greater height; while the coast of Labrador is in a degree monotonous. The feelings of interest and awe inspired by the scenery at the head of the Sogne fjord equaled those awakened by the finest Alpine scenery. Then again, the summer months witness the arrival on the northern coast of Norway of fleets of fishermen, as in Labrador. Moreover, their winters, long and dark, with deep snows, severe cold, and the long spring-time, are very similar to those of our Northern coast.

NORWEGIAN FISHERMAN.

NORWEGIAN BRIDE IN COSTUME.

National characteristics depend to a certain extent on the nature of the soil and climate, and, though naturalists may be too prone to ascribe national traits to physical surroundings, and leave comparatively nothing to religious and moral agencies, every one rightly traces the hardy and adventurous spirit of northern peoples to their rugged soil and bracing climate. The Vikings and their subjects owed much of their bodily activity and success in arms to the influences of their northern climate. They were indeed a hardy, but also a rude race. With all their love of song and rude acquirements in art they were out and out heathen, with the vices of heathendom, and the dark superstitions of a brutal age. We should remember that if they were semi-barbarians, many lights relieved the shades. We are told by modern Norwegian historians that the chapters in the lives of the old North Sea rangers, notably Harald Haarfager, the Fair-haired, and others less known to fame, rough, ruthless freebooters that they were.

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yet glow with records of deeds of kindness to foe as well as friend, and that the virtues of charity and forgiveness were not unknown among them. A heathen is a heathen, but a Goth is a man for all that. Though these Gothic races, upon whom the Romans looked down with ill-disguised contempt, were rude pagans, yet they possessed the latent qualities that under favoring circumstances of soil and climate, and the moral régime of Christianity, blossomed out into the finer qualities that mark the present

FISHERMAN'S WIFE (SHOWING HEAD-DRESS).

Scandinavian races. Their history repeats that of the English and Germans, as they arose from the common Gothic stock, originating from an unknown race, which, after flowing over in waves of migration from Asia into Eastern and Middle Europe, sent an advance guard, the ancestors of the Norwegians, into Scandinavia, by way of Denmark. If these people were semi-savage they yet carried in their souls those latent germs destined under a favoring Heaven to bud forth into a higher and richer life, and a more complete civilization than that same Roman people who once despised them.

It is interesting to trace certain traits and customs in vogue among the conservative Norwegians of this day, back to the old Norse ways. These bits of Norse manners are like the fossil shells and leaves and waifs left by the wreck of ages in past geological times, with which we repeople the worlds of the past. The manners of the people, high-born and peasant, are simple; one is struck by this after passing through Southern Europe and Germany. Undoubtedly, next to the originally independent spirit of the people, this simplicity has been fostered by the abolition of a hereditary nobility. Since 1814, all titles have been abolished. Indeed, Norway is a nation of farmers and fishermen, with a few men of comparative wealth and distinction, who claim to be descendants of the Sea-kings and chiefs. They reside in the larger towns, as one sees no country-seats in passing over the inland roads. The manners even of the wealthy and cultivated class of Bergen are peculiarly simple, nearly as much so in some respects as among the rural population of the older of the United States.

While steaming down the Sogne fjord our vessel would occasionally touch at the fishing hamlets clinging to the mountain-sides, and sometimes looking as if ready to drop into the dark deep waters beneath. Boat-loads of villagers came off and surrounded our steamer, and almost invariably the girls and young women, with bright, comely faces, crowded some of the boats (with one or two boys to row them), while others would be filled with boys and young men. On the shore stood groups of matrons with their babies in their arms, watching the weekly or fortnightly visitor, and rows of maidens standing hand in hand gazed at our craft, while the young men and boys stood apart by themselves. There seemed to be little of that intimacy between the young people of both sexes which is so common with us; while, on the other hand, there was none of the precocity of superannuated boyhood, and of coquetry in the girls, that is too apparent among American youth. Naturally enough, when the sexes do come together, the courtship is brief. Love at first sight, followed by a speedy wedding, results in happy unions, that remain so throughout life. Wedded happiness, we were told on good authority, is the rule and not the exception. Once married, the husband and wife always remain ardent lovers.

They are fond of dinner and evening parties; the company assemble at five o'clock, not breaking up until early in the morning; of these twelve hours many are devoted to the pleasures of the table, while the later moments are spent in dancing, acting charades, and playing games; or stories are improvised and poems rehearsed, which draw out the natural quick wit and humor of the Norwegian. Singularly enough, in Bergen, at least, if not in other cities, the ladies, when dancing is not going on, sit by themselves, sometimes even in a separate room, while

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the gentlemen occupy another. Little of the time is spent in conversation, games and charades and dancing forming the staple amusement; hence, to an American or Englishman, these prolonged soirées, if such they can be called, are irksome and formidable affairs.

Though slow in action, and with a national clumsiness and brusqueness of manner, compared with the peoples of Southern Europe, there is a great deal of mental activity among the cultivated class. Norwegian poetry and prose are represented by such names as Welhaven, Wergeland, and the popular novelists, Janson and Björnstjerne Björnson. As in America, religious books form the bulk of the popular literature, the Lutheran form prevailing almost exclusively. Eminent authors are pensioned by Government, and statues often erected to them after death as public benefactors, while liberal sums are voted by the Parliament for the endowment of museums and observatories, though most of the members of the Storthing or House of Parliament are sent from the country. The drama and music thrive in Norway, and their national airs keep alive the flame of patriotism. A new dramatist has lately arisen, Henrik Ibsen, "a poet," says the London "Spectator" (and the "Academy" gives equal praise), "who is fast gaining for himself that European fame which nothing but the remoteness of his mother tongue has hitherto denied him."

The Norwegians are most successful in painting. The pictures of Dahl, Gude, and especially Tideman, are the favorites, the most attractive and characteristic being the latter's views of peasant life. In science, the name of the zoölogist, Sars, is familiar to Americans, while the reputations of Lassen, the Orientalist, Munch, the historian, and Hansteen, the physicist, are cosmopolitan. One of the finest museums of science we visited in Europe, whether we regard the building itself, or the many treasures it contains, is that at Bergen. The Museum of the University at Christiania is stocked with rarities dredged from the Norwegian seas, and none are more interesting to the American naturalist than those obtained from the fjords, as they are either the co-species or countertypes of the inhabitants of the Labrador fjords, and the deep bays and reaches of Maine.

With all their love of art and science and modern literature, the newspaper, and the magazine, and in spite of the influx of English, American, and Continental travelers, the middle and lower classes (though such distinctions are quite artificial) still frequently adhere to their old costumes and style of boats and vessels, as well as churches. Like that of a Neapolitan, the costume of a Norwegian fisherman is picturesque in the extreme—startlingly so when we consider his remote northern home, with its harsh mountain scenery and cloudy skies. There he stands in his light boat, with its high stern and prow, as if a legacy from a Viking—a reminder, as well, of a Venetian gondola; with his high skull-cap, its pointed end drooping down; his legs encased in blue breeches, succeeded below the knees by long white woolen stockings, with a jacket of the same blue homespun decked with two rows of brass buttons, while his feet are protected by stout ox-hide shoes. From under his jacket the carved ivory handle of the ever-present knife sticks out, used in old times in their affrays, but now simply a domestic utensil. If aged, his long flowing silvery hair lends a dignity and confers a grace that is quite captivating. Perhaps by his side stands his wife in her tidy blue thick homespun dress, the waist gathered and plaited, the skirt a little short, her hands folded placidly before her, and her intelligent, pleasing face flanked by the broad flaring wings of her neatly ironed snow-white head-dress.

If it be a Sunday, the dress of the peasantry is very attractive, but on week days the dress of the women, who do so much out-of-door work, is somewhat untidy.

That Sunday afternoon passed under the walls of Oscar Hall revealed more of the national traits of the Norwegians than the sum of all our other Norse days. It was a lovely June day, and the sun sent down its pleasant rays over the sparkling waves of Christiania fjord, its islets crowned with birches and pines, its shores dotted with neat, unpretending summer-houses, each with the national flag fluttering from a flagstaff planted in front. From early morning the lively little steamers had carried loads of pleasure-seekers from the wharf over a distance of two miles to Oscar Hall. Though the churches were well filled in the morning, there were hundreds to be seen long before the time for service, hurrying to the steamer with their babies and picnic baskets on their arms. By the afternoon several steamers were panting and puffing in jealous rivalry over the course, all too small to accommodate the eager crowds of Sunday junketers. We land and follow the throng up the steep

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walk, past small wooden suburban cottages, through narrow lanes, over broad fields. Gay streamers and jaunty flags fly from the beer gardens, dance halls, and pine groves filled with excited pleasure-seekers, in which bands of music are stationed and itinerant organ-grinders add to the din, while long rows of women and girls with baskets of cakes, candies, and goodies line the more crowded avenues. It is St. Hans' day, and the gentle saint is honored by a popular ovation that would have done more credit to the followers of St. Olaf. We buy a ticket admitting us to the most aristocratic dance hall,—a building made of rough pine boards, and surrounded with numerous booths and beer saloons shaded with freshly cut birches, under whose cooling boughs strange liquors are dispensed. We make our way through the surging mass of bacchanals eager and excited, some with pleasure, others with divers forms of Norwegian nectar. Crowded and jostled by rude fellows, we occasionally step aside to make room for two or three inebriates. Again and again, as we go, we turn to look at groups of peasants from the country clad in their short jackets or short-waisted gowns. We press on through a crowd of young people who, in the interval between the dances, have rushed out to cool off, and as we push indoors a quartet orchestra strikes up a waltz. A score of couples waltz desperately in the hot, ill-ventilated hall; from a rude gallery a few spectators look on the scene, while in a corner near the entrance two or three women keep watch over a counter decked with beer bottles. Suddenly the music stops; the leader of the band rattles a tin plate on his stand and calls loudly on the dancers for contributions, and does not strike up again till all the male partners deposit a coin in his plate; the skillings jingle in his pocket and the dance goes on, unless rudely interrupted by a drunken quarrel,—caused by love, jealousy, or rum. We leave the riotous scene at an early hour for the city, and lie awake through the long midnight twilight, the ruddy glow in the north at twelve lighting the revelers home.

Life does not seem to press hard upon the average Norwegian. He is fond of his wife, loves good liquors, and is a conservative in sociology. He is polite in certain ways, removing his hat and bowing low to his superiors or equals, but strangely brusque and wanting in consideration at times. He has a decided weakness for foreigners, especially Americans and Englishmen, a trait of an isolated and untraveled race; for if one appear in some remote inland hamlet or sea-port, he is stared at and commented upon as though a rare specimen of natural history. The patriotism is of a good quality, and in sturdily maintaining the good old ways of "Gamle Norge" (Old Norway) the Norseman leans a little to conservatism, and but slowly adapts himself to altered circumstances. The waiter in a Norwegian hotel is a fair type of his proprietor and of his countrymen as a whole. He is a good-natured fellow, well-meaning, but clumsy, forgetful, and unsystematic; the art of doing things is with him by no means a fine art. So in a degree throughout all the walks of life. The richest man in Norway, a banker, is worth a million and a-half dollars. Though with a good soil, plenty of land, rich mines, fisheries, a fair commerce, and a government as free as ours, the Norwegians are pressing toward America. At the present rate of emigration the country bids fair to be almost depopulated in two or three centuries, as there are less than two million inhabitants, and the young men and women do not stay at home. I asked a returned Norwegian farmer who was to fall heir to ten thousand acres, why he liked America better than home. He said he got more meat, could eat at a separate table, get far better wages, and, in fact, was more of a man in America than at home. This is the secret of the emigrant movement, whether on the part of a Norwegian peasant, an underpaid and too liberal-minded German professor, or an overworked middle-class man in England. The convincing argument of meat twice a day and a better social position will forever drive away that wolf from the door of some political economists in Europe to whom the Malthusian doctrine is a nightmare.

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REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS.

FIRST PAPER.

IT has been the good fortune of the writer to gain possession of a portion of the correspondence of that estimable man and patriot Colonel Joseph Ward. An intimate of those

COL. JOSEPH WARD.

statesmen and soldiers who planned and established the liberty of America commands a national interest, and the interchange of ideas between him and his illustrious countrymen cannot but be a welcome contribution to our history. For a man who did so much with pen and sword for his country, who was warrior and statesman enough to secure the repeated commendation of such men as Washington and Adams, Colonel Ward is too little known. The fullest account of him appears in Francis Jackson's "History of Newton;" but this necessarily restricted work has gone little farther than the boundary of local interest. The sketch here given follows the above history in its main features.

Colonel Joseph Ward, great-great-grandson of William, an Englishman who settled in Sudbury, Mass., early in the seventeenth century, was born in Newton, Mass., July 2d, 1737. He worked on his father's farm till twenty years of age, getting, meanwhile, that fragmentary education characteristic of his time. He then became assistant teacher in a neighboring grammar school, and pursued the higher branches. These labors occupied him in and about Boston until the battle of Lexington.

If wars and rumors of wars instill a military spirit, men of Colonel Ward's generation were soldiers by birth. He was but seven years old when Colonel Pepperell earned his baronetcy by shedding one bright beam through the gloom of the French and Spanish wars, in the reduction of the fortress of Louisburg.

This disgraceful war sounded in his ears till he had reached the more appreciative age of sixteen, when France and England began their contest for the territory on the Mississippi and the Great Lakes. Then came Braddock's blunder, and two more years of French victory and English disaster; 1758–9 turned the tide, the arms of Britain having won a substantial triumph, and the subject

MRS. PRUDENCE BIRD WARD.

of our sketch found himself at twenty-five a citizen of quiet and prosperous colonies Reared amid such surroundings, we expect one of his spirit and ability now to exert an

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individual influence upon the fortunes of his country.

Accordingly, we find that long before the breaking out of the Revolution he was known as one of the most prolific, earnest, and fearless advocates of freedom. Extracts from his busy pen will hereafter be laid before the reader. The moment opportunity offered, he began to practice what he had been preaching during the previous ten or fifteen years.

At day-break, April 19, 1775, he left his school in Boston and rode, gun in hand, to Concord. The next day General Artemus Ward appointed him his Aide-de-Camp and Secretary. It was in this capacity that he served at Bunker Hill, where, riding across Charlestown Neck to execute one of General Ward's orders, he passed through a cross-fire of the enemy's floating batteries, and was the sole mark of a broadside from a British man-of-war. General Washington's recognition of this bold ride seems thus far to have escaped the notice of the biographer. So pleased was the new Commander-in-Chief with his soldierly conduct that he presented him with a pair of silver-mounted pistols. These choice weapons are now in possession of the recipient's grandson, Joseph Frederick Ward of Chicago. Colonel Ward's services under General Ward terminated with the latter's resignation in December, 1776. April 10, 1777, the Continental Congress appointed him "Commissary General of Musters, with the rank of Colonel." His commission, now in the keeping of the family, is signed by John Hancock, President. This new situation, confused as affairs then were, was full of perplexity. In reply to a letter from the Colonel, asking information as to his immediate line of conduct in this position, the Commander-in-Chief confessed his inability to set it out in a clear light. The original letter lies before us.

In the fall of 1778 Colonel Ward was captured by a scouting party of refugees, and confined in the horrible prison at Flatbush, L. I., where he suffered the inhuman treatment of that wretched place. Massachusetts made every effort to obtain his release; to Samuel Adams, more than to any other, he attributed his exchange for a British officer in April, 1779. His services as Muster-Master-General ended January 10, 1780, when Congress resolved to discontinue the department. This was not done without a vote of thanks from that honorable body for his eminent services. The following expression of satisfaction and gratitude was addressed to Colonel Ward at this time by General Washington:

"You have my thanks for your constant attention to the business of your department, the manner of its execution, and your ready and pointed compliance with all my orders; and I cannot help adding, on this occasion, for the zeal you have discovered at all times and under all circumstances, to promote the good of the service in general, and the great objects of our cause."

In April of the same year, Congress elected him Commissary-General of Prisoners. Colonel Ward did not accept this appointment, but retired in February, 1780, from the army to Boston, where, four years afterward, he married Prudence, daughter of Jacob Bird, a farmer of Dorchester.

It is, perhaps, no small point of interest that a man of such character and property should remain a batchelor till the age of forty-seven years; and when the stout heart finally gave way, it is not surprising that the facts found would furnish a theme for a round dozen of modern novels. The writer secured this choice bit of privacy from a member of the family. Not long after the Colonel retired with his laurels to business life as an operator in lands in Boston, he found himself in a dry-goods shop, examining material for new breeches. The various satins were laid before him, and he was no doubt as puzzled to choose between those articles of personal necessity, as he had been to decide upon important questions of State, when a beautiful girl, perhaps sixteen years of age, entered the shop, nodding familiarly to the proprietor. Ward was filled with admiration for the girl, and, addressing her, stated his perplexity and need of her assistance. She refused to inspect the satins, giving as a reason her ignorance of that sort of wear. The Colonel was so much pleased with the girl and her answer, that upon her departure he inquired who she was. He was informed that she was the niece of the proprietor's wife, by name Prudence Bird, daughter of a Dorchester farmer; that she was then on a visit in Boston, and was as good as she was beautiful. The Colonel made an immediate decision upon plum-colored satin and retired. He took early occasion to meet her, and soon went to Dorchester to consult with her father. The good old farmer was not a little astonished to find his child beloved by the famous, rich, and handsome Colonel Ward. He argued the disparity of their years and fortune, saying, moreover,

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that Prudence was uneducated, his means having been exhausted in the schooling of a large family before her.

The conference resulted in the suitor's agreement to wait till she was older. Returning to Boston, he sent farmer Bird a check for a liberal sum, requesting him therewith to send his daughter to school. She was sent to Boston. This was a fortunate stroke; and, finishing her course and her courtship, she gave her hand to her lover on the 30th day of November, 1784. The groom was forty-seven, the bride nineteen. Their married life was most happy, Mrs. Ward insisting to the last that it was "a genuine love match."

The following verses, which found their way into the Poet's Corner, in 1788, certainly attest the happiness of the first four years.

POET'S CORNER.

STANZAS WRITTEN BY AN UNFASHIONABLE HUSBAND.

WHILE others 'gainst the marriage state
In artful strain make free,
Let me in verse sincere relate
The joys it brings to me.

Since blest with fair Maria's love,
I'll sing with tuneful glee,
What joys a mutual flame will prove,
The joys it brings to me.

Each season of the circling year
In her complete I see;
And as each season does appear,
Each brings fresh joys to me.

Her blooming youth, like op'ning Spring,
With that does well agree;
Like that, does sweetest pleasures bring,
And brings fresh joys to me.

Like Summer is her warmth of love—
Can greater pleasures be?
Such glowing warmth, such love to prove,
And find that love for me.

In her enlarged, enlightened mind,
An Autumn do I see;
Like that replete with stores I find,
And all those stores for me.

With Winter still compare will hold,
As strong the simile;
Maria's cold, severely cold,
To every one—but me.

Then, since I share such happy fate,
Still may I grateful be,
And ever praise the marriage state,
That brings such joys to me.

His beloved commander and friend wrote his own love verses much earlier; and it is rational to believe that the Misses Grimes and Bird were no less remarkable young women, because they failed to make poets where nature had not ventured the attempt.

It is but just to say, however, that Colonel Ward was the better bard of the two, when treating upon less subtle themes. In a letter of William Bradford, Jr., hereafter to be given in full, mention is made of a "Boston Celia who rode upon the saddle of the Colonel's heart" as early as 1779. If Celia was another individual, we will suppose her an ephemeral creature, and the affair unworthy of closer investigation. If Celia was the *alias* of Prudence, then the Colonel found his Bird hardly out of the nest.

Mrs. Pope, of Spencer, Mass., who, by the way, told her best stories when she was over a century old, used often to be in company with American officers, and knew many of them well. It was her opinion that Colonel Ward, all in all, was a more captivating man than the Commander-in-Chief. His gallantry was unsurpassed. He was a large man, fully six feet in height, of light complexion, blue eyes, with features regular and handsome; but much of his charm lay in the elegance of his speech and manner. Among other anecdotes, Mrs. Pope used to relate the following. She was sitting at her window one evening, when an officer rode up to the gate and dismounted. She discovered through the twilight a huge bandage about one leg. Terrified, she rushed out of the door, and, recognizing the maimed officer, exclaimed:

"I hope you are not badly wounded, my dear Colonel!"

"No, madam," was the quiet reply, "but my breeches are."

It turned out that he had tied his great red kerchief about his leg, to conceal a rent in those useful articles which seem to have exercised his ingenuity, in one way or another, throughout his life. It must not be omitted that this Mrs. Pope lived from the time she was eighteen till her death in the same house; and out of the window thereof rang the first bell of the town's rejoicing upon the receipt of the news of the laying of the cable.

It may be here remarked, that Mrs. Colonel Ward retained her beauty to the end of life; and "Lady Ward," as she was called, was for years a favorite, particularly of the young, in that famous town of Concord, Mass. She lived the last years of her life with the Thoreaus, and her intimate friend was the mother of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Her minister, old Dr. Ripley, then lived in the house now known as the Old Manse, the

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home of Hawthorne. The Hoars lived opposite. Amid the luster of such surroundings, she found a peaceful death in 1844.

In April, 1792, Colonel Ward, having amassed a sufficient amount to be considered a fortune in those days, retired from business in Boston to Newton; and, purchasing a farm in the eastern portion of the town, built a noble mansion on Chestnut Hill. This house stood opposite that of Rev. James Freeman, grandfather of the present Rev. James Freeman Clarke. These tasteful gentlemen and neighbors were the first to import ornamental trees into this country. Their beautiful groves and long lines of green and shade, were marked features of the two estates. Here Colonel Ward was happy in his splendid home, and here he had expected to live the remainder of his days. Fate was unwilling; and a series of disasters took away his riches. The creditors of a traitorous friend for whom he had indorsed, seized upon charming Chestnut Hill. Destitute and well in years, he went from it in 1804, to resume the drudgery of business in Boston. Three years afterward, Governor Sullivan appointed him one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Suffolk.

He did not long survive his misfortunes, though he bore them with exemplary resignation, giving up his life as he had passed it, for the good of others. He died at Boston, February 14, 1812, aged seventy-five years; leaving a widow and six children, five of whom were minors.

It is now proposed to bring forward a few extracts from the flood of printed matter following the pen of this patriot; leaving his own private letters, and letters of distinguished men to him, till later. The body of the next paper will be hitherto unpublished letters of his stanch friend, John Adams.

The first public letter is from the old "Massachusetts Spy," the first number of which was issued in Boston, July, 1770. Isaiah Thomas long edited, and the celebrated "Mucius Scævola" corresponded for this paper. The following was written in 1772:

[For the "Massachusetts Spy."]

To the American Colonies:

Your exertions in the great cause of freedom, have been noble; and they must be continued with redoubled vigor. The time is now come which requires your united strength and wisdom. Act agreeable to the character of Freemen, and you shall continue Free. You need not be instructed in the rights of mankind; you know them. The principles held up in my treatise on government, which you have approved and highly honored, are, that whoever invades the liberties of the people, is guilty of treason, and may justly be punished by them, be his character high or low; and if he oppose them by force, he thereby becomes their enemy, and may be opposed by force until he is brought to reason or to ruin. The application of this doctrine is easy, and you will naturally make it.

If a *clan* of unrighteous men in Britain, with a few of their *tools* in America, should enslave this great, free, and growing people, astonishment must seize every generous mind, and all will view it as the most unaccountable event in the history of mankind.

But it cannot be. Liberty has taken deep root, and will reign in America. Five millions of people, born and nourished in freedom and enlightened by learning, cannot, unless Heaven is against them, be enslaved. The history of the world does not produce such an instance; neither does it show one people or country, at the age of this, equally glorious. America will undoubtedly exhibit new scenes of human glory, surpass all other peoples and nations, and be the most delightful abode for all mankind on this globe.

A misguided administration in Great Britian has, for a number of years, pursued plans calculated to destroy the nation; and it fully appears that nothing but the stern virtue of this country can resist the despotism which now threatens to involve all in ruin. It is, therefore, the indispensable duty of the Americans to defend their own rights from every approach of tyranny. So sunk is Britain in debt, in corruption, and every abomination, you have very little reason to expect that wisdom and justice will ever again govern her conduct toward you; and, therefore, your safety, under Providence, depends entirely upon yourselves.

You cannot, consistent with your safety, suffer *pensioned*, or which is the same thing, *bribed* men to rule over you, nor allow any set of men to prosecute measures which strike at the root of liberty. And it will doubtless be considered by the Americans (if the British administration should let another session of Parliament pass without fully redressing their wrongs and injuries), whether the *dernier ressort* for their liberties and only *Asylum* for freedom, is not an AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.

You are now in a condition to redress your injuries, and establish your own rights; and you will degrade yourselves if you should ever petition any *man* or *men* again for relief.—LOCKE.

Such is the scarcity of these old papers, that the writings of Colonel Ward are introduced without selection, as often as found.

The next is from "The Independent Chronicle" of October 17, 1776, then printed by Powers and Willis, at Boston. The United Colonies were then an independent power; but were they so to remain?

So far the campaign of '76 had been

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indeed disheartening. The great soul of Washington was undergoing its severest trial. His soldiers were deserting by companies, and he was yielding point after point to the disciplined troops and superior numbers of Howe's army. New enlistments and a permanent army must be had, or hope was vain. Colonel Ward thus puts the case to his countrymen:

TO THE INDEPENDENT SONS OF AMERICA.

"I'll stir up all that is Roman in them."

The important day is come, big with the fate of millions, and America now beckons to her Sons to kindle all their native fire, push into action every power, and press to the seas or fields where fame and glory call. The united wisdom of America in Congress has determined that it is necessary to the salvation of these States, that an army be raised to serve during this war. The wisdom of this measure must appear to all; therefore let us all promote it with our utmost power. He that enlists into this army of freemen in defense of everything good and great, enrolls his name in fame's brightest temple, where it will shine (if not blotted by after misconduct) with growing luster down applauding ages, while posterity rise through successive eras to taste the bliss of freedom handed down by us *their forefathers;* and every infant tongue and hoary head will bless Our Memory—with rapture hail the day when we drew the sharpened steel against the tyrant *George*, and with transports all their own, pass down the stream of time till time shall be no more! How angelic the design to communicate felicity to all those millions who may rise after us and inhabit these United States. "The blessings of future ages, which the conscious imagination anticipates," crowd together in the patriot's breast, and are the solid pleasures which delight his mind!

The history of mankind bleeds with the destruction which tyranny has made in all countries and nations; and while we weep over the "tragic pages stained with the blood of patriot citizens," they speak like a voice of thunder in the ears of Americans, to guard against the execrable monster! Despotic kings, from the days of Nimrod to this hour, have deluged the world in blood, and have been the curses of mankind; but, in the whole catalogue of royal villains, has there been one of a more infernal character than *George the Third?* Do not our heroic ancestors who fled from the tyranny of Britons, and subdued American wildernesses in spite of savage barbarity, speak to us from their celestial abodes to defend the dear inheritance of liberty which they left us, while posterity mingle their cries, reason and religion unite their voice in the pressing call! Imploring the assistance of Him who gave us the rights of humanity, let us, with a sacred ardor and unalterable firmness, watch over and defend the rights of America, "nor pause to waste a coward thought on life."

Every good mind must feel a glow of gratitude to Heaven for the animating prospect of seeing America the asylum of liberty, the land of virtuous freedom, the seat of learning, of industry, manufactures, commerce, and husbandry; the nurse of heroes, the parent of science, the bosom of virtue, and the guardian of mankind.

The whole series of Divine dispensations, from the infant days of our fathers in America, are big with importance in her favor, and point to something great and good. If we look round the world and view the nations with their various connections, interests, and dependencies, we shall see innumerable causes at work in favor of this growing country. Nature and art seem to labor, and, as it were, travail in birth to bring forth some glorious events that will astonish mankind, and form a bright era in the annals of time. A SOLDIER.

"The Boston Gazette and Country Journal" was at this time a long-established and influential paper. Its first issue was on April 7, 1755, by Edes and Gill. Distinguished writers of the period were represented in its columns. Early in its career, James Otis, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Joseph Warren, Thomas Cushing, John Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr., with other advocates of civil, political, and religious liberty, used to meet in its office to discuss those measures which resulted in the final independence of the Colonies. The last number of the "Gazette" was issued September 17, 1798, the paper having had a life of forty-three years. Poor old Benjamin Edes who stood by so long, died in 1803, aged eighty years, poverty-stricken and neglected.

Colonel Ward's opinion of George the Third is taken from this paper, dated February 3, 1777. The author's lack of veneration for crowned heads and those in authority was a source of peril to his personal safety. His friends were repeatedly cautioning him to be milder in his manner; which advice, as may here be seen, passed unheeded.

To George the Tyrant:

You are become a remarkable character—perhaps not equaled in past ages, and, I trust, will not be in any future period. The eyes of millions will therefore be fixed upon *you*. When you ascended the throne of Britain, great were the expectations of the people that you were raised up for a blessing; but they soon had melancholy proofs of the contrary. Soon did the Tories, with their abandoned tools, flock round you and take the seats of the patriotic and wise, who, offended with your sordidity, left you with abhorrence. Britain soon groaned under the weakness and wickedness of your reign. In America your steps were marked with oppression, rapine, and blood, which have roused that spirit of heroism and independence which, to your just

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astonishment, you now behold. This spirit, by the Divine blessing, will show *you* to *yourself*, and show Britain that she is now cursed with a *fool* and a *tyrant;* and soon show the world that Liberty, Peace, and Safety reign gloriously in America!

Although it is too late to recover by repentance what you have lost by tyranny, yet repentance may soften the severity of your fate. Tears of blood cannot restore lost dominions, atone for the thousands you have slain, nor obliterate one of your crimes; yet true repentance toward God may prevent your punishment from being *eternal.* Forgiveness from man (with respect to this life) you cannot expect. Nothing but that mercy which is infinite can pardon a criminal like *you*, black with the most shocking enormities, and whose soul is stained with rivers of *innocent blood.* Hark, ye *fiend* in human form! Those hoary heads that have put up millions of prayers for blessings to descend upon you, are now weeping for the blood of their beloved offspring shed by your execrable hands. Their petitions now are, that God would remove you and yours far from them; that He who "putteth down one and setteth up another" would put down all the tyrants of the earth, among whom *you* are always included. * * * *

America, 1777. MONITOR.

No matter what the situation, nowhere do we find the spirit of Colonel Ward cast down. He is continually holding up to struggling America the necessity of the performance of present duty—the sum and substance of the philosophy of life. His faith is unshaken; for through the night he sees the coming day. During the winter of 1777 Howe had been lounging in luxury at Philadelphia, and Washington freezing and starving at Valley Forge. Our soldiers, naked and hungry, were clamoring for their pay, long overdue. Europeans in American service were deserting and going back to the British, while those remaining were weary of the war. In February, 1778, says Marshall, the effective rank and file of Washington's army amounted to but five thousand and twelve.

The following appeal from Colonel Ward's pen appeared in the "Boston Gazette" while matters were in this discouraging condition. He is, as ever, urgent and confident:

To the Generous and Brave:

You only are the men to whom your country can look in the day of trial for assistance, and you are the instruments Heaven hath employed for her deliverance; therefore permit me to address myself to you in few words—a few to the wise are sufficient. In this month I left the camp of our Southern army, and I have the pleasure to assure you that, notwithstanding the fatigues of the last campaign and the hardships of the winter, the spirit of patriotism and valor glowed in the bosoms of the officers and men, all wishing for the arrival of the necessary re-inforcements to extirpate the enemy and put a glorious period to the war. Long and inactive campaigns are equally painful and injurious to the brave soldiers and to the people at large; and millions of reasons now urge you to decisive exertion. There *was* a time for delay, but *now* is the time for action; and the united efforts of the *generous* and *brave* in these States will, in a very few months, deliver this country from the hostile rage of savage Britons. I speak confidently, because Heaven hath owned our cause, and never will forsake us until we forsake our cause. The enemy's force is now small compared with what it hath been; and by pouring in early re-inforcements to our army they may be crushed before any assistance can arrive from Britain. This, I know, is the design of our General, and the wisdom of his design must strike every mind.

Some, perhaps, will suppose it unnecessary to send so large a re-inforcement as the General may call for, and others make objection to sending men to this or that place; but we must confide in the wisdom of our General. We have sufficient reason so to do; and had all his calls been complied with, the last year would have seen an end of the enemy. If his requisitions are complied with this year, I will pawn my honor and my life, that this year will see the enemy driven from every part of these United States.

All our misfortunes originate in indolence; we are ever too late in our business. Let us be instructed by experience, and now act the part wisdom dictates. Let us despise that timid, unmanly spirit which dwells only in little souls and harbors a thought of *dependence.* Act like yourselves; now rouse at the call of Washington and your *country*, and you will soon be crowned with glory, independence, and peace. This inestimable prize is before us; let us press on till we secure it. Present ease and interest we must part with for a time, and let us all rejoice at the sacrifice; like parting friends, we shall soon re-embrace with ecstasy of joy.

* * * * * *

April 16, 1778. A SOLDIER.

The concluding article appeared in the "Gazette" October 13, 1783. The reader will remember that this was at the very close of the war. It is written in the same spirit of those darker days, no more, no less confident in the justice of the great struggle now brought to a successful termination.

The bosom of every American must expand with growing pleasure to behold the rising prospects of his country, and the happy consequences which are constantly flowing to the world from her independence. Already it hath set Ireland free, and its glorious influences are spreading light and liberty through the European nations. Even the distant regions of India participate in the blessing whereby British tyranny is relaxing, and millions are blessed

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with the dawn of freedom, who never had learnt to lisp its blissful name.

American independence induces the necessity for the foreign powers among the nations to treat their subjects well in order to prevent their emigration to America. This glorious *necessity* will have a lasting and a mighty influence in favor of mankind, and will produce a reformation even with tyrants, in whose minds the sentiments of justice and humanity never existed. By this great event Britain is convulsed, and seems like a lion in the toils, restrained, but not reformed. One ray of wisdom broke through the gloom of her long infatuated councils, which made a peace, and a better peace than her circumstances could promise; yet her returning clouds of error shut out this ray of wisdom, execrated the peace (which saved her from perdition), and replaced the instruments of her ruin at the helm of Government.

This event is a high aggravation of all her former madness and guilt. Behold it, and be astonished, all ye that had any confidence in British wisdom. That monster of wickedness, that perfidious tyrant and murderer, whose name stinks in the nostrils of the world—even *Lord North* is again Minister of Britain!

At this event, even Tories (who had any symptoms of repentance) were constrained to say this country could never have been safe under the authority of that wretched nation. Wretched, indeed! pretending to rule the Western World, and cannot govern her own little island, where public virtue is divided, religion and liberty, and the public interest, are subjects of sport. The only contention is for peace and pensions, and a King nodding on his throne. This is the nation that wasted her blood and treasure for eight years to establish her power in America. This is the nation that called her power *omnipotent*, and to whom *Tories* paid adoration.

From this impious nation Heaven hath separated America, and made her sovereign and free, for which infinite favor her sons should ascribe eternal praises.

* * * * * *

CONSIDERATION.

Colonel Ward seems to have kept few copies of his private letters. It is thought desirable to lay one of these before the reader, and that one a letter to his life-long friend, John Adams, upon his election to the Presidency. Mr. Adams had now reached the highest honors in the power of the people, and Colonel Ward was enjoying his fifth year of quiet at Chestnut Hill. This letter reveals the intimacy existing between the two men, which time could not change.

The esteem in which Mr. Adams now held his humbler correspondent will become evident in the letters of the former, to be hereafter given.

NEWTON, March 30, 1797.

SIR: Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Your exaltation has so perfectly fulfilled my wishes, and gratified the strong feelings of my heart, I cannot suppress the sentiments which it inspires. Having long indulged a belief in "the high destinies of our country," this event seems an additional omen, and brightens the glorious hope. The ruling characters of the world have generally had narrow views, limited to a kingdom or district. They calculated for a day, and lived by the hour. Your address opens a vast field for contemplation; contains a chain of ideas which encircles the nations, embraces the world and all its ages. "Your country first, and next all the human race." It rises above the walk, and contains thoughts too big for birth in royal minds. It embraces being, reposes on Providence, measures time, and meets eternity. Contemplating such subjects, "assimilates the mind, and makes it great." That those who honor God, and acknowledge Him in all their ways, shall be honored and directed by Him is a truth little known, and less regarded, by the rulers of nations. Hence it is (as I believe) that they live and die like the worthless vulgar, and their names soon mingle with the forgotten millions. Immortal fame, as well as "the soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy, is virtue's prize." It is so rare a sight to see great and cultivated minds devoted to the highest good of a nation, setting a pure example, inspired by the divine principles of Christianity, that when such a character appears, he is regarded like a new star in the planetary system. May your administration be a point of time, as it were, cut out of eternity, and destined by Heaven a light to the nations, to ages living and unborn, a star to the Western World to guide posterity in the paths of wisdom from era to era until time consumes all things else.

I bend an humble knee to Him who liveth forever, and implore His benediction that your life may be precious in His sight, your every step guided by wisdom, crowned with success, and that you may accomplish all possible good—that as time rolls on, your sun may brighten even while it descends, and its evening rays continue to surpass its meridian glory, until, satisfied with life and all the ways of Providence to man, your mind shall "clap the glad wing, and tower away to that world where God shines forth in one eternal day!"

Farewell!

JOSEPH WARD.

P. S. * * * * * *

Eminent men, whose lives were most dear to the world, have seldom reached a high point in age. Great minds, destined to high and arduous employments, must often break the chain of ideas to let the mind play with little thoughts, as a perpetual strain upon the system will wear it out or untune it. They should study more for pleasures, everything that has music for the spirits, as a merry heart has been found a good medicine ever since Solomon first discovered it.

Even to acquire knowledge, precious as the gem

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is, at the loss of health is not (I guess) a very good bargain. As you have enough of the former, I am anxious that you should by all means preserve the latter. If I dare offer anything from my limited observations upon this subject, it would be to adopt riding studies; take up subjects for contemplation while in motion. This will counteract the relaxing effect of intense thinking, and by custom may soon become natural; and giving vigor to all the powers, at once lengthen and sweeten life. A frequent attention to the playful conversation of ladies will tune the nerves and serve to break the tough thread of politics, and give the spirits time to recruit. It may sometimes be as difficult for great minds to descend as for little ones to rise; but nature requires it. Variety is nature's law; it appears everywhere, and is necessary to the preservation of the human powers. The universe appears to be in motion, which points out exercise to man. I suspect celestial intelligences could not enjoy health without it. There are no angels in flesh, and so long as men live in bodies they must take care of them. Hence I conceive pleasing exercise and amusement must mingle with your immense labors, or you may too soon (for your country) mingle with the skies.

The above old-time epistle is taken from what must have been the first draft. It is full of erasures, and gives evidence of haste in preparation. No doubt the document was more finished as the President received it, but it could not have been more quaint.

The contrast between the body of the letter and the postscript is amusingly noticeable. Having done the honors, the author descends from the sublime to the homely and the practical. Such an extended treatise upon hygiene, aimed directly at his individual case, the President, amid all the cares of his official and private relations, could not overlook. He pondered upon it and penned the following reply.

PHILADELPHIA, April 6, 1797.

DEAR SIR:

I received yesterday your favour of the 27th of March, for which I thank you. The strain of joy at a late event, and of Panegyrick on the subject of it, Serve among Some other instances to convince me that old Friendships, when they are well preserved, become very strong. The friends of my youth are generally gone. The Friends of my early political life are chiefly departed; of the few that remain, some have been found on a late occasion weak, envious, jealous, and spitefull, humiliated and mortified, and duped enough by French Finesse and Jacobinical Rascality, to show it to me and to the world. Others have been found faithful and true, generous and manly. From these I have rec'd letters and tokens of approbation and friendship, in a style of ardor, zeal, and exultation similar to yours.

Your postscript is a moral of exquisite beauty and utility. My life will undoubtedly depend in a great measure on my observance of it. The labour of my office is very constant and very severe, and before this time you will have seen enough to convince you that my prospects as well as yours are grave. I should be much obliged to you for your sentiments, and those of the People in general about you, concerning what ought to be done.

I am, Sir, with sincere esteem, your friend and servant, JOHN ADAMS.

COL. WARD.

It remains to be said that Colonel Ward's only failure in life, the loss of his money, was not, at least as far as his public investments were concerned, due to his own indiscretion. He was ruined pecuniarily by the man for whom he had indorsed. Time will not admit of setting out his careful statement of the matter; but if this statement be accurate, the United States and individual States acted in bad faith with the last man upon whom such ingratitude should be visited. Mr. Adams, in a letter dated April 15th, 1809, says, in regard to the validity of Colonel Ward's claim, "You long since let me in some degree into the nature of your claim, and I always thought it founded in justice." Colonel Ward presented his petition for payment of this claim to the General Court yearly until his death; and, be it said with regret, left upon the records of his native State a will containing the following clause:

"As the greatest part of my property is in the hands of the Government of this Commonwealth, the possession and use of which is essentially necessary to the comfortable subsistence of my wife and children, it is my advice and desire that they never cease to demand and use proper means for the attainment of it. For this purpose I ask the assistance of wise and good men, to aid my injured family in necessary measures to obtain justice."

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THE MARRIAGE KNOT.

I KNOW a bright and beauteous May,
  Who knows I love her well;
But if she loves, or will some day,
  I cannot make her tell.
She sings the songs I write for her,
  Of tender hearts betrayed;
But not the one that I prefer,
  About a country maid.
The hour when I its burden hear
  Will never be forgot:
"O stay not long! but come, my dear,
  And knit our marriage knot!"

It is about a country maid—
  I see her in my mind;
She is not of her love afraid,
  And cannot be unkind.
She knits and sings with many a sigh,
  And, as her needles glide,
She wishes, and she wonders why
  He is not at her side.
"He promised he would meet me here,
  Upon this very spot:
O stay not long! but come, my dear,
  And knit our marriage knot!"

My lady will not sing the song.
  "Why not?" I say. And she,
Tossing her head, "It is too long."
  And I, "Too short, may be."
She has her little willful ways;
  But I persist, and then,
"It is not maidenly," she says,
  "For maids to sigh for men."
"But men must sigh for maids, I fear;
  I know it is my lot,
Until you whisper, 'Come, my dear,
  And knit our marriage knot!'"

Why is my little one so coy?
  Why does she use me so?
I'm not a fond and foolish boy
  To lightly come and go.
A man who loves, I know my heart,
  And will know hers ere long,
For, certes, I will not depart
  Until she sings my song!
She learned it all, as you shall hear,
  No word has she forgot:
"Begin, my dearest." "Come, my dear,
  And knit our marriage knot!"

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Centennial.

ALL good Americans are looking forward to the passage of the year 1876 with great interest; and it is not to be denied that they are animated by a new hopefulness. The financial failures that occur do not depress business circles as they once did. There is a belief that we have seen the worst, that it is well that the rotten houses should go down, and that we shall, practically, start, during our Centennial, on a new and prosperous national life.

Of a certain kind of business there will undoubtedly be more done during the year than ever before. The passenger traffic on the railroads will be immense. All the West is coming East. All the men and women who have been desiring throughout their lives to visit the Eastern coast, yet have never found the occasion for such an expenditure of time and money, will come to the great Exhibition. The thousands in Europe who have long intended to visit America will naturally desire to take it at its best, and they will come this year. The Southern States will be similarly moved, and all the lines of travel converging upon New York and Philadelphia will be crowded. Railroads and steamboats will do an unprecedented passenger business, and hotels will be overwhelmed with guests. The whole Eastern coast of the country, north of Baltimore, will feel this great influx of life. Newport and Saratoga, and all the lesser summer resorts of the region, will be full. Every Englishman—every foreigner, indeed—will visit Niagara. There will be a tremendous shaking up of the people, a great going to and fro in the land, a lively circulation of money, and a stimulation of trade. Americans who would otherwise go abroad will stay at home, and spend their money at home. All these things will conspire to give us a notable year financially, and it seems hardly possible that the improvement should be ephemeral. But the hopefulness of the year does not relate entirely to business. It is "Presidential year," and the great question concerning the currency is to be settled, and settled as it ought to be. The good sense of the people and the good faith of the people will have a voice, and the "paper lie" will go into everlasting disgrace. The people believe that the future legislation of the country will secure a sound currency, and that all the rotten schemes of inflation, and all the demagogues who advocate them, will find a political death

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and burial. Our people feel that the year is to lead us along politically toward a permanent cure of the evils consequent upon living too long upon an irredeemable currency, and they may well be hopeful.

There is still another reason for hopefulness. The nation is to be brought together as it has never been brought before during its history. In one hundred years of intense industry and marvelous development, we have grown from a few feeble colonies to a powerful nation of more than forty millions of people. We have been so busy that we never have been able to look one another in the face, except during four terrible years of civil war. In a friendly way, for brotherly courtesies, we have never come together. Well, that which divided us is gone. We are now all members of a consolidated nationality, and this year, around the old family altar at Philadelphia, we expect to meet and embrace as brothers. We are profoundly hopeful that this year is to do much to cast into forgetfulness the bitterness engendered by the civil war, and to make the nation as united and sympathetic in feeling as it is in the political fact. Of one thing we are certain, if the South comes to the Centennial, it will receive such a welcome as will be accorded to no guests from any other part of the world. The glories of the old Declaration are a part of their inheritance, and without them, our festivals would be but a mockery. They are the guests without whom we cannot get along—without whom there would be bitterness in our bread, sourness in our wine, and insignificance in our rejoicings.

The Coming Man.

THERE was a very pleasant indication of a popular desire to depart from the stereotyped usage, at the late Convention in Massachusetts which nominated Mr. Rice for Governor. Two or three hundred delegates, unpledged and uninstructed, cast their ballots for Mr. Charles Francis Adams. As we understand this action, it was in no way intended to indorse all of Mr. Adams's views of politics, or to recognize him as a party man. It was intended as a tribute to a statesman,—incorruptible and undefiled,—a scholar, and a gentleman by birth, culture, and character. It has not been often that party men have had such a privilege as this. We do not wonder that they availed themselves of it. To have an opportunity to vote for the best man in the State where one lives, would make a man feel clean for a decade, but most people die without it.

But all over the country there is a popular desire to vote for a statesman and a gentleman. Mr. Adams does not monopolize these titles, or the sort of manhood they represent. Though one of our greatest and purest men, he is not our only great and pure man. People are sick of seeing boors at the head of affairs. People are weary of being represented by boors abroad. There is a rapidly returning conviction, among the masses of the people, that the best men ought to be in the best places, and that those places are what the best men were made for. There is a growing popular conviction that we have permitted ourselves to be led and fooled for nearly half a century, in order that a set of time-serving and self-serving demagogues might secure office. The man who can serve his party best, or who can make his party serve him best, is now seen to be the man who always goes to the head.

In the early days of the republic, we had Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe, in the Presidential chair. These were not at all the sort of men we have had during the last forty years. We will not name them, but we ask our readers to pass them in review, and see how the people of America have been imposed upon by the party politicians. Some of these men—so insignificant were they—have sunk already into oblivion. They never did anything in their lives to dignify their office, and their office could not dignify them. Hardly any objects stand between us and the early Presidents, to obstruct the view. It seems all blank, until we get back to them. John Quincy Adams, Jackson, and Lincoln shoot up along the track, but the long path is disgustingly low and level. There is no denying that we have neither put our best men in office, nor tried to do so. Gradually, good men have retired from politics. They could not remain in them and maintain their self-respect. And now mediocrity and boorishness are everywhere in high places.

What stands in the way of a reform? As we are beginning another century of national life, it is well to ask this question and to answer it correctly. *The politicians will never favor the election of any man to the Presidency whom they cannot use.* That is the radical trouble with that small class of American statesmen to which Mr. Charles Francis Adams belongs. *They cannot be used.* They will not lend themselves to petty party schemes. They will not submit to being pawed over, and wheedled, and browbeaten. They cannot be held at the buttonhole by dirty-fingered office-seekers, and worried into the bestowal of political favors. To put a first-class statesman at the head of affairs would amount to a political revolution. The men about the hotels in Washington would be obliged to wash their hands and keep their finger-nails clean. The representatives of foreign Governments would actually have a degree of respect for ours—a very notable change. The advantage of a republic over a hereditary monarchy would become more apparent than it is at present. Breeding rulers "in and in" has always appeared to the Americans to be a very ridiculous business; but choosing rulers who have no breeding at all, is, on the whole, a great deal worse. To have a well-bred gentleman in the White House—a scholar, a wise and experienced statesman, above all trickery and all corruption, would be a spectacle so unusual and so satisfactory, that the sun and moon and all the stars might well stop to look at it.

There has been a sort of prejudice among common people against having men who are "too fine" in office. It is supposed, at least, that they like to be hailed familiarly by the men for whom they vote, and that they do not favor those who do not go out

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of their way to curry favor. It is for this crowd that our pet names, like "Old Abe," "Old Zach," "The Mill-boy of the Slashes," and "Tippecanoe," were invented. The attempt of the politicians has been to degrade their candidates to the point where the "intelligent voter" could get into sympathy with him. And now we believe the "intelligent voter" has come to the point of intelligence where he sees that this kind of talk is all stuff, and that it is a great deal better for him, and for the country, that a man be in the highest office for whom politicians do not make nicknames,—a man who minds his own business and his country's business, and sets the "intelligent voter" a good example. The "intelligent voter" is very rapidly learning that a great and good man may have more regard for him and his interests than the demagogue who slaps him on the back or treats him at the corner grocery.

We think we see daylight. The press is becoming less slavishly partisan. Powerful newspapers, here and there, have cut entirely loose from party, and there certainly has begun a reaction against the disgraceful policy of the past forty years. Rings are being broken up. Corrupt intrigues are exposed, and there is a genuine call for better men and purer and more dignified politics. *Laus Deo!*

The Prices of Books.

ONE of the greatest anomalies of commerce is presented by the considerations which govern the prices of books. If we step into a retail bookstore, and inquire the price of a book of, say, five hundred pages duodecimo, we shall learn that it is about two dollars. On looking into it, we shall learn that it is a crude novel—the product of a young girl's brains, and of very little concern to any but girls of the age of the writer. The next book we take up shall be one of the same size, by the best novelist of his language, and the price is also two dollars. We pass along a little further, and pick up another book, of the same cost in paper and mechanical production, but this time it is a philosophical work. The author is eminent, and this is the latest declaration of a most fertile mind—the grand result of all his thinking—the best summary of all his wisdom. The price of it is two dollars. The next is a poem. It took the author years to write it. His art is at its best, and he does not expect to surpass it. He gives to the world, in this poem, the highest it is in him to conceive. His very heart's blood has been coined into its phrases and its fancies—price two dollars. The next book examined is a collection of the flabby jokes of some literary mountebank, and, on inquiring the price, we find that it costs about the same to print it that it did to print the others, and can be had for two dollars.

Our natural conclusion is, that the quality of the material put into a book has nothing whatever to do with the price of it. The work of a poor brain sells for just as much, if it sells at all, as the work of a good brain. Even when we find an extra price put upon a book that appeals to a limited class, we learn that the fact has no reference to the quality of the work, or to its cost to the man who wrote it. The extra price is put on simply to save the publisher from loss. The printer and paper-maker must be paid. The author is not taken into account.

As the quality of a painter's work grows finer and better, his pictures command increasing prices. The master in sculpture commands the market. He gets such prices as he will. Quality is an element of price in everything salable that we know of, except books. The prices of these are raised or depreciated only by the printer, the paper-maker, and the binder. Quality of the mechanical parts of the product is considered only by the publisher. The quality of the brain that invented and elaborated the book, the quality of the life that has gone into it, the quality of the art which has given it form—this sort of quality is not taken into consideration at all.

Authorship, though more prosperous and independent than it was formerly, has not yet received its proper position in the world. It was a pauper for centuries, and still, among a large number of book publishers and book buyers, the author is regarded as a man whose property in a book is an intangible and very unimportant matter. The author has nothing whatever to say about the price of his book. He takes what the publisher, who is in direct competition with pirates, is willing or able to give him.

Now printing, paper, and binding involve processes of manufacture, the prices of which vary but little from year to year. They are easily calculable, and a publisher knows within three or four cents a copy just how much a book will cost him delivered at his counter. He receives his books like so many bales of cotton goods, or cases of shoes. Of the life, the education, the genius, the culture, the exhausting toil, the precious time, the hope, that went to the production of the manuscript from which the books were printed, he takes little account. A certain *percentage* upon the retail sales goes to the author, and the author takes just what the publisher says he can afford to give him.

Well, the golden age of authorship is coming, some time, and when it comes, the amount of an author's royalty will be printed on the title-page of his book. He can ask the public to pay him for royalty what he will, and if the public will not pay him his price, then—the book being produced and sold by the publisher at regular rates—the author, and not the publisher, will be compelled to reduce the price, by reducing the royalty. Printing and selling books form a very simple business, that men may pursue under the same rules that govern every other business; but in no way can an author get justice until he has a voice in determining the price of his books, and the public know exactly what they are paying him. At present, he has no direct relation with the public. No discriminations are made, either for or against him. He stands behind the publisher, and the public do not see him at all. We see no reason why there should not appear on the title-page of every book the price and the amount of the author's royalty—showing exactly

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who is responsible for the price of the book, particularly if it be large. We do not think the plan would result in the increase of the cost of books to the public, except in instances where it ought to be increased. This, or something equivalent to this, will come when we get the international copyright. It may take the form that it does in England, where a publisher buys a manuscript outright, and sells his volumes at a price based mainly on the cost of it. In some way, the quality of literary work must be recognized in the price of a book; in some way a literary man's well-earned reputation must be taken into account in the sale of his productions, or authorship must suffer a constant and most discouraging wrong. We shall have the matter all adjusted, by and by.

The Cure for Gossip.

EVERYBODY must talk about something. The poor fellow who was told not to talk for the fear that people would find out that he was a fool, made nothing by the experiment. He was considered a fool because he did not talk. On some subject or another, everybody must have something to say, or give up society. Of course, the topics of conversation will relate to the subjects of knowledge. If a man is interested in science, he will talk about science. If he is an enthusiast in art, he will talk about art. If he is familiar with literature, and is an intelligent and persistent reader, he will naturally put forward literary topics in his conversation. So with social questions, political questions, religious questions. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. That of which the mind is full—that with which it is furnished—will come out in expression.

The very simple reason why the world is full of gossip, is, that those who indulge in it have nothing else in them. They must interest themselves in something. They know nothing but what they learn from day to day, in intercourse with, and observation of, their neighbors. What these neighbors do,—what they say,—what happens to them in their social and business affairs,—what they wear,—these become the questions of supreme interest. The personal and social life around them—this is the book under constant perusal, and out of this comes that pestiferous conversation which we call gossip. The world is full of it; and in a million houses, all over this country, nothing is talked of but the personal affairs of neighbors. All personal and social movements and concerns are arraigned before this high court of gossip, are retailed at every fireside, are sweetened with approval or embittered by spite, and are gathered up as the common stock of conversation by the bankrupt brains that have nothing to busy themselves with but tittle-tattle.

The moral aspects of gossip are bad enough. It is a constant infraction of the Golden Rule; it is full of all uncharitableness. No man or woman of sensibility likes to have his or her personal concerns hawked about and talked about; and those who engage in this work are meddlers and busybodies who are not only doing damage to others—are not only engaged in a most unneighborly office—but are inflicting a great damage upon themselves. They sow the seeds of anger and animosity and social discord. Not one good moral result ever comes out of it. It is a thoroughly immoral practice, and what is worst and most hopeless about it is, that those who are engaged in it do not see that it is immoral and detestable. To go into a man's house, stealthily, when he is away from home, and overhaul his papers, or into a lady's wardrobe and examine her dresses, would be deemed a very dishonorable thing; but to take up a man's or a woman's name, and smutch it all over with gossip—to handle the private affairs of a neighbor around a hundred firesides—why this is nothing! It makes conversation. It furnishes a topic. It keeps the wheels of society going.

Unhappily for public morals, the greed for personal gossip has been seized upon as the basis of a thrifty traffic. There are newspapers that spring to meet every popular demand. We have agricultural papers, scientific papers, literary papers, sporting papers, religious papers, political papers, and papers devoted to every special interest, great and small, that can be named, and, among them, papers devoted to personal gossip. The way in which the names of private men and women are handled by caterers for the public press, the way in which their movements and affairs are heralded and discussed, would be supremely disgusting were it not more disgusting that these papers find greedy readers enough to make the traffic profitable. The redeeming thing about these papers is, that they are rarely malicious except when they are very low down—that they season their doses with flattery. They find their reward in ministering to personal vanity.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply, culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. As we write, there comes to us the picture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home, we have met them in galleries of art, we have caught glimpses of them going from a bookstore, or a library, with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them, they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another, in which they are interested. We have left them, after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about. They knew something, and wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and, of course, an impropriety. They had no temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbors formed a subject very much less interesting than those which grew out of their knowledge and their culture.

And this tells the whole story. The confirmed gossip is always either malicious or ignorant. The

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one variety needs a change of heart and the other a change of pasture. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors are made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

THE OLD CABINET.

THERE is something to be said in favor of the sentimentalist, after all. In life and in literature the sentimentalist is hardly as unpleasant as the cynic. It would be well for every man and woman to cultivate an antipathy to cynicism, for it is the state into which we are most likely to fall as life leads us on, and we meet the inevitable disappointments. It is a fate to which even the sentimentalist is liable. Indeed, it is a well-worn proverb that the sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar.

That the sentimentalist is not always despicable, you may learn from Thackeray's worldly-wise pages. In what a fatherly way he pats the little creatures' heads, and chuckles them under their chins. Dickens, too, would hardly be Dickens should you leave out of his books those tenderly amusing touches in which he shows what a charm there is for him in the gushing sentimentalist, young or old. The fact is all the more interesting when one considers that, although Dickens can easily patronize a sentimentalist, he is a good deal of a sentimentalist himself.

How can we be hard upon sentimentalism when we look into our own hearts? Few of us who cannot find a corner there where that visitor is not at home! The danger is, that if we turn him out into the cold, there will be an empty and a dreary place, or, worse still, some fellow of the baser sort may enter and occupy.

Supposing ourselves to be of the most refined and sensitive type, utterly unable to endure the young woman of the autograph collection, or the young man at the Von Bülow concert whose hair frowzles down over his eyes, and who regards the pensive-browed girl of his choice with too evident adoration (it is the autograph girl herself, by the way); supposing ourselves perfectly hard and unsympathetic in our attitude toward every grade of sentimentality, it cannot be denied that there is one satisfaction in contemplating a case of this kind—he or she, at least, is happy. Ah! thou cynic, what wouldst thou not give to have the freshness, the enthusiasm, the joyful egotism of that young man and that young woman! These have all gone from thee forever: and what hast thou in their stead?—good taste, propriety, a slow pulse and a dull time. Thy conceit, even, is not a conceit that brings content. It is a little conceit,—a bothering, *dilettante*, self-conscious, shifting conceit; not the kind that puts a spirit of youth in everything.

IT is often very hard to draw the line between sentimentality and true sentiment. But it is very hard to draw the line in the case of other qualities that lie close together, and almost intermix. In a dramatic poem by a great writer, in which occur humorous passages, bits of folk-talk and the like, most of the readers take the humor as the author intended it should be taken,—they are amused, and cry, "Well done!" But along comes a man, himself perhaps an undoubted master in that very line, lays his finger on these passages, and says, to your astonishment, "This is not genuine."

Or you go to see Hans Makart's decorations, "The Abundance of the Land," "The Abundance of the Sea," and, for all the obvious carelessness in drawing, and the still worse sentimentality in expression, you are carried captive by the dash and splendor of his color. Then comes a real master of color, and tells you that it is well enough to be delighted, to be enthusiastic even. Here is power without doubt; here is magnificence,—but it is not the deep and lasting thing. There can be nothing better of the kind; it is the highest result of teaching; but it is not the highest *kind*, it is not the thing that *cannot* be taught.

Or who is there so knowing of the unseen moods, the inexplicable processes of the poet's mind, that he can tell you, "this is a conceit, a pretty piece of intellectual manufacture," and "this is an imagination, a genuine creation"? The critic *can* tell you, however, how it impresses *him*. Let us be thankful when he does so honestly, and without impertinence or assumption.

In a given work of art, sentimentality may so verge upon true sentiment that the critic is deceived. The perfect critic, of course, would not be deceived in any instance. But the world has been for many centuries, and still is, in search of the perfect critic, and will never find him—never, at least, this side of Doomsday; then he will be revealed in power, and will be welcomed by but few. This is doubtless, altogether, the best arrangement—for the criticism of Doomsday, which is the only true criticism, is imperative both in its awards and in its punishments; whereas few of us are yet ripe for heaven or ready for the other place.

WE wonder whether it is possible to get from a pianist both original fire and what is called good interpretation. Objections were sometimes made to Rubinstein as an interpreter of the music of other composers; and it is now said that Von Bülow *is* a

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good interpreter. But we would much rather hear Rubinstein play. He played like a genius; Von Bülow plays like a man of extraordinary talent. With Rubinstein you forgot that he was playing; with Von Bülow you think how wonderfully he plays. Von Bülow charms, refreshes you; Rubinstein thrilled and exhausted you. Von Bülow is said to be perfectly correct; Rubinstein is said to have struck false notes, occasionally. But suppose that in piano-playing you prefer imaginative passion to elegant propriety.

Salvini's interpretations of Shakespeare constantly offended the critics. Salvini's Othello, for instance, outraged the sensibilities of many persons whose spiritual perceptions were of a rare and subtile order. It was called a libel upon the poet. But supposing it to have been, in very fact, not Shakespeare's, but Salvini's Othello—it was still a powerful and moving spectacle.

We are inclined to the belief, in the first place, that an artist of strong and original genius cannot be a good interpreter, in the popular sense; and, in the second place, that you get more of the grandeur of a great work of art by means of an artist who himself is a genius, and who cannot be bound by the letter, or even by the prevailing spirit of the work which he interprets. It may be answered that Salvini is not Shakespeare, and that it is Shakespeare we want, and not Salvini. To which we reply that Shakespeare includes Salvini, and, therefore, the more you get of Salvini's genius, the more you have of Shakespeare's. The world will never produce a single actor who can present with Shakespearean force all the sides of any one of Shakespeare's great characters; it would take half a dozen men, and a woman or two into the bargain, each one as strong in his or her way as Salvini, to give us a panoramic view of Shakespeare's one Othello. What nonsense it is to imagine that any single piano-player can interpret any single great work of Beethoven! It would be as impossible as it is for all the poets of the world to interpret the winds and the seas.

We should imagine that any person who has had much to do with the writing or the reading of criticism would be glad to go to heaven. If it is not one of the good points of that place of the desire of hearts, that it is exempt from the mortal necessity of forming an instant opinion upon every subject in nature and art, then it is not what it has been represented to be. The necessity of decision as to the intrinsic and relative merits of all things under and above the sun is not a necessity felt only by those who are associated as critics or creators with matters of art; the taint is in the atmosphere. People in or near the cities, at least, do not enjoy pictures or books any more; they form an opinion about them. The main thought in the mind of even a young person when you put a book into his hands is not, Is it interesting and enjoyable? but, What ought, could, would or should I think about it?

Let us hope that somewhere on the Western prairies, or down among the Virginia mountains, or among the New Jersey pines, there are people who can read books and look at pictures like human beings.

In Mr. George P. Lathrop's book, just published,* we find a poem which had a great charm for us when we first came upon it, a few years ago. It is an exquisite poem. Keats might have written it:

"THE SONG-SPARROW

Glimmers gay the leafless thicket
Close beside my garden gate,
Where, so light, from post to thicket,
Hops the sparrow, blithe, sedate;
Who, with meekly folded wing,
Comes to sun himself and sing.

It was there, perhaps, last year,
That his little house he built;
For he seems to perk and peer,
And to twitter, too, and tilt
The bare branches in between,
With a fond, familiar mien.

Once, I know, there was a nest,
Held there by the sideward thrust
Of those twigs that touch his breast:
Though 't is gone now. Some rude gust
Caught it, over-full of snow,—
Bent the bush,—and robbed it so.

Thus our highest holds are lost,
By the ruthless winter's wind,
When, with swift-dismantling frost,
The green woods we dwelt in, thinn'd
Of their leafage, grow too cold
For frail hopes of summer's mold.

But if we, with spring-days mellow,
Wake to woeful wrecks of change,
And the sparrow's ritornello
Scaling still its old sweet range:
Can we do a better thing
Than, with him, still build and sing?

Oh, my sparrow, thou dost breed
Thought in me beyond all telling:
Shootest through me sunlight, seed,
And fruitful blessing, with that welling
Ripple of ecstatic rest,
Gurgling ever from thy breast!

And thy breezy carol spurs
Vital motion in my blood,
Such as in the sapwood stirs,
Swells and shapes the pointed bud
Of the lilac: and besets
The hollows thick with violets.

Yet I know not any charm
That can make the fleeting time
Of thy sylvan, faint alarm
Suit itself to human rhyme:
And my yearning rhythmic word
Does thee grievous wrong, dear bird.

So, however thou hast wrought
This wild joy on heart and brain,
It is better left untaught.
Take thou up the song again:
There is nothing sad afloat
On the tide that swells thy throat!"

In this collection is another poem which has the same bird-like, pathetic quality. It is called "The Singing Wire." We do not quote it here because, not long ago, most of its stanzas were given in these pages.

These two poems alone would be enough to give interest to Mr. Lathrop's book. But it is inter-

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* Rose and Roof-Tree. Poems by George Parsons Lathrop. (With frontispiece, illustrating "Jessamine," drawn by John La Farge.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

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esting on account of the impression that one gets from it of a new and distinct poetic individuality. The feeling for nature throughout these poems is delicate and penetrating. In turning the pages there is a sense of rains, and mists, and winds; of things that grow in the sunlight, or under the shadow of leaves.

But the human feeling is strong also, and the poems most characteristic and most successful seem to be those in which the natural and the human are interblended, as in "The Song-Sparrow," "The Singing Wire," "Jessamine," "The Lily-Pond," and others. The following stanzas are from the last-named poem:

"How came we through the yielding wood,
That day, to this sweet-rustling shore?
Oh, there together while we stood,
A butterfly was wafted o'er,

In sleepy light; and even now
His glimmering beauty doth return
Upon me, when the soft winds blow,
And lilies toward the sunlight yearn."

Here, however, is a bit of character-painting, done with a firm hand, and with very little allusion to nature:

"FIRST GLANCE.

A budding mouth and warm blue eyes;
A laughing face;—and laughing hair,
So ruddy does it rise
From off that forehead fair;

Frank fervor in whate'er she said,
And a shy grace when she was still;
A bright, elastic tread;
Enthusiastic will;

These wrought the magic of a maid
As sweet and sad as the sun in spring,
Joyous, yet half-afraid
Her joyousness to sing.

What weighs the unworthiness of earth
When beauty such as this finds birth?
Rare maid, to look on thee
Gives all things harmony!"

The book throughout gives evidence of a fertile and beautiful fancy, the verse rising now and then into the region of imagination. "Helen at the Loom" is a rapid, graceful, and suggestive sketch; but the sonnet which follows it has, in spite of what we feel to be imperfection in expression, an imaginative grasp and a depth of thought that make it memorable. The sonnet first appeared in this magazine under the title of "Immanent Imperfection." It is now called

"'O WHOLESOME DEATH.'

O wholesome Death, thy somber funeral-car
Looms ever dimly on the lengthening way
Of life; while, lengthening still, in sad array,
My deeds in long procession go, that are
As mourners of the man they helped to mar.
I see it all in dreams, such as waylay
The wandering fancy when the solid day
Has fallen in smoldering ruins, and night's star,
Aloft there, with its steady point of light
Mastering the eye, has wrapped the brain in sleep.
Ah, when I die, and planets take their flight
Above my grave, still let my spirit keep
Sometimes its vigil of divine remorse,
'Midst pity, praise, or blame heaped o'er my corse!"

The sonnets entitled "Moods of Love" have great sweetness and thoughtfulness.

"The Silent Tide," a story in blank verse, covering twenty-three pages, is the most ambitious piece in the book. The story itself is a very touching one, and the tone is well preserved throughout. It was a difficult undertaking—somewhat in the manner, but not imitative, of "Enoch Arden"—and has been accomplished with a fair degree of success. Those who have stayed by the sea-side will find many familiar touches; and here is an old simile strikingly reset:

"As when that frosty fern-work and those palms
Of visionary leaf, and trailing vines,
Quaint-chased by night-winds on the pane, melt off,
And naked earth, stone-stiff, with bristling trees,
Stares in the winter sunlight coldly through."

"The Silent Tide" has a fault, we think, which appears elsewhere in the book, namely, an attempt to give color by a crowd of thought-out adjectives, rather than by a reliance upon epithets that come naturally with a strong poetic mood. But this is a fault which acknowledged masters do not escape, and may be readily forgiven in a first book. After saying this much in dispraise, and expressing a regret that the author did not omit altogether from the collection his cruder work (of which we find too much here), we beg leave to commend "Rose and Roof-Tree" to the good graces of all lovers of poetry. No words could praise too much the tone of this book; it is high, thoughtful, pure, and altogether admirable.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

On Founding a Home.

FIRST secure a home, which is, a house to live in, and the proper people in it to compose the foundations of home life. Directions as to house decoration or skillful cookery, or the control of cook or chambermaid, are of very little account, if the people who sit down in the pretty rooms day by day find their hearts torn by jealousy, or their brains rasped by nervous irritation. Let Tom and Amelia turn from the altar, resolving to start fair and give themselves the largest chance of a clear understanding of each other, and, in consequence, of future happiness. Let them turn their backs on boarding-houses, shut their eyes to all considerations of style, be deaf to all hints of Mrs. Grundy's expectations, and buy or rent a house within their means. If they are too poor for a house, then a flat; if not a

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flat, a room; or, if the worst comes to the worst, let them hire, like our friends at Rudder Grange, a canal-boat; only let them go to housekeeping, and *go to it alone*. Comfortable quarters, perhaps, are offered them in the house of one of their parents, who very naturally try to keep the young birds, just mated, a little longer in the old nest, especially if they are well-to-do people, to whom the addition to the family will be only a pleasure and no burden. Amelia's husband not being able to support her in the style to which she is accustomed, what can be more proper than that they should occupy part of her father's mansion, and reap the benefit of well-trained servants, carriages, and sumptuous fare? Or some other motive of economy or affection dictates their plans. Amelia's mamma being a widow, and devoted to her child, why should she live alone in her house, peopled for her, perhaps, by ghosts of the beloved dead? Why not take the spare room in the young people's house and make a part of their new life? Or it may be Tom's unmarried sister or bachelor uncle who comes in to make a third in the partnership just begun. Now this newcomer may be the most clever, amiable, dearest soul in the world, and the arrangement one dictated by prudential motives and affection; but ninety times in a hundred it is destructive of the fine tone and temper of the newly formed household. The first year of married life is a passage, at the best, over dangerous quicksands; no matter how intimate their knowledge of each other was before marriage, husband and wife have now to find each other out in a thousand new and unexpected phases, and to adjust themselves each to the other in the habits, tastes, even language of every day. It will require all the tact and the patience which love gives to enable them to do this, and the interference, even the presence, of a third party, is always a disturbing element. The more dear and near the relations of this third party, the more apt are they to come between the wife and husband. Unfortunately, too, the whole tone of wedded life usually receives its key-note from this first year; and so invariably damaging is the influence of outsiders upon it, that the best receipt, probably, to insure a happy marriage, would be to make a holocaust of all kinsfolk on the wedding day. As that is not practicable, let Amelia and Tom live as much apart as is possible for at least twelve months, selfish as such reserve may appear to their families. It is a duty which they owe to each other. After they have become in a measure one, and the uncertainty and disquietude of the storms and sunshine of early marriage have given place to a settled home atmosphere, the occasional presence of strangers has usually a wholesome influence. With the companionship of a guest now and then, Tom and Amelia are less likely to find their thoughts and opinions grow stale and tedious. Charity, too, assumes no more beautiful form than in a gracious hospitality, especially to those who are needy in body or mind. We know certain households where there is always to be found an orphan girl going to school with the other children, or a helpless old black "Aunty" in her chair by the kitchen fire, or some other waif warmed and sheltered from the cold without. We remember a certain young girl to whom books were a hopeless mystery, but who, like most Virginian women, was skilled in housewifery, who took into her father's house, one after another, girls of fourteen from an adjoining mill, and trained them herself as seamstresses and cooks, teaching them to read and write at the same time. Before and after her marriage she fitted and placed eight women in useful, honorable careers of life. The home, when founded, should always be large enough to give place to some creature needing help, or it may be too small for any blessing to rest upon, which falls like dew from above.

Window Gardening.

VERY few city housekeepers have found themselves possessed of a dozen square feet of back yard, or a window opening to the south, who have not tried gardening in one or both, usually with most impotent conclusions. They had some paradisiacal vision before them of the beds of sweetness and color, the dusky alleys and nests of greenery, about some friend's country-seat. They attempted the same in miniature, only to find their tiny grass plat dusty and dock-grown, their vines barren stems, their hardy climbers "warranted to run up twenty feet the first season," stopping short to die in as many inches. This, in spite of all scientific appliance, manuring, mulching, and leaf mold, or untiring practice with patent syringes or scissors. The very flowers which creep from one village garden to another, bold invaders to be drawn out with hoe and rake, dwindle into pale leafless stalks in the artistic *jardinière*, and will not be coaxed into life by tenderest care. The first mistake made by our amateur city gardener is to ignore the poisonous air in which she essays to rear her frail charges. No tender or half-hardy plant will survive two weeks' confinement in rooms heated by furnaces and lighted by gas. If there be an open fire-place in the house, it would be wise to keep this class of plants solely in this apartment. If there be no open fire-place, we earnestly advise our householder to purchase one. It will cost her less than a good engraving, and will not only fill the room with pictures, but help the little ones to rosy cheeks. If we could sketch for her a certain cozy sitting-room, it would convert her more surely than any argument. There is a big fire in the recesses of a quaint-carved wooden fire-place; bear skins, on which the dog and boys romp or sleep together; and glass-doors open into a little chamber filled with ferns, ivy, and all wood growths. The air of this chamber is warmed from the inner room; the outer walls, of course, are glass. On a winter's day there are glimpses, through the mosses and vines, of the snow outside. A woman who cannot afford a Meissonier can compass this, and so bring a great pleasure and brightness into her children's memory of home.

If the open fire, however, be unattainable, she must limit her attempt at gardening to the hardiest of plants. Ivy, that is, the English varieties, will

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defy dry heat and gas, if the leaves are frequently washed; while the Begonias flourish in the poison with a Borgian delight.

Very pretty effects may be produced, too, at the cost of a few cents, by planting verbenas, morning-glories, cobea scandens, and the Maurandias in baskets or flower-pots, which can be concealed behind statuary or bronzes. They will grow luxuriantly, with blossoms which are miniatures of those which they yield in summer. The best fertilizer which can be applied to them or to any other house plants is that afforded by the tea-pot. The cold tea-grounds which the Irish throw on the hearth as an offering to the lares, if poured as a libation to these household fairies, will produce a miracle of beauty and perfume.

Children's Nerves.

On the street the other day we saw a fretful mother roughly shaking and chiding, for "being so cross," a sensitive child, who shrank in nervous terror from the harsh blast of a toy trumpet, sounded in his ear by a jolly little urchin, who evidently had intended to give pleasure, not pain. The frightened child, with pale face, trembling lips, and pathetic little suppressed sob, struggled manfully to conquer his nerves and his wounded heart. "Cross" was clearly the very last word that should have been applied to the suffering little fellow, whose nerves were set a-tremble for at least one whole day—not so much by the shock of the discordant blast, which a few kind words might have soothed away, as by the subsequent rough handling and rougher tones of his mother, and by his own very great effort at self-command.

Of course, the cruelty of this mother was unconscious, but not, on that account, much the less culpable. It should be the business of those who have the care of children, not only to see that they have proper food and clothing, but also to study their characters, dispositions, and nerves. Notwithstanding the attention that scientific physicians are now paying to the nervous system, we cannot yet expect to know the reasons why a noise, an odor, a touch, that is innocuous to most, to a few may cause terror, or pain, or faintness, or death. Yet, by observation, we may find out what affects unpleasantly the nerves of the child intrusted to our care, and, by avoiding as far as possible exposing it to the cause of its nervous fears or irritation, and by gently soothing it when such exposure is unavoidable, gradually inure its nerves to bear with fortitude the painful excitement.

In this way we have known nervous antipathies to be overcome when a contrary course would have produced serious consequences; perhaps, even death.

A little girl whom we knew was thrown almost into convulsions at the sight of a dog or a cat. The parents would not allow either animal to be about their premises; and with equal good sense, would never permit the child's terrors to be spoken of in her presence. If, by chance, one of the obnoxious animals approached her, she was always taken up, as if by accident, and her attention diverted. After a time, she gained courage enough to look at the causes of her terror, when their beauties and good qualities were pointed out to her, though she was never asked to touch them. Now the child has grown to be a young woman, conspicuous for her fondness for all animals, and especially for dogs and cats. Had her parents abruptly attempted to make her conquer her antipathy, its impression would, in all probability, have been so deepened that she could never have risen above it. In a similar case, of which we have been told, the child died in convulsions, induced by being compelled to touch a horse, the object of its nervous terror. On the other hand, by weakly humoring such fears, talking about them in the presence of those subject to them, and thus allowing, or leading, their minds to dwell upon them, the unfortunates may be all their lives subject to the bondage of an unreasoning terror.

A striking instance of the danger of disregarding a nervous dread is related in the memoir of Charles Mayne Young. A young gentleman had been appointed attaché to the British Legation at St. Petersburg. On his arrival at that capital, he was congratulated by the ambassador on being in time to witness the celebration of a grand fête, and invited to accept in the great church a seat among those reserved for the ambassadorial party. Though, in such cases, an invitation is equivalent to a command, the attaché begged to be excused. Being pressed for his reasons, he gave them with much reluctance.

"There will be martial music," he said, "and I have an insuperable objection to the sound of a drum. It gives me tortures that I cannot describe. My respiration becomes so obstructed that it seems to me that I must die."

The ambassador laughed, saying that he should esteem himself culpable if he allowed his attaché to yield to a weakness so silly, and commanded him to be present at the fête.

On the day appointed all were in their places, when suddenly was heard the clang of martial music and the beat of the great drum. The ambassador, with ironical smile, turned to see the effect upon the "young hypochondriac." The poor fellow was upon the floor, quite dead. On a post-mortem examination, it appeared that the shock to his finely-strung nervous organization had caused a rupture of one of the valves of the heart.

If then, as we see, the adult, with every reason for subduing nervous antipathies, apparently so unreasonable and ridiculous, finds it impossible to do so, how can a little child be expected to control or explain them?

Visiting.

Has it never occurred to any of our readers that in the general endeavor now being made by Americans for the better ordering of our homes and society, it was high time that some consideration should be given to the subject of visiting? We make a fine art of house-building, of house-decoration, of the dress and conversation which shall be found in our

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houses; but as to the people who shall come into them, the how or when they shall come, or the relations between us and them, that is all left to chance or whim, to our good nature or their modesty or impudence. The common sense of society by this time should have evolved certain rules in this matter for the behoof of all civilized people. In fact, in large cities there are such rules, narrowing hospitality within formal lines, and insisting, first of all, that it must be distinctly offered before it is claimed. There is very little "dropping in" or "surprises" practiced among the better classes of the sea-board cities; hence, we hear bitter complaints among strangers, used to provincial customs, of the coldness and lack of sociability of New Yorkers and Philadelphians. Yet it seems to us that the cities have caught the higher idea of hospitality. A man's house, if he means to carry out his own theories of family life or education, ought to be his castle, to which he admits only such outsiders as seems best to him. When that is the case, the guest receives honor for whom the draw-bridge is lowered. But, where the draw-bridge is down all the time, and the house is subject to an irruption at any hour of the day of the most alien and vulgar folk, simply because they happen to rent the house next door, the hospitality becomes that of the market-place.

Our friends Tom and Amelia have just been married this winter, and want, of course, to extract the most happiness and noblest meaning out of their life. We would advise them, if they live in town, to choose but few friends, and to receive them on certain set evenings; but, when they do receive them, let their hospitality and welcome be as liberal and warm as their hearts can offer. Reception evenings have been abused by fashionable folly, but the idea is practical and rational. Whether Amelia lives on a third-floor flat, and prepares her own table of refreshments, or in a palace on Murray Hill, it will be cheaper and pleasanter for her to know when her friends will come, and to be ready for them, than to have them filtered through the week, both in and out of season. If the young people settle down in a country village, let them by all means lock the back-door to everybody but the milk-man and the butcher. Why, in the name of common sense, should Amelia surrender half her time to gossips over pickles and preserves, or to friendships based upon the loan of copper kettles? We shall be told that this intercourse is kindly, and that our neighbors are, nine times out of ten, good people. If they are, the less reason for founding our intercourse with them on the privacies of household economies. Let us give our friendship, our charity, our love, as freely as we will, but keep our back-stairs to ourselves.

The country idea of hospitality grew out of the primitive condition of society, when a man was his own butcher, tailor, physician, and green-grocer, and in time of need relied upon his neighbors for these necessary offices. We have grown out of that. There are few people of culture living in villages who would not gladly do away with the custom of sewing-bees, or accidentals, or the pushing, kindly crowd at the time of births and funerals. Sympathy every man should give to his neighbor, but companionship and aid only when he is sure they are welcome.

The generous and splendid hospitality of the Southern States before the war is often cited as the perfection of social life. Amelia, perhaps, is a Virginian. A dozen unexpected guests, more or less, at her father's table, made little difference when the plantation furnished unlimited provisions, and there was a horde of servants delighted to do their part. But now she has come to other skies and other manners in hall and kitchen. Her safest rule is to surprise nobody with a visit. Nine times out of ten the one spare chamber is occupied, her hostess has an engagement, or there is a strike below stairs on account of the run of company. The visit which, if expected, would have been a mutual delight, is a wretched failure. In time, too, Amelia, if she does not guard herself, will find hospitality, like everything else, easily degenerate into sham and snobbishness. She will be tempted to leave cards on fashionable people whom she despises; she will be tempted to entertain Mrs. B., who gives a ball next week, rather than the poor little governess to whom a tea-drinking is rapturous dissipation, or the shop boys from the country, or a dozen other morbid lonely souls,—the lame, the halt, and the blind.

In fact, when we think of this vast aggregate of fashionable calling in towns, of the back-door, inane, country gossips, of the congregation of Irishwomen dawdling on alley door-steps all over the land, we begin to think that purposeless visiting is the root of all evils, and true hospitality the rarest and finest of the virtues.

The Fashion of Fancy Prices.

NEW YORK, November 17, 1875.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER: Your remark in a recent number, that "the principle of economy is not so much self-sacrifice as discretion," has received a marked exemplification in a recent experience of mine, which may be of interest to some of your city readers.

Having occasion to purchase a brass rod from which to suspend a curtain in a door-way, I went to the rooms of a prominent house-furnishing establishment on Broadway, and stated my wants—a simple one-inch brass rod, three feet long, with plain finials and supports—and inquired the cost. The gentleman in charge fingered leisurely at some rare French tapestry, and after a glance at the William Morris paper on the wall, said he thought "such a fixtuah could be made as low as $30 or $40." I assured him again, with emphasis, that I only wished a *plain brass rod*; but he merely reiterated the high figures, in a monotonous way, as if such practice were the familiar habit of his mind. I could only falter out my astonishment and leave.

And so I went from store to store on Broadway—from one Dealer in Taste to another—nowhere finding a plain rod, of brass or wood, for less than $15, which, it may be of interest to know, was twice the cost of the curtain. Finally, at a homely pot-and-kettle,-dust-pan-and-match-safe-furnishing store, I was told that I could perhaps find what I wanted at their factory in West Twenty-ninth street. Here, in the midst of all sorts of house-furnishing wares, from hotel annunciators to door-hinges, I found the foreman, and selected the brass rod and fixtures from samples, with a clear understanding of what I was getting. At six o'clock the same evening the package was delivered at my room—as chaste and serviceable a rod as one would want; and all at the total expense of $1.75!

Do your readers wonder how the fashionable caterers to

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fashionable tastes grow rich? And does it ever occur to the wealthy that their indulgence is responsible for the necessities of the poorer classes. He who fees a well-paid waiter for his wine, makes it necessary that others should fee him for their bread. Why, so accustomed have some of these dealers become to these exorbitant charges, that they seem to be oblivious to small prices, as if small prices had been "retired," as the Government might call in the smaller denominations of the bank-notes. Such firms are apt to get the patronage of the newly rich and the reckless; but thoughtful people, whose comfort and little luxuries represent days of labor, are always glad to hear of short cuts to first prices.

Very respectfully yours,

PAUL GRAVES, JR.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The American Argonauts.*

IT is fortunate that there are writers who are competent to put on record some of the interior history of the early emigrants to California. To do justice to that unique movement which peopled an old Spanish colonial possession with an Anglo-Saxon race, requires a familiar acquaintance with the men engaged in it, as well as a rare faculty of observation. The absurd blunders of an Englishman who attempts to use our Americanisms or American slang, are not more melancholy than the failures of those who have essayed to give us glimpses of an early California life of which they have had no actual experience. It is true that much of the wild flavor of that life is peculiarly American; and it is also true that our language has been enriched, if we may use that word, with many idioms which are compact of meaning, because they have originated in the stress and strain of a wonderful pioneer experience. But, after all, we cannot help feeling that one must have had some part in the life of the gold-seekers, if he would truly tell us of their character, repeat their language, and chronicle any part of their queer doings. The race of gold-hunting pioneers has passed away. Here and there a few battered old fellows remain, like stranded drift-wood on the shore. Some have been absorbed into the reputable and well-regulated society which has replaced the disorderly elements of earlier times. But, for the most part, the multitudes which swept over the Sierra, or up the shores of the Pacific, have utterly vanished from all human observation. The curious tourist vainly searches in the smug interior towns of California and Nevada for the types which Bret Harte has immortalized, like flies in amber, in the crystalline pages of his stories of the "Argonauts." The rough-talking, picturesque, generous, uncouth, and generally disreputable "Forty-Niner" has as completely ceased to be as the old-time lazzarone of sunny Naples.

The gold-seekers, and in this class we include all the early immigrants to California, are properly divided into two groups—those who went by sea and those who journeyed by land. By those who ought to know it is said that the subtle distinction between these two varieties of emigrants never wholly vanished. Certainly, the wild freedom of the sea is a very different thing from the wild freedom of the vast untrodden spaces which we used to call "the plains." Before either Argonauts or plainsmen reached the land of gold, they had developed traits of character which entered into the composite man now known as the early Californian. Similar, yet unlike, these rovers of the sea and land together met and formed a novel race of men. One had the careless swing of the ocean; the other, the rude abandon of frontier solitudes. One had endured without discipline the wearisome monotony of a long voyage; the other had been literally let loose in the heart of the continent, where for months he was outside of the restraints of society and human law. Both had been turned in upon themselves, compelled to draw upon whatever of moral stamina they had by nature. They were compelled to bring to the surface the strongest faculties with which they had been endowed. The Argonaut was sanguine, hungry for gold, improvident. He who had traveled "the plains across" had already suffered the hard training of defeat, privation, and often disappointment.

The men in this most novel exodus were for a time emancipated from all artificial restraint. Some of the ships of the Argonauts were filled with wrecks—wrecks of moral character—long before their passengers debarked on the golden shores. The names of some of these vessels which early doubled Cape Horn and made their slow way up the Pacific are historic. Their living freight was a mass of lawlessness, violence, and self-abandonment. Men who had been well nurtured and schooled in all the proprieties of a conservative form of society, gradually bloomed into the most picturesque of vagabonds. Thrown by themselves into an idle life at sea, as isolated as the ship which bore them, they preyed upon each other. Herded together, without any special stimulus to mental exertion, these active and adventurous spirits invented pastimes, employments, a language, and modes of thought of their own. Depravity is always sure to come to the surface under such conditions. Among the earlier emigrants by sea were many companies which landed in California without serious loss of moral tone. But, for the most part, it was true of the men who embarked with good habits, an honest intention to keep themselves unspotted, and a legacy of parental blessing, that

* Tales of the Argonauts and Other Sketches. By Bret Harte. Including "The Rose of Tuolumne," "A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst," "Wan Lee, the Pagan;" "How Old Man Plunkett went Home," "The Fool of Five Forks," "Baby Sylvester," "An Episode of Fiddletown," "A Jersey Centenarian." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

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they began life in California with wild recklessness, and an utter contempt for all their early training. But, while this was measurably true, it should be said that this strange experience, whether by sea or land, also developed some admirable traits of character. Men who had been weak and inefficient at home hardened into heroes while voyaging by sea or tramping across the continent. Here and there were limp young fellows who went down utterly in the struggle of which the voyage was made up. Here and there, too, was one who might have been worth something elsewhere, but who was too delicate to endure the brutal nagging and purposeless persecution of his comrades. A majority of the Argonauts left their ships with the coarser attributes of character all toughened and in high condition. With some desirable things, they had discarded sentiment, softness, and every appearance of weakness. They expressed themselves tersely; they wasted neither words nor time. They were eager for the race for wealth. To secure the shining prize they stripped themselves of every ounce of superfluousness. No man voyaged around Cape Horn in those far-off days with the faintest intention of making a home in the land of gold. It was thought impossible for a high form of civilization to exist over a gold mine. Perhaps this is still true. But these men took with them only rations to sustain themselves in their search for gold, and tools to tear the precious stuff from the bosom of the earth. They proposed to snatch their share of the treasure, and return more swiftly than they had gone.

With those who went to California across the plains the case was somewhat different. They bore with them some remnants of domesticity. Their journey was almost pastoral. Their cattle, horses, or mules were their companions—brought from home. Their canvas-covered wagons perpetually reminded them of the land out of which they journeyed. Some of them had brought their wives and children and household goods. They often suffered from unexpected hardships. Starvation, sickness, and a multitude of perils overtook them. A pestilence walked up and down the half-trodden highway from ocean to ocean. Hostile Indians menaced many and cut off not a few. Brigands sprang up from the scattered bands of emigrants, finding robbery more congenial than a daily struggle to reach the promised land. Outlaws must be dealt with summarily, and that rough justice which later was so promptly dispensed in the mines was the only appearance of human law on the plains. The pathway of these pilgrims was thickly set with the graves of those who fell in this battle of life. By night one might fancy he saw the long line of campfires gleaming by every stream, or glowing in countless valleys, from the Missouri to the Sacramento—a belt of lights. By day one could see the confused heaps of earth along the trail which marked where hundreds had fallen by the way.

Still the multitude kept on; and from these strange channels two mighty streams met in California. The schooling of the invaders had been novel. It produced novel results. The most marked feature of this new race of men was its individuality. No man was like any other man. There were strong, almost fierce, friendships; but it seems as if no two men thought alike. Each human unit refused to be absorbed into any problem whatever. Old ties fell off from men, with their old habits and manners. Sons and fathers quarreled and fought like unnatural brothers, while at sea or on the plains. Old neighbors hated each other, and some mysterious bond united in new associations the most unlikely and dissimilar partners. To "go back on" a friend or "shake" a partner was one of the gravest of crimes. It was worse than murder—it was next to theft in the brief table of deadly sins.

These men wrought always in the open air, or they burrowed in pits and caves of the earth. They endured fatigue and exposure with marvelous patience. They knew no domestic life, but consorted together in drinking-shops. There they sought that human sympathy and society which every soul craves. The grasshoppers are not more unfixed in their abodes than were these. They camped by streams and placers to-day; to-morrow they were gone. They rushed from point to point, wherever there was promise of gold. A mining hamlet sprang up in a night; in a day it was as utterly deserted as a primeval solitude.

Into this strange existence woman came tardily. While she delayed she was idealized, almost deified. Men who lived lives of roughness and violence preserved an inner shrine, in which was locked the image of what they fondly fancied a far-off mother, sister, or sweetheart to be. So when the feminine element was gradually added to the population of the new State, long-banished man was toward her chivalrous, tender, adoring. If the women did not always deserve this homage, it was nevertheless a genuine tribute of the savage man to the finer creature which she should be. And men fought for these women, good or bad, as other animals have fought; and these women, too, good or bad, evoked the long-slumbering sentiment of the rude cynics who had almost hardened into satyrs as they dug in the earth.

Such a society as this, such a movement as that which peopled the State of California, may never be seen again. Perhaps it is well that this is so. It was a curious phenomenon. Its results will long be valuable to the student of human nature. The grotesque element in it is a novel addition to literature; its few heroic episodes make us think better of human kind. But the sordidness, the avarice, selfishness, and wild license of passion which the life of the gold-hunters brought into strong relief, let us hope, will never be produced on so grand a stage nor before so vast an audience.

When we consider, however, the character of this movement—so unique and so picturesque—we begin to appreciate the true value of Bret Harte's work. It is possible that in a few minor and immaterial points historical accuracy has been sacrificed to the requirements of art. But, for all purposes of record, these wonderful stories of the Argonauts may be accepted as faithful pictures of the men, of

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their manners, and of the scenes in which they moved. Whatever "Oakhurst," "Tennessee's Partner," and the men of "Roaring Camp" may be in fiction, they deserve to be recollected as types of character. The adventures and homely doings of the Forty-Niners were dramatic; the plainest statement of the events which illustrated their brief career must be a strange story. Bret Harte has done more than tell his tale with graphic power—he has caught the subtle, elusive spirit of those earlier times. His books are picture galleries, vivid with light and color.

Longfellow's "Masque of Pandora and Other Poems."*

It seems to us that "The Masque of Pandora" could not have been written by a poet thoroughly penetrated by the spirit of Greek mythological literature. Were the author unknown, one might conjecture that the sources from which he drew were translations, and not the originals; that he had become acquainted with Greek mythology and the drama, but had quite failed in imbibing its essence or its art because the middleman, the translator, was not a poet. Not a few of the literary giants of England have, in former centuries, ventured into this species of writing, and their intellectual force has succeeded in making Anglo-Greek masques acceptable; but the vast majority of such efforts, even those of the great men, are no longer read. We fear a like fate will quickly befall "The Masque of Pandora" in spite of several good passages in it, such, for instance, as the following:

"Chorus of Oreades.

Centuries old are the mountains;
Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted
Helios crowns by day,
Pallid Selene by night;
From their bosoms uptossed
The snows are driven and drifted,
Like Tithonus' beard
Streaming dishevelled and white.

Thunder and tempest of wind
Their trumpets blow in the vastness;
Phantoms of mist and rain,
Cloud and the shadow of cloud,
Pass and repass by the gates
Of their inaccessible fastness;
Ever unmoved they stand,
Solemn, eternal, and proud."

Among the "Other Poems," "Amalfi" is delightful for its sweetness, grave humor, beautiful landscape painting, and the delicate way in which the human element has been infused into the lovely scene. We cannot quote without giving the whole poem. The lines for the fiftieth anniversary of the Class of 1825 in Bowdoin College, called "Morituri Salutamus," are certainly the most important in this collection. Here Mr. Longfellow has left the region of generalization and charming fancies; here, with a hand well trained in more impersonal work, he strikes the heart's quivering fiber. There is room only for these few lines:

"And now, my classmates; ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute!
* * * * *
What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
* * * * *
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

It seems to us that in the sonnets also Longfellow is at his best. Should he never publish another poem (Heaven forefend such a catastrophe!), these sonnets would form a most noble and beautiful close to the complete poem which his collected works would make. Or, if we use the figure of the symphony in speaking of the Longfellow anthology, it may be said that the first melodious notes, sounded so long ago, had in them the prediction of a closing strain not unlike that to which we listen in the "Book of Sonnets." There is about them an indefinable charm of tone,—a purity, a calmness, a melancholy,—that belongs only to this poet, and could belong to him perfectly only in the fullness of age.

As to the matter of form, the sonnets are after the Italian model; but this model is used as Milton and as Wordsworth used it, not with slavish adherence to rules. Among the sonnets which have given us most delight are the following, the first of which is from "Three Friends of Mine:"

"River, that stealest with such silent pace
Around the City of the Dead, where lies
A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace
And say good night, for now the western skies
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.
Good night! good night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn."

"THE TIDES.

I saw the long line of the vacant shore,
The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.
Then heard I, more distinctly than before,
The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,
And hurrying came on the defenseless land,
The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar
All thought and feeling and desire, I said
Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song
Have ebbed from me forever! Suddenly o'er me
They swept again from their deep ocean bed,
And in a tumult of delight, and strong
As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me."

Story's "Nero."*

FOR a first play, which, if we are not mistaken, this is, "Nero" is a very creditable performance. If it does not prove Mr. Story a master of blank verse, it shows that he is more at home in dialogue

* The Masque of Pandora, and Other Poems. By H. W. Longfellow. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

* Nero. An Historical Play. By W. W. Story. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

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which follows somewhat closely actual records of history, than in verse which pursues imaginative flights. Mr. Story has gained celebrity as a sculptor, and his bold advances upon the theater of literature, to say nothing of this last sally upon the literary theater, lays him open to the strict criticism any one must await, who, not content with the laurels of his own special art, makes a strong push for those of another.

His first volume of poetry was certainly novice work of the most superficial kind, in spite of a pleasing ease of versification, which testified that the author was, in his way, a careful workman. Here and there was a graceful stanza, like "In the East:"

> "Drop a rosebud from the grating,
> Just at twilight, love,
> Underneath I shall be waiting,
> And will glance above:
> If you hear a whistle answer,
> All below is right,
> Drop into my arms, we'll vanish
> Far into the night."

In "Graffiti d'Italia," which appeared in 1868, Mr. Story sang of the only land which would seem capable of satisfying his poetical nature, and also with a stronger voice and a better method. A painful and even meager following in Robert Browning's footsteps was still very apparent,—a following singularly unfortunate, because the two men are totally dissimilar, whatever be the ratio of talent or genius in which they stand to each other. "Padre Bandelli," "Leonardo da Vinci," "A Primitive Christian in Rome," and the separately printed "Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem," are all Browning with Browning omitted. The latter might project himself into the subjectivity of Leonardo, and would probably remain a good deal himself, but he would not leave us with the impression that the great Leonardo was a snob. That is the impression, however, which Mr. Story leaves, and having said that, it would not be polite to say that Mr. Story does project himself into the place of Leonardo. Of the "Graffiti," Cleopatra is the poem which called out most remark, owing to a certain unwholesome vigor in it, and the novelty of finding the transmigration of souls done into verse. Cleopatra the tigress and Antony the tiger in far-off ages, when their souls were still in the bodies of beasts—there was bold sensationalism! But the meter is quite unfitted to give the desired impression of horror, while of passion, which was supposed to be the chief point, the poem has not a whit. Let any one turn from the really great poets to "Cleopatra," and he will understand the tawdriness of this unnecessary poem. Another in the same volume is chiefly remarkable for its likeness in meter to the fresh, manly poem of Uhland with the refrain: "Ich bin der Knab' vom Berge," and for its silliness. Mr. Story's refrain is: "I am the poor *Chiffonier*." Much truer of sound, because more suited to the writer's caliber are "Persica," "Pan in Love," "Giannone," while now and then we stumble on a good bit of description.

> "O'er yellow sunburnt slopes the olives gray,
> Casting their rounded shadows: far away
> A stately parliament of poised stone-pines;
> Dark cypresses with golden balls bestrewn,
> Each rocking to the breeze its solemn cone;
> Dim mountains, vailed in dreamy mystery,
> Sleeping upon the pale and tender sky;
> And near, with softened shades of purple brown,
> By distance hushed, the peaceful mellowed town,
> Domes, roofs, and towers all sleeping tranced and still—
> A painted city on a painted hill."

But, as before said, Mr. Story is a better playwright than a poet, and the friends who have faith in him should encourage this vein. Interest may be said to be fairly sustained through "Nero," though it would be hard to say how much is due to the author, and how much to the painful fascination which a long array of poisonings, stabbings, matricides and unholy loves exercises upon the mind of the most cold-blooded. Indeed, it is a serious question whether such events, unrelieved by contrast with any heroic natures, ought to form the staple of a tragedy; whether these should not necessarily form a minority in order to gain adequate effect by contrast upon the minds of the audience. But, in any case, Mr. Story is not thereto "erwachsen," as the Germans say; he is not tall enough. His careful line becomes bald, his tasteful restraint dull, his happy simile trivial. The following is an unusually good extract:

> "*Burrhus:* Ask Seneca, who stuffs him with wise words
> And moral sentences, and thinks to guide
> This tiger-cub with such weak threads of talk.
> He augurs great things from him; as for me
> I keep my judgment. He is timid yet—
> Knows not his strength—his claws are not yet grown,
> And yet at times he snaps with right good-will.
> * * * * * *
> He's too much like his father in his looks—
> With his red brazen hair and bull-like neck.
> Pray God he be not like his ancestor
> Of whom old Crassus said—'His head is brass,
> To fit his iron mouth and leaden heart.'"

Otho is nothing but a colorless shadow; Poppæa is more sinned against than sinning; Seneca is dry and vapid, Nero himself rather aimless in character; only Agrippina stands out sharply. Perhaps the play goes over too much ground to be called a work of art; it is rather a historical novel—Mr. Story would say *an* historical novel—put into smooth acts and scenes. There are several noticeable carelessnesses, like "laid abed," page 74; "gauge" for "gage." On the whole, the play lacks living quality; we feel ourselves in the presence of something that has been evolved because it is the correct thing to be expected of a man of genius in the land of the many-sided Michael Angelo, not before a work of art which is the result of an imperious demand for expression.

Bayard Taylor's "Home Pastorals."*

IN this latest utterance of Mr. Taylor's poetic genius, there are two distinct voices—one of clear, simple melody, touching the common feeling of all, and one rich in harmony, too complex to please the uncultivated ear. They indicate the twofold course of study and development which has kept his later

* Home Pastorals, Ballads, and Lyrics. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

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years true to "faith in the steadfast service, content with tardy achievement."

Those readers who turn Horace's comparison into a synonym, using his *ut pictura poesis* for a scant definition, and ask of poetry only that it shall please, will accept many of these pieces as written for their delight. For them, the "Iris" flashes with words that are hues—the "Cupido" mocks and sports like Anacreon turned elf. The deep meaning of the graver poems is hidden under a picturesque surface. They range over a world of landscape, and borrow, for their grace of form, manifold effects from sun, and cloud, and color. As copies of outward nature when she touches only the physical sense, there are lines suffused as deeply as any of Thomson's are with the languor of summer, spring's flush, or the dimness of autumn gray. For the mere superficial effect of finish and lively clearness, such poems as "The Accolade," "Run Wild," and "Napoleon in Gotha," would be remarkable, had they no other fine quality.

But description, even the most faithful, or narrative as life-like as it may be drawn, goes a very little way toward satisfying the ideal of poetry in our time. We banish the first to the novel, and let the newspapers take care of the last. To meet the want of the modern mind in poetry, as in religion, there must be an answer to intense consciousness. It rejects dictation from the one, and scorns amusement through the other, while it cries for help from both. Is this condition imposed on modern poetry, that it shall be introspective, a limitation? Rightly considered, it is an immense extension of its range. It opens a new world. It bids poetry find its realities in the inner life, while reserving all the outward shows of form, and color, and movement, which were once its kingdom, to yield now its illustration, and frame-work, and suggestion. Of course, under this new condition, as under the older, narrower one, as the power is so will the work be. There are poets of simple emotion, poets of the passions, poets of metaphysics and mystery, some who deal with common individual life, and others bold and strong enough to attack questions as old as humanity, the conflicting answers to which hitherto given by religion and science are alike unsatisfactory. And as there are differences of power and treatment among the workers, so there are differences among the readers for whom the work is done, of tastes and preferences. In the older time there were those, the many, who only asked and only understood copies of nature; and there were those, the few, who were content with nothing less than that selected and perfected nature which is expressed in Art. So, in the newer time, the many, who give popularity, find most pleasure in the portrayal of a man's inner life as it is; while the few lay on their poet the difficult, the almost impossible task of shadowing out the life of man as a whole, as it ought to be and as it will be.

The present volume contains instances of Mr. Taylor's best performance, both in the more restricted and in the larger range we have indicated, together with some others, as the Odes, intermediate in scope. Several of the Ballads are written in a strain of which he may be said to have first struck the key-note, in this country at least, in the "Quaker Widow," published several years ago. A chorus of versifiers has since caught up and echoed it with various degrees of force or feebleness. In resuming this class of homely—they might almost be called homestead—subjects, with a finer and more studied touch, our author has shown his followers its limitations, and redeemed it from their caricature. His pictures rise in a fortunate atmosphere. With the elements of quiet landscape, placid manners, ancestral trace and native thrift, he has created a series of little home-dramas, half idyllic, half domestic, and wholly human, which recall in their motive some of Wordsworth's pastoral passages freed from their triviality. If Mr. Taylor cares first for popularity, the way to it is open for him by this path. But we mistake the lesson of this book, if he would be content to sacrifice for that more serious aims. Something higher than the cheap applause of the many, he has won in the three noble Odes that conclude the volume. We have called these intermediate in degree in the classification sketched above, because their subject, though nominally personal, is not the individual, but the multitude—something more than the life of the one, something less than the life of the race. They touch not on single hopes and sorrows, but on the great themes common to all—of fame, and art, and patriotism. Life's achievement, not its mystery, is their burden. Mr. Taylor has wrought out this difficult species of composition, by using a splendor of language and boldness of ideas to build the lofty rhyme, equal to those of any of his compeers whom our recent history has challenged to attempt similar themes.

It is easy to imagine that our author, in rising from this treatment of special subjects to the more general range of thought expressed in his Pastorals and in some of the Lyrics, may have begun by asking himself the question, How in our day and land may a poet be at once thoroughly national and thoroughly original? and the answer suggests itself as readily—that there can be no such thing as a national poet. A national laureate, a singer for state occasions, a maker of pæans, there may be, but a national poet is a contradiction in terms. A poet is the priest of a larger church than his own nation—the *vates* is seer as well as bard. What he takes or what his countrymen take from race, either of duty or quality, is the smallest part of what they inherit from all forefathers since man began to be. The poet who would be true to his vocation and yet serve his nation—of which he is a leader as assuredly, though not as officially as a statesman is—will not merely glorify its beliefs or forecast its greatness. He is the interpreter to his people of the voice of all the world in all time, and his function is to amend their life into reconcilement with the true life and the highest aims of humanity. To express this function in clear detail within our limits is impossible. We may best learn from our author's own words, taken almost at random, whether such a purpose and effort are not shadowed in lines like these:

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"And sigh, lamenting the law reversed of the races,
Starting the world afresh, on the basis unlovely of Labor."

"Seeing the sternness of life, but alas! overlooking its graces."

"We, whose tenderest tendrils
Shoot unsupported and wither, for want of a Past we can cling to,
We, so starved in the Present, so weary of singing the Future."

"Each insists he is free, inasmuch as his bondage is willing."

"In our mills of common thought,
By the pattern all is wrought;
In our school of life the man
Drills to suit the public plan."

We have hardly space to commend as it deserves the skillful modulation noticeable in this as in most of Mr. Taylor's recent metrical work, and particularly his use of the hexameter. Spite of the objections to that un-English measure, we must admire its fitness as employed by him for the burden of continuous elaborated thought. His many felicities of expression, too, we are compelled to pass by, noting only such instances as:

"Blue with hill over hill, that sink as the pausing of music:"

"Truth as it shines in the sky, not truth as it shines in their lantern;"

and, in a very different order of ideas,

"The whittled Presbyterian steeple."

Each of the three Pastorals takes its tone and ornament from one of the Seasons. The field is but opened,—the months are twelve,—and we shall remain unsatisfied until their full circle shall have yielded its fruit to the poet.

Thompson's "Hoosier Mosaics." *

TEN years ago the life of the great Mississippi Valley and the farther West had cast hardly a single shadow in American literature. Now the California miner, the Mississippi steamboat-man, and the hard-shell preacher sit down in the kingdom of literature alongside the consecrated New England deacons and the venerable North River Knickerbockers. In Mr. Maurice Thompson, the invading Goths from over the mountains have a promising accession. What the French would call his *paysage*—his description of visible nature—is well-nigh perfect. The ugly features—the dank swamps reeking with miasm, the mud, the croaking frogs, the hooting owls, the raw-boned, guffawing, ague-shaken rustics, are all here; and the other side—the waving maples, relieved by oaks and sycamores, the green grass, and abounding wild flowers, the blue-birds, and pee-wees, the fresh, soft winds, and the quaint old village houses are given with a genuine pre-Raphaelite love of truth and detail. The present writer has seen and heard them all; has shaken hands with these very Hoosiers in half the counties in Indiana. The dialect is in the main correct; in only one or two cases does the dialect of New England, learned from books, intrude into the speech of the Hoosier rustics, whom Mr. Thompson has evidently known and studied. In only one place have we found a Hoosier saying "hev" for *have*, and this was no doubt a slip. When practice and the maturity of his powers shall have given Mr. Thompson more self-reliance and a consequent mastery of plot and passion equal to his mastery of scenery, he will do even better work than this. His people are genuine people, studied from life—their passions and actions are somewhat unreal and romantic, learned out of books. There is just a faint flavor of Mr. Bret Harte in some of the stories.

Mr. Thompson has made a very readable book in this first unambitious venture, but we hope that he is as yet only trying his wings. Let him go on as he has begun, studying closely and sympathetically the real men and women around him; let him tell of happenings as he sees them, and not as he reads them, and he will give us something better than he has yet essayed.

* Hoosier Mosaics. By Maurice Thompson. New York: E. J. Hale & Sons.

Phelps's "Teacher's Hand-Book." *

THE existence of a volume like this is very significant, as showing to what an extent teaching is already recognized as a distinct business, with technical terms and professional ways of its own. Not many years ago it was supposed that any one of average information and capacity was able to teach, and the work of teaching was assumed only as a temporary employment, which could be taken up and laid down at pleasure or necessity. But no one can examine this book without becoming convinced that such is no longer the case. In fact no one but a professional teacher will be able to read it with much profit. Any one else might as well take up a medical journal for amusing or profitable reading. A large part of it is composed of abstracts, or rather analyses, of what the pupils in a normal school are accustomed to call "teaching exercises," and are to them intelligible, and to them only. For example, when we read as follows: "DIVISION—a fraction by an integer: (a) Dividing the numerator, (b) multiplying the denominator, (c) refer to principles 3 and 4 for deriving the rule," we perceive at once that we are in the atmosphere of a professional work-shop. Thus the book must be judged by its value to those who have in charge pupils, either of mature or youthful minds. Its author is evidently a man of long and varied experience in his profession, possessed of great enthusiasm, and inspired by a noble purpose. Living in a section of country where the population, except in the large cities, is sparse, and where the teachers of country schools have too often to depend for their only professional training on the Teachers' Institutes; brought into daily contact, moreover, with large numbers of minds fresh from the effect of teaching in the country schools,—full of the abounding, broad, vigorous, and self-criticising life of the West,—he brings here the fruit of many years' experience, of many years concientiously devoted to one work. His very quotations, the very authors from whom he draws his

* The Teacher's Hand-Book for the Institute and the Class-Room. By William F. Phelps, M. A., Principal of the State Normal School, Winona, Minn. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

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illustrations, show how he has grown into the habit of turning all he reads or does into the one all-absorbing current of his daily work. It is impossible not to recognize that he knows whereof he speaks; that he is giving us, not sketches of theoretical lessons, but plans which he has himself worked out and put in practice in even the most elementary departments of the most elementary studies.

As the former heterogeneous methods of teaching become more the object of thought and more organized, the danger lies in too much formalizing in lessons, in too much machinery in discipline. The volume under consideration has not steered clear of this danger. In the hands of their author, the sketches of lessons would doubtless prove satisfactory. Placed in the hands of a young and inexperienced teacher, they would tend to make him a copyist, and hence spoil him, while every experienced teacher has his own methods, which are to and for him of more value.

Many of our best teachers would differ strongly with the author in some of the classifications given under Grammar, especially those of the verb, p. 192. What our schools need in grammar is not a multiplication but a reduction of the number of terms, a simple philosophical consideration of the English language from the point of view of comparative grammar. The chapters on School Legislation seem the most valuable part of the book to all interested in statistics. The fault of the volume is the too great running into details and exact programmes of work, the very exactness of which, in other places, will destroy their original value; its merit, that of being an earnest and honest effort by a prominent and experienced teacher to raise the standard of his profession. The book is well printed. Its purchasers may possibly object to paying for 61 pp. of advertisements at the end.

Stillman's "Poetic Localities of Cambridge." *

WHAT Mrs. Greatorex has been doing for New York so diligently, and with so much sympathy, in her recent pleasant series of etchings (published by the Putnams), Mr. Stillman has now done in a mellower, more artistic way for Cambridge. Both these undertakings are the fruit of a recently developed feeling for landmarks among us. "I don't quite understand Mr. Ruskin's saying (if he said it), that he couldn't get along in a country where there were no castles, but I do think we lose a great deal in living where there are so few permanent homes," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the passage which Mr. Stillman has selected to accompany his heliotype of the old Holmes house. And many a lover of association will agree with him. Yet Cambridge is peculiarly blessed in the matter of ancient houses, splendid enough in style to wear their antiquity proudly for many a decade to come; and these mansions nearly all have the charm of some great name in literature attached to them. In addition to excellent views of these, Mr. Stillman presents exquisite glimpses of Beaver Brook, Mr. Lowell's Willows, the Waverley Oaks, the Washington Elm, and other equally noteworthy objects. There are twelve of these Cambridge scenes, and it is hard to choose between them. The heliotype combines the truth of photography with a prevailing softness of tone somewhere between sepia-drawing and mezzotint engraving. Next to actual drawings from a scene (which, however, involve so much inaccuracy unless done by a master, and in that case become so expensive), nothing could be more admirable than these views. They give us the places in a form worthy of the associations that belong to them, and make the volume one which will be cherished by many readers of the Cambridge poets.

* Poetic Localities of Cambridge. Edited by W. J. Stillman. Illustrated with Heliotypes from Nature. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

Russell's "Library Notes." *

A LITERARY miscellany cast into minute component parts is always agreeable reading, if the collector have taste and a wide culture. The library notes Mr. Russell has made for our delectation have nothing pretentious about them, except the headings under which they are grouped. Insufficiency, Extremes, Disguises, Standards, are titles which have no particular reason for existence, except on the plea that, divisions of some kind being necessary, there might be worse ones. The names are a little Emersonian, and somewhat incongruous when used by Mr. Russell. But the anecdotes, quotations, and saws are excellently chosen, and hold the attention with that fascination which every one has experienced with good books of this kind; one reads on and on, long after the point of mental satiety is reached. This forms a charm, and at the same time a defect. Too many anecdotes and whatnots crowding into the memory only elbow each other out, and unless the reader has strength of will to stop when he is full, he has nothing left but the questionable pleasure of having killed time. The present volume will be found most agreeable reading for odd moments. It may prove a perfect mine to the professional teller of anecdotes.

Seelye's "Christian Missions."

THE Rev. Dr. Julius H. Seelye, Professor in Amherst College, is widely and favorably known for his eloquence as a preacher, and for his special interest in foreign missionary effort. He has even been, to a certain extent, himself engaged in foreign missionary work, having been invited to give a series of lectures to English-speaking natives of India, a few years since, and having accepted the invitation with some not unsuccessful results. The present volume argues the need of modern missionary work and the hopefulness of it. Those who agree fully with Dr. Seelye's conclusions, as most earnest Christian men will, doubtless, agree with

* Library Notes. By A. P. Russell. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

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them, will differ pretty widely in their estimate of the value of his argument. There is in it nothing especially new or striking;—and that, too, at a time when, certainly the argument for Christian missions needs to be restated and rested on a basis where it can stand against the objections and misgivings of practical men, whose sympathies and efforts are liable to be absorbed in charities that begin (and end) at home. With such an opportunity to get a hearing as Professor Seelye had, it seems a pity that he could not have used it to a greater advantage. Still, his book is very readable and more than readable, and will be welcome among those who do not need a more thorough and profound treatment of the subject. The work of foreign missions is very far from being obsolete; and there are signs that just now it is about to receive a new impulse. Messrs. Dodd & Mead are the publishers of Prof. Seelye's little volume.

French and German Books.

Drei Einsige Töchter. Novellen, von Berthold Auerbach. A German novelist shows to great advantage in a short story because the limits imposed upon his tendency to discursiveness work in a salutary manner on the general plan of the book. Though these three small novels about "only daughters" do not often touch bottom in the way of studies in human nature, they yet are fresh and pleasant, and, for a German, decidedly liberal. The first strives to give a local coloring by some slight mention of the new German Parliament; the second, by laying the scene in a garrison town where a political prisoner enacts, after a sufficiently tame manner, the antique episode made famous throughout Germany by Schiller's ballad of "Die Burgschaft;" the third has a good patriotic motive in showing the folly of—one can hardly call it ridiculing—the States Rights feeling, formerly so rampant in the several parts of Germany. There are many good passages which show a writer with a fine sympathy for landscape; thus the emotion one feels in ascending a Swiss hill is quite poetically given. As to the finer affections, they are hardly of the loftiest flight. The matter-of-fact way parents and children, not to say friends and acquaintances, have of canvassing the propriety of marriages between various young couples to said young couples' stolid faces, is truly amusing. It is something of the same spirit of unquestioning matter-of-fact that mars the English novels of Miss Austen.

Les Deux Frères, par George Sand. Christern. New York. The novels of George Sand can be readily divided into naughty and good, and of the two camps this book belongs to the former. At least, the combats of disinterestedness which result from a *faux pas* of a married woman, whose husband refuses to acknowledge his eldest son, are hardly topics for the ingenuous. The French, possibly from being oftener in scrapes, know better than other people how to get out of them, or, at least, to live in them with some show of heroism. Other people succumb ignobly and inartistically. There are some very good strokes in the drawing of feminine character in this novel, but that is about all that can be said for it.

L'eau dormante; extraits des mémoires du docteur Bernagius. Lucien Biart. Christern. Four short tales and a small tragedy by Lucien Biart hardly need an introductory quotation from a Mexican monthly magazine, "El Artista," to attest the truth of the landscape and character-drawing. These stories of Mexico are not only thoroughly admirable in art, but their qualities are such that no one would hesitate in accepting them as sketches from the hand of an eye-witness. Their quiet wit shows the man of cultivation, while their picturesqueness and something in the objects themselves remind one of Bret Harte. Like the latter, M. Biart has to do with a wild and lawless element, but one only lawless on occasion, and therefore stronger in contrast with its surface look of civilization, instead of Mr. Harte's almost permanent semi-barbarism. Moreover, the characters move in scenes much fuller of color.

Ce que femme peut is excellent in the way of quiet handling of a tragic subject, and the employment of the great bird-eating spider of Central America, as a running and somewhat humorous parallel to the human tragedy going on, is most novel and delightful. The Doctor Bernagius tells his story as if had been reluctantly torn from the more interesting doings of the spider to take a part in the wild acts of his Mexican patients. The following tale, *Silvéria*, succeeds in leaving the impression of a bewildering young beauty who dupes everybody, and makes the whole sage circle of the Doctor's intimates insist on her marrying the very man she has really been in love with. As a "surprise story" of the modern kind, this is a very pleasing specimen. The next, *L'eau dormante*, draws its name from the lake near the *hacienda* of the heroine, who, one cannot help noticing, conceals a storm of passion and force in her placid bosom, just as the lake, for all its immovability, lies ready to boil up and ingulf the superstitious Indians who seek to propitiate it by charms. The advent of a New York *prima donna*, and the admiration for her which the Mexican husband, Don Luis, cannot conceal, sets in dangerous motion this vigorous nature hid under apparent sloth. The catastrophe comes, with final and utter rout of the American songstress, who appears to be a very nice sort of person, the wounding of the *prima donna's* favored admirer, and the bringing back of Don Luis to his wife in a fury of jealous love. These be strong meats, but good.

Deutches Akademisches Jahrbuch. A Leipsic house has issued a well-bound octavo giving a full and detailed list of all academies of science, universities, technological and high schools throughout Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and the German provinces of Russia. The work is one which has been much needed, both at home and abroad, considering the number of foreigners who yearly resort to Germany for instruction. A good portrait of Albert, King of Saxony, "Rector Magnificentis-

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simus" of the University of Leipsic, adorns this practical and useful tome.—(L. W. Schmidt.)

Amerikanisches Skizzebüchelche. Zweite Epistel in Versen. Georg Asmus. New York: L. W. Schmidt. Owing to the rapid sale of the first epistle of the "American Sketchbooklet," a second, with something of a story running through it, has been lately given to our German fellow-citizens. Reporting to the same uncle in Hesse, the nephew whom we met in the first epistle tells in the same Hessian *patois* how he tried his hand at business in New York with money advanced by the uncle; how he committed stupidities and was cheated; married the pretty American girl he spoke of in his first, and ran through his money; how they parted in mutual disgust, and how, after various shifts to earn a livelihood, at last he fell to the hardest manual work and gradually rose. He ends with an assured fortune and marriage to a German girl, apparently without any superfluous inquiry for a divorce from his first wife. We would suggest a third booklet, describing an action for bigamy on the part of the American spouse.

All this is in one of those slight dialects of Hesse, which gives so much humor and ease to satirical writing, and as a satire on America and things American as they must appear to an unaccredited German it is very good. Single strokes in the first epistle were better, perhaps, than any in this, but the tale which is gradually worked out serves to keep the attention stimulated to the reading point. The satire is sharp enough, but never bitter or unjust, and the hearty writer returns more than once to a subject in order to soften the rigor of his wit. Aside from its humorous and satirical character, this sort of work is especially interesting to an American, who thereby gets foreign spectacles through which to see his own land. He will find some things admired which he himself detests, and others denounced which he takes pride in. Amusing enough is a rapturous enumeration of various horrors of the German cuisine. It makes one's fingers greasy only to read their names. The pamphlets ought to create a sensation in Germany, where there is so little clever writing of a light sort; the more so because Herr Asmus, although he cannot do otherwise than admire much in America, evidently clings to things German, and his patriotism often has full sway in a manner to endear him to the Fatherland.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Combined Printing-Press and Folder.

THE most noticeable improvement in fast power presses brought out recently is a combined printing-press and folder just erected for a newspaper near this city. This new press prints from a continuous roll, and dispenses with many of the mechanical aids commonly deemed essential in such machines. From the casting of the stereotype plate to the final folding of the papers ready for delivery, every step of the process presents features of novelty and interest. The flat chase holding the type being ready, the first operation is to take an impression from the types in papier maché. The usual process is to spread the damp sheet of papier maché over the types, and to beat it down with a brush by hand. In the new process the papier maché, covered by a felting and a thin plate of metal, is placed with the type in a hydraulic press. The piston adjusted and the press locked, the power is applied, not in a gradually increasing pressure by a pump in the usual way, but by gentle blows from a wooden mallet on the piston. The pressure, though powerful, is free from serious shocks, and is evenly distributed over the type. The result is a very fine, sharp impression, and when properly dried (also a new process) the matrix is ready for the casting. The casting-box is in two parts and stands upright. One-half is placed on rockers so as to be easily upset, thus saving the operator all trouble in moving the box. To keep the box closed during casting, clamps (also a new device) are used instead of screws. After casting, the next step is to trim and true the plate. This is done in a new machine that performs every operation automatically and in one motion, so that the plate is ready in a minute or two, and demands no further labor. The next most noticeable feature is the rewinding and dampening of the paper. The paper comes from the mill loosely wound on a roller. It must then be rewound tightly on another roller. The rewinding machine is placed next the press and convenient to it, and the winding is done under great tension and automatically. The machine rolls the paper evenly, squarely, and tightly, and wetting or dampening is done at the same time. The dampening apparatus is also new, and consists of two flat iron saucers revolving horizontally at a high speed. Slender streams of water drip on these as they turn, and the result is a fine, impalpable mist or spray spread out flat, and striking the passing paper in a film only a fraction of an inch wide. By an automatic device the feeding of the water is governed by the changing size of the roll of paper, and the supply is continually adjusted to the demand. When wound and dampened the paper is ready for the press, and it has to be moved only a few inches to be put in place. To supply a large edition two rolls may be set up, one under the other, and when one is exhausted the next is joined to the web without delay. The press and folder stand within two feet of the rolls, and in general appearance the apparatus departs radically from the usual type of presses that print from a continuous roll of paper. The press consists of two

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printing rolls, and two impression rollers placed one over the other, and supported in a frame common to them all. The upper roll prints the outside of the paper, and the bottom roll the inside, while the two impression rollers stand between them. The inking apparatus, also having some improvements peculiar to this press, stand behind the rolls, one for each, and by the arched construction of the frame-work of the press, the operator is enabled to examine them with ease at any time. In starting up to print an edition the web of paper is passed through the press, and when all is ready, power is applied. As the operation begins, the most noticeable feature is the peculiar automatic device employed for securing a uniform and perfect tension to the paper at all times. A wooden wheel pressing against the roll of paper travels with it, and by a balanced arm communicates a varying pressure to the brake, and so adjusts the tension of the paper to the changing size of the roll. On passing the printing rolls, the web of paper rises, and, turning over large rollers, goes over the top of the press to the folding machine. This is the most interesting portion of the whole apparatus. A large open roller is hung under the web of printed paper, and upon it is placed the folder and cutting knife. Each of these turns freely on its own axis as it is carried round on the roller. A small-toothed wheel is fixed to the axis of each, and, engaging in teeth fixed on the inner rim of a stationary iron ring, turns the folder or knife as it moves. This gives a planetary motion to the folder and knife, the folder taking an epicycloidal and the knife an epitrochoidal path. The folder and knife, being placed opposite each other on the roller, meet the web of paper at equal distances apart, and exactly coinciding to the size of the sheets. The folder strikes the paper in the center and pushes it between the folding rollers. Here it is caught and drawn horizontally into the folding machine. The peculiar path traced by the folder enables it to escape freely, and in turn the knife follows and neatly cuts the paper, leaving a finely serrated edge. The epicycloidal track described by the knife here assists the following sheet to take its new path preparatory to the next fold, and the process is repeated. The now once folded sheet is drawn upon a table and folded again by a similar device, and it then drops below upon a balanced table ready to receive it. Here may be noticed a simple and ingenious brake for checking the onward speed of the folded paper, and preventing the recoil that its great speed would give it as it strikes against the guard on top of the table, where it takes the second fold. Two small stiff brushes are placed at an angle over the paper and resting upon it. The paper slips under them easily, but cannot return, and it lies flat, till pulled away by the next movement of the machine. This combined press and folder will print and fold from 10,000 to 25,000 sheets an ho- nly occupies a space 24x5 and 8 feet high and one skilled attendant and tw- work, from the setting of t- wetting, to deliver- of 25,000 copies; only two more hands are required for a morning paper.

Multiple Telegrams.

THE fact that two or more distinct sounds may move through the air, a stick of wood, a wire rod, or other media, and not interfere with each other, is well known. Two voices, an octave, fifth, third, or other harmonic interval apart, may sing together; any number of instruments or voices up to ten thousand may sound together in harmony without inconvenience to themselves or the listener. In the countless crowd of notes from an orchestra there is no confusion, not a note is materially impaired, and every sonorous vibration proceeds on its path with little reference to those traveling with it. Here and there they will coincide, but the result is not harmful. Put the end of a slender wooden rod in the teeth, and rest the opposite end on the sounding-board of a piano-forte; close the ears, and have the instrument played in full chords, and all the vibrations will pass through the rod, and will in no wise interfere with one another. This fact, combined with another, equally interesting, has given rise to a most important improvement in the telegraph. Paul la Cour, of the Royal Meteorological Institute, Copenhagen, has exhibited a new system of telegraphing the sonorous vibrations of a number of tuning-forks, placed in electric connection with each other, whereby ten or more messages may be sent over one wire at the same instant. To understand this invention, the singular law of harmonic sympathy must be considered. If the dampers of a piano be raised, and a single note struck, it will be noticed that certain other strings in harmonic sympathy will sound also, and apparently of their own accord. For instance, if middle C is sounded, the C above, the E, G, and C above that, and some few other strings, will begin to murmur faintly with it. All other notes not in harmonic sympathy with that C will be silent. This law applies to every string in the instrument, and did not the dampers check these added vibrations, the instrument could not be used at all in rapid music. It must be here noticed that the fact that the dampers also serve to limit the duration of the vibrations in no way interferes with this their commonly unnoticed function. It has been long known that the vibrations of a tuning-fork could be sent over a telegraph wire. It is the application of these two laws of acoustics to this fact that led La Cour to the invention of his apparatus. His transmitting and repeating instruments consist of twenty or more tuning-forks arranged in pairs according to their notes. That is, there is a pair tuned to C, a pair to D, a pair to F sharp, and so on. Each pair is divided, one fork being at one end of the line, the other at the opposite end. If a single wire then united any pair, any two Cs, Ds, etc., the vibrations of one could be transmitted to its mate, and, as may be easily understood, the notes so sent over the wire could be made to express the letters of the usual Morse Alphabet. In practice, though the reports do not say so, it may be pre-

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sumed that these pairs of forks are tuned in unison. The object of this is to place them in the most intimate harmonic relationship. It is true, the pulsations or vibrations thus sent over a wire are intermittent, but their number is fixed, and may be easily recognized as a musical note. The ear cannot distinguish the individual vibrations, and they merge into a continuous sound. So far, this device is not new. It is the uniting of the ten wires into one that constitutes the chief value of La Cour's invention. The ten pairs of forks meet in a single line. At each end of the wire it branches into ten others, one for each fork. Twenty operators, two for each pair of forks, may then correspond over the single wire at one and the same time without inconvenience to each other, and none can discover what another may be saying. Each operator has a single fork that will only sing when its mate at the other end sings. In listening to a full orchestra, or a full registered organ, we hear all the notes at once. So the telegraph wire transmits all its notes at the same instant, and without confusion. Unlike the ear, each fork can only respond to its mate, and is deaf to all the rest. The ear cannot choose, but must hear all. Each tuning-fork responds to but one note. It selects from the confused and discordant mass its own, and by this singular and apparent contradiction of two opposing laws, this new departure in telegraphy is made possible.

The Cryptograph.

THIS apparatus, designed for secret correspondence, consists of a flat tablet of any convenient size for holding the paper on which the message is written, and a perforated metallic disk as a guide in tracing the letters. The tablet is marked off with lines at right angles that make small squares, and each row of squares is numbered on the edge. The disk is also marked in the same way, and each corner is numbered, beginning at the left-hand upper corner. In the squares marked on the disk are cut a number of holes (about the size of a single letter), and so placed as to present a somewhat irregular and confused appearance. To use the apparatus, lay a sheet of paper on the tablet (within the rim), and place the disk over it with corner numbered 1 at the upper left-hand corner. Write the message, a letter at a time, through the holes in the disk. Turn the disk a quarter way round so that figure 2 comes at the upper left-hand corner. An entirely new set of holes now appears, and through them the message may be continued on the paper. When the spaces are filled, another quarter turn gives more. Still another turn adds a few more, and then the paper is filled. On lifting the disk, the message is seen as a confused mass of letters arranged in lines. This is the cipher message. It is plain that, if any one else had a similar disk and should successively place it over the message in the same order, he could readily read the message through the holes cut in it. At the same time, unless the disk were used in the same order, nothing could be made of the letters displayed through the holes. The chances of hitting upon the right order are small, and by agreeing upon any particular order of moving the disk, the correspondents could easily make detection difficult. This device is already employed by some governments in sending despatches. By the use of cardboard or other simple materials, any one can make something of the kind that might be useful in corresponding with postal cards.

Engines for Steep Grades.

ON railroads where steep grades have to be overcome, it has been the general practice to detach the locomotive and to haul the train up the incline by the aid of wire ropes moved by a stationary engine placed at the top of the hill. If the grade is not too severe, the locomotive is commonly able to take itself up the incline. Where this is possible, two novel modifications of this idea have been introduced, and the locomotive takes the place of the stationary engine. In each system a rope and winding drum is used. In one the drum is fixed on the engine, in the other the drum is at the top of the incline. By the first method the engine is provided with gripping struts, that, on being let down, grip the rails and anchor the engine securely. The winding drum is fixed to the frame of the engine, and has the wire rope wound up on it. On reaching the foot of the grade, the engine is detached from the train, the end of the rope is secured to the first car, and then the engine mounts the incline to the top, or as far as the rope will permit. The gripping struts then anchor the engine, and, on applying power to the drum the train is hauled up. If the top of the grade is not reached, gripping struts are applied to the cars, and the engine goes on and repeats the operation. The grade being overcome, the engine is again coupled and the train continues its journey. By the other system, the winding drum is fixed in a sunken pit at the top of the incline, and is provided with a wire rope for dragging up the train. This winding apparatus is provided with four driving wheels coupled in pairs, and so placed as to have their upper surfaces just level with the tracks. A gap is left in the rails over each wheel, so that it may turn freely. On reaching the foot of the incline, the engine mounts the hill alone and runs over the winding drum till its four driving wheels exactly coincide with the wheels of the drum. In fact, it rests upon them, and is locked in that position. The wire rope meanwhile is secured to the train. On starting the engine the driving wheels turn those it stands upon by friction, and in place of moving onward it stands motionless and turns the winding gear. By this simple means the train is dragged up the incline till it rests upon the higher level. The engine is then unlocked, and, joining its train on the main line, it resumes its duty. On descending the grade, both train and engine are lowered in safety by the rope under the control of a brake on the winding drum. Both of these systems are still in the experimental stage.

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The Compression Engine.

THIS engine, designed for general use, where from one-eighth to three horse-power is desired, is one of the latest contributions to the wide-spread demand for a small inexpensive motor. Unlike the steam engine, it has no boiler, needs no skilled attendant, has no loose working parts, slides, valves, eccentrics, etc., and is entirely safe. Unlike the caloric engine, it emits no heated air or burned oil, and is smooth and silent in its action. The smaller size, of ⅛ horse-power, has cylinders 3½ inches in diameter, and is 36 inches high. The largest size has 10-inch cylinders, is 7½ feet high, and occupies a floor space of less than 3x5 feet. The engine consists of two cylinders, placed side by side, and joined together near the top by a large square pipe. Each has a piston with connecting rods joining it to the crank shaft. The two cranks are set 180° apart, and an opposite motion is given them, that is, one descends while the other ascends. Both cylinders may be closed air-tight, and beyond the connecting rods there are no other working parts, except a small pump and the governor. One of the cylinders is much larger than the other, and is provided with a jacket through which water circulates by the aid of the pump. The smaller cylinder is placed directly over a small coal fire in a simple circular stove or fire-box. In the smaller engines the fire is replaced by a gas jet. The connection between the two cylinders consists of a small square cast-iron box filled with thin sheets of metal set on edge, and provided with a small air-cock on top. The action of the engine is easily understood. The piston in the compression or cold cylinder descends and compresses the air below and around it, and under this pressure the air is forced in thin sheets between the leaves of the regenerator, or connecting box between the cylinders. It then enters the hot cylinder, and, under the influence of the heat, expands and drives up the piston. The piston having reached the limit of its journey, allows the heated and expanded air to return through the regenerator to the cold cylinder. On its passage it parts with its heat and enters the other cylinder, reduced in volume and temperature. Here it meets the cold jacketed walls of the cylinder, and, in a thin annular sheet, is both chilled and compressed at the same time. On its next trip through the regenerator, it takes back some of the heat it parted with on the first trip, and, in this manner, the process is repeated. Once started by hand, the engine maintains its speed continually. The only attention it demands is an occasional oiling, a steady fire, and a constant supply of cold water for the pump. The cost of running these engines is exceedingly small, and their simplicity of construction, ease of management, safety, and silence, will, undoubtedly, make them of value to persons wishing a moderate amount of power.

Washing Smoke.

Two of the latest contributions to the abatement of the smoke nuisance employ water to wash the smoke as it passes through the flue of the chimney. The more simple of the two consists of a spray or shower of water driven upward in the chimney flue. The water cleans the smoke of much of its impurities, and falling back escapes below. The blackened water is afterward collected, and under proper treatment yields a coloring material for a fine black paint. The other apparatus is more complicated. It consists of an upright cylinder of boiler plates 14 feet high and 5 feet in diameter. Inside are a number of sheet iron diaphragms placed one over another, and partly filling the interior. Each diaphragm overlaps the other, and all are perforated with a great number of holes 0.2 of an inch in diameter. The smoke enters below, and a stream of water flows in at the top. The water drips in a shower through the holes, and by the aid of a powerful exhaust, the smoke is forced upward through the apparatus. On its passage, owing to the obstructions caused by the diaphragms, the smoke travels 51 feet, and is perfectly cleared of soot. The experiments made with this apparatus go to show that the value of such devices depends chiefly on the power of the exhaust or draft, the distance traveled by the smoke through the shower of water, and the perfect subdivision of the water. The amount of water employed seems to be of less consequence.

Memoranda.

IN iron and brass founding the simple device of fixing a nickel-plated concave disk to the handles of the ladles used in pouring the hot metal into the molds is worthy of notice. Its bright surface serves to reflect and concentrate the glare of the molten metal downward upon the mouth of the flask to be filled, thus aiding the operator in his work. As molding rooms are usually dark, this cheap light will be an advantage. The reflector also serves to shade the operator's hands and face from the heat of the metal, and adds much to his comfort. The reflector is supported by a ring slipped over the handle of the ladle, and may be fixed in any desired position by the aid of a set screw.

A new element, named Gallium (in honor of France), has been discovered by spectral analysis. Its spectrum is two bright lines in the violet region. One of these, slightly brighter than the other, is in the 417th degree of the scale, the other is at the 405th degree, and both in the place occupied by the brightest lines of zinc. Chemical examination also proved its relationship to zinc. Only a very small quantity of the new metal has been obtained, and its properties are now under examination by a Committee of the Academy of Science, France.

As an aid in teaching swimming, a stout wire resembling a telegraph wire is now hung just above the water and drawn tight. On this travels a grooved pulley or "door hanger," and from this hangs down an elastic cord that is fastened to a belt worn by the swimmer. This permits free use of his limbs, gives sufficient support, and allows him to move forward along the length of the wire with ease.

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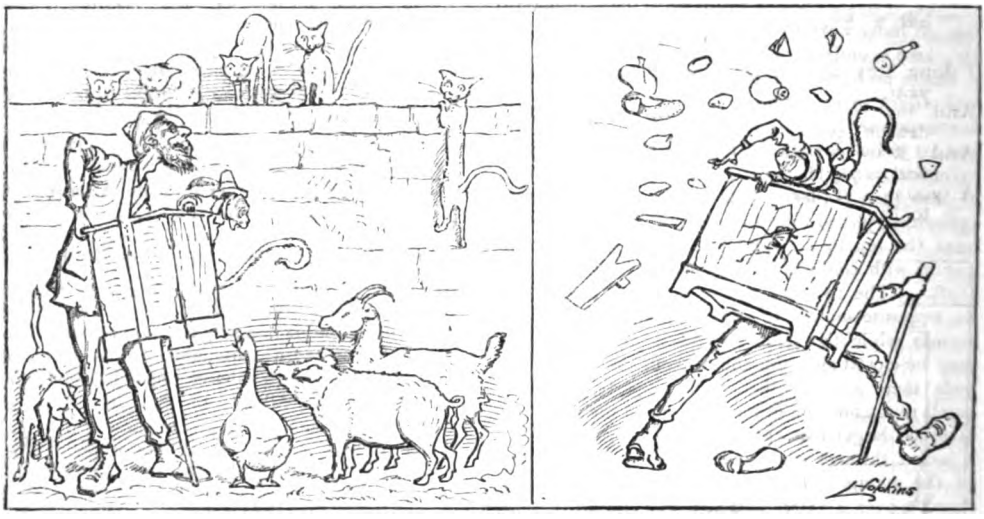
BRIC-À-BRAC.



"So great a musician was ORPHEUS that wherever he went the animal kingdom was attracted to his side, and paving stones, old boots, bottles, bits of kindling wood and other inanimate objects followed him."—*Classic Author.*

Uncle Cap Interviewed.

GOOD mornin', mahs'r—thank you, sah; I's tol'-able myself,
Considerin' dat it's almost time I's laid upon de shelf;
De onliest t'ing dat bodders much is right around in here,
Dis mis'ry in my back dat won't recease to persevere.

And so you come to see me, sah, beca'se you hab been told
Dat I's de oldest man about? Yes, I is mighty old!
A hundred and eleben years dis comin' Christmas day—
I couldn't tell ezzackly, but dat's what de people say.

When *I* come to dis country fust dar wa'n't no houses roun',
And me and my ole mahs'r had to camp out on de groun';
De fust house dat was 'rected, sah, I helped in raisin' it—
Sometimes I tries to 'member whar it sot, but I forgit.

You Liza! ain't you nebber gwine to set dat pot to bile?
Niggers nebber was so lazy when your fader was a chile!
Dat 'ar's my youngest daughter, sah, a-washin' ob de greens;
She was born de year dat Jackson fit de battle ob Orleans.

Dey ain't wuf shucks, dese young folks dat's a-growin' up now days,
I nebber seed no niggers yit dat had such triflin' ways;
I b'lieve dis country's gwine to smash—I knows, at any rate,
Dat t'ings ain't like dey used to wuz in ole Virginny State.

So you thought 'twas Souf Ca'lina, sah, whar I was born and raised?
No! I'm from ole Virginny, and for dat de Lord be praised!
Virginny niggers always was de best dat you could buy;
Poor white trash couldn't git 'em, 'ca'se de prices was so high.

Yes, sah, I's from Virginny, and I reckon dat you mout
Have heerd of folks I knowed—dey're often talked about.
Dar's Ginnle Washin'ton, for one; he lived across the road;
I 'spect you've heerd ob him, sah? He was one ob dem I knowed.

He rode about de country on a big old dapple-gray,
And used to come and dine with mahs'r 'bout ebery udder day;
De finest-lookin' gentleman dat I most eber seed—
He tried to buy me, but old mahs'r told him, "No, indeed!"

What do I t'ink of freedom? I dunno; it's true I's free;
But now I's got so awful old, what good is 'at to me?
I nebber bodders 'bout it much—to tell de troof, my min'
Is tuk up now in t'inkin' 'bout de place whar I's a-gwine.

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De hymn says: "John de Baptis' he was nuffin' but a Jew,
But de Holy Bible tells us dat he was a preacher too,"
And if a 'ligious Jew can 'mong de chosen few advance,
Dere shorely ain't no question but a nigger'll hab a chance.

I done been had religion now for gwine on sixty year,
And my troubles is mos' ober, for de end is drawin' near;
And I know dat when I mount de skies de Lord will make ob me
A young and likely nigger, sah, just like I use to be.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

INGRATITUDE.

Critics, and Critics.

[From the Spanish of Don I. Yriarte.]

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

A BEAR who kindly helped a Piedmontese
To make an honest living,
A grand rehearsal of a novel dance
One day was kindly giving.
The company was quite select, and felt
The worth of their decision;
And two—a learned pig and monkey—knew
It touched their own provision.

The Bear, with cumbrous grace, went strictly through
Each step, and turn, and movement;
"Now, how do you like it? Really, I've been told
It needs no more improvement."
"Why, not at all!" the Monkey promptly said,
A critic wise and witty;
"I can assure you, and I know my trade,
It will not take the city."
"Why! what's the matter? Is there not an air
Of dignity about it?"
"Indeed, there is," the Pig with warmth replied;
"I would not have you doubt it.
I ne'er have seen, and ne'er expect to see,
A movement so entrancing;
And I, a learned Pig, may surely claim
To know what's perfect dancing."

At this most unexpected panegyric
The Bear's heart proudly bounded;
But suddenly he stood before the crowd,
Abashed and quite confounded.
"I beg your pardons, gentlemen," he said,
And modestly stood bowing;
"I'll not detain you further—what's the use
To longer stay pow-wowing?

"For when I found the Monkey disapproved,
I doubted my position;
But since the Pig has praised, I have no hope,
And give up my ambition.
For, if the wise condemn, good reason, sirs,
To doubt of our acquirement;
But if the fools should praise—what then remains
But sensible retirement?"

Term was over, the "Defiance" coach was full of undergraduates returning to their respective colleges, the day was cold, wet and miserable, when a well-appointed dray drove up to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly. "Have you room for one inside to Oxford?" asked as pretty a girl as you would wish to see on a summer's day. "What a beauty!" exclaimed one. "Quite lovely!" said another. "Perfect!" lisped a third. "Quite full, miss," replied the coachman, "inside and out." "Surely you could make room for one," persevered the fair applicant. "Quite impossible, miss, without the gentlemen's consent." "Lots of room," cried the insides. "We are not very large; we can manage to take one more." "If the young gentlemen consent," said the driver, who was one of the best-tempered fellows on earth, and as honest as Aristides, "I have no objection." "We agree," said the inside quartet. "All right," responded the driver. The fare was paid, and the guard proceeded to open the door and let down the steps. "Now, miss, if you please, we are behind our time." "Come along, grandfather," cried the damsel, addressing a most respectable-looking, portly elderly gentleman, "the money is paid, get in, and be sure you thank the young gentlemen," at the same time suiting the action to the word, and with a wicked smile assisting her respected grandfather into the coach. "Here's some mistake; you'll squeeze us to death," cried the astonished party. But at this moment "All right," "Sit fast," was heard, and away rattled the "Defiance" at its best pace, drowning the voices of the crestfallen Oxonians.

Those who liked a witty remark, or a pungent epigram, would join the table at which James Smith sat, and any commonplace remark of the day was immediately converted by him into verse. Lord Lennox once asked him if he was going to the ball at the Mansion House, got up in aid of the unfortunate Polish refugees. "No," said he. Then

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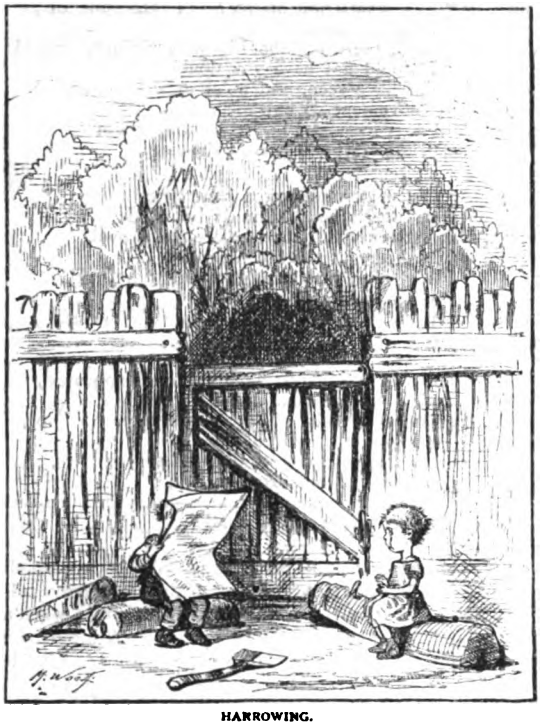

HARROWING.

HIGHLY INTERESTED PARTY *(reading)*—"At that mo-ment the as-sas-sin en-tered the de-part-ment and brandy-ishing aloft a knive cov-red with blood ex-claimed—To be continued in our next!"

The Ballad of a Gruesome Butcher, and his Sausage Machine, and the Dear Little Children.

IT was a gruesome butcher,
With countenance saturnine;
He stood at the door of his little shop,
It was the hour of nine.

The children going by to school
Looked in at the open door;
They loved to see the sausage machine,
And hear its awful roar.

The butcher he looked out and in,
Then horribly he swore,
Next yawned, then, smiling, he licked his chops;
Quoth he: "Life's a awful bore!

"Now here's all these dear little children,
Some on 'em might live to be sixty;
Why shouldn't I save 'em the trouble to wunst
An' chop 'em up slipperty licksty?"

So he winked to the children and beckoned them in:
"O, don't ye's want some candy?
But ye see ye'll have to come in to the shop,
For out here it isn't handy!"

He 'ticed them into the little shop,
The machine went round and round;
And when those poor babes came out again,
They fetched ten cents a pound.

R. R. B.

calling for a sheet of paper and a pencil, he wrote:

"Aloft in rotatory motion hurled,
The Poles are called on to support the world.
In these our days a different law controls;
The world is called on to support the Poles."

No one studied what is termed the "business" of his part more than Talma. Instead of remaining in the green-room, or standing behind the scenes ready to be called on, as most actors do, Talma would walk slowly up and down, practicing the attitudes he was about to display; nay, it is reported that just before he went on in Hamlet he would seize some supernumerary by the collar and exclaim:

"Fuis, spectre épouvantable!
Porte au fond des tombeaux ton aspect redoutable!"

in order, to adopt a modern expression, "to keep the steam up."

Wellington was once asked by a lady of rank, after dinner, to give her an account of the battle of Waterloo, a request very like that made by the French Countess who seized a philosopher at the supper-table and exclaimed: "While they are cutting up the fowls, and we have got five minutes to spare, do tell me the history of the world, for I want to know it so much."

At the Comédie Française, one of the principal artists in a tragedy stopped short after delivering the following line:

"I was in Rome, where"—

When, finding the prompter not at all disposed to help him out of his difficulty, he turned to him and exclaimed with the utmost dignity, "Well, you varlet, what did I do in Rome?"

"*Deputation*," said Gladstone, "is a noun of multitude that signifies many, but does not signify *much*."

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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NEW YORK IN THE REVOLUTION.

SECOND PAPER.

MRS. ROBERT MURRAY ENTERTAINING BRITISH OFFICERS WHILE PUTNAM ESCAPES. (SEE PAGE 466.)

THE importance of New York as a center of operations was early impressed upon the patriot leaders. General Charles Lee occupied the city in March, 1776, and on the fourteenth of April Washington arrived to assume command in person. It was not expected that the British would quietly submit to this state of affairs, but the Continental commanders vigorously pushed the work of fortifying the island, and Lord Stirling, Gen. Putnam and Gen. Greene did their best to make an army of the raw material gathered from the plow and the anvil by the order of Congress.

Gen. Putnam made his headquarters at No. 1 Broadway. The house still stands, and is the most interesting relic of revolutionary days that is to be found in the city. Its walls look out as of old upon the Battery, but Fort George and the intrenchments that flanked it have long since disappeared. Its garden once stretched down to

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the Hudson River, but two streets have been built out upon the beach that was then gently washed by the waves. Still its upper windows look out toward the wooded shore of Staten Island, but the tents of the British soldiery camped there in 1776 have given place to multitudinous cottages. The ceaseless roar of traffic surrounds the old house, and all guests who can pay for their entertainment are made welcome where the doors once were only opened to those who had wealth or titles or had won distinction in arms. A sign now announces that the "Washington Hotel" is conducting business in the mansion that was built by an earl, and the honest farmer and unromantic sailor may sleep under the roof that was long ago consecrated by the slumbers of titled beauty. From this house Gen. Lee issued his first proclamation of defiance to the British navy, and Washington made it his headquarters when the last British soldier had embarked at the Battery.

The house known as No. 1 Broadway has suffered comparatively little change in the last century. It was erected in 1750 by the Honorable Archibald Kennedy, captain in the British navy, afterward eleventh Earl of Cassilis. Judging from the brick-work, the house No. 3 Broadway, which has also survived the hands of the iconoclast, was built in conjunction with No. 1, and had means of communication with it. In their very earliest days these houses formed one of the chief centers of New York's best society, and grand entertainments were celebrated connectedly in both. Little did those who enjoyed their hospitality in those first peaceful days know the vicissitudes through which they were to pass. Their owners suffered the sequestration of their property through loyalty to the British King, and afterward were compelled to buy it back at exorbitant rates. It was the fortune of war. Both houses are now in the possession of the De Peyster family, whose ancestress, Ann Watts, was the wife of Captain Kennedy. When the American forces entered the city of New York, the house of so prominent a royalist as the British naval captain offered itself as the most suitable place for headquarters, and it was occupied first by Lee and then by Putnam. Friends, however, treated it no better than foes. Sir Henry Clinton seized upon No. 1 Broadway and established his headquarters there, while Sir William Howe found a comfortable shelter in the

OLD KENNEDY HOUSE (WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS) AND WATTS MANSION.

dwelling adjoining it. Subsequently Sir Guy Carleton resided at No. 1, occupying Richmond Hill as his country house. A brilliant array of officers made the entertainments of the English Commander-in-Chief exceedingly attractive in the eyes of the loyalist merchants of New York, and their wives and daughters. There gathered, on gala nights, Earls Cornwallis and Percy, Admirals Digby and Rodney, Counts Donop and Knyphausen, Generals Robertson, Erskine, Grant, and a host of younger aspirants for fame. Prince William Henry, afterward William the Fourth of England, at one time graced its halls, and was so enthralled by the beauty that flattered the royal middy that he was suddenly taken to sea by his guardian, lest he should be so imprudent as to farther entangle the erratic house of Guelph by a runaway match with an untitled Yankee girl.

Not a little of the romance of the Revolution clusters about these historic buildings. Here Margaret Moncrieffe, daughter of an

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English engineer of distinction, was detained as a spy, and here she saw and loved Aaron Burr, the handsome, fickle young aide-de-camp on General Putnam's staff. Though she afterward became somewhat notorious for her flirtations at the royal court, she never forgot her hero of the blue and buff. In her memoir, she speaks, also, of having often ascended to the cupola of the house to watch the white tents of the royal army on the Staten Island shore, and to pray for her speedy deliverance from captivity. Burr, however, never seems to have forgotten his military duties for the call of pleasure. It was he who pointed out to Putnam the way of escape for his army, after Lord Howe had occupied the east and middle roads. Neither the American commander nor any of his chief officers knew how to penetrate the forests and swamps, but Aaron Burr piloted them through the woods west of Broadway to Greenwich, and thence by a road skirting the river bank to Bloomingdale. The escape was narrow but complete.

It was at No. 1 Broadway that Clinton and André hatched the plot which resulted in Arnold's treason and the ignominious death of the Adjutant-General of the British army. Subsequently Arnold made his headquarters at the house adjoining, and it became the scene of one of the most daring and heroic acts of the war. After the traitor had fled to New York, the patriot officers laid a plan to kidnap him and carry him off bodily to their camp. The execution of the plot was intrusted to John Champe of Virginia, Sergeant-Major of Colonel Henry Lee's cavalry legion. Champe deserted to the British, and was at once sent, as he had hoped, to assist Arnold in recruiting a corps of royalists and deserters. Watching the habits of the traitor, the Continental soldier soon laid his plan and communicated it to Lee. In the rear of Arnold's quarters an ample garden stretched out to the river and as far up as No. 9 Broadway, where it communicated with a dark alley leading to the water's edge. This garden was shaded by huge trees, several of which were a hundred feet in height, and one, a madeira nut, which long survived, had lateral branches nearly as many feet in length. Under the shade of these trees it was Arnold's habit to walk late every night—thinking bitterly, no doubt, of the dear price at which he had won a British commission and a hireling's gold. Champe, with two accomplices, had arranged to seize the traitor on a certain night, gag and bind him, and carry him in a boat, ready at hand, to the American camp. It is said that the devil always helps his own. Whether Arnold received aid from this quarter or not, it is certain that on the day fixed for the consummation of the plot he changed his quarters, and the labor of the patriots was lost. Champe subsequently made his escape and died peacefully at home, long after the independence of the struggling colonies was secured. How Benedict Arnold sank into oblivion, history has recorded.

The Kennedy house has changed somewhat from its ancient appearance, though retaining all of its old features. Its walls, windows and doors have not suffered from the rage for improvement, but the cupola has disappeared, and another story has been added, to increase its accommodations as a hotel. Within its portals the antiquarian will yet find much to interest him. Its rooms still give evidence that they were planned by an aristocrat, and were intended for the profuse and elegant display of hospitality. White marble mantel-pieces, carved with frieze of acanthus, and decorated with heads crowned with curls and studded with amaranths, betoken a taste then rare in the colonies. The immense mirrors that reach from ceiling to floor are faded and shabby, but they still tell the glory of the brave men and fair women whose forms once flashed before them. Up the broad staircases, brushing the heavy mahogany balustrades now black with age, swept the belles of loyalist

WASHINGTON'S FIRST HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK.

New York in dresses of India silk, "satin petticoats," and high-heeled shoes, and the gentlemen, elegant in attire of velvet, laced neck-cloths and silken stockings. They are

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all dust and ashes now, but the mirror, which a blow of a hostile musket-stock might easily have shattered, still remains. Perhaps some of the rich men whose daily walk to business leads them in the vicinity of the old Kennedy house and its next-door neighbor, may think that it might be well to have a museum of Revolutionary antiquities in the vicinity of the Battery, and may rescue these old buildings for Centennial purposes. New York needs at least one such center. It would fitly be placed on the spot which so many famous feet have consecrated.

"RICHMOND HILL."

The first headquarters of Washington in the city of New York was No. 180 Pearl street, opposite Cedar. It was the family mansion of the De Peysters, and the original contract for building it is still in the family's possession. The house was very spacious. The center and the upper wing of the edifice were left standing until a few years ago. Built of brick, covered with stucco, having a handsome tiled roof and dormer windows, surrounded by stately trees, and looking through heavy shrubbery out upon the waters of the East River, the house was an attractive spot, even to the owner of a fine estate in Virginia. In this house the American Commander-in-Chief remained until summoned to meet with Congress at Philadelphia, in the latter part of May, 1776.

On his return to the city, Washington made his headquarters at the house and estate known and renowned as Richmond Hill. This mansion, reared far out of town by an opulent citizen, achieved its highest notoriety in connection with Aaron Burr, who made his residence there at the time of his duel with Alexander Hamilton. The house was built in 1760 by Abraham Mortier, who was then Paymaster-General of the royal forces in America, and was a very wealthy gentleman. His estate comprised about one hundred acres, and the grounds about the house, which was a roomy and substantial structure, were laid out with rare taste, and were said to compare favorably with celebrated country-seats in England. Far "out of town" as the house was in that day, it was actually situated near the present intersection of Charlton and Varick streets. A hundred years ago its nearest neighbors were the residences of Warren on the north and Lispenard toward the south-west, each of which was almost a mile distant. In the absence of its loyal owner, General Washington occupied the Richmond Hill house as his headquarters in the summer of 1776. He was succeeded by Sir Guy Carleton, who made it a favorite rendezvous for his brother officers and the wealthier people of the city. Other noted men, among whom was Sir Grenville Temple, were domiciled here after peace had been declared with England, but with no occurrences was the stately mansion so closely identified as (later in its existence) with the marriage of Burr's gifted and ill-fated daughter Theodosia, and with the murderous quarrel which resulted in the death of Alexander Hamilton. The house ceased to be attractive to those who would otherwise have admired it as a home, and it became a hotel, whose ample garden was the scene of many a large pleasure party. When streets were cut through the estate, the building was moved to Charlton street near Varick, and served in turn as an inn, a theater, a circus, and a saloon, until the decree went forth for its demolition. Those New Yorkers who were young men thirty years ago (it will hardly do yet to designate them as old) will recall with eager zest the dances that were held on winter evenings in the great ball-room of the Richmond Hill mansion.

There is no true son of New York that will not join in the regret of the antiquarian that time has spared so few of these old monuments of our colonial prosperity and wealth. One after another they have fallen at the touch of the street commissioner, the bidding of fashion, or the conscienceless demand for improvement. It is but a few

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years since the old Beekman mansion was one of the landmarks of the city, and young people listened with delight to the legends with which their elders had invested it.

BEEKMAN MANSION.

Now it has disappeared, and the writer of our Centennial literature must be content with telling inquirers that it stood east of First Avenue, between Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets. In olden time it was known by every New Yorker that its fine lawn reached down to the King's Bridge road, and its windows looked out upon Turtle Bay. In structure it was plain, but massive, being solidly built of thick planks filled in with brick. It had two stories and a basement, and was surmounted by an old-fashioned shingle roof. This plainness was to be expected at the hands of its builder, Gerardus Beekman. He was a descendant of William Beekman, who came to New Amsterdam with Governor Peter Stuyvesant, and took a prominent part in the affairs of the colony in his day. The descendant built in 1763 this snug "bowerie" of the Beekmans at a point distant enough from the busy little city to lose its clamor, and yet near enough to enjoy the sight of its growth. Here, embedded in gardens, with fertile farms about it on either side, and with the river near at hand, what could a family sanctuary further desire? A contemporary witness, Baroness Reidesel, wrote of the place in 1780, that it left nothing for a tenant to desire. The English Governor at that time assigned it to her as a residence, her husband having commanded the Hessians who were taken prisoners at Saratoga. In glowing colors she depicts the beauties of farm, and garden, and greenhouse, and the interior of this elegant colonial residence. The rooms were spacious, adorned with black marble mantels bearing elaborate carvings of scroll and foliage. The fireplaces were ornamented with Dutch tiles, representing Scriptural subjects. Elijah in his chariot of fire was the story of one artist, and others had seized upon the history of the Prodigal Son and the perils of the Apostles, to impress a moral on the beholder while they delighted him with an odd exhibition of their art. True, the laws of perspective were grossly violated at times, but nothing more costly could be found in the colony, and it bore the additional merit of having been imported across the ocean. The building was taken down in 1874, but the drawing-room mantel and the Dutch tiles have been preserved in their entirety at the rooms of the Historical Society. One of the rooms was interesting as the place where André passed his last night in New York.

After the disastrous defeat of the American forces on Long Island, August 27th, 1776, it became necessary that Washington should know something definite about the movements of the British forces. A council of officers decided that a spy should be dispatched to gain this information, and it was evident that the person chosen must be not only brave, but a man of military talent and good judgment. The choice fell upon Captain Nathan Hale, of Coventry, Con-

MAJOR ANDRÉ'S ROOM, BEEKMAN MANSION.

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necticut, an officer of the gallant Connecticut regiment known as "Congress's Own." Without hesitation the young man placed his life at the disposal of his country, and went to the house of Robert Murray, on Murray Hill (where Washington had his headquarters on the fourteenth of September), to receive his orders. Arrested at Huntington, Long Island, through the instrumentality of a cousin who was bound to him by many an act of kindness, he was brought to General Howe, at the Beekman House, Sept. 21, 1776. The British General did not stoop to the form of a court-martial, but told his captive that he would be hanged the next day, and only accorded him the privilege of writing to his mother and sisters that he was to meet a spy's fate. Captain Cunningham, the brutal provost-marshal, refused to grant him the services of a clergyman, denied him the use of a Bible, and destroyed before his eyes the letters he had written to his relatives. Then, with the loud roll of drums they sought cruelly, but in vain, to drown the last words of the hero-martyr: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country." Traditions do not agree as to the place of Captain Hale's execution. One account says that he was hanged on an apple-tree in Rutgers' orchard, near the present intersection of East Broadway and Market street, while other living authorities used to point to an aged butternut tree standing before the Beekman House and marking the fifth mile from Whitehall, as the locality.

The inhumanity exhibited by the British officers to Captain Nathan Hale stands out in striking contrast with the forbearance and generosity shown by the Americans in the case of Major John André. It was not until nine days after his capture that the British spy was hanged, and in the meantime he had been supplied with every possible comfort, and had been treated with the most distinguished consideration. The tears of those who had been his enemies in arms bedewed his grave, and their sympathies found expression in kindly letters to his mother and sisters. André had, also, the lion's share of honor in death. His King testified his gratitude by a handsome monument in Westminster Abbey, near the Poet's Corner. When will New York do like honor to the brave young soldier whose sacred ashes were thrust into an unknown grave in her soil? It is not asking too much now of a city whose people gave him no sympathy in his last hour, that somewhere Nathan Hale should be honored as was his fellow-soldier Richard Montgomery. She to whom Hale's last thoughts of love went out was worthy of all the affection he had lavished upon her, and she never forgot him. For three-quarters of a century she toiled on, wrinkled and bent and failing, but before her unfading memory always stood Nathan Hale, with the bloom upon his cheek that was there when he spoke his last good-bye, and with the fire of patriotism still kindling his youthful figure into a glorious manhood. Years after her beloved had met a hero's death, she yielded to the importunities of one who had long loved her silently, [illegible] to the advice of her friends, and was married. But she never forgot. Seventy-five years after Captain Hale had given his life to his country, she who had been betrothed to him was summoned to her rest. The messenger found her ready and glad to go, for she had been waiting patiently many a long year. Waiting, and for whom? During the delirium of her last illness she repeatedly called to "Nathan," and talked to him of the days when they had last been together, and with his name upon her lips she passed into eternity to meet him.

The battle of Long Island, which led indirectly to the capture and execution of Nathan Hale, was the first great disaster that had befallen the patriot arms. Clinton and Howe had announced their purpose of meeting the "rebels" in the field, where no great disparity of numbers would exist, and where they would have the advantage in drill, equipments and artillery. This result was more than achieved before the close of August in the second year of the war. Ten thousand British soldiers, well armed, with forty cannon, landing on the lower Long Island shore, drove back into the East River five thousand Continental soldiers, killing and wounding about 550, and taking 1,150 prisoners. It was a terrible disaster, and its consequences threatened to be appalling. Fortunately, two days afterward the Americans were enabled to take advantage of a heavy fog and cross the East River to New York without the loss of a man. Their foes slumbered all unconscious, within hearing distance of the patriot camp, waking only to find themselves cheated of their prey. As they emerged from the trenches they could see the nimble Continentals marching up from the ferry landings to the Rutgers farm, exulting beyond measure in their escape. Though the soldiers might rejoice at a temporary piece of good fortune, their

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officers were not a little perplexed. It seemed evident to the most experienced of the American leaders that if the land and naval forces made a combined attack on the city of New York, the place would have to be abandoned. The patriots had no navy, their artillery was very inferior, their men were discouraged by defeat, and desertions were frequent. Here was enough almost to dishearten Washington. Sectional feeling divided the troops, insubordination prevailed largely, and greed was found in many where patriotism was expected. Men plundered alike friend and foe, and inferior officers showed an utter disregard for integrity and morality. It is not a pleasant picture to contemplate, but New York saw it all in the days that followed the defeat on Long Island. Good men grew dispirited, and wondered whether the prize in contemplation were worth the present sacrifice.

THE ROGER MORRIS MANSION.

As early as September 2d General Washington wrote to Congress that he would be unable to hold New York, and asked whether it would be advisable in that case to burn the city so as to prevent its affording winter quarters to the enemy. History does not tell us whether the American commander expressed an opinion on the point. It only lets us know that such men as General Greene and John Jay earnestly advised the use of the torch. Congress raised its voice against the measure, as it had hope of regaining the city; but the hope was not fulfilled until peace was declared. Meanwhile the torch of an incendiary had in part accomplished the work of destruction which patriotic New Yorkers then advised and desired. This point settled, the Continental army prepared to evacuate the city, and two weeks after the battle of Long Island the main body of the army, accompanied by several hundred patriot refugees, removed to the neighborhood of King's Bridge. Putnam was left in the city with a garrison of four thousand men, having his headquarters at the Kennedy House, while Washington made his headquarters at the residence of Colonel Roger Morris.

It was a strange chance that led the American General to this roof. The loyalist owner, who had deserted his home at the approach of the men in buff and blue, was Washington's old companion in arms, and his wife was the beautiful Mary Phillipse, to whose hand it was said that Washington had once aspired. The world had changed since then, and had driven these friends far asunder. Colonel Morris and his wife were devoted to the royal cause, and they had fled at the approach of their enemies, to the country residence of Colonel Beverly Robinson in the Highlands. From the home of the fugitives Washington issued the orders which resulted in the brilliant skirmishes at McGowan's Pass and Harlem Plains. The Morris mansion stands yet, unaltered amid the great change that has swept over all its surroundings, massive, elegant and imposing. Modern New York knows it best, probably, as the residence of Madame Jumel, the eccentric widow of Aaron Burr. It stands on the heights that overlook Harlem River, a little below the High Bridge, and the view from its windows is superb.

There is one incident connected with Washington's brief sojourn at the Morris mansion which deserves to be recalled from its legendary oblivion. While inspecting the works thrown up at Harlem for the protection of his army, the American commander was struck with the skill displayed in the disposition of a certain fort which was in charge of a young captain of artillery. On making inquiry it turned out that the name of the officer in question was Alexander Hamilton, of whom General Greene had previously spoken to his superior in terms of high praise. Washington sought the acquaintance of the youth—Hamilton was then but nineteen—and at that time the friendship began which linked their lives together.

It was about this time that Lord Howe

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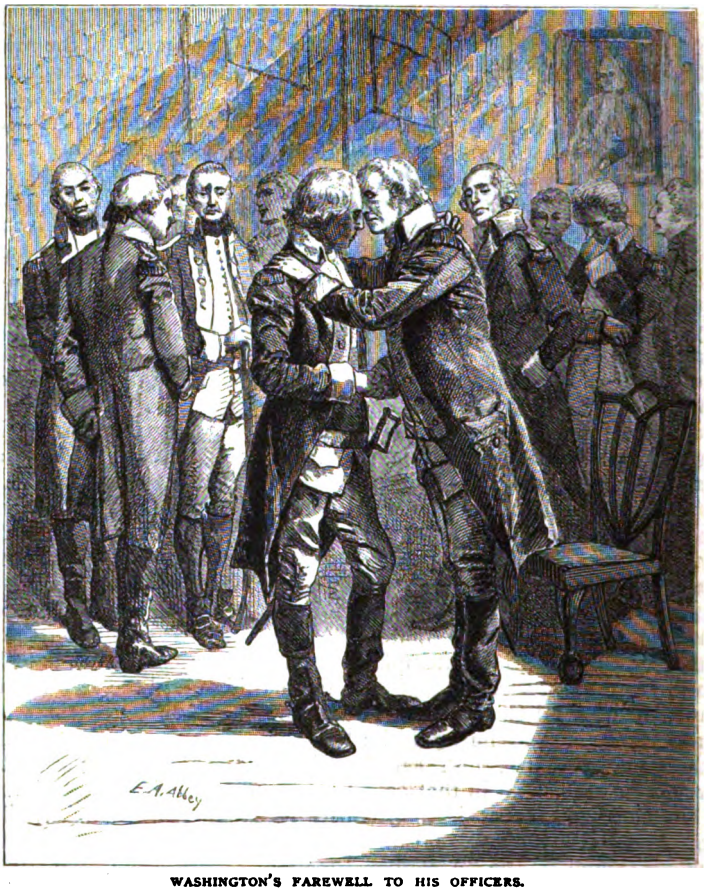
sought a peaceful adjustment of the difficulties between Great Britain and her colonies, proposing a conference for this purpose with a deputation from Congress. As he refused to recognize the authority of that body, and as Congress could not appoint its members to confer with the British commander in their private capacity, a committee was sent to inquire his authority for action. The committee consisted of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Edward Rutledge, and they met Lord Howe at his headquarters, on Staten Island, on the 11th of September, 1776. It appeared, on consultation, that the only condition of peace proffered by the British was the unhesitating return of the colonies to their allegiance, and these terms the Congressional commissioners rejected with great firmness. Franklin and Howe had become intimately acquainted in London during the preceding year, and at the close of the conference the latter expressed his regret that the discussion had been fruitless, saying that it would give him great pain to make war upon those for whom he had such high personal regard. There was a spice of sarcasm in Franklin's laughing reply:

"I feel thankful to your Lordship for your regard; the Americans, on their part, will endeavor to lessen the pain you may feel by taking good care of themselves."



WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS OFFICERS.

Foiled in his endeavor to pervert the patriotism of the leaders, Lord Howe immediately issued a proclamation promising his protection to all citizens who should take the oath of allegiance to the Crown. Disheartened by the disasters that had lately fallen upon the American arms, more than nine hundred of the inhabitants of New York came forward and ranged themselves under the British flag. The crisis tried the hearts of the people to the uttermost. It is probable that in the city the numerical

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majority was on the side of the King, but the long list of patriots comprised the names of most of the men of integrity and influence whose possessions were wholly on this side of the Atlantic. Personal interest was strong at first, but, in the end, patriotism had its triumph.

Four days after the fruitless conference of the commissioners, Lord Howe made a landing on Manhattan Island and endeavored to sever the Continental army with the view of capturing its divided fragments in detail. The movement was almost a success. Washington's army was scattered between the Battery and King's Bridge. Two divisions of the enemy landed at Turtle and Kip's Bays and easily drove the American militia before them, but lost the fruits of their victory by leisurely marching down the East River road to the city. The fleet on the Hudson contented itself with a cannonade of the Bloomingdale road that did little harm. Washington saw at a glance the danger that threatened his army. At the first sound of the cannonade at Kip's Bay, he rode down among the affrighted militiamen, and, in a paroxysm of rage at their panic, dashed his hat upon the ground and threatened the fugitives with death. Drawn from the field of battle by one of his aides, he at once sent word to Putnam to retreat to Harlem, and take measures to concentrate his entire forces on Harlem Heights. General Putnam was forced to abandon his heavy cannon and many of his stores, and, even thus, his flight was impeded by a throng of fugitives, men, women, and children, with their baggage. Guided by Aaron Burr he made a rapid march along the Hudson, happily escaping discovery until he had reached the Bloomingdale road, and finally reaching camp with a comparatively insignificant loss. The day was hot, the fugitives were fairly panting with thirst and fatigue, but Putnam on his foaming charger flew from one end of the line to the other, entreating, urging, and dealing in stout objurgations until his charge had passed, at night-fall, the American pickets on the heights of Harlem.

Neither soldier nor fugitive knew how narrow had been the escape of Putnam's army that day. When Sir William Howe, accompanied by Clinton and Tryon, had landed at Kip's Bay with the main body of the British army, they struck across to the Middle Road, intending to make their camp on the heights of Inclenburg, midway between New York and Harlem. They reached the road at a point just opposite to where Putnam was stealing along, under cover of the woods that skirted the Hudson, to rejoin Washington. There was a house near by, from whose upper windows they might easily have discovered the dust created by the rapid march of the "rebels," and from its cupola the gleam of bayonets would have been plainly visible. The Americans were not distant, indeed, but there was another and more insidious foe near at hand. Close to the Middle Road, at a point now designated by the corporation as Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh street, stood the unpretentious but exceedingly comfortable mansion of Robert Murray, a Quaker merchant of approved loyalty to the Crown, as well as of large wealth. Fortunately the shrewd merchant could not control the feelings of his household, and his wife and daughters were ardent patriots. When Lord Howe and his staff reached the edge of the Quaker's gardens they were enraptured to find Mrs. Murray and her beautiful daughters ready to greet them with a warm welcome. The parties had once met in more peaceful days.

VAN CORTLANDT MANOR HOUSE, AT KING'S BRIDGE.

"William," said the fair Quaker matron, "will thee alight and refresh thyself at our house?"

"I thank you, Mrs. Murray," said the

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pleasure-loving commander, "but I must first catch that rascally Yankee, Putnam."

The Yankee General was not to be caught this time, if woman's wit could save him, even if the truth must be tortured into a shape that should deceive in order to save life. Very demurely the lady rejoined, in that plain language of her sect which always carries with it such an emphasis of truth:

"Did'st thou not hear that Putnam had gone? It is late to try to catch him. Thee had better come in and dine."

The invitation was seconded by the brightest smiles of the daughters, and Howe wavered. Promising to pursue the hated Yankees after he had dined, the British commander alighted and entered the house, where the fascinations of his charming hostesses made him forget for hours the object of his expedition. Putnam meanwhile was flying up the Bloomingdale road, never daring to draw breath until he caught sight of Washington's tents. Thacher, in his "Military Journal," writes that it became a common saying among the American officers that Mrs. Murray had saved Putnam's division.

The Murray mansion was approached by an avenue of magnolias, spruces, elms, and Lombardy poplars, that led to a wide lawn, and was bordered on either side by extensive gardens. It was called "Belmont," and is frequently spoken of by chroniclers of the day as one of the loveliest spots on the island. During the occupation of the city by the British forces, it was crowded with scarlet coats and powdered wigs. Major André wrote of its chief attractions:

"I cannot pretend to do justice to the Misses Murray."

Mrs. Robert Murray was a Miss Lindley, of Philadelphia, a celebrated Quaker belle, and her eldest son was Lindley Murray, the noted grammarian. Having injured his spine in early life by a gymnastic feat, it was for his comfort that Mr. Murray introduced in New York the first state coach the colonists had seen. It cost £15.14s., and was looked upon as an aristocratic innovation by those who could not afford such a luxury. Hence the time-serving old merchant was moved to speak of it as "a leathern conveniency," hoping thereby to stem the current of adverse criticism. Mrs. Murray died not long after her patriotic feat in saving the army of General Putnam. Fashion has retained the name of the family, and Murray Hill is known as a center of wealth and culture.

In the colonial days it was held to be a necessity that every gentleman of wealth and position should have both a town and a country residence. The local maps of the period show that this law was devoutly observed by all who had the means to follow it. The upper portion of Manhattan Island

THE BLUE BELL TAVERN NEAR KING'S BRIDGE (NOW STANDING).

and the neighboring territory of Westchester were dotted here and there with these elegant country houses, in which something of the baronial style of the motherland was observed. At Thirty-fourth street and Second Avenue stood for nearly two hundred years the Kip house, which for a long time after the British took possession of the island was used as headquarters by the officers. Not far distant were the Ketelta's mansion and the Watts house, looking out upon the East River, and over to the wooded shores of Newtown creek. Across the island, on the Hudson, were the country-seats of Oliver Delancey, Clark and Scott. The massive residence of the Apthorpes, at Bloomingdale, carried in its looks the evidence of its owner's wealth, and we find his generosity recorded in 1760, when the newspapers of the day reported that Charles Ward Apthorpe, merchant, donated £100 to the sufferers from a great fire which had devastated the city of Boston. The house was erected in 1764. The burial-place of the Apthorpes, as of many of the old families whose names have become household words to New Yorkers, is the church-yard of Old Trinity. Some of these old mansions yet stand, though mainly in such a state as only testifies to their past grandeur. The dining-room of the old house built in 1740 at Ninety-second street and Ninth avenue, by Colonel Thorne, from material brought from England, still bears witness that floor, ceiling and sides are of mahogany; but it has forgotten the voices of Clinton and Hamilton, and echoes now only the music of German singing societies. Beyond were the manor houses of Van Cortlandt, Phillipse, Wharton, and others, who experienced alternately, during the long war of the Revolution, the tender

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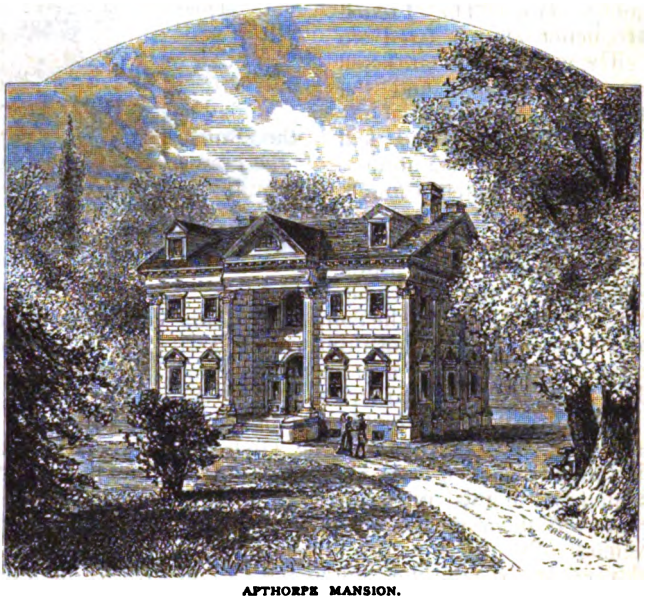
mercies and terrible cruelties of friend and foe. On the Van Cortlandt estate, Neemaum, or Nimham, chief of the Stockbridge Indians, perished in battle with sixty of his braves, while fighting under the patriot flag against the legions of Simcoe and Tarleton.

The good burghers of the last century were men fond of their own comfort, and they always sought substantial entertainment when on their travels as well as at home. Their inns were not noted for any richness of architecture, but they abounded in the best of cheer and were solid and substantial as well within as without. One of the most noted of these hostelries was the Blue Bell tavern, which was built upon the King's Bridge road, a short distance below Fort Washington. Travelers knew it well and loved its larder, which at the time when the War for Independence broke out had become proverbial. The old inn stands yet, remembered only by the few who partook of its hospitalities before the Boston and Albany stage-coach had disappeared and when farmers "baited" at its door. It has forgotten its revolutionary memories; perhaps, even that on the morning of the day when the British troops evacuated New York, General Washington and Governor Clinton stood before it while the army, with uncovered heads, marched by. The old inn is now but a relic of a past civilization. The first shriek of the locomotive's whistle consigned it to oblivion. With a more ambitious title, but with no more of comfort, the modern hotel has succeeded to its hospitality.

While the Americans occupied the city of New York, they erected numerous fortifications on the shores of the island. The largest of these was Fort Washington, situated on the highest eminence on the island, above One Hundred and Eighty-first street, on the Hudson River. It was built of earth, was irregular in shape, and covered several acres. On the promontory just below it, Jeffery's Hook, a strong redoubt was erected, and another was thrown up at about the same distance to the north. Remains of these works can yet be discovered by the curious tourist. Twenty-four heavy cannon, besides smaller pieces and mortars, were mounted in these fortifications. Early in November, 1776, the British invested Fort Washington, in which, after the evacuation of the redoubts, the entire American garrison was gathered. With all the reinforcements the American commander received, he could count but about two thousand men, and he was assailed by fully thrice



APTHORPE MANSION.

that number of well-drilled British soldiers and Hessians. After a desperate fight he was compelled to surrender, and the prisons of New York, already gorged with the patriots who had been captured on Long Island, were crowded to repletion with the hapless garrison of Fort Washington. General Washington, with Greene, Putnam and Mercer, watched the conflict from the roof of the Morris house. They had a narrow escape from capture, for within fifteen minutes after their departure the British troops camped upon the lawn.

Great were the rejoicings of the loyalists in New York when the news came that the British army had gained undisputed possession of the entire island. In spite of the depression and loss occasioned by the great fire of September 21st, all prepared for a time of pleasure and gayety. A theater was opened on John street, public balls were arranged, and the wealthier merchants opened their houses with lavish display to their old masters. True, somebody suffered. The Dutch churches were converted into

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prisons and store-houses. Wounded Hessians filled the quaint old edifice in which the Lutherans worshiped (at the north-east corner of Frankfort and William streets), and the ground in the rear was furrowed with the graves of these wretched victims of a monarch's avarice. Subsequently this edifice became a military prison, and its walls re-echoed the sighs of starving patriots. The French Huguenot church fared no better, and a similar fate befell the Brick Church and the Friends' meeting-house. Only one of these ecclesiastical prisons remains standing—the Middle Dutch Church, on Nassau street, and it finds a companion to recall the bitter memory of its prison experience in the old Rhinelander sugar-house, on the corner of William and Duane streets, whose dingy walls and blackened beams form a fit accompaniment to the tale of British barbarities. It is vain to wish these venerable buildings a prolonged existence, since the hand of the Destroyer has already marked them for his own. It is something, in this progressive age, to have preserved them to the dawn of our Centennial.

THE PRISON SHIP "JERSEY."

Terrible as was the condition of those confined in the military prisons of New York, the sufferings of those imprisoned on the hulks were infinitely more horrible. Early in the war a number of unseaworthy ships were moored in the Wallabout and used for the incarceration of American captives. The most notorious of these hulks was the "Jersey," whose evil repute has never been matched except by the Black Hole of Calcutta. Originally a sixty-four gun ship, the "Jersey" was dismantled in 1776, and in 1780 she was sent to the Wallabout for the reception of the prisoners. With a refinement of cruelty her guard was composed of brutal Hessian soldiers. Frequently a thousand Continental soldiers were confined on board, and there they sickened, sank, and died by scores. At night the hatches were battened down, and the smothering prisoners slept in serried ranks, careless whether they woke again or not, and made conscious of each day's return by the shout of their jailer: "Rebels, turn out your dead!"

History tells only in part the story of those sufferers, but some of the incidents are most pitiful. Two young men, brothers, were confined in the "Jersey." The elder took the fever and became delirious. On the night of his death he came to his senses, spoke of his mother and begged for a little water. His brother prayed the guard on his knees for a cup of water, and then offered him a guinea for a bit of candle, that he might see his brother die. Both requests were refused. The survivor closed his brother's eyes in the dark, and then recorded his vow: "If it please God that I regain my liberty, I'll be a most bitter enemy." Liberty came, he rejoined the army, and when the war ended he had eight large and one hundred and twenty-seven small notches on his rifle-stock. His brother was avenged.

A poet of the period has written:

"But such a train of endless woes abound,
So many mischiefs in these Hulks are found,
That on them all a poem to prolong
Would swell too high the horrors of our song—
Hunger and thirst to work our woe combine,
And moldy bread, and flesh of rotten swine.
The mangled carcass and the battered brain,
The Doctor's poison and the Captain's cane,
The Soldier's musquet and the Steward's debt,
The evening shackle and the noon-day threat."

The "New Hampshire Gazette" of April 26th, 1777, says:

"The enemy in New York continues to treat the American prisoners with great barbarity. Their allowance to each man for three days is one pound of beef, three worm-eaten, moldy biscuits, and a quart of salt water. The meat they are obliged to eat raw, as they have not the smallest allowance of fuel. Owing to this more than savage cruelty, the prisoners die fast, and in the small space of three weeks (during the winter) no less than 1,700 brave men perished. Lieutenant Catlin narrates that he, with 225 men, was put on board the 'Glasgow' at

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New York, on the 25th of December, 1777, to be carried to Connecticut for exchange. They were on shipboard eleven days, crowded between decks, and twenty-eight of their number died through illness in that brief space of time."

It was useless to endeavor to extend a helping hand to the prisoners. Their friends were denied admission, and supplies sent to them were seized by Captain Cunningham, the provost-marshal, and applied to his own use. If the captives were sick they were not allowed to send for a doctor, nor were they admitted to a hospital, but they took their own risk of life or death, with all the chances against them. Wives who attempted to visit their husbands were subjected to insults and blows, and many a man died and made no sign to her whom he most loved, in order to spare the outrage of her feelings by British officers. The authors of these cruelties have passed to judgment at the bar of history, and the facts are only recalled as witnesses to the price paid for the independence of the colonies. Whatever New York lost through the love of royalty displayed by some of her wealthier sons, was more than made up by the uncomplaining fortitude of the thousands of patriot prisoners who perished on her soil. Their sorrows have sanctified for all time the busy streets where trade holds undivided sway. Above the din of traffic the people of to-day hear the dying whisper of those who passed from the filth of a prison pen to the glory of martyrdom, with only the regret that they could not strike one more blow for freedom.

The flower of the British army was quartered in New York. The streets were radiant with the red coats of the grenadiers, the plaids and plumes of the Highlanders, and the gaudy uniform of Waldeck, and were continually active with the stirring scenes of war. At first the presence of British gold seemed to bring prosperity. Local trade was brisk, and the hearts of householders were made happy by successful forays of the soldiers into the rich farming districts that had hitherto supplied the market. It was pleasant to see the wagons returning heaped up with produce which had been gathered without the formality of payment. The loyalists of the day deemed that they had done wisely in trusting to a King whose Parliament could vote inexhaustible supplies of gold for carrying on the war, rather than to dabble with the paper currency of the Continental Congress, which had so largely expanded with each successive session of that body, that its future worthlessness could readily be foreseen. But the followers of royalty reckoned without their host. There came a time when they had bitter reason to remember their error in judgment. The patriot forces began to overrun the neighboring territory and cut off supplies. In one "dry summer" beef sold for three shillings per pound; turkeys brought half a guinea each; oysters were held at sixteen shillings the hundred, and potatoes could not be bought for less than half a guinea per bushel. It is no wonder that under these circumstances the "refugee poor" suffered so terribly that the "New York Poor Lottery" was instituted for their benefit, and the theater was put under contribution.

Sometimes, too, the cold pinched terribly. In the "hard winter" of 1779–80, both the East and Hudson rivers were frozen so solidly as to be traveled by teams, and cannon were dragged over the frozen bay, from Fort George to Staten Island. There was at the time such a dearth of fuel in the city that fences, sheds, and abandoned houses were torn down to supply the want of cordwood. It happened, also, that the want of provisions kept pace with the scarcity of firewood, and all but the privileged class were put on short allowance. Potatoes rose to a guinea a bushel, and oatmeal biscuits were counted out to the British troops. Yet New York at this time was not in a state of siege, nor was it threatened by an armed enemy. It was merely experiencing the truth of the patriot promise that the land should be made a desert before it would be surrendered to a king. Perhaps, however, the royalists were congratulating themselves that they were not so badly off as their enemies. They found abundant subject for ridicule in the condition of the Continental currency, and appreciated the joke much more keenly than the officers and men who received the paper tokens as payment for their services. Rivington's "Royal Gazette" of December 22d, 1779, says: "Monday se'night was offered for sale at the Coffee-House, a Congress bill of 70 dollars; the first bidder offered three shillings New York currency for it, the next 6d. more, and it went on at 6d. more till 6s. 6d. The bidders began then with coppers, and came up to 7s. and 3 coppers; at last they offered farthings, and the 70 dollar bill was knocked off for eight shillings and threepence halfpenny." It must be remembered, in this connection, that the British Government had printed and issued large quantities of counterfeit Continental currency, and

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our first paper currency was disastrously inflated from both sides of the house.

One cannot but wonder whether William the Fourth of England ever learned that a plot was laid for his abduction during his visit to New York in the spring of 1782. The Prince was a young and reckless midshipman, given to flirtation, and to the inebriation which found vent in wrenching off door-knobs; and it probably never occurred to him that in his person the "rebels" would find a hostage worth having. The project originated with Colonel Matthias Ogden of the Jersey line, and the intention was to surprise the Prince and his commissioned guardian, Admiral Digby, at their quarters in the city mansion of Gerardus Beekman on Hanover Square. Two officers and thirty-nine men were to aid Colonel Ogden in his enterprise. Embarking on a rainy night in whale-boats, they were to land in New York near the Beekman mansion, force the doors of the house, capture the Admiral and Prince, and convey them to their boats. The plan was approved by Washington, but it does not appear that any decided attempt was made to carry it out. In some manner, the apprehensions of the British leaders were excited for the safety of the Prince, and every precaution was taken against a surprise. Had it not been for this warning, the boldness of the plan appears likely to have insured its success.

At last there came a day when New York was to be rid of the presence of a foreign foe. On the 7th of August, 1783, Sir Guy Carleton (Lord Dorchester), who was in command of the British forces, received orders to evacuate the city. Delay was made subsequently, because of the large number of Tory refugees who desired to accompany the departing Britons. The Pennsylvania "Packet" of September 4th, 1783, says: "The most authentic accounts agree that there are yet between 12,000 and 15,000 refugees, men, women, and children, to be embarked at New York, Long Island, and Staten Island for Nova Scotia, St. John's and Abasco; among them are many passengers of fortune and landed estates, who leave nothing but *terra firma* behind them." These gentlemen with royal proclivities had become so unpopular that it was thought a sea voyage would benefit their health. The newspaper already quoted had said, as early as March 4th of the same year, that if any of the Tory printers of New York continued to "use the term *Rebel* in their papers, a number of determined *Whigs* had agreed," that the said printers should "have their ears cropt, if found in any of the thirteen United States of America after the war." Evidently the Pennsylvania patriots were in earnest, for they closed their proclamation by saying: "This public intimation is given them to prevent their further abuse of words, and to save their ears, should any of them presume to tarry in that country, and amongst those people who have been the objects of their repeated scurrility and abuse." This courage gradually inspired the long-repressed patriotism of the people of New York. A Barbara Frietchie was found to stand up for the flag of the young republic. When Captain Cunningham, on the morning of the day of British evacuation, ordered a citizen of Murray street to haul down the American flag which waved over the roof in sight of English bayonets, his wife came to the rescue with a stout broomstick, and soon put the infamous provost-marshal to flight, with the loss of his wig. The flag triumphantly waved its adieu to Carleton, and its welcome to Washington.

On the morning of November 25th, 1783, a bright, clear, frosty day, the American army marched from King's Bridge to the Bowery Lane, and halted at the British picket line, near the site of Cooper Institute. At one o'clock in the afternoon pickets were withdrawn, and the military and civil authorities made their formal entry into the city. General Washington and Governor Clinton, with their respective staffs, led the procession, escorted by a troop of Westchester cavalry. The military procession entered the city through Chatham street, and was composed of light dragoons, infantry, artillery, and a Massachusetts battalion, which, joined to the civic display, made an imposing demonstration. It was three o'clock when the column reached Whitehall, and General Knox took formal possession of Fort George. In the bay rode the British fleet, ready for departure, awaiting only the barges that were hurrying across the quiet waters, bringing back their defeated army. They heard the salvos of artillery and the cheers of the populace; they saw the brilliant display of bunting, when, as if by magic, the American flag waved simultaneously from a thousand windows; there was nothing to palliate their chagrin, and little heed was paid to their departure.

A young American lady, who for a year had been a resident of the city, wrote of the scenes of Evacuation Day: "The troops just leaving us were as if equipped for show,

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and, with their scarlet uniforms and burnished arms, made a brilliant display; the troops that marched in, on the contrary, were ill-clad and weather-beaten, and made a forlorn appearance; but then they were *our* troops, and as I looked at them, and thought upon all they had done and suffered for us, my heart and my eyes were full, and I admired and gloried in them the more because they were weather-beaten and forlorn." The time was when New York religiously observed the memory of this event. Thirty years ago Evacuation Day was kept as a public holiday, and all the school-boys gathered exultingly about the military procession with which it was celebrated, and solemnly envied the veterans who had "smelt powder" in 1812, and to whom was accorded the privilege of raising the flag and firing the salute of thirteen guns on the Battery.

Feasting and rejoicing, in public and private, followed this memorable day. Yet the general joy was pervaded by a tone of sadness, which was none the less deep because it seldom found speech. New York was soon to lose the hero who was the central figure in the festivities, and the hearts of soldiers and civilians alike were loath to part with him. On the 4th of December, at noon, the principal officers of the army assembled at Fraunces's Tavern, which is yet standing in Broad street, at the corner of Pearl, to take a final leave of their old commander. As Washington entered the room and met the saddened gaze of those who had been his companions in so many scenes of danger and hardship, he lost his habitual self-control, and with difficulty regained command of his feelings. One moment he gave to nature and to tears, and then mastered himself. Turning to the heroes from whom peace had now separated him, he said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." Then he added, with emotion: "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand."

That stout old soldier, General Henry Knox, who had risen from a bookseller's counter in Boston to the rank of Major-General, was nearest to Washington, and was the first to advance and take his hand. He received a brother's embrace from his late chief, and both of them were affected to tears. Then each came slowly forward and received the same affectionate salutation.

In silence the company of officers followed their beloved chief as he passed on foot through a corps of light infantry to the ferry at Whitehall. There a barge received him, and as the oars fell into the water he turned and waved them a silent adieu. Silently they watched him pass out of sight, and then returned sadly to their homes.

One other scene may properly be added to this brief record of the struggles and triumphs of old New York. There came a sunshiny day in April, 1789, when George Washington, President-elect of the United States by the unanimous voice of the people, stood on a balcony in front of the Senate Chamber in the old Federal Hall on Wall street, to take the oath of office. An immense multitude filled the streets, and the windows and roofs of the adjoining houses. Clad in a suit of dark brown cloth of American manufacture, with hair powdered, and with white silk stockings, silver shoe-buckles and steel-hilted dress sword, the hero who had led the colonies to their independence came modestly forward to take up the burdens that peace had brought. Profound silence fell upon the multitude as Washington responded solemnly to the reading of the oath of office, "I swear—so help me God." Then, amid cheers, the display of flags, and the ringing of all the bells in the city, our first President turned to face the duties his countrymen had imposed upon him. In sight of those who would have made an idol of him, Washington's first act was to seek the aid of other strength than his own. In the calm sunshine of that April afternoon, fragrant with the presence of seed-time and the promise of harvest, we leave him on his knees in Old St. Paul's, bowed with the simplicity of a child at the feet of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

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THE HOLLIS BUST OF MILTON.

THE bust of Milton, of which we here give a wood-cut, has recently been attracting the attention of admirers of the poet and the man in this country. A photograph from the bust appeared as the frontispiece to a little-known work—"Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton," by Samuel Leigh Sotheby*— and photographic copies of this photograph have been published by Mr. F. B. Patterson of 32 Cedar street, New York. From one of

* London: Printed for the Author by Thomas Richards, and sold by all booksellers. 1861.

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these photographs Mr. David Nichols has made this spirited and faithful wood-cut.

It is not merely the fact that Mr. Sotheby's book was never published, in the technical sense of the word, that it is so little known to the general public; nor is the reason that it is a needlessly cumbersome and expensive book; it is much more because it belongs to a class of books which the English excel all other nations in producing, books to which Virgil's description of Polyphemus might be applied without alteration:

"*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*"

They are huge in bulk; they wallow about shapeless and unwieldy, and their intellectual and spiritual eyesight has been clean put out. Such books as Wornum's "Life of Holbein," W. B. Scott's "Life of Dürer" may be cited by one who has suffered from them as fit companions for Mr. Sotheby's "Ramblings." So far as the mere aggregation of facts is concerned, these books often perform a useful office, though even for this our gratitude is not seldom chilled by the twist that is given to the interpretation of those facts. Of this theorizing there is not much in Mr. Sotheby's book. The chief fault to be found with him is one that he has in common with all his tribe: the lugging in of irrelevant matter, and the giving it an equal place with the matter that really concerns his subject. If Mr. Sotheby's book could have been boiled down and confined within the limits necessary for the investigation of the authenticity of the autographs of Milton, it would have deserved a different fate from the neglect into which it has fallen.

The authenticity of the portraits of Milton, or even the enumeration of them, did not concern Mr. Sotheby when he was writing this book; but, perhaps, if he had insisted on minding his proper business, we should have been to this day ignorant of the existence of the bust of Milton, of which he first published a veracious copy. We ought to be cordially thankful to him for this service, and to be sorry that we must speak as we are obliged to of the book in which it appears.

Portraits of Milton that can be depended on can scarcely be said to exist, and even those we have, that may be allowed some claim upon our notice as likenesses of the poet, were taken either when he was very young, or when he was very old. Aubrey, who perhaps knew Milton, speaking of a portrait taken of him when a Cambridge scholar by an artist, whose name, if he knew, he did not record, says: "It ought to be engraved, for the pictures before his books are not at all like him." As Milton left Cambridge in 1632, and Aubrey was born in 1626, Aubrey must have derived his notion that this picture was a good likeness of Milton in his youth from some one else. Perhaps Milton's widow, whom Aubrey went to see, may have told him that her husband or his family had thought it like. But we must all of us have felt that his condemnation of the engraved portraits of Milton in his old age was deserved, as we have examined those doleful and depressing effigies of the man in his blind and despised old age, which are to be found prefixed to almost all the editions of his works. And that they were "not at all like him" was a statement Aubrey may perhaps have made of his own knowledge, since he outlived Milton twenty-three years.

The earliest known portrait of Milton is one painted by Cornelius Janssen when the poet was only ten years old. Janssen came from Leyden to England in 1618 (Milton was born in 1608), and this picture must have been one of the first that he painted after his arrival. It is the face of a solid, chubby, sweet, predestined-Puritan cherub. Janssen came over to paint the portraits of James I. and his family, and he made many pictures of the nobility and of people in the court circle. Milton's father, though a Puritan by birth and education, was a man of strong artistic leanings. "He was greatly distinguished," says Mitford, "for his musical talents; indeed, in science, he is said to have been equal to the first musicians of his age." This accomplishment, so much delighted in always in England, would naturally bring him much in the society of artists and of people fond of art. If the greater number of these were to be found in the Court party and among Roman Catholics, or the High Church party, it may be urged that Milton's grandfather was a Roman Catholic, and so bigoted that he disinherited Milton's father for deserting the ancient faith. Yet Milton's brother Christopher was a royalist, and, doubtless, either a Roman Catholic, or, what was the same thing to all intents and purposes, a High Churchman. And from this we may argue that Milton's father may have mingled in a society in whose religion he had no part, but with whose culture and accomplishment he had doubtless much sympathy, and which

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probably welcomed him for his own power to contribute to its delight. Milton's artistic leanings are evident enough, and his own culture and accomplishment are well known. It was natural, on the whole, that his father should have met Janssen, and natural that Janssen should have desired to paint the intelligent, sweet-faced boy of ten years. The portrait he made was bought for twenty guineas of the executors of Milton's widow by C. Stanhope. At the sale of the effects of this Mr. Stanhope, it was bought by T. Hollis, Esq., for whose Memoirs Cipriani engraved it. The child is in a striped jacket with a lace collar.

The next picture of which we have any information is the one that Aubrey saw at the house of the poet's widow, and on which he "wrote his name in red letters with his widowe to preserve." As we have remarked, he does not appear to have known by whom it was painted, and no conjecture seems to have been made since his day. Milton was at that time twenty-one years old,—"a Cambridge schollar"—and the picture was purchased after his widow's death from her executor by Speaker Onslow. Both Janssen's portrait and this anonymous one have been engraved, the latter frequently. Good engravings of them on a small scale may be found in Professor Masson's "Milton and His Times."

There remain to be noticed two portraits in crayon, one by Faithorne, and one which was in the possession of Jonathan Richardson, the artist and critic, drawn by we know not whom. There is also mention of another crayon drawing, made by Robert White, and Mr. Sotheby says that Mr. John Fitchett Marsh, who made a hobby of the portraits of Milton, and who collected no less than one hundred and fifty engraved portraits of the poet, was of the opinion that from these three drawings the greater number of the engraved portraits have been copied or made up.

The portraits by Faithorne and White, with the one by an unknown hand in the possession of Richardson, were all taken when Milton was well advanced in years; Faithorne's, which is the best of the three, or at least the one the world has shown the greatest liking for apparently, as coming nearest to its notions of the man, was made about 1670, when Milton was sixty-two years old. The drawing, if we may judge by the engravings, should be a clear, strong piece of work, with decided human character, and the look of having been certainly taken from life. Faithorne was an artist of some repute. He was a royalist, and was banished from England on refusing to take the oath to Cromwell. He went to France, where he is said to have studied engraving under Nanteuil, and returned to England in 1660. How he came to take Milton's portrait does not appear. Milton belonged to the party that had persecuted and banished him, and that party was now defeated, and its greatest advocate and defender under a cloud, old, sick, and poor. Faithorne died in 1691, seventeen years after Milton. It was when Faithorne's crayon-drawing was shown to Deborah Milton, the poet's youngest daughter, by Vertue, the engraver, that she cried out, "O Lord! that is the picture of my father! How came you by it?" and, stroking down the hair of his forehead, "Just so my father wore his hair." *

Mr. Sotheby thinks best of the portrait that was in the possession of Richardson, but which he calls "the Baker portrait," because, when he knew it, it was in the possession of William Baker, Esq., of Hayfordbury, Herts. He gives a photograph from it in his book, facing the photograph from the bust. To our thinking, it is a very unsatisfactory picture. The drawing is weak and undecided; the face has no particular character, and the mouth, the most important feature, impossible to have been Milton's, or any man's mouth at fifty-eight. Indeed, it is not a mouth at all. It is the sort of thing young ladies used to be taught to make by the fashionable drawing-master. The whole picture looks as if it were painted by a novice.

Of course, there are other portraits of Milton, but we ourselves know little or nothing about them. Mr. Mitford, in his Life of Milton, prefixed to the beautiful Pickering edition of the Poems, says he remembers having seen at Lord Braybrooke's, Audley-End, a portrait of the poet *with a beard*. Also another of him, as a young man, at Lord Townshend's, at Rainhams. He records, also, that Charles Lamb had an original portrait of Milton, "left by his brother and accidentally bought in London."

These pictures may, or may not, have been valuable as portraits; but, as we have said, we know nothing more of them than that they existed. So far as the world is concerned, there existed for it until a late

* Todd's "Milton." Deborah Milton lived 76 years, dying August, 1727.

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day only Janssen's portrait of Milton as a child of ten, the portrait of the poet at the age of twenty-one when a scholar at Cambridge, and the portrait in crayon by Faithorne. To these must now be added the bust in the possession of Christ's College, Cambridge, represented in our engraving. Knowing that Professor Masson, now so widely distinguished as the biographer of Milton and the editor of his Poems, had made a careful examination of all the existing portraits, but not finding any allusion in his book, so far as published, to the bust, we ventured to write to him, and ask for his judgment on its authenticity, and its value as a portrait. We have received in reply the following courteous and interesting letter:

10, REGENT TERRACE, EDINBURGH,
November 2, 1875.

GENTLEMEN: I regret the delay in answering your queries about the Milton Bust at Cambridge; but it has been inevitable. I wrote a good while ago to a friend in Cambridge on the subject. He chanced to be absent at the time, but promised that he would see the bust on his return, and write to me. Time passing, I wrote to another friend; but the long vacation interfered. A day or two ago, however, I had two letters on the subject—one from Mr. W. Aldis Wright, the other from Professor Cowell; and I now send you the substance of the information which they contain.

The bust is in Christ's College, Cambridge —*not* Trinity, as stated under the photograph in Mr. Leigh Sotheby's book. That photograph was taken from the bust for the late Mr. Sotheby by permission of the Master of Christ's; but, by some mistake consequent on Mr. Sotheby's death near the time of the publication of his book, "Trinity" was substituted for "Christ's" in the acknowledgment. Both my informants agree in saying the photograph does not rightly represent the bust. Mr. Aldis Wright says it "makes the face much more heavy than it is in reality;" and Professor Cowell specifies "the stoutness of the lower cheek and jaw" in the photograph as a "striking discrepancy" from the original, adding that the countenance in the photograph "seems directed more upward" than it should be.

It chanced that Mr. Woolner, the sculptor, was with Mr. Aldis Wright when he last inspected the bust. As it was then under glass, and the key of the case was away, Mr. Woolner could not handle it, so as to be enabled to say whether the material was clay or plaster. "But he was inclined to believe it to be clay (which is the tradition), and considered it to be unquestionably, in that case, an original model taken from life." So Mr. Aldis Wright tells me; and Professor Cowell, who talked with the Master afterward, says definitely: "It is a clay model. There is, however, no authority on the bust itself for the date 1654, assigned by Sotheby as the probable one."

The bust has been in the possession of Christ's College for about sixty or seventy years. It was presented to the College by the Rev. Dr. Disney, who died in 1816. This Dr. Disney had inherited it, with much other property, from Mr. Thomas Brand Hollis, of the Hyde, Ingatestone, Essex, who died in 1804. *His* name had been originally Thomas Brand; but he had assumed the name Hollis on his succession, in 1774, to Mr. Thomas Hollis, the previous owner of the property. To this last Mr. Thomas Hollis (born 1720, died 1774), the possession of the bust is, therefore, clearly referred. He was a man of some celebrity, and a great enthusiast in Milton and collector of Milton relics. His Memoirs were published in London in 1780, in two volumes 4to; and the following extract from the second volume (p. 513) is very obligingly sent me by Mr. Aldis Wright. He is so accurate in all such matters that I need not compare with the book in our Library here. You will see that the extract furnishes further interesting information about the bust:

"Mr. Hollis, in a paper dated July 30, 1757, says: 'For an original model in clay of the head of Milton, £9 12s—which I intended to have purchased myself had it not been knocked down to Mr. Reynolds by a mistake of Mr. Ford, the auctioneer. *Note:* about two years before Mr. Vertue died he told me that he had been possessed of this head many years, and that he believed it was done by one Pierce, a sculptor of good reputation in those times, the same who made the bust in marble of Sir Christopher Wren, which is in the Bodleian Library. My own opinion is that it was modelled by Abraham Simon, and that afterwards a seal was engraved after it, in profile, by his brother Thomas Simon, a proof impression of which is now in the hands of Mr. Yeo, engraver in Covent Garden. This head was badly designed by Mr. Richardson, and then engraved by Mr. Vertue, and prefixed to Milton's Prose Works, printed for A. Miller, 1753. The bust probably was executed soon after Milton had written his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*'—Mr. Reynolds obligingly parted with this bust to Mr. Hollis, for twelve guineas."

The "Mr. Reynolds" who thus bought the bust at a sale when Mr. Hollis meant to buy it, but who afterward let Mr. Hollis have it, was probably Sir Joshua Reynolds (not knighted till 1768). If, as seems implied, the

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sale was that of the effects of the engraver George Vertue (born 1684, died July 24, 1756), we arrive at Vertue as the first known owner of the bust. He was an excellent judge of portraits, and did not a few of Milton's himself; and I should place great trust in his opinion. I may mention that I have a copy of an engraving of 1801, bearing this imprint: "Milton: from an Impression of a seal of T. Simon, in the possession of the late Mr. Yeo." It is a wretched thing, and I see no resemblance in it to the bust.

Let me end this too long letter by saying, for myself, that I prefer the Faithorne portrait of Milton to all others, and see in it what I consider most truly the noble, sorrowful, blind face. The photograph opposite that from the bust in Sotheby is one form of it.

I am, gentlemen, yours very truly,

DAVID MASSON.

To the Editors of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

To admirers of Milton, whether as poet or man, or both, the importance of this discovery—for it is, to all intents and purposes, a discovery—can hardly be overstated. We have now a portrait of Milton in the very prime of his glorious and energetic life. Mr. Sotheby considered that its probable date was 1654, when the poet was forty-six years of age; and, although he had no authority for that date, he appears to us justified in his conviction by the bust itself, which represents a man of that age—not younger, and certainly not older.

Mr. Sotheby, in his book, gives us Mr. Disney's own description of the bust, which is as follows; he added it as a memorandum to the first volume of the copy of Prose Works of Milton, Ed. 1753, which he presented to the Library of Christ's College, Cambridge:

"A Bust in plaster modeled from, and big as life; was in the possession of Thomas Hollis, of Lincolnshire, done soon after Milton had written his '*Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*,' as some think by one Pierce, a sculptor of good reputation in those times, the same who made the bust of Sir Christopher Wren, which is in the Bodleian Library; or, as others, by Abraham Simon. A print of this bust very badly designed is prefixed to Milton's Prose Works, published at London, 1753.*

It will be seen that he speaks of the bust as *plaster*, and without any misgivings; whereas Mr. Woolner, the eminent sculptor, is inclined to think it clay, though, as it was locked up when he and Mr. Aldis Wright went to Cambridge to see it, he could not handle it, and so settle the matter definitely. Professor Cowell, who afterward talked about it with the Master of Christ's College, reports that the Master said definitely: "It is a clay model." But we do not understand why Mr. Wright, in reporting Mr. Woolner's suspicion that it was clay, should add, "which is the tradition," since the tradition is divided. Mr. Disney describes it as plaster, and Mr. Hollis speaks of it as clay. However, this is really of some importance, since, if it is in clay, there is the more reason for believing it to be a model from the life.

We may add that this is not the first time the bust has been engraved, though it seems to be certain that it has never before been done justice to by engraving. Disney and Mr. Hollis speak of one engraving by Vertue, after a drawing by Richardson, made for an edition of Milton's works, published in 1753. It was also engraved by Cipriani with the following title: "Drawn and etched 1760 by J. N. Cipriani, a Tuscan, from a bust in *plaster* modeled from life, now in the possession of Thomas Hollis, Esq., F. R. S., F. S. A." It will be noticed that this same Mr. Hollis, in the Memoirs from which Professor Masson gives an extract, speaks of the bust as a *clay* model.

* Sotheby. The writer of this has never seen the engraving.

A HAPPY LOVER.

SOME love a-many loves,
But my love's number one;
An one love another love,
He'd a better love none.

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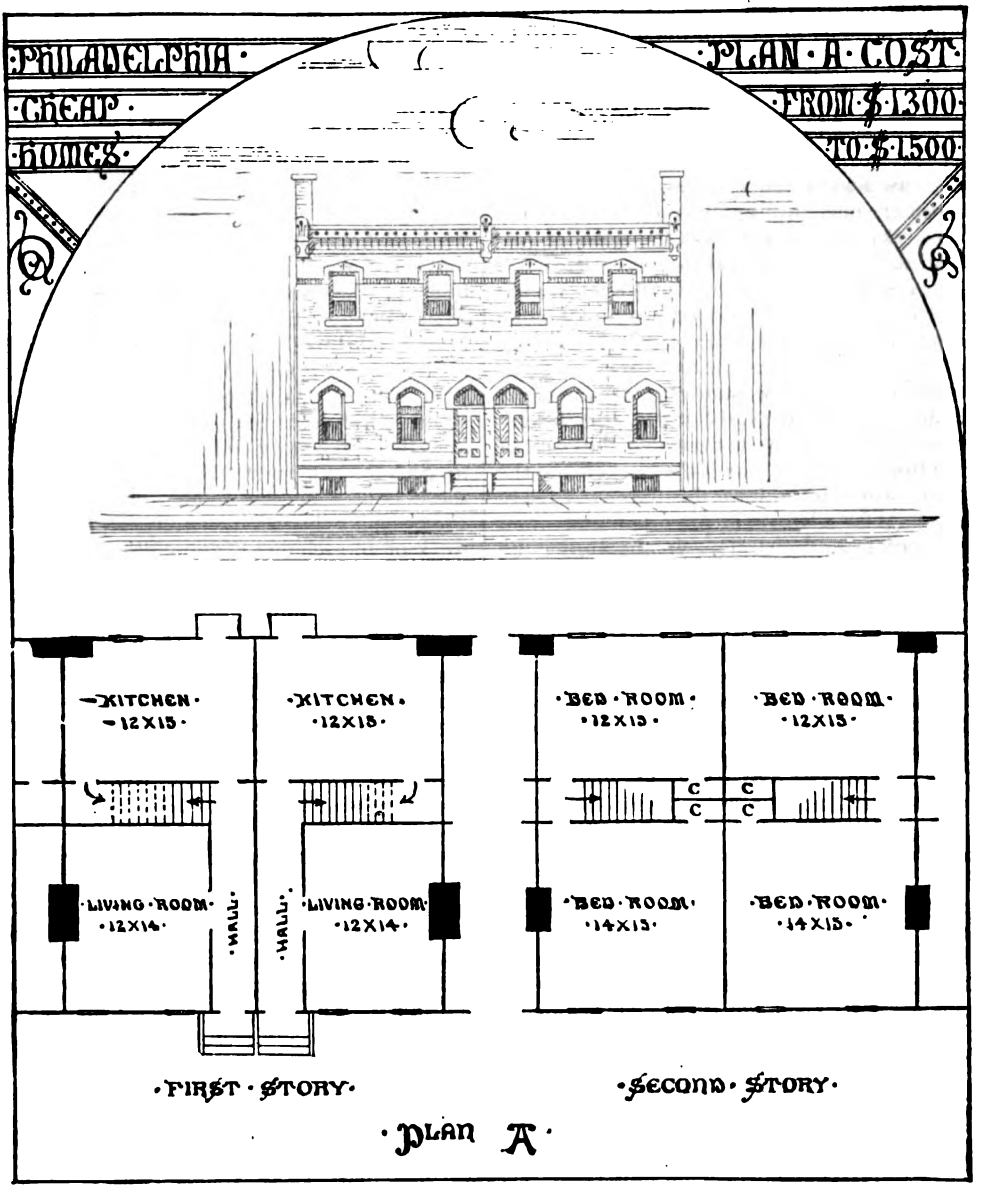
A HUNDRED THOUSAND HOMES:

HOW THEY WERE PAID FOR.



THE Philadelphia dwelling-house has for some months been before the committee of the whole people, as a subject worthy general consideration—worthy the best of the nation's thought, both as a house, a home, and a most interesting problem in practical finance. As a house it is not lovely; as a home it is charming and sensible,—a hearthstone where the homely virtues flourish and grow strong. The paying for it, the winning it, is the most interesting part of the whole story. Its doleful architecture need not and

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will not be imitated. Its interior arrangements are being copied in every State. The peculiar method whereby the bills were paid has commanded the attention of thinking men throughout the country. It is in these two aspects that it will be here considered. Its dismal exterior may be quite omitted. First, we may consider the house itself, with some suggestions as to its adornment. Next, we may examine the far more important matter of paying for it.

Here is a new house going up. The lot is perhaps 12, 18, or 24 feet wide, by 25 to 45 feet deep. That admits of a front door and one wide or two small windows. Over these are one, two, or three windows, as the case may be. This makes the front of two stories. Steps lead up to the door, and beneath the windows are small lights for the cellar. Entering the door, we find a small hall or entry way, with perhaps another door. Then comes the front room. Next to this is the box stairway, crossing the house on a line with the street, and making a partition between the front and the back of the house. In the rear is the kitchen and the back door leading into the yard. A range or place for a stove is provided, and water is let on from the street. In the yard is an outbuilding, and perhaps a place for an open-air stove for out-door cooking in warm weather, after the Philadelphia fashion. Small outbuildings are added with a gate to the lane in the rear when the lots are deep. Upstairs are two chambers, and a small bath-room, with closet and the usual facilities. Below is an ample cellar. The walls are neatly papered and the wood-work painted. Gas is supplied, and in every respect the house is warm, convenient, and comfortable.

Over all is a simple flat roof. Closets may be placed under the stairs in the front room and against the walls of the other rooms. For a man and wife of moderate means, every convenience is supplied with one spare room. The house small, indeed, but it is good and cheap. Its rent is low, and its price is within the reach of even the laboring man. Its cost will vary from less than $1,000 up to $2,500, according to location. The rent will range from $8 to $25 per month, with taxes, water rates, gas, insurance, etc., be it more or less, according to the agreement with the landlord. Rent is rarely paid. There is a better way than that, and the great majority of people who occupy these and similar houses own their homes, or have it in prospect.

Plan A shows a house, 16x31 feet, inclosed by brick party walls, and having a rear wall of hard brick, and the front wall of pressed brick. There is a cellar under all, and a shed for the rear. The stories are each nine feet clear, with stone sills, and heads to the front windows and doors. As the design indicates, the house fronts on the street line. The cost will vary from $1,300 to $1,500.

Plan B shows another style, 12x29, and set back 25 feet from the street line. This leaves a small garden in front. Such houses are built in pairs, with an 8-feet walk between each pair. The second story of such houses and the posts are the same as in Plan A. Houses built in this way are designed to make the rear building of a possible house, built in the garden at some future time. Plan C shows the extension in front as the family increase in size and wealth. The elevations over plans B and C show different treatments of the same house. The two-story house costs from $1,000 to $1,300; and the three-story extension, from $1,800 to $2,200. It must here be noticed that these houses are far more attractive than Philadelphia houses generally, and are the work of an architect of reputation.*

Philadelphia is in every sense a city of homes for the people. Her people own their houses; the landlord no longer takes the bulk of the people's money; every man is his own landlord, and pays rent to himself. Small wonder is it that her people are steady, thrifty, forehanded, and domestic in their habits. Real estate rises continually; the taxable property grows quickly; the stream of waste that flows to the dram-shops is checked; the homely virtues flourish, and marriages increase in number. The young man knows he can quickly and easily procure a home, and the young woman is more than ready to aid him if so good a house can be placed at her disposal for so little money. She can even buy and own the house herself independently of her husband, and both can combine to erect and own their own roof-tree, that shall also be their children's home, and the assured shelter for their declining years. No dreadful boarding-house stares them in the face, and with reasonable care and industry they can put away the fear of the poor-house or the asylum forever.

Next, it may be in order to consider how

* Davis G. Supplee, Architect, 208 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia,—to whom we are indebted for the plans given with this article.

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Philadelphia paid for her hundred thousand homes. Here is a slip or two from the advertising columns of some of the local papers.

FOURTH OF JULY! INDEPENDENCE DAY! —Young Man and Woman, stop and reflect! The money you fritter away uselessly will make you independent. To-day sign the magna charter of your independence, and, like our forefathers, in about eight years you will, in a great degree, be independent by saving only thirty-three cents each day. In that time you will realize $2,000, or have a home and be independent of the landlord. Let this, indeed, be your day of independence, by subscribing for shares in the new series, now issued, in the State Mutual Saving Fund, Loan and Building Association. One dollar per share each month. For shares or information, come to the meeting on Wednesday Evening, July 7, at 7½ o'clock, at the Pennsylvania Hall, Eighth street, below Green. The auditors' and directors' reports will be distributed.

$4,000.—YOUR MORTGAGE IS DUE AND Payment forthwith Demanded. What misery this notice often causes you and family. Begin now to cancel it by easy monthly payments, by borrowing the money from the ARTISAN'S BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION. Come to the Meeting on MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 6th, at 7½ o'clock, at the Pennsylvania Hall, Eighth street, below Green. $4,000 loaned at 8½ o'clock, on first or second mortgage or over ground rent. Borrowers supplied with shares at par.

$3,000.—THE TIME TO BUY YOUR HOME, pay off a first or second mortgage while premiums are low and money plenty. The Republic Building and Loan Association will meet This (Monday) Evening, Sept. 13, at 7½ o'clock, at the Pennsylvania Hall, Eighth street, below Green. Money loaned on first or second mortgages or over ground rents. All who want money, come and see what easy terms you can get it on. Shares furnished at par to non-stockholders who wish to borrow after successfully bidding for the money.

MONEY TO LOAN.—THE LUMBER MEN'S Building and Loan Association will meet on MONDAY EVENING, August 9th, at Jones' Hall, Eighth street, above Green. Persons wishing loans on first or second mortgage are invited to attend and bid for the money Shares will be supplied in the Second Series. Premiums moderate. No bonus or commissions charged.

$3,000.—ON THE DOWNHILL SIDE OF life. How pleasant to feel secure in the ownership of a home, clear of all incumbrance. Come to the meeting of the State Mutual Building Association, THIS (WEDNESDAY) EVENING, Sept. 1, at 8 o'clock, at the Pennsylvania Hall, Eighth street, below Green, and borrow the money to buy your home, pay off your first or second mortgage. Shares furnished to borrowers after successfully bidding for the money.

Viewed as mere advertisements, they certainly display a refreshing originality. Here is wealth shouting itself hoarse in the effort to get itself loaned. When it is known that six hundred banking concerns in Philadelphia crowd the papers with their monthly announcements, it is easy to see that an effort must be made to win attention. Money in abundance, cheap and free to all able and willing to give decently good security for it! It is with this money the Philadelphia young man builds his bride a house. With the funds of these associations, poured out at the rate of half a million of dollars a month, Philadelphia has made herself what she is. This is her building capital, with a total yearly value of from seven to ten million dollars. This is the seed from which sprang up her hundred thousand roof-trees.

These associations are called building and loan associations. The name is misleading in one respect. They are not building associations in any sense. They are banks without vaults, moneyed concerns without expensive buildings or highly paid officers; and no stockholders, aside from depositors, stand ever ready to devour the lion's share of the profits. There is no great fund of money to tempt the thieving president or his brothers, the burglars. A two hundred dollar safe will hold the companies' assets and books, and a slender bank account represents the available capital.

Let us attend one of these meetings —held in a plain, two-story brick house, and over a small fruit store on one of the plainest of these plain streets. Ascending a narrow stairway from an obscure court, we come to a small, bare hall, perhaps 20x40, provided with plain settees and a desk or two. Here we can sit and view the performance. There is nothing to suggest the bank, and all the fixtures are of the cheapest and most simple character. Over one of the desks is a faded card announcing "Money to Loan." About the desk are, perhaps, half a dozen middle-aged men. In no wise remarkable, they seem just what they are—plain, matter-of-fact men of family and well-known position. One a mason, another a solicitor, another a retired merchant, another a physician, another a bookkeeper, the others something equally honest, steady, and well-to-do. These are the honorable officers and directors of the building association that meets in this hall tonight. They were elected by the shareholders of the association and make its responsible head. The secretary enjoys a salary of from two to six hundred dollars a year. The president, treasurer, and other officers work for nothing a day. The honor of the position is their only reward, except their car-fares if they travel for the association. Though they receive nothing for their work, it is far from light or simple. They must overlook the affairs of the association, attend its stated meetings, examine the security offered for loans, and attend to the business generally. Occasionally they must give half a day to the inspection of the property loaned upon, and once in a while there is an evening meeting of the government at some private house.

The time has come for business, and the stockholders or lenders begin to appear. In long procession they come up the narrow stairs and, forming a line, take their turn at

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the secretary's desk. A clerk in very spruce clothes, behind him a shop-girl, pallid with toil, then an elderly man bronzed by a life out of doors. Behind these, two or three children with their hands filled with their little hoard of currency, the result of their month's small savings. Then more girls and women, evidently people who live laborious days. Others follow who never did a thing in their lives. Then a telegraph boy, alert and bright-eyed; then more men, retired merchants and small traders, storekeepers, watchmen, people of means and day laborers. Rich and poor, high and low, the hard worker and the idler living on the profits of his shares. Each and all come to pay their one dollar on their several shares. At the desk an old gentleman in glasses examines the money deposited, signs the little pass-books, gives one to the treasurer and the other to the assistant-accountant. Each book is examined twice and each dollar counted twice, and then the depositor moves on to make room for the next. The pile of bills on the treasurer's table grows quickly. The stream of capital flows in by ones, twos, fives and tens, and in a short time the account runs up to a thousand dollars.

The majority of the depositors, or lenders, as they are more properly called, having paid their monthly dues, retire to their homes, content to leave the directors to manage the business meeting of the association that is to follow later in the evening. They repose entire confidence in the direction, and, unless they wish to take out or borrow some of the money, return home without delay. The association is, to them, a superior kind of savings bank, and they trust it far more implicitly than do the depositors in the average savings institution in New York. More than this, they know that no burglar can rob this bank, no thieving president enrich himself with pious irregularities; they are sure no foolish bills of extravagance for gilded ceilings, silver-plated counters and damask hangings, will be incurred to gratify the vanity of officers who never pay a cent of the cost. There is no brown-stone palace, no steel vault, no outrageous rent—only this bare little hall at two dollars a night, a trifling account at a city bank, and one absurd little salary to be paid; but the best of security for every dollar in good land and well-insured houses.

More people come in, and some take seats at once without joining the line of the depositors. There is quite a sprinkling of women, and among the men are representatives from every station in life. At half-past eight the president of the association calls the meeting to order. The hall is now well filled with a quiet and rather sober crowd. These are the borrowers. Some are members of the association, and others are entire strangers, attracted hither by the winning advertisement of money to loan. All the money collected this evening, together with all received from every source during the last month, is now to be offered freely to the highest bidder, be it man or woman.

The president then calls upon the secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting and the directors' statement of the past month's business. The minutes are merely formal, and the directors' report shows what was done with the association's funds. The names of the successful borrowers at the last meeting are given, with a full statement of the amounts loaned, the premiums they paid, the security they offered, and its location, character and value. From this statement it appears that all the money received up to the time of the last meeting, excepting $2,000, was loaned out on ample security. This $2,000 added to the monthly dues and interest paid in and the loans returned, etc., makes a total of $13,000, all of which is now for sale without reserve.

There is a murmur of pleasure at this good financial showing, and the president announces that the sale will now begin. As there are some strangers present, the secretary rises and announces the terms of the sale. Any member can borrow on his share, even if it is only one month old. Those who cannot give real estate as security, and who have only just joined the association, or who wish to join, must bring a bond signed by some responsible person, that he or she will pay the dues for at least three years. This bond is only for the dues, and not for the loan. Any member who has been in the association more than six months can borrow up to the withdrawing value of his share, without real estate security. All members who can give real estate security can borrow up to $200 (the ultimate value) on every share they own, but no one can bid for more than ten shares at once. If he wishes more than $2,000 he must bid again. The premiums offered for loans will be deducted from the loan, and in case the security offered is not acceptable the loan will be refused, and the borrower will be obliged to pay the month's interest on the money at six per cent. This is to prevent

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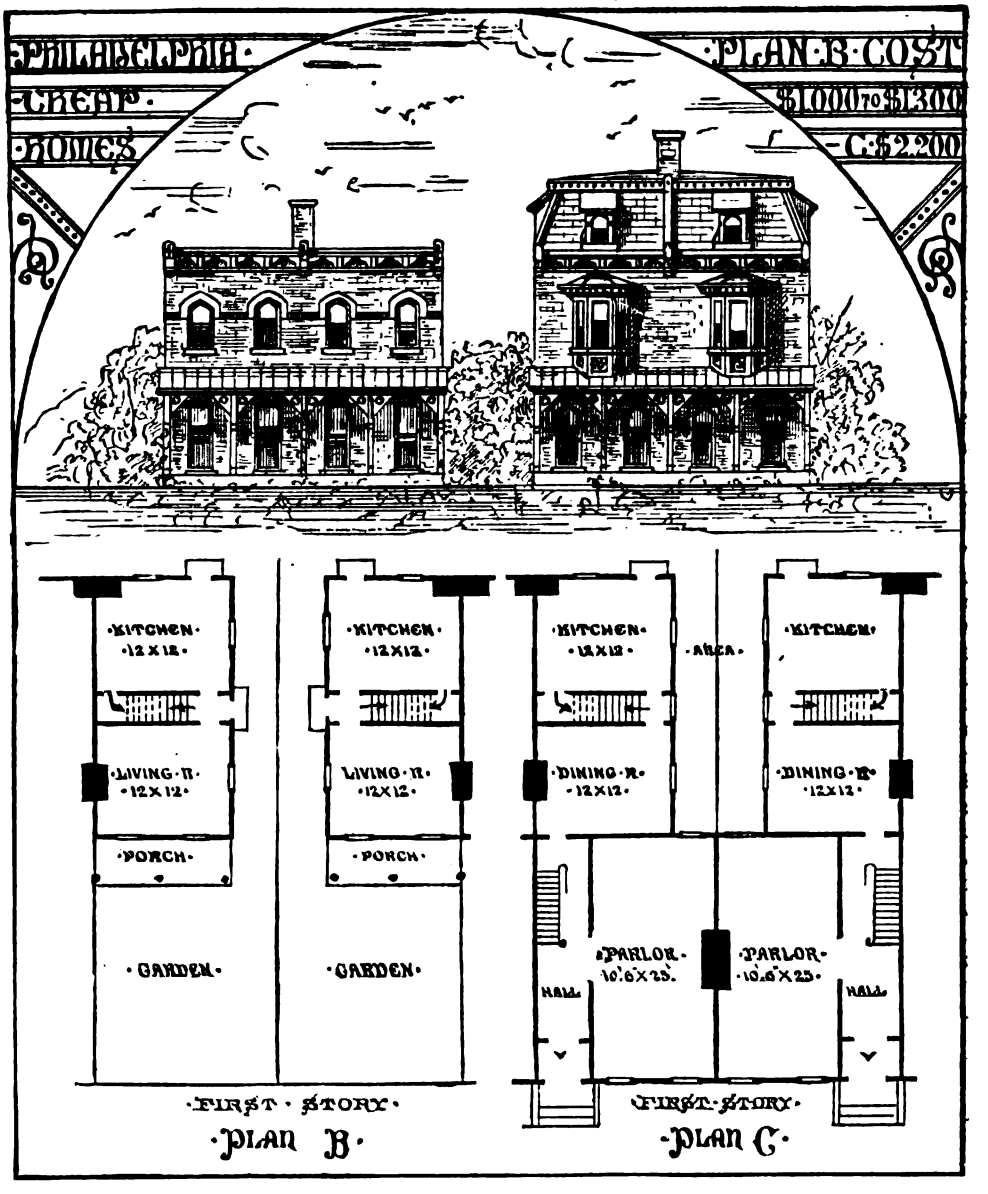
ill-considered loans, and to protect the association from loss.

Immediately the bidding begins. The president, a prosperous contractor, asks for a bid on from one to ten shares, or from $200 to $2,000. Some one offers twenty per cent. At once some one bids twenty-one. Twenty-two is offered, and, just as at any auction, the bidding advances, reaching thirty per cent. The demand is active. The officers and directors watch the proceedings carefully, and presently the money is knocked down at 32½ per cent. Lots of from one to five shares, or $1,000, are then offered. The bidding becomes sharper, as the smaller sum is more in demand. Finally, bids of only a few hundred dollars are made, and in less than thirty minutes the entire sum of $13,000 and several hundred dollars more are sold. This extra money is the premiums that are offered. They are likewise sold, and earn premiums on themselves.



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Those who are not members gather round the treasurer's desk to buy the shares that entitle them to the loans, and to give the locality where the houses and land they offer for security may be found. In a short time the whole affair is arranged and the meeting adjourns. The money received from the lenders is given to the treasurer, and he takes it home. To-morrow it will be placed with the rest of the capital in some bank, there to remain until drawn out by checks to supply the borrowers whose bids are finally accepted by the directors. In a few days one or more of the directors will be detailed to examine the securities offered. If they prove good, the directors in regular meeting assembled at some private house, or elsewhere, will make the loans. The solicitor will then be directed to examine the titles. The securities not deemed good will be rejected and the loans will be refused. In that case the borrower must offer other security or pay one month's interest on his bid, and then he has leave to withdraw. A month hence these things will be fully reported, and the money left over on refused loans will be offered again in open auction.

To such simplicity is this system of co-operative banking reduced. In this easy and inexpensive manner is this business conducted. Lenders and depositors on one side, borrowers for every known purpose on the other, the poor lending to the rich, the rich both borrowing and lending. They call such an association as this a building and loaning association. In reality, it is, as we have seen, only a saving and loaning bank. The association itself does not build, nor does it ask what its members propose to do with the money they take. It may be for a house or to buy land. It may be capital to start some manufacture, to open a store, buy a piano or sewing-machine, furniture, or wedding outfit, or to obtain an education. If the security is good, that is all the association cares to know. Such is the personal aspect of this matter. These are the people who made and use these associations. The homes that line Philadelphia's streets represent the tangible result, the outcome of this system of finance.

Suppose a number of people in a certain place wish to start such an association. Some desire to furnish a safe and profitable means of saving the earnings of those about them. Others wish to see the town built up, taxable property increase, and real estate raised in value, or they wish to buy or build [illegible]ne. There is no capital in the town except in the hands of one or two hard-fisted fellows, to deal with whom is always a trial and a grind. There is a good deal of money in trifling sums scattered through the place. If collected in one fund it might be of great benefit in many ways. These people meet at some private house and become the promoters of the enterprise. The affair is duly talked over and the result is that some twenty or more subscribe, say, twenty-five dollars each, or one advances the money to the new association and a fund is thus created. This little capital is to aid in procuring a charter, to get the necessary account-books and to advertise the new association. A charter is procured and a name selected and the first meeting is announced. Thus far the association has no existence and no capital. The fund subscribed was only the "starting bar" which sets the train in motion.

The public attends the meeting partly out of curiosity, partly to see who is likely to be placed at the head of the new bank, and partly by an unexpressed but very eager desire to get the use of the new association's money. The meeting is called to order and the charter of the new society is read. The number of shares is fixed at 2,500, and of these a number are offered at one dollar each. Any man or woman can buy one or as many as they like up to fifty. If the people have faith in the promoters, they come forward and buy such as they desire. Perhaps four hundred shares are taken by about one hundred different people.

The next step is to organize, and to elect the officers and directors. Each shareholder has one ballot (without regard to the number of shares he holds) and the business is soon finished. The laws of Pennsylvania permit each share to have a vote. The best associations disregard this and give each shareholder one vote only. The by-laws are prepared and accepted, and the association begins its existence. In many cases the original promoters are elected to one or more of the offices. If time admits, the officers are installed that evening, and the books of the association are opened. The new directors then hold their first meeting. The pass-books and certificates of stock are issued, the treasurer presents his bonds, and the salary of the secretary is fixed at about $200 a year.

Meanwhile, others become interested and call on the secretary for shares. Any one who can pay a dollar a month may purchase a share. Women, whether married or single, or the former independently of their husbands, may take as many shares as they

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feel they are able to carry. Parents and guardians may invest for their charges. It is a savings bank, free to all. A month passes and the next meeting is held at some small hall. The cheaper the rent of the room, provided the place is decent and respectable, the better, for it gives the association a reputation for economy that gratifies the present members and wins new ones. The second installment is now paid in, and more shares are sold at two dollars each, and the association declares itself ready to loan money.

Capital has appeared in the town. A new and most liberal-minded capitalist stands ready to loan to such as can meet his easy demands. The meeting is called to order, and the secretary announces that the association sold at its first meeting perhaps four hundred shares, that some three hundred more were taken during the month, and that one hundred more have been taken this evening. He adds that two installments have been paid on each, and that about $1,400 is now for sale. If the premiums offered are high, a few hundred dollars more will be added to this amount.

In this simple manner is the business of the association started. There is no confusion, no extravagant bill of expenses, no secret meeting of directors, eager and thoughtful for their own interests only. All is plain, fair, and above board. Any member may examine the books of the bank on demand, and at the end of each year the stockholders appoint from among themselves three auditors, whose duty it is to turn the affairs of the association utterly inside out, and to exhibit its every transaction in the minutest detail in a printed report, a copy of which must be given to every shareholder. Should this report affirm neglect or irregular doings of any kind on the part of the officers, should it point out foolish loans and ill-considered securities, or anything wrong, the entire direction, president and all, may be dismissed and better men put in their places. No one shareholder can gain a ruling interest. Should the poorer shareholders, the holders of single shares, find fault, or be dissatisfied, they have ample redress, for they are almost always in the majority.

The stockholders in these building and loan associations are commonly divided into two classes, the borrowing and the non-borrowing. This distinction is shadowy, for any shareholder may become a borrower at any time. First may be considered the simple depositor or stockholder who has no immediate intention of becoming a borrower. He buys one share, for which he pays one dollar. There is no ceremony, no entrance fee, and no drawback of any kind—he simply pays, and takes the pass-book and certificate of stock. Once a month the stated pay-day comes round. He pays his installment, and gets a receipt in his pass-book from the secretary. If he owns two shares, he pays two dollars; if five, five dollars, and so on. If he lives at a distance, he may send a check or money-order. He may anticipate his payments to any extent, and, if it is for more than six months, interest will be paid on the advance. Presently he misses the pay-day, and then comes a small fine for the neglect. If he neglects another payment, the fine is greatly increased. This spurs him up to greater economy, and he begins to be careful and thoughtful of his money affairs. In this way the association becomes an instructor, pointing the way along the safe and prosy old road to fortune.

The year passes, and then he receives the association's annual report. Therein he finds that one share is declared to have a value of $17.97. He paid $12 in, and his share of the profits amounted to $5.97. His share is not actually worth $17.97, for that sum cannot be realized on it. If he wants his money, he may have it, and 6 per cent. interest for the average time, not $17.97, but $12, with interest. Let the money rest, and in time that $17.97 will be realized, and a great deal more. This fact becomes an incentive for renewed savings, and the second year begins hopefully.

Another twelve-month passes. The installments, not without a fine or two, are paid, and then comes another annual report. This is even more interesting than the first. The long and elaborate array of figures is truly impressive; but the most enticing statements are the valuations of the various series of shares. His share is in series number 5, now two years old, and it is declared to be worth $38.31. Its last valuation was $17.97; he paid during the year $12 more, and the association earned for him $8.34. In other words, he paid in $24 in twenty-four months, and he has made $14.31 by the investment. Turning to another part of the report, he finds that, if he wishes to withdraw, the association is willing to buy his share for the money paid in, and a premium of $3, or $27 in all; $3 from $14.31 leaves $11.31. That is too large a profit for the association, and he decides to let his money rest, and to continue paying his dollar a month.

Another year passes, and he finds he has

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paid $36 in all, but the new report declares his share now worth $59.78. This is cheerful. Now is he beginning to be a moneyed man. He is growing rich almost without knowing it. Why did he not take five shares instead of one? It would have involved a more stringent economy, and perhaps more thought and labor; but he might have been credited on the association's books with almost $300. Indeed, a princely sum for such an one. He goes steadily on, paying his dollar a month year by year, and the one dollar grows to $108. Then comes the best report of all. With a great flourish, the directors make the happy announcement that the series of shares he is in, and known as the fifth series, has matured, and reached its ultimate legal limit of $200. Now there are no drawbacks. For his investment of patience, and $108 in nine years, is the handsome profit of $92, and the sum of $200 in crisp bank-notes. He takes his money, surrenders his one share, and then amuses himself in figuring up the rate of interest he has received.

This is the experience of a plodding shareholder, content to pay his dollar a month for one hundred and eight months. Another has quite a different experience. He begins by taking fifteen shares, and at the end of the first year he finds he has undertaken too much. He withdraws five shares, and receives the $60 paid, and interest on the money at 6 per cent. for the average time. He has now only $10 to pay each month, and at that rate continues another year. The burden is still troublesome, and he decides to withdraw five more shares. The report offers a premium of $3 per share. He therefore gets the $120 paid on five shares in two years, and $15 besides. Misfortunes crowd upon him, and in six months more he decides to take out one share. He then receives $33, $30 for the thirty months' installments paid in, and the premium of $3, declared six months before at the last annual meeting. Six months later, at the end of the third year, he decides to withdraw two more shares. A single share is now declared to be worth say $55, and the association will buy all shares offered at a premium of $7. It seems a pity to allow the bank to make so much out of him; but he must have his money, and his two shares bring him $43 each, $36 paid in, and the premium of $7. The difference between the face value of $55 and the real value of $43 is, of course, lost, and becomes the property of the association. However, he has the consolation of knowing that his two remaining shares will reap a part of this benefit.

He continues to pay the dues on his two shares for another year, and then he transfers them, to close an old and troublesome debt. Each share has a face value of $82, and a selling value of $60. His creditor is very glad to take them at this valuation, and they are transferred to him as so much money. The original investor made a number of profits on his withdrawals, and found a safe and ready means of saving his money in his more prosperous days. The new owner may continue the payments till the shares mature, or he may withdraw or sell them. They are as good as money up to their selling value, and every month they increase in value.

Thus is the depositor in these savings associations hedged about; thus is he taught frugality, steadiness, and the elements of finance. The plain and only safe road to fortune is pointed out to him, and every step along the sometimes weary way is made the easier. The monthly payments are easy, the fines act as a good spur to keep the depositors up to the work. The month's notice prevents hasty and ill-advised withdrawals, and even then each must take his turn, and at no time can more than half of the available money be taken out. These formalities induce a safe delay, and place the associations above the reach of panics. Commercially considered, they are as safe as any institution of the kind can be, and in every respect they are safer than the ordinary savings bank. The total collapse, the utter vanishing away of all the deposits, sometimes seen in a savings bank, cannot take place here. The older an association grows, the richer it becomes. Each month its capital is renewed, and every year an entirely new set of shareholders bring in their fresh capital. Certainly the depositors, be it struggling shop-girl, laborious mechanic, or helpless widow, have everything to encourage, and little to make them afraid.

The borrowers, those who use the funds of the association—those to whom it is an efficient aid in buying or building a home—are also members and shareholders. They are divided into two classes: borrowers on shares and borrowers on real estate. The first give their shares as security, the others give their shares and real estate also.

Here is a shop-girl who is a member of a well-established association. She has worked at dress-making for three years, and owned

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five shares for that time. She manages to save five dollars a month, and merely considers it as so much money laid away in the bank. Suddenly she finds a chance to start a nice little shop on her own account. To do this she must have some ready money; not a month hence, but immediately. She goes this very evening to the secretary of her association and tells her story. He hears her patiently, asks about the new business, the probable value of her new venture, the names of the people she hopes to deal with, and, in fact, becomes a friendly business adviser. It is mutual, for, in reality, they are partners in the bank. He consults her account, and finds that she has deposited $180 in the three years just ending. And there is the premium of withdrawal—$7 on a share, or $35 on the five shares. This added to the $180 gives $215. Will she give notice of withdrawal? When could she have the money? Perhaps in a month? Oh, that would never do; she must have some money now. Why not borrow the money on the five shares? She had thought of that, but had never been in debt before, and hesitates to commit herself. Perhaps she might find it hard to repay the loan. Still, it is such a good chance to better her condition, and it would break her heart to lose it. Has she no friends, no money or other property? No; none. Nothing, save her two hands and two suits of clothes, and one is worn—just a little. Couldn't he help her in the matter? She never attended one of the association meetings, and wouldn't know what to do. Yes; he will help her. The association is always ready to lend a helping hand to its members. They are all partners in the bank together. He will bid for her. The auction takes place to-morrow night, and if she will attend he will arrange it for her, and gladly. How much money does she want? Perhaps $125 would answer. Oh, if that is all, it can be easily arranged; and the girl goes home feeling comparatively happy.

On the evening of the morrow she appears at the little hall where her bank sells its money. The sale is active at first, and she fears her little loan will fare hardly among all these eager men. At last it calms down, and she hears the secretary bid for one share. It starts at twenty, and climbs slowly up to twenty-five, six, seven. It keeps on up to thirty, and there it is knocked down to the secretary. Again and again the secretary bids for single shares, and she wonders how many other poor girls like herself are appealing for loans through him. At the end of the sale a number of men and women press round the secretary to hear the fate of their bids. He manages to speak an encouraging word to her, and, having paid one dollar for the new share, she goes home happy.

Perhaps that very evening the directors consider, and allow her little loan, and the next day she calls at the secretary's office, signs the proper papers and gets a check for $140. She transfers her five shares as collateral security, and the secretary explains the transaction to her. She, or her agent, bid for a loan of $200 on one share in the last new series, and gave her shares, now worth $215, as security. The premium was thirty per cent. This has been taken out and leaves $140. She has now to pay one dollar a month on the new share, the installments on her five shares, and the interest on two hundred dollars at six per cent. This she pays, a dollar at a time, each month if she wishes. That is $7 a month in all, and if at any time she wishes to repay the loan she can do so by giving in the money or by withdrawing some of her shares, or she need not pay it at all, but merely let it pay itself out of her profits in the association. She thanks the old gentleman, though not without a shade of doubt. Only $140 and her shares, if she had withdrawn them, would have brought $215. But then they have a face value of $60 each or $300. By borrowing instead of withdrawing she has saved all that.

A whole year passes, and she again calls on the secretary to see how her affairs stand. She has made a little something and would like to repay part of her loan. The secretary examines her account and finds that it presents this cheerful aspect: the interest has been paid, so that is happily out of the way; the installments paid on her five shares, now held by the association, amount in the four years to $48 on each, and the declared value of a share is $81, or $405 for the five; the installments paid on the one share she borrowed upon amount to $12. Then her debt is paid twice over? Well, perhaps not. We must only consider the withdrawal value if she wishes to pay up in that way. The last premium offered on withdrawal was $12, so her five shares may be withdrawn and will bring her $300; this, with $12 on the new share, will make $312. In other words, if she gives notice of withdrawal her debt will be declared paid, and she will receive $112 in cash, with a trifle more as interest on the $12 paid on the new

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share. She is greatly pleased at this showing, and says she will withdraw. Stay a moment! Will she not lose as much more? Yes, the bank will gladly pay her $300 for five shares, for they are worth $81 each, or $405 in all. She can do as she pleases in the matter. She considers this a moment and then asks if she may not repay part of the loan. Yes, but why pay at all? Does she not need the money in her business? Yes, very much, but she does hate to be in debt. Oh! that is nothing serious. It is quite as much for her interest not to pay it as it is for the bank's.

Another year passes and she calls again. This time she feels she really must withdraw. She confesses with a blush that she is going out of business—John, he—that is—well, what does the secretary think about it? What are her six shares worth now? The first five are now declared to be worth $110 each. The year has been a prosperous one for the bank, and her share of the profits makes her five shares worth $550. The one share, now two years old, has a face value of $37.50. In all, her shares are valued at $587.50, or $387.50 more than her debt. Her eyes sparkle at this brilliant financial statement, but she wants more ready money, she must withdraw her shares. Ah! yes, the withdrawal premium is $20 on those first shares. The installments paid amount to $60; so for the five she can withdraw $400, or in other words, pay her debt and have $200 besides. The bank will gladly do this for her; as a friend, he would advise her not to withdraw and lose so large a slice of that $550, but to keep on paying the interest and let the debt remain unpaid.

She thanks him and says perhaps the shop fixtures will bring something. Besides, she intends to give John the shares, and let him pay the dues and interest till they mature. The shop fixtures are sold at an advantage and John prospers. Of course he does. Such girls always have prosperous husbands. Finally the five shares mature, and her debt is paid in spite of herself. The last and most happy report of all declares her five shares worth $200 each. The debt is taken out and declared paid. The interest has been extinguished, a dollar at a time, and the sum of $822.50 is paid the young couple in good legal tender. Besides this, there is the one share, now five years old and declared to be worth $135.28½.

It may be here noticed that she would have received more ready money by withdrawing the one share. In that case she would have had a clean bill for her debt and a check for $983, and she would have been no longer a member of the bank. The premium she paid, it may be remarked, had been extinguished gradually by her yearly share of the profits of the association.

In this way any manner of man or woman may at any time and for any length of time borrow a sum equal to the paid-up value of the shares he or she owns, and with no other security than the shares themselves. The merchant turns in his shares for a loan to meet a note. When next in funds he may return the money and receive back a portion of the premium paid and resume his shares. This he can do as often as he wishes, and every year he can make larger and larger loans. The music-teacher may put up her shares to purchase a piano, and may repay the loan when convenient. Or she can (as the association much prefers) let it rest till the withdrawal, or ultimate value, covers loan and premium, and then it is considered paid. In fact, it is paid all the time, for the borrower only takes his own money. If the piano is destroyed by flood or fire, or if the owner is no longer able to pay the dues, the association takes her shares, and both they and her debt are extinguished at once. She loses the money paid in and all the profits. The bank recovers both, and its claim is adjusted.

Next to these, come the borrowing members who can give real estate as security for loans. A certain man has held ten shares four years and has paid dues amounting to $480. He wishes to buy a house, valued at $2,000. He can get it for $1,500 down, and the rest may remain as ground rent, or, in other words, on a first mortgage to the owner. He bids for $2,000 on his ten shares. He offers a liberal premium, but as he is an old member he gets an abatement on this, and, his security being satisfactory, he gets his loan of $2,000, less the premium, or $1,500 in money. With this he buys the house, and installs his family in it. He transfers his ten shares to the association, insures the house for its benefit, and gives a second mortgage of $2,000. Instead of rent he now pays each month his dues of ten dollars, the interest on both mortgages, the taxes, water rates, etc., and, in all, his expenses do not exceed the rent of such a house, more than about 10 per cent. In this manner he goes on paying dues and interest each month. In five years his shares mature. The ten shares are declared to be worth $2,000, but instead of the money he

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receives a release of his mortgage, and his debt is declared paid. The house is now only subject to the ground rent. When that is paid the house will be his. He has paid $10 per month for one hundred and eight months, and the interest on $2,000 for five years, or $1,680 in all, and the debt is extinguished. In other words, he made $320 by the operation. To clear away the ground rent, he buys more shares. There being only that interest to pay, he can afford to carry twenty or more shares, and very soon he borrows the money on them, and the house is his own. This loan pays itself by the installments and profits, and in this easy and simple manner he saves the total loss of the rent, has the use of the house all the time, and eventually owns it outright.

Another, a poorer man, wishes a small house. He buys a lot of land on ground rent. He finds a contractor who will put up a house on the land for $1,500 cash. Sometimes the owner will do this. He then buys ten shares, at one dollar each, of some association, and bids for $2,000 on them. He offers a premium of 30 per cent., and he gets $1,400. His employer advances him $100 to make up the price of the house, and becomes his bondsman that the dues and interest shall be paid (say) for three years. He has now, in place of house rent, to pay his dues, the interest on the loan of $2,000, the ground rent, taxes, water rates, insurance, and his loan of $100. Each year sees the debt reduced, and in eight or nine years it is declared paid. Another venture of the same kind clears away the ground rent, and the house is his.

This ground rent system is peculiar to Philadelphia. Any person desiring to build on a lot of land can, instead of buying it, hire it for all time. If, at any time, he wishes to pay for it, the price can be offered, and the owner cannot decline it. The owner can never claim payment during the lease, so long as the rent is regularly paid.

It seems difficult of belief. How can these building associations make money so fast? They have several sources of income: First, the installments paid in; next, the fines for neglect of payment. Then there is the profit derived from the premiums. At a stated meeting some borrower bids for $1,000. He is willing to pay 30 per cent. for the immediate use of the money. He receives $700, and the association retains the $300. This is at once put up at auction, and gains a further profit of 30 per cent., or $90. This money is again loaned, and yields a profit of $27. Each borrower in time gets his money, less the premium, and the association makes a triple profit of $417 in one evening, and the entire $1,417 loaned out begins to draw interest from that day. Next to this must be noticed the compounding of interest upon interest every month. All the dues, premiums, fines, and interest received each month are put together and sold, and the gross sum draws interest at once. One dollar paid in at the meeting in the form of new capital, is in a few minutes sold out and begins to draw interest. It earns a premium, and that is again sold at a premium, and that also draws interest. Besides these, are the profits on withdrawals. If a two-year-old share is worth $39, and can be bought by the association for the dues paid in and a premium of $3, it is plain that the association makes $12 by the purchase. There is one share less to draw $200 at the end, and the final division will be reached so much the sooner. This explains the eagerness these associations display in buying up their own shares. As a large part of the shareholders and non-borrowers in any series withdraw before the eight years' term is up, the profits on the withdrawals increase the general capital rapidly.*

Philadelphia may point with pride to her hundred thousand homes, but it is not alone in these things that the chief interest of this subject lies. These associations have done more than help the people build houses, buy pianos, sewing-machines, land, or what not. Their moral are greater than their material results. It is not that they help to build a city that they may be chiefly recommended, but as savings banks, as inspirers of thrift, as liberal aids to industry, and as strong defenses against the stormy days that come in every life. No signal service can give even a probability of these, no cautionary flag flies before such storms, and to many a family these associations have been a sure anchor with which to outride the gale.

* See "How to Manage Building Associations, Edmund Wrigley, Philadelphia, 1873."

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BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS. III.

STILL MORE ABOUT THE LIVING-ROOM.

HARDLY any piece of furniture is more troublesome to bring into harmony with the conditions of our modern room than the book-case. And one may well despair of bringing any help to those who are puzzling themselves over the problem. If a man be a large student and a great accumulator of books, necessity solves the problem for him. He takes a room to himself, lines the walls with shelves, and covers all his available space with books. But that is not our problem. We want to have our books in our living-room, and we want pictures, and "objects," and furniture, and comfort, too. We want our books, not necessarily as Leigh Hunt said he liked his, "where he could lean his head against them," but in close companionship, and where we can get at them easily, and where we shall be often tempted to get at them. Cut No. 1 shows how this difficulty has been met in one case, and it is a way that is by no means the invention of the owner of this particular book-case, but one that has found favor with many another lover of books. The present example was made to fit into a certain room where it was fondly hoped it would remain for a half-dozen May-days or so at the least. But it has since found itself at home in two other rooms, and, on the whole, shows itself a man-of-the-world in accommodating itself to what it finds at hand. It is made of plain white pine, brought to a good surface and shellacked, and its third year finds it with a most beautiful color, only distinguishable from satin-wood by a richer tone. It is twelve feet six inches long, the top and bottom being each one piece, and it is about three feet high. The bottom of the lowest shelf is four inches from the floor, and the ends run up nearly five inches above the top, and are connected by a strip at the back of the same height. This makes a low wall of protection for whatever may be set upon the top of the book-case, and "finishes" it, as the slang phrase is, at once usefully and handsomely. This book-case is divided into four by three upright partitions, on each side of which slots are sunk for the ends of the shelves to rest in, these shelves being plain boards all of the same thickness, of course, and, what is unfortunately not "of course," sliding in and out with perfect ease, whether weighted with books or not, and each one fitting like a glove into any two of the one hundred and four slots that it may be necessary to slide it into. I have found this way of supporting the shelves a very good one, and it is an additional point in its favor, when once its practicalness has been admitted, that it looks well, the front ends of the slots, in which no shelves rest, showing black, and alternating with the uncut portion of the wood, —an effect which was not sought for in the design, but which, when the work came to be executed, rewarded the designer for having tried to solve his problem of shelf-support in a straightforward, natural manner. Cut No. 2 will explain this little detail to the eye. This book-case will hold easily four hundred books; nearly five hundred, if ordinary small octavos and duodecimos are to be accommodated—the lesser number, if one hundred and odd of them are large octavos and folios. Moreover, the shelves being a foot deep, as many more books or pamphlets that are not to be discarded, but are only wanted semi-occasionally, can be ranged behind the other books and pamphlets.

The top of such a book-case as this will be found an excellent place on which to set many useful and ornamental things that find their natural home in the living-room, and which yet, under ordinary circumstances, are apt to be in the way. It may be consecrated to the utilities or to the ornamental, or, as is best, no doubt, it may offer to both a fair field and no favor. Here, at one end, is the convenient Japanese chest of drawers without doors, made of unlackered wood, a capital hold for writing paper, envelopes, etc., or for small precious objects that one likes to have at hand, and yet which must not be left about. In the other corner next the window is the favorite cast, too small for a pedestal, but lifted here to a convenient height and safe from all ordinary accidents, whether from four-footed cats in fur, or from two-footed cats in petticoats wielding dusters and feather whisks. Between these there is room for many pretty and curious things, to say nothing of drawings or photographs in *passe-partout* that one doesn't care to hang up, but which can be easily set a-tilt against the wall, and lightly moved or changed at

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will; and it will be wise not to allow this tempting shelf to become too crowded, for it is a capital place to rest a book for momentary reference.

Abundant room for books; a shelf so convenient that, when once it has been tried, it will hardly be given up; and a third advantage, all the wall space above three feet from the floor left free and unincumbered for whatever use can be made of a wall. The books, with their various bindings and their varied shapes, make a handsomer wainscoting than can be else designed, and one that gives force and richness to the decoration of the wall above. In the arrangement of this wall, dignity should be aimed at, by giving up the field to one or two large objects—large, I mean, in proportion,—and putting in the remaining space such things as will harmonize with them or set them off. And this will be found a good rule for decorating our walls in general; there is too great a tendency to spot the wall all over with little things—little pictures, little brackets with little vases or figurines, confusing the eye, and making it impossible to enjoy any one thing out of the whole pimply lot.

Some persons may object to leaving books unprotected either by solid doors or by doors with panes of glass instead of panels. It is, of course, proper to protect gentlemen's libraries in this way, as they are rarely intended for use, but are only a part of the general upholstery and furnishing of the house, the same as the pictures and the bric-à-brac. The architect in planning the house put in a "Library," as of course, and what is a library without "books?" The library was not made for the books, but the books were bought because there was a library. A library without books would be as unmeaning as a cellar without wine. There are many tricks played in the matter of wine; profound talk of "green seal" and "yellow seal" and other mysteries, and cobwebs and dust added to bottles that will not grow old as fast as our knowing-ones in wine can drink it up; but the wine, whether good or bad, whether really out of one's own cellar, or only "bought at our grocer's," cannot escape being tried. The books, on the other hand, in the so-called "library" may not be books at all, but only backs of books glued on to bits of wood,—an artifice by no means uncommon. But, whether so, or only books never read because unreadable, or books in editions and bindings too costly to be used or lent, the book-case that holds them may as well be protected by doors, and locked up with a lost key.

No. 1. "WHAT DO YOU READ, MY LADY?"

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For lovers of books, however, a house without books is no house at all; and in a family where books make a great part of the pleasure of living, they must be where they can be got at without trouble, and, what is of more importance, where they can share in the life about them and receive some touches of the humanity they supply and feed. The little child plays up and down the room and runs his fingers across their backs, or pushes them in and out, or knows the one that has pictures in it, and pats it approvingly with

No. 2.
EFFECT OF SLOTS FOR BOOK-SHEVLES. (DETAIL OF No. 1.

his flattened palm. The young girl runs over them with her eye, and taps a little here and there with a rosy reflective finger-tip, then draws out one that promises, or one long known, and saunters with it to the favorite reading-place. For all who enjoy them, use them, depend upon them, the books are there at hand; not shut up, like clothes in a wardrobe, or silver in a chest, but free to the hand like the basket of apples or the pitcher of water on the side-board.

There are "practical" objections in plenty against the use of doors for book-cases. They stick; the key is always lost; they hide the sight of some of the books when the door is of glass, and when they are solid, how is one to know that the case holds books at all? Then, when the doors are opened they are awkwardly in the way, and if there are children or young people in the house, they are sure to be left open, and to be run against. But, after all, my chief objection to doors on book-cases is, that they are inhospitable, and hinder close acquaintance. To have to ask for a key, or even to open a door unlocked before we can put our hand on a book, or look the shelves over to find one that suits us, is as bad as having to tug off a glove to seize a friend's hand. And what is more like a true friend than a book-case filled with real books?

"Dust!" says Martha, as she reads this. "What a place for dust such a book-case as yours must be!" It is true that dust does collect, but not much, if reasonable care be taken, and if the books are often used, and, at any rate, I maintain that dust, or the danger of it, is, of the two evils, rather to be chosen than the danger of not using the books at all; of having the family grow up without the habit of reading books, consulting them, seeking refuge in them. These habits, early and naturally formed, have more to do with culture than might be thought. The young people go to school or college, and hear lectures on English literature, or study books on the subject, and they come away with few ideas and little knowledge. Then, as they go out into the world, they come, perhaps, to think they would like to know something more, or perhaps they feel the need of knowing more, and so attend lectures, or listen to readings, to get in a hurry what they need. But knowledge got in a hurry is as poor stuff as leather tanned the new way, or kiln-dried timber, or bread made with baking-powders, or any of the modern substitutes for the old-time methods of time and patience. The only way really to know anything about English literature, or any other literature, is to grow up with it, to summer and winter with it, to eat it, drink it, and sleep with it, and this can never be if the book-case that holds the books in the house we grow up in has doors that lock.

If we must cover our books, for fear of dust, a curtain is all that can be allowed, and a curtain is little less troublesome than a door. I am not sure that a curtain is not more troublesome than any door. To be as little in the way as possible, it should be of some thin silk, and should slide with metal rings on a metal rod as lightly and easily as can be contrived, and, after all this trouble, the amount of dust kept out will be found to be but small. Besides, a curtain hides the books from sight, and one might as well hope to be warmed by a fire he couldn't see as to get their full service out of books shut up behind doors or curtains.

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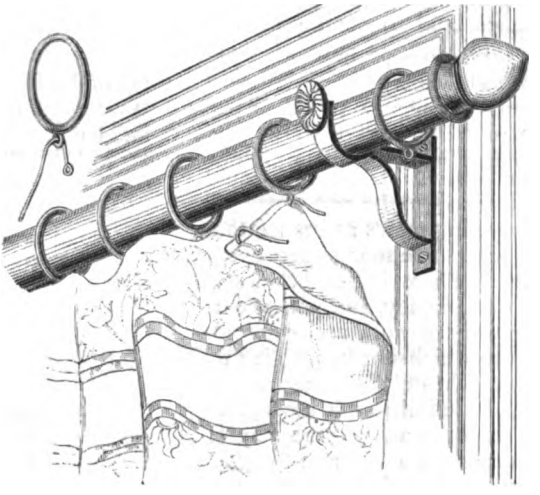
Glass doors have this to say for themselves, that they do give some glimpse of what is behind them, and show a little hospitality.

Some years ago, in an exhibition of furniture held in London, there was a book-case made, I believe, by Mr. Burges, the architect, which was closed by a curtain; but this was a small affair, and so not liable to the objections that would hold against closing a book-case, such as is shown in the first illustration of this chapter, with curtains running along the whole front, or even along each division. This was only, in fact, a square box with shelves, set up on a table, and with a curtain hung across its front. The curtain was of plush, if I remember; but that was not a good material, and all the effect obtained might have been got as well by using silk. It hung by rings from a wire that was stretched across the *outside* of the upper edge of the box, so that when it was drawn it showed the *whole* of all the shelves and all the books. The book-case was made of plain wood, and painted with some good decoration on a red ground, and the curtain was of a gold yellow cut on a red ground. In the upper left-hand corner of this square of plush there was embroidered a bee-hive, and the bees were flying back and forth in a straggling line between their hive and the lower right-hand corner. In the upper right-hand corner might have been written some motto—a line from Milton:

"They at their flowery work do sing,"

or the like. This was a pretty piece of furniture to hold a hundred books or so, small copies of favorite authors that one likes to have at hand, and, being meant for a parlor piece, a little more elegance was admissible than would have been fitting for a work-a-day book-case.

We feel a little pity sometimes for the Roman bookish people who had no books, properly speaking, but only scrolls. And to our modern hands, scrolls are unmanageable things. But there's much in habit, and the Japanese to-day, who make great use of scrolls (though they also have books in plenty), know how to use them, unrolling them and rolling them at the same time, as they read them or study their pictures. But there was one advantage in the Roman scrolls,—they were not heavy, and when they moved about they put them into a box like a bandbox, setting them up on end, so that a considerable number of volumes could be carried about on their journeys without adding inconveniently to their baggage. Our books, however, are too heavy for any such arrangement, and a very few add seriously to the weight of a trunk. This is sometimes an inconvenience: when one is taking a long journey, it is pleasant to have books, and they are the one thing not to be had. Cicero, our school-boy readers will remember,—if we are fortunate enough to have them,—when he is praising books, praises them, among other things, because they can go into the country with us. If he had not been too "swell" for such a condescension, he might have carried a small library with him in his hand, as one of us might carry a hat-box.



No. 3 CURTAINS HUNG BY ROD AND RINGS.

This, by the way. My point is, that the books in a house—the books the family is to be fed on—ought to be made as accessible as possible. There will often be a few books, rare editions in costly bindings, that are to be locked up and not to be exposed to promiscuous handling; but these are really not books—they are bric-à-brac, curios, and no true lover of books would care to have many of them in his possession.

Mr. Burges's "curtain" suggests the remark that a delightful field is open to women, one in which they would be sure to find pleasant employment, and where certain faculties they have peculiar to their sex would be exercised and made useful. This is the art of embroidery. "What!" all the

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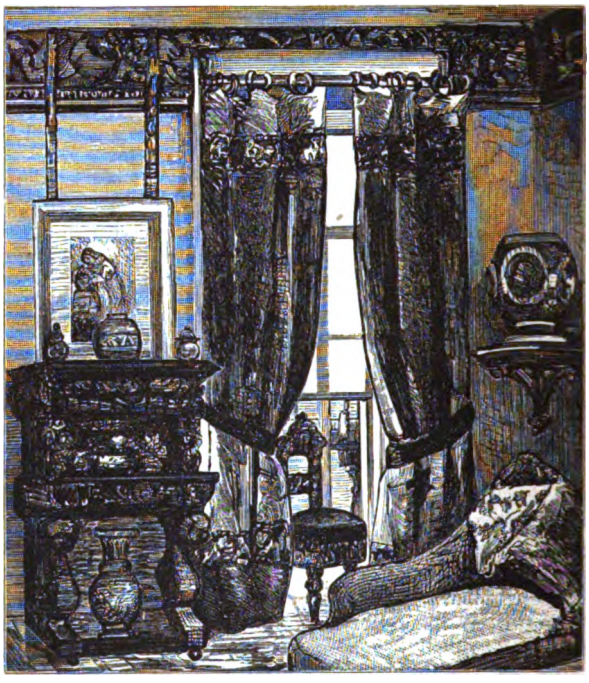
women will cry at once. "Embroidery, do you say? And aren't we embroidering all the year round—slippers and smoking-caps, lambrequins and table-cloths, chair-covers and foot-warmers? Embroidery, forsooth! Oh, here's a discovery!" But this writer makes bold to confess he was not thinking of any of these unhappy productions of misplaced womanly labor when he spoke of embroidery. If he were recommending a young man to study literature he would not expect to be put down by the young man's assurance that he read three newspapers every day. There is no such waste of time, money, and patience as the worsted-work and embroidery to which our ladies give up so much of their leisure. It isn't beautiful, it isn't useful, and it stands much in the way of educating the eye and the general taste. Of course girls will always make slippers and smoking-caps for young men—at least I hope so; they enjoy making them, and the young men are not what I take 'em for if they don't enjoy getting them. There is no reason whatever why these things should not be well designed; but they never will be so long as the girls are so wanting in taste as to put up with the patterns they find in the shops. I suppose, however, if the young men and maidens were not so easily pleased, or had a taste of their own, there would be a supply of patterns to meet a more exacting demand. So long as people are in the infantile state of mind that is pleased with little imps and devils careering over slipper toes, or chasing one another along a lambrequin, or with foxes' heads and tails, hunting-caps and whips, or with any out of the whole catalogue we all know so well, not much can be hoped for. But the advice to take up embroidery did not have reference to little love-and-friendship tokens of the cap-and-slipper tribe. It was intended to apply to more serious works, such as coverings for furniture, hangings for doors or walls, and the like. Since things took a turn in England, and the arts of furniture and house decoration began to interest artists and architects, and the new doctrine found a sacred poet to father it and save it from sinking into trade and commonplace, the arts of embroidery have been inspired with new life, and have enlisted in their service a number of good talents, who have not only given pleasure to the public, but have found pleasure and profit in it for themselves. Some of the ladies belonging to the families of the house of Morris, Marshall & Co., have distinguished themselves by the beauty and originality of their designs, and no less for the excellence of the workmanship; and they have become important members of the business, their work and their taste having not a little to do with the success of the enterprise. These ladies make their own designs for the most part, though they also execute designs furnished them either by the firm or by outsiders. Nor are they by any means the only persons in England who do this sort of work. There is an important business interest slowly growing up there in the field of designs for stuffs and embroideries, and many women are contributing to the success of the new industry. As I have said before, there has not been for a hundred years and over, such a time as ours for the beauty and excellence of the stuffs that are used in household decoration. Any one who will go into Herter's or Cottier's, and look over their plushes, silks, serges, and all the



No. 4. CURTAIN FOR AN EVERY-DAY WINDOW.

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nameless materials that are being made nowadays in England, France, and Austria, will easily see enough in half an hour to justify my remark. Many of these materials are very costly and out of reach of most purses; but many of them, especially the English things, are not costlier than is reasonable in the beginning, and they have a capacity for wear in them that makes them cheap in the end. Besides, it must always be remembered that every good thing is better for showing in moderation signs of wear; and stuffs, particularly, never look just right till they have the gloss of newness rubbed off them. I know this isn't what is called American doctrine; certainly it is not New York doctrine, where we cannot have things new and scrubbed enough; but it is artistic doctrine, and every artistic nature will recognize its truth by imagination, if it do not already know it to be true by experience.

A want long felt having been provided for in the success of these new stuffs and these new colors, it was natural there should be felt a need for decorators whose work should be in harmony with the new materials. I believe that, in fact, much of the proficiency of modern English women in embroidery, and much of the enthusiasm for it among them date back to the rise of the Ritualistic Revival there; but it has found a wider field since then, and a more rich development in the service of household art. Besides, most of the ecclesiastical decorative work was conventional and copied, cramped in its expression and pinched to the uses of a narrow creed. But, working in the service of human love and feeling, the artist was free to express herself and follow the flight of her own fancy. The result has been, that many works of embroidery are produced to-day in England which show the old skill and taste to be still alive, and only waiting for the opportunity of exercise.

We have had but few beautiful works in this sort produced here, partly because there has been no social movement that caused the art to revive naturally, partly because there has been no market for such works if they had been produced. Some of our readers may have had the pleasure of seeing—it is now some three or four years since—a small collection of pieces of embroidery executed by a young lady in Boston from her own designs. They were every way exquisite; and, although it was evident she had been stimulated by the Japanese design, yet there was no resemblance to Japanese work except in what, for want of a better word, we call "the motive." The pieces produced were not "useful"—they were only intended for ornament; to be fastened upon a wall, to be framed, to be brought out and looked at upon occasion. Squares of silk or satin were taken, the color selected for its suitability to the design to be worked upon it. These designs were bits of external nature transferred by silk threads, instead of oil or water colors, to the lady's silk or satin "canvas." Her morning's walk, her stroll in the garden, suggested to her the day's delightful work. Now, on a pale sapphire silk, she made a flight of apple-blossom petals drift before the wind, at one side the branch that

No. 5. CURTAIN IN AN ARCH-WAY.

bore them, with its tips of leaves; or across one corner of a square of amber satin a geometric spider had woven her silver web, darting from tip to tip of the white rose-tree; or cat-o'-nine-tails against a blue green water, with a rose-red mallow or the neck and head of a duck sailing through her kingdom; or autumn leaves, sad colored, raining down

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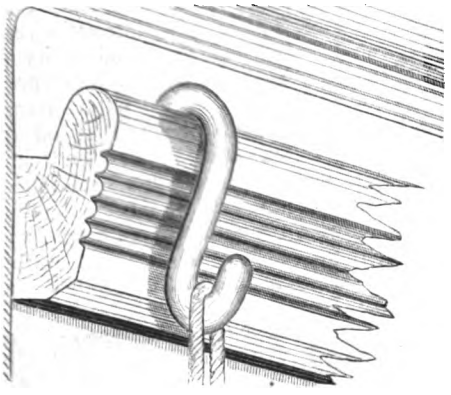
against a weltering sky of gray; or hips and haws, or black elderberries, or—anything. The lady worked as she pleased and as Heaven directed, and had no fear of "schools" or of "laws" before her eyes.



No. 6. STRIP AND HOOK FOR HANGING PICTURES.

And she painted pictures with her needle that opened the doors of the artist guild to her as cordially as if she hadn't been a woman; nor could we fairly reckon up the influences that have brought about the possibilities of a new day for us here in America, if we left out the embroideries of this Boston girl.

There is much interest felt of late among the young people in this matter of embroidery, but most of them are hampered by the difficulty of making a start. It is almost inevitable that we should be thrown upon the Japanese for our first hints and instruction; their art is so perfect as decoration, their methods so varied, and their materials suited to every subject and belonging to our own time, and we so rich in its productions. Other art is strange to us—belongs to other times and to modes of life that once were those of men of our own world, but now outworn and laid aside. The Japanese live in moon-land; their ways are not ours, and it is impossible for us to put ourselves into sympathy with them. But their art comes out of themselves, and they are producing it now in our day on the models they have been following for centuries and with much of the spirit of the antique time. And therefore it has a vitality for us, and knocks at little secret doors in our own natures and gets some sort of response, though, for the most part, it is but the wind whistling through the key-hole. Still, if a woman can enjoy it, if it attracts her, she will do well to study it and base her embroidery upon it. But it ought to be done with a constant reference to nature, and it is better to fail in putting our own observation into silk and worsted, than to succeed in working up into painful perfection Mrs. German Something-or-other's conventionalities of design and eye-scratching colors.

In my last month's chapter I touched upon the subject of curtains, but merely with a word. Next to carpets, there is no subject that comes so near to all women's housekeeping hearts as curtains, and there is no subject that bothers them so much. And they are for the most part, rude and unfeeling as it is to say it, utterly wrong in their ways of solving the troublesome problem. They are all agreed that cornices are indispensable, and the upholsterers and furniture-people, finding this an easy and expensive way of suiting their delightfully troublesome clients, would go on putting up cornices for them till doomsday, and assuring them that there is no other way.

Now, a "cornice" ought never under any circumstances to be thought necessary in a private house. In fitting up concert-rooms, ball-rooms, and public places, where a certain frigid formal suggestion of domestic hospitality is to be given, it might, perhaps, be allowed; but only a commonplace designer, a sort of misfit architect, would try to get off with such a substitute for design. I suppose "cornices" for curtains to have come to be thought necessary when "cornices" for rooms began to be "the thing" everywhere. And there is as much necessity for one as for the other.

What is the use of a curtain? Part of its use is its usefulness, and part of it is its beauty, or the sense of comfort it gives. It is useful to shut out the light and to keep out the cold air, and, as in all our household decoration, usefulness is the first thing to be secured, we must consider first how these two ends are to be gained. To get all the light we may ever, at any time, want from a window, we must be able to have the whole glass clear; to draw curtains, if there be curtains, completely away from the glass, and keep them well to either side. Now, if there is a cornice, the curtain is either nailed to it (on the inside), or it runs with rings on a rod that is stretched across the cornice on the inside. If it be nailed to the cornice, so that it only opens in the middle, it can never be so drawn as to give us all the light we may need. And, if it slides on a rod, there is no need of a cornice, and no

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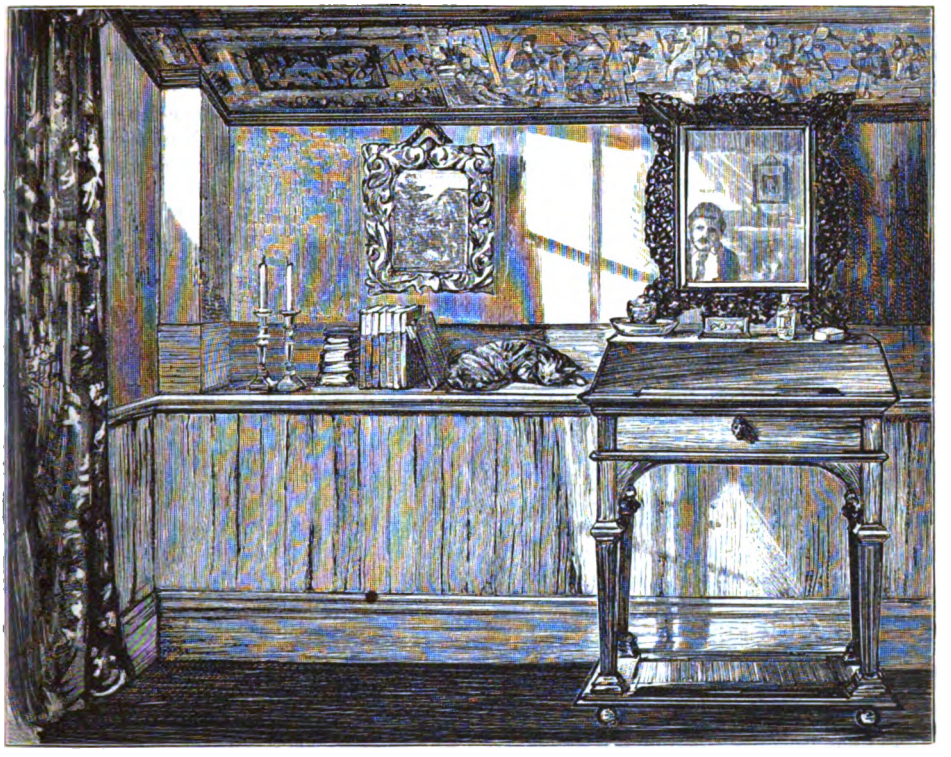

No. 7. "HAIL! CALM ACCLIVITY, SALUBRIOUS SPOT!"

reason why the rod should not be shown and acknowledged. I may say just here, that "cornices" are almost always very troublesome to take down and to put up,—the services of an upholsterer's man or men being necessary,—and are a constant source of expense, for no end whatever, except to give the upholsterer pleasure.

Here the housekeeper cuts in with, "But then, sir, the room looks so bare without 'cornices.' And, how are we to support our lambrequins without their aid?" Well, I will be down upon lambrequins presently, and give them a gentle piece of my mind; but first let us see whether it is inevitable that the room should "look bare" without the cornices. That it does look bare, as a rule, I will admit, but that is the fault of the room. Our rooms are so universally without harmony in their fitting-up, and the walls are so rarely (almost never) a good background for the furniture or the people, that we come to depend upon the furniture to give us some color and sense of solidity. If the carpet, walls, and ceiling of a room were once treated as a whole, and brought into proper harmonious relation, we should find that the room would not only look well with fewer and smaller pieces of furniture, but that taking out one or two things would not make such a difference as it does now.

The only sensible way to support curtains is by rings running on a brass rod. The mechanism of this is shown in cut No. 3. The rings remain upon the rod, and the curtains have long hooks of wire sewed to their upper edge, which hook into eyes soldered to the edge of the rings. With a step-ladder, a child can unship the curtain in a jiffy, and put them up in less than no time, and the upholsterer's yearly bill be easily shorn of two items at least. The rod rests upon two brass stays that are screwed, once for all, to the wall, and that need never come down. Nor need the rod and rings come down, for that matter; and, as they are made of burnished brass, they only need the dusting they can get with the long-handled feather whisk. The rods are sold, or ought to be sold, by the foot. They come of different diameters, and a button screws on at either end to cover the openings, and prevent dust and animated nature from seeking shelter in the hollow tube. Perhaps

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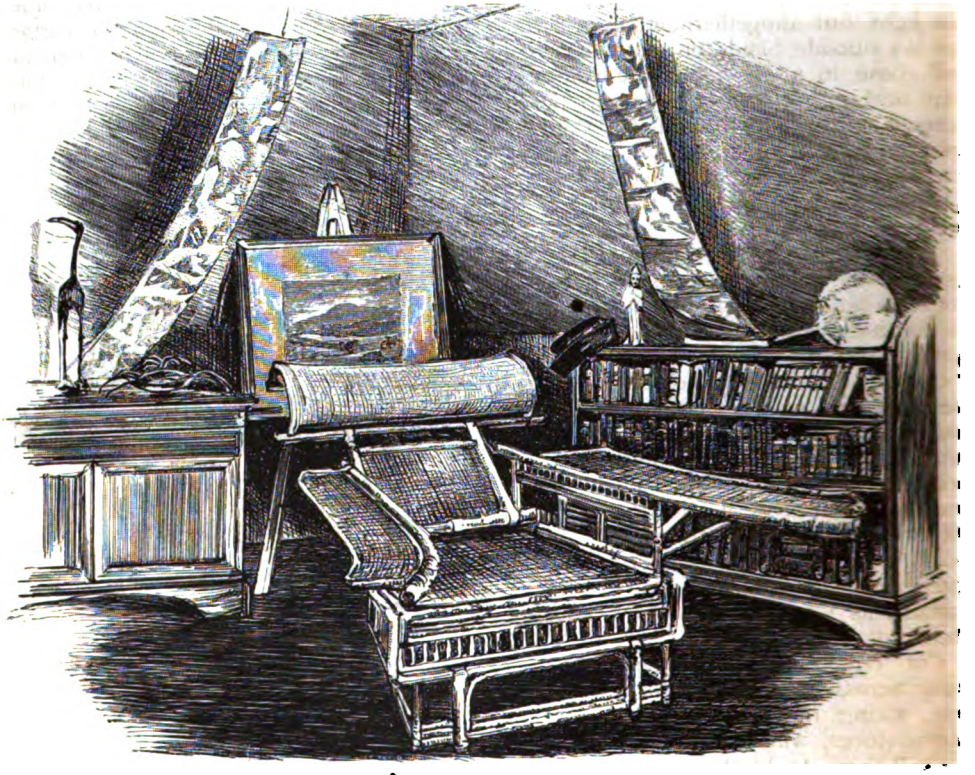
we can gratify the average woman by admitting that the real use of these buttons is to take off the "bare" look from the rod. We must consider, before settling upon the rod, what are the dimensions of our room. We knew a lady who teased her husband into discharging a servant because she was so tall as to be out of proportion to their house, and a curtain-rod may easily be too large for the room it is put up in. Every woman's eye will tell her whether a rod is too large or too small for the work it has to do, and she has only to choose what suits her case. The rod should look as if it could support the curtain, not merely be able to support it. Here, as in many cases, the eye has to be considered.

Hanging curtains by rod and rings is the good old way, and its elegance, as well as utility, has always commended it to artists and people whose tastes in great things prove they may be trusted in small matters. It is not to follow Mr. Ruskin in his fetich worship of the old Hebrews, to say that, as the curtains of the Jewish Tabernacle were hung by rods and rings, we may think well of that fashion, but only because it is plain from the descriptions that both the earlier Tabernacle and the later Temple were intrinsically beautiful structures. The Italian painters were always hanging their curtains in this way, as the reader may see in Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," for a familiar example. But a dozen others come to my mind, and several in Dürer besides.

The curtain in the "Sistine Madonna" is hung, not upon a rod, but upon a wire; and neither the means by which it is suspended, nor the way it hangs, is to be commended, for so heavy a curtain should have been hung from a strong rod, and it should have been drawn aside, not looped up. But there is a hint in the hanging of this curtain we may make use of in our own practice, and that will sometimes be found to add just the touch that was wanted to reconcile us to curtains in a room where curtains may have threatened to be in the way. The wire on which the Raphael curtain hangs sags a little near the middle, as is natural, seeing what a weight depends from it. This lets in the light from the top, and, without pas-



No. 8. A HARBOR OF REFUGE.

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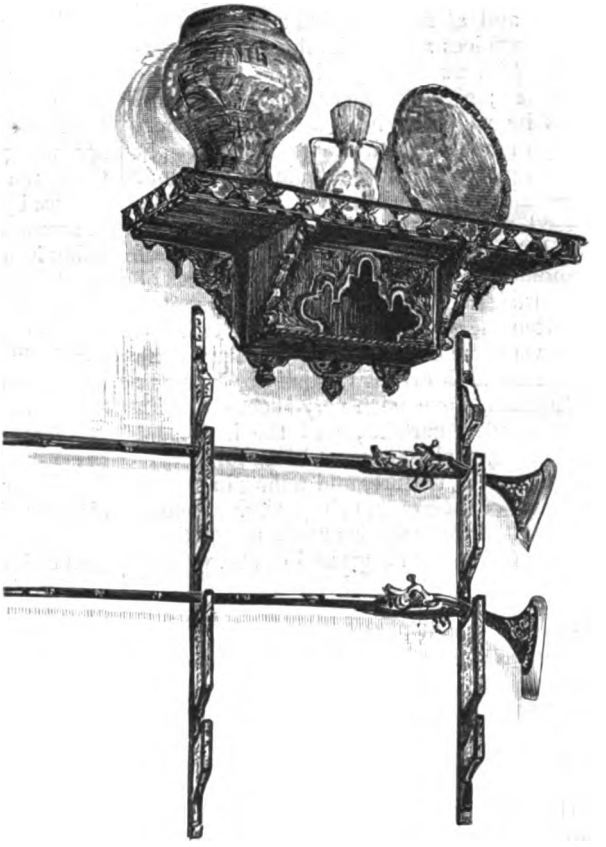
zling ourselves over what Raphael did it for, we may try the experiment for ourselves of stretching our curtain-rod, not above the lintel of the window, or even across it, but a few inches below it, enough to let the light stream in and play about the ceiling. Miss Maria Oakey has drawn for us a curtain that is hung in this way (cut No. 4), and the effect of it is very pleasant in practice, though, at first sight, it seems a little strange. In a parlor or living-room there is never any need of shutting the light out altogether, and even if there are no outside blinds or shutters, no cold will come in at the top of the window, so that nothing is lost or given up by this arrangement, while we gain two things—a pleasant effect of light, and the additional solidity imparted by the molded lintel of the window.

Indeed, perhaps this is as good a way as can be devised for securing something of what is unconsciously sought to be gained by the device of a "cornice." If the lintel be well designed, and with good moldings, and then not left staring white, but brought into tune with the rest of the wall and curtains themselves, it will do all in effect that the "cornice" could have done, and without interfering with the play of the curtains as we move them on their rods.

Cut No. 5 shows curtains hung across an arched doorway, taking the place of the sliding-doors, which, however, are still there, to be shut when necessary, which is but seldom. Here there can be no doubt as to the desirableness of hanging the curtains, not across the architrave of the door-way (the arch being a mere supposed ornamental cutting off the corners of the square, and not a real arch), but in a line with the spring of the arch itself, leaving the whole arch open for light and air. This again in practice is found to work well, avoiding the heavy and obtrusive effect of such a mass of stuff as would be required if the curtain had been hung from a rod stretched above the top of the door along the architrave.

Just one word more about curtains, as to their length, and the stuffs they are best made of. Their length depends on whether they are to be caught back sometimes with a band or cord, or whether they are at all times to be allowed to hang straight. In case they are to be subject to tying back sometimes, they must be made longer than when they are to hang straight. In the latter case they should well touch the floor, but not sensibly lie upon it. At least, this is my notion of the fitness of things; but others think differently. If the stuff the curtains are made of is heavy, they will hang in good lines even when the ends lie on the floor; but I cannot see what is gained by letting them do so. Nor should the stuff be very heavy. It may be thick and impervious to light and air, but it ought to be soft and easily falling into folds. The color ought to go with the room, but ought not to domineer or lead the rest; indeed, nothing ought to do that in a room; but if the tone of the



No. 9. A BIT OF REGNAULT.

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room be accented anywhere, it should be by something small,—a vase, a cushion, a bit of tapestry, not by any large piece of furniture, nor by any large space of wall or drapery. The decoration of the curtain by bands across the stuff, not by vertical stripes, has everything to recommend it—oriental usage (almost always a sure guide in decoration), and the fact that it is always to be reckoned on to produce its pictorial effect, since the bands cannot be hid, no matter how many folds the curtain makes. But stripes are continually being concealed in the folds, or else cut in two, and so their value lost or impaired.

With all the varieties of stuffs that are in the shops to-day, a woman with ingenuity and an eye ought to have little difficulty in getting handsome curtains without too much money, and at not too high a price. Give up the cornices and the lambrequins,—awkward additions to any window, nine times out of ten; give up fringes and borders, and straps by which to hold the curtains back, and you can then throw the whole weight of your purse upon the main stuff of your curtains and the bands they are to be crossed with. Any lady who can trim her own hat can trust herself to lay bands of harmonious color across the ground-work of her curtains. These should be separated one from the other by narrow bands or laces, to prevent one color affecting another. The Cottiers, and Morris, Marshall & Company of London, have been very successful with these banded curtains, and the laces and fringes they make are most beautiful in execution and in texture, and telling in design by virtue of their quaint simplicity. It must be admitted that curtains made up of these bands and laces on a ground of soft woolen stuff, though most delightful to the eye and to the touch, are far from cheap; but it is not necessary, even for the enjoyment of the eye, to have the costliest; and there are simple combinations enough to be made. But the most beautiful ought to be seen once to get the eye in tune.

How to hang our pictures is the next worry after curtains, and yet the way out of this wood is as clear or clearer than the other. Our plaster walls are not made for driving nails into, and they are easily defaced if we try to drive nails into them without the aid of a practised hand. We have to get a carpenter to come with his hammer and we set him at tapping the wall like a woodpecker to find the solid places by the sound, and then put in his nails at a venture. And then we are the slaves of the studding timbers, and our pictures must hang where they will, not where we will. The first device for getting more liberty was that of fixing a permanent brass or iron rod along the upper part of the wall just under the cornice, and hanging the pictures from that, moving them back and forth till we had them where we wanted them. But this has a clumsy look and a mechanical, and suggests the notion that we are taking advantage of an accidental gas-pipe to suspend our pictures from. We want something simpler and less obtrusive than this, which is only suited to a public hall; and what seems to just hit the mark, is a strip of wood shaped as described in cut No. 6, and nailed along the wall at any height desired. Ordinarily, it will be best to fasten it directly under the cornice; but this depends upon the height of the room. If the room is a very lofty one, by fixing the strip some distance below the cornice, we avoid the monotony of a number of cords or wires spreading over the wall, and we can utilize the space thus left between the strip and the cornice by hanging there some casts, or pieces of armor, or objects of any kind that will bear being hung above the level of the eye. Very few things do bear this—I mean, of things that are of a size to bring into our houses at all; but there may be such, and while we should like to have them on the wall of our living-room, we do not want them to drive things away that need nearer looking at. No picture ought to be hung higher than the height of the average human eye when the owner of the eye is standing. It is the almost universal rule in our houses to hang pictures much above this level, and they cannot be enjoyed there. If the picture is a portrait, or if it have human faces in it, its eyes should look as nearly into ours as possible; and if there be no such simple guide, perhaps a good rule will be to have the line that divides the picture horizontally into equal parts level with the eye. If one starts in hanging pictures with the determination to place them so that they can be easily seen and enjoyed without stretching the neck the least, or stooping the body, he will be pretty sure to do well. In remote farm-houses and country taverns we often see pictures, particularly portraits, skyed as high as if their owners had been Academy Hangers, and the painters young rivals of a new school. I suppose the reason is that the simple-hearted owners think a picture such a precious thing, it can't be hung too

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securely out of the reach of meddling hands. They are often not clear in their minds as to what a picture is meant for, and not finding in it any practical relation to human life and society, they treat it with reverence and

No. 10. NO NONSENSE ABOUT IT.

put it where it will disturb them as little as possible. But, as people come to enjoy pictures and get some intellectual, spiritual nourishment out of them, they want them, as they want their books, where they can see them and use them.

In connection with this part of our subject, we may deprecate the hanging pictures in places where there is not light enough to see them, which people surely never do unless a supposed necessity compels them. They have accumulated a number of pictures and framed engravings; they are attached to them and accustomed to them, and they want to hang them all up on their walls. So, some fare well and others fare ill. But it is so annoying to see a picture hung where it cannot be seen, the very end and aim of its being frustrated, that it is best to reform the practice altogether. Weed out the collection, put the less desirable ones, or the ones we have outgrown, into other rooms; start them gently on their way by slow degrees toward the garret, and do not try to fill their places, but give the remaining ones a chance to be seen and enjoyed. Or take the engravings out of their frames and put them in portfolios, or into the frames of the Print-Stand described in the first of these articles, where they can be seen when we feel like it. In our effort to introduce some serenity and largeness into the furnishing and decorating of our houses, one of the main things to accomplish will be the hanging fewer pictures and objects on the walls, putting there only what is worth looking at, and that cannot be better seen by being held in the hands. A large room can be made to look small by being overcrowded with furniture, or by having the walls covered with a multitude of small pictures, engravings, and objects, the windows swathed in drapery, and lambrequins cascading over mantel-pieces and shelves. And by reversing this way of treating a room, a small room may be made to look almost large, and at any rate will tranquilize the eye and mind instead of fidgeting it. Have nothing in the room in the way of furniture that is not needed—that has not a real use, whether for work or play; and hang nothing upon the walls that does not need a wall to show it, and that is not worth being shown.

One trick of our time I should like to have a word with, and that is, the habit of over-ornamenting everything. It is not merely that we over-ornament; where ornament is advisable at all this is a natural enough fault to fall into, but we ornament a thousand things that ought not to be ornamented. It is hard to find an object of merchandise to-day that has not ornament (so-called) of some kind stuck or fastened upon it. That terrible word "bare" seems to have frightened us all, and driven us to cover the nakedness of things with whatever comes to hand. We cover our note-paper with clumsy water-marks, we put "monograms" (though "many grams" would express better the multitudinousness and intricacy of these illegible devices) on our clothing, on our bed-linen, on our table-linen, on our books and title-pages, on our carriages and silver—our silver! Oh, was there ever silver like unto ours for knobs and welts, and wrinkles and spikes, and everything that silver shouldn't have? If the reader will look about him as he reads this, he will certainly find in his own surroundings, for we can none of us wholly escape, the justification for this criticism. The architects cannot design a house or a church, but they must carve every stone, cover the walls with cold, discordant tiles, break up every straight line with cuts and chamfers, plow every edge into mouldings, crest every roof-ridge and dormer-window with painted and gilded iron, and refuse to give us a square foot of wall on which to rest the tired eye. Within, the furniture follows in the same rampant lawlessness. The beauty of simplicity in form: the pleasure to

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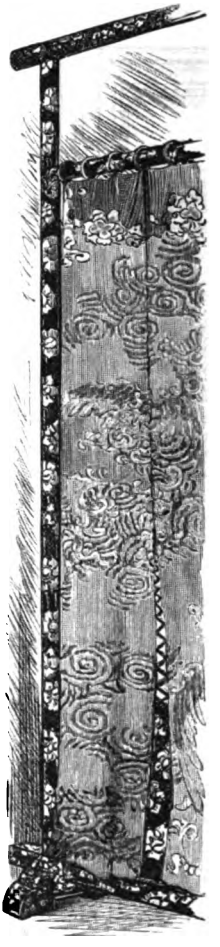
be had from lines well thought out; the agreeableness of unbroken surfaces where there is no gain in breaking them; harmony in color, and, on the whole, the ministering to the satisfaction we all have in not seeing the whole of everything at once,—these considerations the makers of our furniture, "fashionable" and "Canal street" alike, have utterly ignored, and the strife has long been, who shall make the loudest chairs and sofas, and give us the most glare and glitter for our money.

Just as I had written these deprecating words, I took down my overcoat from where it had been hanging, and, as the loop hesitated a little about slipping off, I gave a closer look at the hook. It was as ill adapted to its use as the maker could contrive; cut out apparently from a thick sheet of brass with a dull chisel, the edges left as sharp as the tool would allow, so as to give the loop every opportunity to fray and cut itself free, and each of the branches armed with a little round at the end so as to prevent your getting your coat off in a hurry. However, as a make-weight for all this want of consideration for the utilities, the flat sides of the hook (which, to tell truth, was cast, and not cut out of a thick sheet of brass) were ornamented with an extremely pretty pattern, so that if you had plenty of leisure, or if your coat should detain you some seconds in getting it off the hook, you could improve the time in studying "how to apply art to manufactures." The dirty people, too, who amuse themselves and make clean people miserable by squirting tobacco-juice over their own and other people's floors, must be touched now and then, for even they have sensibilities hid deep beneath their thick skins, by the perception that somebody cares even for them, when they see what taste is expended on the decoration of the spit-boxes which they are all the time engaged in making ineffectual efforts to hit. Pretty Greek *meanders* and *guilloches* encircle the sacred little vessels, and neo-Greek medallions enshrine heads of pretty women, and we see how good a thing it is to introduce Art into every-day life, and to disseminate it widely in order to elevate the masses.

Even in so small a thing as this strip of wood on which our pictures are to hang, we find an illustration of this waste of ornament. Remember that ornament cannot be produced without time and money, and it is as foolish as it is wrong to waste these by investing them where they bring no return. These picture strips are sold in all our picture-frame shops, and the hooks that belong with them are sold with them. Instead of being contented with a good strong line for the profile, such as is shown in our cut, and with a simple strong hook just fitted for its work, the dealer supplies us with a strip of rough-looking wood, "ornamented" on the front with moldings out of all proportion to the size of the strip. The hook that holds the picture-cord is of unpolished brass, left rough as it came from the founder's mold, but "ornamented" for all that, by being made an exact counterpart of the molding on the stick. Nothing is gained, either for looks or for utility, by all this fussing. The "ornament" is not of the least value when the strip is nailed in its place, and the hook has no better grip for being shaped to fit the molding. It is very well to have thought of the simple device, but if the deviser had stopped when he had calculated strain, leverage, and resistance, and been content with making both strip and hook capable of doing all that was to be required of them, he would have produced a much more comely looking contrivance.



No. 11. SCREEN, FROM A JAP. PICTURE-BOOK.

When the wall space has been divided horizontally into bands agreeably proportioned, so much for the wainscot or for the band of color that answers for wainscot, so much for the frieze or the band of color that answers for frieze, then to my thinking the pictures hung upon the intermediate space, the wall proper, look best hung in a continuous line rather than irregularly, some higher, some lower. As they are sure not to be all the same size, enough irregularity will be secured by following the suggestion

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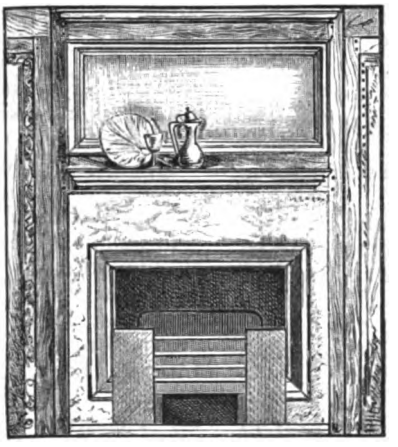
that they should all be hung on the line of the eye. Also, if an exact symmetry be not insisted upon, but the pictures hung with reference to where they individually look



No. 12. PARLOR FIRE-PLACE.

best and can be best seen, we shall find the whole room will look the better for this reasonableness.

There is one advantage this way of suspending pictures by a hook resting upon a strip has over the usual way—the picture can be easily unshipped in case of need. No doubt many valuable pictures have been destroyed by fire in consequence of the cord by which they were hung refusing to leave the nail or hook from which it was suspended. The writer knows of one very beautiful portrait by Copley—a portrait of a lovely woman painted by the artist for his own pleasure—which was burned up with the house it adorned, because no knife was at hand to cut the cord that held it, and it could not be untwisted from the old hook that held it. The hook we recommend can be displaced in a moment if needed, but I still think it better to put the strip a foot or two below the cornice, so as both to get rid of the too much cord, and to have the hook within broomstick-distance.

It is just as easy to hang a picture by a single line of cord as by two lines diverging from the point of suspension—the common way. A very large or long picture should be hung by a cord at each end, each cord depending from its own hook. These vertical lines are much more agreeable to the eye than the diverging lines, and make a useful contrast to the horizontal lines of the wall division. But I don't think the means by which a picture is suspended ought to be concealed, or kept at all out of sight. There ought to be a cord that not only is, but that seems to be, sufficient for its work. And it is our fault if we cannot make these cords harmonize with the wall on which they are to appear as lines.

Cuts Nos. 7 and 8 were drawn for me by Mr. Lathrop, to illustrate a point I want to make in reference to the treatment of rooms in country-houses in the upper story, or in what is sometimes called the Mansard, where the outside wall on one or two sides slopes inward, following the line of the roof. Cut No. 4 is a corner of the room above the room two ends of which were shown in the January number of SCRIBNER, cuts No. 6 and 7. The building was once the carriage-house of a dwelling of which the oldest portion was built in the second half of the last century. The carriage-house was contemporary with this oldest portion, and was built, after the sensible fashion of those times, with stone walls two feet thick. The lower room is about nine feet high, and the loft above was floored with thick oak planks resting on beams of oak. At a later day this loft was converted into a billiard-room; the roof was raised and supported on brick walls carried up on the outer edge of the thick stone walls so as to leave half their depth available for a shelf which runs the whole length of two sides of the room, the ends being differently treated. The stone wall is cased with wood, and the

No. 13. SNUGGERY FIRE-PLACE.

brick plastered wall above it is lathed and plastered, and the result is not only that a pretty decorative effect is produced, but that we gain two substantial points in comfort.

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First, we are pushed out by the stone wall so far into the room that we can't bump our heads against the ceiling. Then we get a most useful and handy shelf along the two sides of the room, which takes the place of a dozen tables. And a third advantage is that we get a good piece of perpendicular wall on which to hang pictures, a mirror, casts, etc., etc.

Nobody who has not seen it can have a complete notion of what a comfortable, cozy and picturesque result this arrangement produces. In its origin it was purely accidental; but it would be a good thing to copy, and seems to me the right solution of the difficulty always found in treating these rooms with sloping sides. The second cut, No. 8, is another solution of the same problem; but this belongs to a modern-built house, and the owner, who was not the builder (if he had been, such a thoughtful architect as he is would have left no flaw nor botches in his work), has been obliged to take things as he found them. The sloping ceiling starts from a point nearer the floor in this instance than in the other, leaving just room enough to put some low bookshelves against the upright portion in one place, and a sort of deep cupboard against it in another. In the corner an easel serves the purpose of a wall, and supports a water-color drawing (and in this case what a lovely, tender specimen it is of the beloved old master, Hill); while in front of the easel such a comfortable, low, roomy Chinese bamboo chair invites us to its embraces, that we can't get nearer to the sloping wall if we want to. Who but an Oriental could have devised such a combination of luxury as this chair? A low platform beneath the seat slides out on easy rollers, and we have a lounging seat. The back is lowered to a lower angle, and we have a bed; while the two flat, capacious arms, long and broad, and just the right height, are a library shelf, a writing table, a dining table, or a rest for the chess-board. And all so quietly managed and so free from fuss! There's a shop in Broadway where a harmless young man is employed to exhibit a newly devised chair, in a window, to the well-known crowd that wanders up and down the street, from morn to dewy eve, with nothing to do but to look at other people working for a living. This young man, who certainly earns his living, goes through an immense deal of exercise in showing off his chair. He shoots it out into a bed, makes it up with imaginary bed-clothes, and goes into a badly designed nap on the fancied mattress. Then he has a nightmare dream, and springs up as if he were shot, and gives the cogs another wrench, and makes the bed into a table, which he sets out with china and eatables, regardless of cheapness. The inventor having forgotten to provide chairs for the company, the eating the banquet has to be dispensed with, and the young man, joyful at his escape from an indigestion, dances about, turns more cogs, and applies himself, by means of his tongue and a lead pencil, to doing up a great deal of correspondence, still with no chair to sit on, at a writing desk that has been made by upsetting the dinner table and turning the bed inside out. There is, in fact, nothing that can't be made out of that piece of furniture; but, although the young man comes up smiling after every gymnastic feat, the spectators seem impressed with the fact that the advantages of the chair are dearly bought at such a sacrifice of time and muscle, and they pass on reflectively to the next window-show.

All that was pretended to be accomplished by this elaborate machinery is done without effort and without loss of time by this simple cheap Chinese chair, and with far more comfortable results. Light cushions are easily added, and, covered by tasteful womanly hands, make the chair more easy to the invalid or old person, who has more leisure than the most of us to enjoy it; but the well person does not need such additions, for the bamboo makes a sufficiently soft and springy seat.

The owner of this sky parlor and of its belongings has found a use for Japanese scrolls that shows how fit they are for decoration, and yet that to use them for this purpose does not oblige us to fix them permanently on the walls. One end of the roll lies on the book-case or cupboard under the sloping roof, and being held in its place by a book or bronze laid in front of it, the other end is carried up and fastened at the angle where the sloping roof and the flat ceiling meet. The two scrolls in the drawing are decorated with colored figures on a gold ground, and they light up the corner of the room very cheerfully, and so take off from the stiffness of the ceiling-angles, giving, though quite unintentionally, something of a tent-like expression to the room. Of course, it would not often be desirable to use the scrolls in this way; but rooms roofed like this are common enough, and this hint may help some one who does not know how to use the sloping wall.

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In our small New York—or why not say our small American—rooms, since a large room is certainly the exception?—in our small American rooms, then, we want to leave the floor as free as possible, and to put on the walls whatever can be conveniently given to their keeping. The Moorish gun-rack, cut No. 9, which Mr. Lathrop has copied from the photograph of one of Regnault's pictures, "The Guardian of the Harem," an Algerian subject, is a hint of what I mean. It would make, with the shelf above it, a most convenient hat-and-umbrella-rack for the entry; but, of course, its pleasantest use would be to support some choice arms on the rack, and vases, or casts, on the shelves. With the Turks and Algerians these shelves are common enough, and they are painted all over in bright, harmonious colors; flowers and ornaments on a blue or green-blue ground—the same sort of decoration that is seen on their camphor trunks, and on cradles and family chests and cupboard doors in Germany. If it could only be done well by our ordinary painters—if they had the natural eye and feeling for it which even these rough Turks and rude Fatherland peasants have, we could get a little more color and cheerfulness into our rooms. But we are driven for anything of this sort to the most expensive places, and whatever we get there is a luxury, and we have to watch over our purchases and our dearly bought decorations as if they were croupy children. At Herter's and at Cottier's there are several pretty hanging-shelves, or étagères, as we like to call shelves in French. They sometimes have little cupboards below the shelves in which frail objects of curiosity, or beauty, or both in one, can be kept under lock and key.

This clearing of the floor and so making up somewhat for the scrimped rooms we most of us have to live in, is a point of no little importance in relation to comfort, and yet it is one we seldom give much thought to. The tendency is to crowd our rooms beyond their capacity, by which we make ourselves very uncomfortable, and destroy the value, as decoration, of many pieces, and their real usefulness as articles of furniture. What with easels, chairs not meant for use, little teetery stands, pedestals, and the rest of the supernumerary family filling up the room left by the solid and supposed useful pieces, it is sometimes a considerable test of one's dexterity and presence of mind to make one's way from end to end of a long New York drawing-room. Mignon's egg-dance was as nothing to it. In such an enterprise these unfortunate people are much to be pitied (they are all men, of course), whose feet are not only too large for the work they have to do, but are unmanageable besides, and always throwing out to right and left, and getting their owner into scrapes. A New York parlor of the kind called "stylish," where no merely useful thing is permitted, and where nothing can be used with comfort, is always overcrowded; things are bought from pure whim, or because the buyer doesn't know what to do with her money; and as the parlor is only used on what are called state occasions, what would be the good of having easy-going, comfortable things in it? So everything bought for show goes there; and as the temptation to New York rich people is to be all the time buying things for show, the inevitable result is, that in time the intruding camel crowds out the occupant of the tent.

Scattered through this article are four or five wood-cuts that have been lost like little Bo-peep's sheep, and are just now come up cheerfully huddling together, at the very tail-end of time. Cut No. 10 is of a writing-desk, which looks plain enough; but the eye of faith can enjoy its solidity, the elegance of its moldings, and the dead luster of its black surface relieved here and there with mahogany-red or russet details.

No. 11 is a good hint for a screen, out of a Japanese picture-book; the stand is framed together and decorated with a painted pattern, and the screen itself is made of breadths of some prettily patterned material hanging loose by rings from the topmost rail. These strips are sewed together at the top, but near the bottom they are allowed to part, and the decorated framing of the screen shows between the openings.

Nos. 12 and 13 are specimens of the small grates I spoke of in a former article, as promised us by the Cottiers. They are now come, and are even better than we had looked for. Mr. Morris himself designed some of the patterns, and some of his prettiest poetry has got itself mixed up with this cast-iron work, and is quite at home there. These fire-places are as good as they are handsome, and give out as much heat as if they were ugly and clumsy.

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PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

THE LANGUAGE OF PANTOMIME.

CHAPTER V.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

"My heart's uneasiness is simply told,
I hate the Greeks, although they give me gold.
This firm right hand shall foil my foemen's ends,
If Heaven will kindly save me from my friends."
After DRYDEN.

"LET me present my friend," said Eunice at once, without the slightest confusion.

Nolan meanwhile was sitting listlessly on his horse, as if he did not understand one word of the colloquy:

"Mons. Philippe! Mons. Philippe!" cried Eunice, turning to him eagerly; and, as he rode up, she addressed him in French, saying, "Let me present you to the Major Morales."

And then to this officer:

"This is my friend, Mons. Philippe, a partner of my brother in his business, to whom in his absence in Paris he has left the charge of us ladies. He is kind enough to act as the intendant of our little party. May I ask you to address him in French?"

In this suggestion the Major Morales, who was already a little suspicious, when he found a woman conducting the principal conversation of this interview, found a certain excuse. The Spanish officers in the Government of Louisiana all spoke French, as the people did who were under their command. They were, indeed, in large measure, chosen from the Low Countries that they might be at home in that language. But there was no reason for such selection in the appointment of officers who served in Mexico, like Morales; nor could Eunice, at the first glance, be supposed to know whether he spoke French or not.

In truth, he did speak that language very ill. And after a stately "Bon jour," his first questions to Mons. Philippe halted and broke so badly, that with a courtly smile he excused himself, and said that if the lady would have the goodness to act as inter-

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preter, he would avail himself of her mediation.

"Your name is not mentioned on this lady's passport, Monsieur Philippe."

"I was not in Orleans when it was granted. It is, I believe, a general permit to the Donna Eunice Perry and her party."

"Have you, then, lately arrived from Paris?"

"The worshipful Don Silas has just now sailed for Paris. For myself, I only overtook the ladies, by the aid of horses often changed, at the rapids of the Red River. I count myself fortunate that I overtook them. His Excellency was himself pleased to direct me to use every means at his command in their service, and I have done so."

Nolan would not have said this were it not true. Strange to say, it was literally and perfectly true. For one of the absurdities of the divided command which gave Louisiana to one Spanish Governor and Texas to another at this time, was the preposterous jealousy, which maintained between these officers a sort of armed or guarded relation, as if one were a Frenchman because his province had a French name, and only the other were a true officer of the Catholic King. An absurdity, but not an unusual absurdity. Just such an absurdity, not twenty years before, made the discord between Cornwallis and Clinton, which gave to Washington the victory of Yorktown, and gave to America her independence.

So was it, that while the Marquis of Casa Calvo at New Orleans was Nolan's cordial friend, the Governor Salcedo, who had succeeded De Nava at Chihuahua, was watching and dogging him as an enemy.

"Will my lady ask the hidalgo what was the public news in Paris? Our two crowns, —or, rather, His Catholic Majesty's crown and the First Consul of France—they are in good accord? What were the prospects of the treaty?"

"France and Spain were never better friends," replied Nolan, "if all is true that seems. The public journals announce the negotiations of a treaty. Of its articles more secret, even the Major Morales will pardon me if I do not speak. He will respect my confidence."

The truth was, that even at this early moment a suspicion was haunting men's minds, of what was true before the month was over, that by the treaty of Ildefonso the Spanish King would cede the territory of Louisiana to Napoleon.

Major Morales had heard some rumor of this policy even in San Antonio. The allusion to it made by Nolan confirmed him in his first suspicion, that this young Frenchman, who could speak no Spanish, was some unavowed agent of the First Consul, Napoleon.

If he were, it was doubtless his own business to treat him with all respect.

At the moment, therefore, that Nolan confessed he must speak with reserve, the Spaniard's doubts as to his character gave way entirely. He offered his hand frankly to the young Frenchman, and bade him and the lady rely on his protection.

"Your party is quite too small," he said. "I am only sorry that I cannot detail a fit escort for you. But I am charged with a special duty—the arrest of an American freebooter who threatens us with an army of Kenny,—Kenny—tuckians. The Americans have such hard names! They are indeed allies of the savages! But I will order four of my troopers to accompany you to Nacogdoches, and the Commandant there can do more for you."

Nolan and Eunice joined in begging him not to weaken his force. They were quite sufficient for their own protection, they said. The servants were none of them cowards, and had had some experience with their weapons. But the Major was firm in his Castilian politeness. And as any undue firmness on their part in rejecting so courteous an offer must awaken his suspicions, they were obliged to comply with his wish, and accept the inopportune escort which he provided for them.

Inez, meanwhile, wild with curiosity and excitement, as the colloquy passed through its different stages of suspicion and of confidence, had not dared express her fear, her amusement, or her surprise, even by a glance. She saw it was safest for her to drop her veil, and to sit the impassive Castilian maiden, fresh from a nunnery, which the Major Morales supposed her to be.

As for old Ransom, the major-domo of Eunice's establishment, he sat at a respectful distance, heeding every word of the conversation, in whatever language it passed, with a face as free from expression as the pine knot on the tree next him. Once and again he lifted his eyes to the heavens with that wistful look of his, which was rather the glance of an astronomer than of a devotee. But the general aspect of the man was of an impatient observer of events, who had himself, Cassandra like, stated in

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advance, what must be and was to be, and was now grieved that he must await the slow processes of meaner intelligences.

At last his patience was relieved. Major Morales drew from his haversack a slip of paper, on which he wrote:

"By order of the King:
Know all men, that the Lady Eunice and Lady Inez, with Mons. Philippe, the intendant of their household, with one Ransom and four other servants, have free
Pass and Escort
to the King's loyal city of
San Antonio Bexar; under direction of the military commandant, and after inspection by me.
MORALES,
Major of Artillery.
Long live the King!"

He then told off a corporal or sergeant with three troopers, and bade them, nothing loath, accompany the Orleans party to Nacogdoches. He gave his hand courteously to the Señora Eunice and Mons. Philippe; touched his hat as courteously to the Señorita Inez, and even threw his party into military order as the others passed, and gave them a military salute as his last farewell.

"Save me from my friends," said Nolan, as he joined the Donna Eunice after this formality was over, and each party was out of sight of each other. "Save me from my friends. This civility of your friend the Major is more inconvenient to us than the impudence of my Captain on the prairie yonder."

"I see it is," said Eunice, thoughtfully. "I am afraid I have done wrong. But really, Captain Nolan, I was so eager to take you under our protection,—I knew my brother would be so glad to serve you,—I thought the Governor had this very purpose in his mind,—that I thought, even if the truth was for once good policy, I would tell him the truth still!"

And she pretended to laugh, but she almost cried.

"Of course you could tell him nothing else," said he.

"Indeed I could not. Nobody could ask me actually to betray you by name to your enemies."

"I hope not," said the Kentuckian, laughing without reserve. "If indeed they are my enemies. I wish I could tell them at sight. If they would show their colors as they make us show ours, it would be well and good," he added. "If when we see a buckskin rascal with the King of Spain's cockade, he would wear a feather besides, to say whether he is a Texan Spaniard or an Orleans Spaniard, that would do. But pray do not be anxious, Miss Eunice. My anxieties are almost over now. I can take good care of myself, and the King of Spain seems likely to take care of you. I am well disposed to believe old Ransom, that your father has gone to the King to tell him all about it."

Eunice said that she did not see how he could speak so. How could he bring his party up to them, if there were these four spies hanging on all the way?

"I can see," replied Nolan, laughing, "that dear Ransom would like nothing better than to blow out their brains, and throw them all into the next creek. But really that is a very ungracious treatment of men who only want to take care of fair ladies. We must not be jealous of their attentions."

Then he added more seriously:

"I am afraid this meeting may cut off from me the pleasure of many such rides as this, and, believe me, I have looked forward eagerly to more of them than was reason. As soon as these fellows will spare me, I must ride across and meet my party, and warn them not to come too near your line of travel. But I can put another 'intendant' in my place, and, if need be, more than one; and I can leave you the satisfaction, if it is any, to know that I am not far away."

"If it is any! What would my brother think if he did not suppose that five of you were behind Inez, and five before; five on the right hand and five on the left. Still I suppose we are perhaps even safer now." This somewhat anxiously.

"Dear Miss Eunice, you are never so safe in this world as when you make no pretense of strength, while, in truth, you are well guarded. When I am weak, then I am strong." This he said with his voice dropping, and very reverently. "If this is true in the greatest things; if it is true in trials where the devil is nearest, all the more is it true in the wilderness. A large party, with the fuss of its encampment, attracts every Bedouin savage, and every cut-throat greaser, within a hundred miles. They come together like crows. But a handful of people like yours will most likely ride to San Antonio without seeing savage or Christian, except such as are at the fort and the ferries. Then the moment these four gentlemen are tired of you, I shall be in communication, and my men in buckram will appear."

"Men in buckram! that is too bad," said

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Inez, who had joined their colloquy. "Where may your men in buckram be just now?"

"They are a good deal nearer to us than your admirer, Major Morales, supposes. But he is riding away from them as fast as he can ride, and they are riding away from him at a pace more moderate. You shall see, Miss Inez, when the camping time comes, whether my men are in buckram, in broadcloth, or in satin."

Sure enough, when the sun was within an hour of setting, as that peerless October day went by, the little party, passing out from a tract rather more thickly wooded than usual, came out upon a lovely glade, where the solitude was broken. Two tents were pitched, and on one of them a little blue flag floated. Three or four men in leathern hunting-shirts were lying on the ground, but sprang to their feet the moment the new party appeared.

"My lady is at home," said Nolan, resuming the mock air of formal courtesy with which he and Inez so often amused themselves. "My backwoodsmen have come in advance, as puss in boots did, to arrange for my lady's comfort."

"Are these your men? You are too careful, Captain, or too careless, I do not know which to say. Too careful for me, and too careless for your own safety."

"That for my safety," said the reckless young man, snapping his fingers. "If your ladyship sleeps well, we ask nothing more. To say true, my lady, I am the most timid of men. Praise me for my prudence. Were I not caution personified, I should have commanded William yonder to fly the stars and stripes over your majesty's tent. But I had care for your majesty's comfort. I knew these greasers would know those colors too well."

"And he has! and he has! oh, you are good, Captain Nolan! See, Aunty, the flag that flies over us!"

There is many a girl in Massachusetts who reads these words who does not know that the flag of her own State displays on a blue field a shield bearing an Indian proper and a star argent—which means an Indian painted in his own manner as he is, and a star of silver. But in those days each State had had to subsist for itself, even to strike its own coin, and often to fight under its own flag; and this New England girl, who had never seen New England, knew the cognizance of her own land as well as the Lotties and Fannies and Aggies, the Massachusetts girls of to-day, know the cognizance of England or of Austria.

"Welcome home, ladies," said the tall, handsome young soldier, who took Eunice's horse by the head, while Nolan lifted her from the saddle.

"This is the ladies' own tent, Captain. We have set the table in the other." And the ladies passed in at the tent door to find the hammocks swung for them, two camp-stools open, a little table cut with a hatchet from the bark of large pines, and covered with a white napkin, on which stood ready a candlestick and a tinder-box, and another rough table like it, with a tin basin full of water, and two large gourds, tightly corked, on the pine carpet at its side.

"We are in a palace," cried Inez. "How can we thank these gentlemen enough for their care?"

"I must tell you who they are. Why, William, where have the others gone? Miss Eunice, Miss Inez, this is my other self, William Harrod. William, you knew who these ladies were long before you saw them. Ladies, if I told you that William Harrod was Ephraim Harrod's brother, it would not help you. If I said he was the best marksman in the great valley, you would not care. When I say he is the best fellow that lives, you must believe me."

"Leave them to find that out, Captain."

"The Captain tells enough when he says you are his other self. In a country like this, one is glad to find two Philip Nolans."

Old Ransom and his party, meanwhile, were a little disgusted that the preparations they had made for the mistress's accommodation on her first night away from the river should be thus put in the shade by the unexpected encampment on which they had lighted. Before their journey was finished, they were glad enough to stumble on cattle-shed or abandoned camp which might save them from the routine of uncording and cording up their tents. But to be anticipated on the very first night of camp life was an annoyance. When, however, Ransom found that these were Captain Nolan's people, and that the preparation had been dictated by his forethought, his brow cleared, and the severe animadversions by which he had at first condemned every arrangement, changed, more suddenly than the wind changes, into expressions of approval as absolute.

While the ladies were preparing for the supper, Ransom amused himself with the Spanish soldiers.

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One of them had asked what the flag was which was displayed above the ladies' tent.

"Ignorant nigger!" said Ransom afterward, as he detailed the conversation to Miss Eunice. (The man was no more a negro than Ransom was; but it was his habit to apply this phrase to all persons of a Southern race.) "Ignorant nigger! I axed him ef he didn't know the private signal uv his own King. I told him the King uv Spain, when he went out to ride with the ladies uv the court, or when he sot at dinner in his own pallis, had that 'ere flag flyin' over his throne. I told him that he gin your brother a special permit to use it, wen he gin him the star of San Iago for wot he did in the war with the pirates."

"Ransom! how could you!" said Eunice, trying to look forbidding, while Inez was screaming with delight, and beckoning to her new friend, Mr. Harrod, to listen.

"Only way with 'em, marm. They all lies; and ef you don't lie to 'em, they dunno wot you mean. Answer a fool accordin' to his folly is the rule, mum. Heerd it wen I was a boy. Wen I'm in Turkey, I do as the turkeys do, marm; they ain't no other way."

Cæsar appeared, grinning, and said that supper was ready. One of Harrod's aids stood at the door of the second of his tents, saluted, as his officer and Nolan led the ladies in, and Cæsar and Ransom followed, —Cæsar to wait upon the hungry travelers, and Ransom in his general capacity of major-domo, or critic-in-chief of all that was passing.

"We give you hunters' fare," said Nolan, who took the place and bearing of the host at the entertainment. "But you have earned your appetites."

"It would be hard if two poor girls could not be satisfied with roasted turkey; with venison, if that be venison; with quails, if those be quails; and with rabbits, if those be rabbits—let alone the grapes and melons. You must have thought we had the appetite of the giant Blunderbore."

"I judged your appetite by my own," said Nolan, laughing. "As for Harrod, he is a lady's man; he has no appetite; but perhaps he will pick a bone of the merrythought of this intimation of a partridge," and he laid the bone on the plate of his laughing friend.

The truth was that the feast was a feast for kings. It was served with Cæsar's nicest finish, and with the more useful science and precision of the hunters. Ransom had made sure that a little traveling table service, actually of silver, should be packed for the ladies; and in this forest near the Sabine, under their canvas roof, they ate from a board as elegantly appointed as any in Orleans or in Mexico, partaking of fare more dainty than either city could command. So much for the hardships of the first day of the campaign.

CHAPTER VI.

GOOD-BYE.

"The rule of courtesy is thus expressed,—
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."
—MENELAUS in the ODYSSEY.

"WHEN hunger now and thirst were fully satisfied," Nolan called Ransom to him, and asked the old man in an undertone where the Spanish soldiers were.

"They's off by they own fire. Made a fire for theyselves. The men asked 'em to supper, and gin 'em all the bacon and whisky they'd take. Poor devils, don't often have none. Now they's made they own fire, and is gamblin' there."

By the word gambling, Ransom distinguished every game of cards, however simple. In this case, however, it is probable that he spoke within the mark.

"Then we can talk aloud," said Nolan. "A tent has but one fault—that you are never by yourself in it. You do not know what Redskin or panther is listening to you."

Then he went on:

"William, I have kept myself well out of these rascals' sight all the afternoon. I have not looked in their faces, and they have not looked in mine. For this I had my reasons. And I think, and I believe the ladies will think, that if you put on my cap and this hunting-shirt to-morrow, and permit me to borrow that more elegant equipment of yours,—if you will even take to yourself the name and elegant bearing of 'Monsieur Philippe,' supposed Chargé d'Affaires of the Consul Bonaparte, and certainly partner of Mr. Silas Perry,—you may serve the ladies as well at the Spanish guard-house yonder, and I shall serve them better even than you, in returning for a day or two to our friends in buckram."

The ladies asked with some eagerness the reasons for such a change. But in a moment they were satisfied that Nolan was in the right. Any stray officer at the Fort might recognize him, well known as he was all along the frontier, and on both sides of it. And, on the other hand, his own direction to his own party was, of course, the

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most valuable to all concerned. There was some laugh at the expense of the forest gear which was to be changed. The fringes to the hunting-shirts were of different dyes. One hat bore a rabbit's tail, and one the feather of a cardinal. But for the two men, they were within a pound of the same weight and a hair-breadth of the same size, as Harrod said, and he said it proudly.

"My other self, I told you," said Nolan, and then he assumed the mock protector, and charged the ladies that they must go to bed for an early start in the morning.

At sunrise, accordingly, the pretty little camp was on the alert. All the tents except those of the ladies were struck before they were themselves awake. Their toilet was not long, though it was elaborate, and when Inez stepped out from her sleeping apartment, and looked in to see the progress breakfast had made, she was provoked with herself that she was the first person deceived by the new-made Dromio.

She slyly approached Mr. Harrod, who stood at the table with his back to her, tapped him smartly on the shoulder, and said:

"Philopœna! Captain Nolan—my memory is better than you think,"—to have the handsome "other self" turn round and confuse her with his good-natured welcome.

"Philopœna! indeed, Miss Perry; but it was not I who ate the almond with you."

"To think it," said the girl, "that a bird's feather and a strip of purple leather should change one man into another! Well, I thought I was a better scout! Do you know I enlisted among Captain Nolan's rifles yesterday? If only my well-beloved Sovereign would make war with you freemen, he would not find me among his guards!"

The girl's whole figure was alive, and Harrod understood at once that she did not dislike the half equivocal circumstances in which they stood,—of measuring strength and wit against the officers of the Spanish King.

Breakfast was as elegant and dainty as supper; but the impetuous and almost imperious Inez could not bear that they should sit so long. For herself, she could and would take but one cup of coffee. How people could sit so over their coffee she could not see! "Another slice from the turkey?" No! Had she not eaten corncake and venison, and grapes, and fricasseed rabbit, all because Ransom had cooked or gathered them himself for her! Would dear Aunt Eunice never be done?

Dear Aunt Eunice only laughed, and waited for her second cup to cool, and sipped it by tea-spoonfuls, and folded her napkin as leisurely as if she had been on the plantation, and as if none of them had anything to do but to look at their watches till the hour for lunch-time came.

"Miss Perry," said Harrod to her, "I believe you are a soldier's daughter?"

"Indeed I am," said Eunice heartily, and then, with a laugh, "and a rifleman's aunt, I understand, or a riflewoman's."

"Any way, you dear old plague, you have at last drunk the last drop even you can pretend you want, and I do believe you have given the last fold to that napkin. Gentlemen, shall we not find it pleasanter in the air?"

And she dropped a mock courtesy to them, sprang out of the tent singing:

"Hark, hark, tantivy; to horse, my brave boys, and away!"

And away they went. The same delicious fragrance of the pines; the exquisite freshness of morning; the song of birds not used to travelers; the glimpses now and then of beasts four-footed, who were scarcely afraid! Everything combined to inspirit the young people, and to make Inez rate at its very lowest the danger and the fatigue of the expedition.

Until they should come to the neighborhood of the Spanish post at San Augustine the two united parties were to remain together. To the escort provided by the eagerness or suspicion of Major Morales, the rencontre of the night before was only the ordinary incident of travel, in which two parties of friends had met each other, and encamped together. That they should make one body as they went on the next day was simply a matter of course. Nolan therefore had the pleasure of one day's more travel with his friends, and if the ladies had had any sense of insecurity, they would have had the relief of his presence and that of his backwoodsmen. But at this period they had no such anxiety except for him.

With laugh and talk and song of the four, therefore, varied by more serious colloquy as they fell into couples, two and two, the morning passed by, and Inez and Eunice were both surprised when the experienced backwoodsmen ordered the halt for lunch. They could not believe that they had taken half the journey for the day. But the order was given; the beasts were relieved of their packs; a shaded and sheltered spot was chosen for the ladies' picnic, and to

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Ransom was given this time all the responsibility and all the glory of their meal.

It was hardly begun, when, from the turn which screened the trail on the west, there appeared an Indian on horseback, and, as Nolan sprang to his feet to welcome him, the rest of a considerable party of Indians, men and women and children, with all the paraphernalia of an encampment, appeared.

The leading man, whose equipment and manner showed that, so far as any one ranked as chief of the little tribe, he assumed that honor, came readily forward, and, after a minute's survey, at Nolan's invitation he dismounted, and did due honor to a draught of raw West Indian rum which Nolan offered him in one of the silver cups which he took from the table. But when Nolan addressed him in some gibberish which he said the Caddoes would understand, the chief intimated that he did not know what he meant. He did this by holding his hand before his face with the palm outward, and shaking it to and fro.

Nolan was a connoisseur in Indian dialects, and tried successively three or four different jargons; but the chief made the sign of dissent to each, and intimated that he was a Lipan. Nolan had tried him in the dialects of the Adeyes, the Natchez, and the Caddoes, with which he himself was sufficiently familiar.

"Lipan!" he said aloud to his friends. "What devil has sent the Lipans so far out of their way?"

With the other, he dropped the effort to speak in articulate language, and fell into a graceful and rapid pantomime, which the chief immediately understood, which Harrod followed with interest, and sometimes joined in, and in which two or three other lesser chiefs, still sitting on their horses, took their part as well.

Nothing could be more curious than this silent, rapid, and animated colloquy. Inez and Eunice looked from face to face, wholly unable to follow the play of the conversation, but certain that to all the interlocutors it was entirely intelligible. To all the tribes west of the river, indeed, there was this common language of pantomime, intelligible to all, though their dialects were of wholly distinct families of language. It still subsists among the southern Indians of the plains, and is perhaps intelligible to all the tribes on this side the Rocky Mountains.*

Hands, arms, and fingers were kept in rapid movement as the colloquy went on. The men bent forward and back, from right to left, now used the right arm, now the left, seemed to describe figures in the air, or tapped with one hand upon the other. An open hand seemed to mean one thing, a closed hand another. The forefinger was pointed to one eye, or to the forehead, or to the ear, now to the sun, now to the earth. All the fingers of one hand would be set in rapid motion, while the other hand indicated, as occasion might require, the earth, the sky, a lake, or a river.

The whole group of whites and negroes on the one hand, and of "Redskins" on the other, joined in a circle about the five principal conversers. Harrod's party had some slight understanding of the language, and occasionally gave some slight interpretation to their companions as to what was going on. All the Indians understood it in full, and, by grunts and sighs, expressed their concurrence in the sentiments of their leaders.

The interest reached its height, when Nolan took the right hand of the savage chief, passed it under his hunting-shirt and the flannel beneath it, so that it rested on the naked heart. Both smiled, as if with pleasure, and, after an instant, by a reversal of the maneuver, Nolan placed his hand on the heart of the Indian. Here was an indication, from each to the other, that each heart beat true.

After this ceremony, Nolan called one of the scouts from Harrod's party, and bade him bring a jug from their own stores. Then, turning to Eunice, he said:

"Pray let all the Redskin chiefs drink from your silver. I had a meaning in using this cup when I 'treated' Long-Tail here. And now none of them must feel that we hold ourselves above them. Perhaps they do not know that silver rates higher than horn in white men's calendar, but perhaps they do."

Eunice had caught the idea already. She had placed five silver cups on a silver salver, and so soon as the liquor arrived gave them to the scout to fill. The chiefs, if they were chiefs, grunted their satisfaction. Nolan then, with a very royal air, passed down their whole line, and gave to each a bright red ribbon. It was clear enough that most

* The fullest account of this language of pantomime is from Philip Nolan's own pen. It is preserved in the Sixth Volume of the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, and is the most considerable literary work known to me by this accomplished young man.

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of them had never seen such finery. The distribution of it was welcomed, much as it would have been by children, and, after a general grunt, expressive of their satisfaction, the chief resumed his seat on horseback, and the party took up its line of march again.

"I asked them where they were going, and they lied; I asked them where they came from, and they lied," said Nolan, a little anxiously, as he resumed his own place by the outspread blanket which was serving for a table-cloth on the ground.

"They are hunting Panis," said Harrod, "and they did not want to say so, because they supposed we were Spaniards. But I never knew Lipans so far down on this trail before."

"No," said Nolan, "I have never met Lipans but once or twice—you know when."

"I thought you were going to show them what was in your heart."

Nolan laughed and turned to the ladies.

"You would like to know what is in my heart, Miss Inez, would you not? How gladly would I know what is in yours. To say truth, like most of us, I was not quite ready for the exposure. And perhaps these rascals knew a little more than is best for them. 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.'"

"What are you talking about?" said Inez. "I hate riddles, unless I can guess them."

Nolan produced from a secret fold in his pouch, a little convex mirror, highly polished, with long cords attached to it.

"The memory of man does not tell how long ago it was that one of the French chiefs tied such a mirror as this on his heart. Then, in a palaver with a Redskin, Monsieur said he would show him what was in his heart, stripped his breast, bade 'Screaming Eagle' look, and, lo! 'Screaming Eagle' himself was there! The 'One Horned Buffalo' looked, and, lo! 'One Horned Buffalo' was there."

"Lucky they knew themselves by sight," said Eunice.

"I have often thought of that. They would not have known their own eyes, and nose, and mouth. But they did know their feathers, their war-paint, and the rest, and from that moment he enjoyed immense renown with them."

"Nor do I count it a lie," said Nolan after a pause. "What is all language but signs, just such as we have all been using? Here was a sign carefully wrought out, like the 'totem,' or star of the 'Golden Fleece,' which, according to Ransom, the King will give to your father, Miss Inez.

"I am sure I have them all in my heart. I am very fond of them, and I wish them well so long as they are not scalping me, and when I am far enough from trading-houses, I do not scruple to use the glass on my heart, as the best symbol by which I can say so."

As they resumed the saddle, Inez begged her friends to tell her more of this beautiful language of signs.

"It is twenty times as graceful as the pantomime of the ballet troupe," said she.

"They all understand it," said Nolan, "at least as far as I have ever gone. Harrod will tell you how it served us once on the Neches."

"It is quickly learned," said Harrod, not entering on the anecdote. "Indeed, it is simple, as these people are. See here," said he, eagerly, "this is *Water*."

And he dropped his rein, brought both his hands into the shape of a bowl, and lifted them to his mouth, without, however, touching it.

"Now, this is *Rain*," he added, and he repeated the same sign, lifting his hands a little higher, and then suddenly turned his fingers outward and shook them rapidly to represent the falling of water.

"*Snow* is the same thing," he said, "only I must end with white. This is white," and with the fingers of his right hand he rubbed on that part of the palm of the left which unites the thumb with the fingers.

"Why is that white?" said Inez, repeating the movement.

"Look in old Cæsar's hand, and you will see," said Harrod.

"Oh, yes; I see; how bright it all is! But, Mr. Harrod, how do you say *go*, and *come*,—where do the verbs come in?"

"This is *go*," said he, and he stretched his right hand out slowly, with the back upward. "Here is *come*," and he moved his right finger from right to left, with a staccato movement, in which the ladies instantly recognized the steps of a man walking.

Harrod was, perhaps, hardly such a proficient in this pantomime as was Nolan, to whom he often turned when Inez asked for some phrase more abstract than was the common habit of the "bread and butter" talk of the frontier. But the two gentlemen together were more than competent to interpret to her whatever she asked for; and, when at last she began a game of whispering to Nolan what he should repeat to Harrod,

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the precision and fullness of the interpretation were as surprising as amusing.

"But you have not told us," said Eunice, in the midst of this, "what you said to the Learned Buffalo, if that was his name, and what he said to you, in all your genuflexions and posterings."

"Oh, I told you what they said, or that it was mostly lies. They said they had lost some horses and had come all this way to look for them. That is what an Indian always tells you when he is on some enterprise he wants to conceal. He said it was fourteen days since he had seen any of his white brethren. That was a lie. He stopped at Augustine last night, and stole that cow-bell that was on the black mule. He said his people had been fighting with the Comanches and took thirty-two scalps. That was a lie. I heard all about it from a Caddo chief last week. The Comanches whipped them, and they were glad to get away with the scalps they wore."

"The language of pantomime seems made to conceal thought," said Inez.

"Oh, he tells some truth. He says the Spaniards have a new company of artillery at San Antonio. He says your aunt was out riding on the first day of October; you can ask her if that was true when you see her. He says she had with her a calash with two wheels, in which sat a black woman, who held a baby with a blue ribbon. I ought to have told you this first of all. But this galimatias of his about the Comanches put it out of my head."

Inez turned to him almost sadly:

"Captain Nolan, how can you tell me this nonsense? Fun is well enough, but you were so serious, that you really cheated me. I do not like it. I do not think you are fair." And in an instant more the girl would be shedding tears.

"Indeed, indeed, Miss Inez," cried the good fellow, "I know when to fool and when not. I have told you nothing but what the man said to me. Blackburn!" and he beckoned to one of the mounted men who had accompanied Harrod, "you saw this Redskin, you know his signs. Miss Perry thinks I must have mistaken his news from San Antonio."

The man was a rough fellow in his dress, but his manner was courteous, with the courtesy of the frontier. "He said, ma'am, that they left San Antonio when the moon had passed its third quarter three days. He said that the day before he came away, a new company came up from below, with big guns, guns on carts he called 'em, mum; he said that same afternoon the major in command rode out horseback, mum, and a lady with him, and that a cart with a kiver over it went behind with a black hoss, mum. He said there was a nigger woman in the kivered cart, an' she had a white baby, 'n the baby had a blue ribbon round her head. I believe that was all."

The man fell back as he saw he was no longer wanted, and Inez gave her hand very prettily and frankly to Nolan, and said:

"I beg your pardon, Captain; I was very unjust to you. But this seemed impossible."

Harrod was greatly pleased with this passage, in its quiet testimony to his leader's accomplishment, though it was an accomplishment so far out of the common course. Nolan had not referred to him because he had heard the interpretation which Inez had challenged. The talk went on enthusiastically about the pantomime language, and the young men vied with each other in training the ladies to its manipulations, so far as these were possible to people pinioned in their saddles.

"You can say anything in it," cried Inez.

"I don't see that," said Eunice; "you can say anything a savage wants to say."

"You cannot say the Declaration of Independence," said Harrod.

"Nor the Elegy in a Country Churchyard," said Nolan.

And so the day wore pleasantly by, till, as they came to the ferry where they were to cross the Sabine, Nolan confessed he had kept in company to the last moment possible, and bade them, "for a few days at most," he said, farewell.

He left as an escort, Harrod and the three scouts who had joined with him. Harrod was willing to appear as Monsieur Philippe, and the others were to meet the Spanish challenge as best they could. It might be, Nolan said, that he should have joined again before they had to pass inspection once more.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SAN ANTONIO ROAD.

"I called to the maid,
I whispered and said,
'My pretty girl, tell to me,
The man on the sly
Who kissed you good-bye,
Is he Frenchman or Portugee?'"
TOM TATNALL'S COURTSHIP.

AND so Philip Nolan bade his friends good-bye for a day or two, as they all supposed, but, as it proved, for a longer parting.

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The escort of a squad of Spanish cavalry, unexpected and unsatisfactory as it was, removed the immediate or actual necessity for the presence of his troop with the little party of Eunice's retainers. None the less did he assure her that he should rejoin the party with his larger force, though he did think it advisable to keep these out of the sight of the officers at the Spanish outposts. The outposts once passed, he and his would journey in one part of the province as easily as in another.

To a reader in our time, it is difficult, indeed, to understand why all this machinery of passport should be maintained, or why Nolan should have had any anxiety about his welcome. Such a reader must learn, and must remember, therefore, that under the old colonial system of Spain, the crown held its colonies in the state of separation which we speak of sometimes as Japanese or Paraguayan, though it be now abandoned in both Japan and Paraguay. On the theory that it was well to maintain colonies for the benefit of what was called the Metropolis, that is, the European State, the people of the Spanish colonies were sternly forbidden to manufacture any article which could be supplied from home. With the same view, all trade between them and other nations than the Metropolis was absolutely forbidden, and, to prevent trade, all communication was forbidden, excepting at certain specified ports of entry, and with certain formal passes. At the time with which we have to do, the people of Mexico, and, therefore, the few scattered inhabitants of this region, which we now call Texas, a part of Mexico, were not permitted to cultivate flax, hemp, saffron, the olive, the vine, nor the mulberry, and any communication between them and the French colony of Louisiana, to the east of them, had been strictly forbidden. What the line between Mexico and Louisiana was, no man could certainly say. But it was certain Natchitoches in Louisiana had been a French outpost, while Nacogdoches in Texas and San Antonio were Mexican outposts. The territory between the Rio Grande and the Red River had always been claimed, with more or less tenacity, by both crowns.

That there should be animosity between Mexico and Louisiana while one was French and one was Spanish was natural enough, even if the crowns of France and Spain were united in a family alliance. It is not so easy to see why this animosity did not vanish when Louisiana became a Spanish province, as it was in this year 1800, in which we are tracing along our party of travelers. And it is certainly true that a guarded trade was springing up between Orleans and Natchitoches on the one hand, and the Mexican province on the other. But it is as sure that this trade was watched with the utmost suspicion.

For it involved the danger, as the Mexican authorities saw, of a violation of their fundamental principle of isolation. They doubtless feared that the silver from their northern mines might be a tempting bait to the wild Anglo-Americans of the Mississippi, of whose prowess they heard tales which would quite confirm the boast that their adventurers were half-horse and half-alligator. Trade with the civilized Frenchmen, who had a few weak posts on the Mississippi, might be tolerable, now that their colonists were under the flag of Spain. But who and what were these sons of Anak, on the other side of the Mississippi River, who carried a starry flag of their own?

It must be remembered, also, that from the moment that the Independence of the United States was secure, the new settlers of the West had determined that they would have a free navigation to the sea, Spain or no Spain. They had made many different plans for this, none of them very secret. There were those who hoped that Louisiana might become French again, and were willing to annex Kentucky to Louisiana as a French province. There were agents down from the Canadian Government, intimating that King George could get command of a route through to the sea, and would not the people of Kentucky and Tennessee like to join him? There were simple people who did not care what stood in the way, but were ready to march in their might and sweep out of the valley anybody who hindered the Kentucky tobacco from finding its way to the markets of Europe. None of these plans regarded the King of Spain or his hold of the mouth of the Mississippi River with any reverence or favor.

Philip Nolan, however, had made his earlier expeditions into Texas with the full assent and approval of the Spanish Governors of Louisiana. When he came back, as has been said, he gave the Governor some handsome horses from the wild drove which he had collected; he received the Governor's thanks, and had no difficulty in getting leave to go again. And if Philip Nolan's name had been Sancho Panza or Iago del Toboso, and if his birthplace had

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been in Andalusia or Leon, he might, perhaps, have gone back and forth, with horses or without them, for fifty years, and this little history would then certainly never have been written.

But his name was not Sancho Panza—it was Philip Nolan. And his companions were not Mexican cattle-drivers, nor even young hidalgos hanging about town in Orleans. There were a few young Kentuckians, like Harrod and himself; there were Americans from a dozen different States, and there were but six Spaniards in his whole party.

He seems to have regarded it as a matter of indifference where this party made its rendezvous. As he had the permission of the Spanish Governor to trade, it certainly should have made no difference. But, in fact, his men made their rendezvous and were recruited at Natchez, within the United States territory, a town of which the Spaniards had but lately given up the possession to the American authorities, and that only after much angry talk and in very bad blood. That a party of twenty-one young adventurers, under the lead of an American as popular and distinguished as Philip Nolan, should cross west into Mexico from Natchez,—this was, it may be supposed, what excited the jealousy of the military officers in command in Northern Mexico. The local jealousy between them and the officials of their own King in Orleans came in also to help the prejudice with which the young American was regarded.

Nolan rode away with one of the men in buckskin who had joined with Harrod, throwing a kiss to Inez with that mixture of mock gallantry and real feeling which might have been traced in all their intercourse with each other. "Au revoir," cried she to him. And he answered, "Au revoir," and was gone.

"We shall miss him sadly," said Eunice, after a moment's silence, "and I cannot bear to have him speak with anxiety of his expedition. He has staked too much in it to be disappointed."

The travelers followed on their whole route what was even then known as the Old San Antonio Road—a road which followed the trail made by the first adventurers as early as 1715. It was not, and is not by any means as straight as the track of a bee or a carrier pigeon, and it was after they had had the experience of four nights under canvas that they approached the Spanish post of Nacogdoches.

The conversation had again fallen on the probable danger or safety of Nolan's party.

William Harrod said what was quite true—that Nolan would never be anxious for a moment about his own risks; but he was too loyal to these young men who had enlisted with him, to lead them into danger of which he had not given warning.

"For himself he has no fear," said Inez.

"Nor ever had," was Harrod's reply. "Why, Miss Inez, I was with him once when a party of Apaches ought to have frightened us out of our wits if we had had any. I dare not tell you how many there were, but the boys said there were five hundred, and if they had said five thousand I would not have contradicted them; and we poor white skins, we were but fourteen all told. And there was Master Nolan as cool as a winter morning. He was here, he was there. I can see him now, asking one of our faint-hearted fellows for a plug of tobacco, just that he might say something pleasant to the poor frightened dog and cheer him up. He was in his element till it all was over."

"And how was it over?" said Inez. "Did you have to fight them?"

"Yes, and no. We did not get off without firing a good many shots before that day was over; and if, whenever we come to dance with each other, Miss Inez, you ever find that my bridle arm here is the least bit stiff, why, it is because of a flint-headed arrow one of those rascals put through it that day. But Master Phil outgeneraled them in the end."

"How?"

"Oh, it was a simple enough piece of border strategy. He brought us down to a shallow place in the river, not commanded, you know, by any bluffs or high land; and here, with great difficulty, we crossed and got our wild horses across, and all our packs, and went into camp with pickets out, and so on. And then, at midnight, he waked every man of us from sleep, took us all back under a sky as dark as Egypt, marched us full five miles back on the trail where they had been hunting us; and, while my red brethren were watching and waiting to cut our throats at daybreak—having crossed the river to lie in wait for us as soon as we started—why, we were 'over the hills and far away!'"

"I don't think the Captain likes the Apaches," he said grimly, as he finished his little story.

"But he can be very kind with the

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Indians. How pleasant it was to see him talking with those—Lipans, did you call them?"

"Oh, yes; and they knew him and they fear him; and so far as it is in savage nature they love him. Far and wide you will hear them tell these stories of the Captain of the Longknives—that is what they call him; for they have seen him twenty times oftener than they have seen any other officer—Spanish, French, or American. Twenty times? They have seen him a hundred times as often."

"For he has done good service to the Spanish crown," said Eunice, joining again in the conversation. "Though these Spanish gentlemen choose to be suspicious, the Captain has been their loyal friend. The Baron Carondelet trusted him implicitly, and Governor Gayoso either feared him or loved him. This is certain—that the Captain has done for them all that he ever said he would do, and much more."

"You say 'Spanish and American,'" said Inez, laughing. "And now that he is the confidential agent of General Bonaparte, you must say 'French' as well."

"You remind me," said William Harrod, "to ask what I am to say if our Spanish friends at the fort yonder should wish to parlez-vous a little. The Captain would give them as good as they sent or better. But poor I—when I have said, 'Bon jour! comment vous portez vous?' and 'Je n'entends pas'—I have come to the end of my vocabulary. What in the world shall I do?"

"You must have a toothache," said Inez, laughing, as usual.

"Oh, no," said Eunice. "The confidential agent is a diplomatist; and this, for a diplomatist is a very large stock in trade. Let me try.

"I will be Captain Alfonso Almonte, Acting Major Commandant of His Most Catholic Majesty's Presidio and Fort of Our Lady of the Bleeding Heart on the Green River of the West. One of my pickets brings in, in honorable captivity, the Señora Eunice Perry, of Orleans, with the Señorita Inez Perry, of the same city, and a mixed company of black, white, and gray, including three men in buckskin, and M. Philippe, the confidential officer of First Consul Bonaparte, Major-General commanding.

"Well, all the others prove to be just what they should be—amiable, charming travelers, and only too loyal in their enthusiasm for His Most Catholic Majesty King Charles the Fourth. After I have sent them all to feast from silver and gold, then I turn to you, Monsieur Philippe, and I say:

"'When did you leave Paris, Monsieur?'"

Harrod entered into the joke, and replied bravely:

"I say, 'Bon jour!'"

"Do you? Well, then, I say 'Good-day. I hope I see you very well, and may Heaven preserve your life for many years!'"

"What do you say now?"

"If you would say that in nice homespun English," said Harrod, "I would say, 'The same to you. Long life and many years to you. Suppose we have something to drink.'"

"No; you must not say that to a Major Commandant. It is not etiquette. Besides, he does not speak in English. He speaks in French. What do you say?"

"I think the best thing I could say would be, 'Je n'entends pas.' See. I would put up my hand, so, as if I did not quite catch His Excellency's meaning, and then, very cautiously, and a little as if I would deprecate his anger, I would say, "Je n'entends pas.'"

"But this is mere cowardice. You only postpone the irrevocable moment. I should speak a great deal louder. I should scream and say: 'Bon jour! Dieu te benisse! Quel heureux hasard vous a conduit dans ce pays?' I should say this with the last scream of my lungs—and you?"

"Why, I think I would then say, 'Comment vous portez vous, Monsieur?' Perhaps it would be better to say that at the beginning."

"Well, we shall soon find out," said Eunice. "For here is the picket, and here is the challenge."

Sure enough, as they approached the adobe buildings of the Fort, a trooper rode out, sufficiently well equipped to show that he was in the Royal service, and asked, "Who goes there?"

Ransom was ready for him, and had learned this time that civility was the best policy. The corporal of the Spanish escort rode forward, and exchanged a word or two with the sentry of the garrison, who threw up his lance in salute, and they all filed by. A Mexican woman at work making cakes looked up and smiled a pretty welcome. She was "grinding in a mill." That means that she had two stones, one somewhat concave, and the other, so to speak, a gigantic pestle, which filled or fitted into the cavity. Into the cavity she dipped in corn, which had been already hulled by the use of lye,

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and with the stone she ground it into an impalpable paste. Had the ladies staid long enough to watch this new form of household duties, they would have seen her form with her hands and bake the *tortilla*, with which they were destined to be better acquainted. As it was, they paused but a moment, as the cortege filed by. But they had seen enough to know that they were indeed in a foreign country, and that now they were to begin to see the customs and hear the language of the subjects of their King.

Orleans, after all, was a pure French city, and till now none of this party, excepting Harrod, had any real experience of Mexican life. Nacogdoches was not even a town, though the rudiments of a civil settlement were beginning to appear around the garrison. The party were halted until their different passes could be examined, but the news of the arrival of such a cortege had, of course, run like wild-fire through the post. In a very few minutes, Don Sebastian Rodriguez, the Commandant, had come forward in person, bare-headed, to tender his respects to the ladies, and to beg them to leave the saddle. He introduced Colonel Troviño, the officer of the day, who said his wife begged them to honor her by accepting her poor hospitality, and trusted that they would feel at home in her quarters.

The uniform of the "officer of the day" was quite different from the uniform of any Spanish officers whom Inez had ever seen before. For Nacogdoches, like the rest of Mexico, was under the rule of the Council for the Indies, while Orleans was governed directly by the Crown. This gentleman had such a coat and waistcoat as the ladies had seen in pictures of a generation before. He had on boots which resembled a little an Indian's leggings gartered up, so soft and pliable was the leather. His coat and vest were blue and red, so that the costume did not lack for brilliancy, but the whole aspect, to the man, was of efficiency. His costume certainly met the old definition of a gentleman's dress, for there was no question but he could "mount and ride for his life."

He sent a negro back to call his wife, and stepped forward eagerly to lift Inez from her saddle, while Don Sebastian rendered the same service to Eunice.

The lady sent for came forward shyly, but with great courtesy, to meet the ladies, and was evidently immensely relieved when Eunice, with cordiality, addressed her in Spanish. For the word had been through the station that a party of Americans had arrived, and there was some terror, mixed with much curiosity, as one and another of the natives met the strangers. When Eunice spoke to the Donna Maria Troviño in Spanish rather better than her own, the shadow of this terror passed from her face, and, indeed, Colonel Troviño's face took on a different expression.

In far less time than people who call in carriages and keep lists of visitors can conceive, the three women were perfectly at home with one another. In less than five minutes appeared a little collation consisting of chocolate and wine and fruit, and, as the Señora Troviño with some pride pointed out, a cup of tea. Neither Eunice nor Inez implied, by look or tone, that this luxury was not an extreme rarity to them. To have said that tea had been served by Ransom morning and night at every resting-place, and at every bivouac, since they left Orleans, would have done no good, and certainly would not have been kind.

Meanwhile, in the outer room, which served the purpose of an office for Colonel Troviño, this functionary and Harrod were passing through an examination, none the less severe that it was couched with all the forms of courtesy. But with the Colonel, as with his lady, the Castilian language worked a spell to which even the wax and red tape of the Governor Casa Calvo were not equal. Nor was any curiosity expressed because M. Philippe did not speak in French. And when, after this interview, the Colonel and Harrod joined the ladies, as they did, Ransom, having respectfully withdrawn under the pretext of seeing personally to the horses of the party, Inez was greatly amused to see the diplomatic agent, Monsieur Philippe, and the Colonel commanding, Don Francesco Troviño, talking Spanish together with the ease and regard of old companions in arms.

Harrod said afterward that a common danger made even rabbits and wolves to be friends. "And my friend the Colonel was so much afraid of this redoubtable filibuster 'Nolano,' with his hundreds of giant 'Kentuckians,' that when he found a meek little Frenchman like me, with never a smack of English on my tongue, he was eager to kiss and be friends."

The conversation, indeed, had not been very unlike that which they had but just now rehearsed in jest. Ransom, with perfect civility this time, had explained that these were Spanish ladies, with their servants, traveling to San Antonio, on a visit

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to their relations. The name of Barelo, his brother officer, was enough to command the respect of Colonel Troviño, who was only too voluble in expressing the hope that his pickets and sentries had been civil.

"In truth," he said, "we have been cautious, perhaps too cautious; but no, a servant of the King is never too cautious; a soldier is never too cautious. But we have received now one, two, three alarms that the Americans are to attack us. We do not know if there is peace; we do not know if there is war. But we do not love republics, we soldiers of the King. And if my men had taken you for the party of Nolano, well, well—it is well—that there were ladies was itself your protection. The filibusters do not bring with them ladies." *

Harrod was troubled to find that Nolan's reputation on the frontier was so bad, and felt at once that his chief had not rated at the full the perils of his position, when he ascribed them merely to a difference between Orleans Spaniards and Spaniards of Texas. Of course, the young man let no sign escape him which should show that he was interested in Nolan or his filibusters. He was only hoping that Blackburn and the other men outside might be as prudent. In a moment more the Colonel said, with some embarrassment:

"I beg your pardon that I addressed you in the Castilian. I see from Major Morales's pass that you are a French gentleman. We forget that our friends in Orleans yonder do not all use our language."

Harrod laughed good-naturedly, and, speaking in the Castilian, as before, said:

"It is indeed a pleasure to me to speak in the Spanish when I am permitted. As the language is more convenient to the ladies, let us retain it, if you please."

The Colonel had been about to say that he would call a lieutenant upon his staff, who spoke the French more freely than he did. But the readiness of the French gentleman saved him from this necessity, and, with relief only next to that which he had shown when he found he was not talking to the dreaded Nolan, he entered into free conversation in his own tongue. In this language Harrod had for many years been quite at home.

The Colonel finished his examination of the elaborate pass furnished by Casa Calvo; intimated that he would prepare a more formal document than that given in the saddle by Major Morales, and then, having made himself sure that the little collation was prepared, proposed that they should join the ladies.

The ladies felt as Harrod had done, that a single word even of English might prejudice the cordiality of their reception. Even old Ransom had made this out, by that divine instinct or tact which was an essential part of his make-up. And when he came for orders, so-called, from the ladies, even if he whispered to them and they to him, it was always in the Spanish language. Indeed, Inez said afterward, that when he chose to swear at the muleteers, it was in oaths of the purest Castilian.

As he left the room for the first time, Harrod called him back, and whispered to him also. This was to bid him tell Blackburn and the others of his immediate command that, as they loved Captain Nolan, they were not to speak in English, either to Harrod or to one another, while they were in Nacogdoches. They were to remember that they were all French hunters, and if they did not speak French, they must speak Choctaw—an alternative which all three accepted.

"Let me present to you, my dear wife, Monsieur Philippe, the gentleman who accompanies these ladies, a French gentleman, my dear."

Harrod bowed with all the elegance of Paris and Kentucky united.

"I have been explaining, ladies, to your friends, the causes of these preparations of war; the oversight of passports, and the challenge of travelers, so unusual and so foreign to hospitality in the time of peace—if indeed this be peace. May God bless us. Only He knows, and the blessed Virgin."

"Is it then a time of war?" asked Eunice, "and with whom?"

"The good God knows, Señora; if only I were equally fortunate. Whether our gracious master, the good King Charles IV., is not at this moment in war with this great general, Bonaparte," and he bowed with a droll and sad effort at civility toward "Monsieur Philippe," as if that gentleman were himself the young Corsican adventurer; "or, whether these wild republicans of the

* This word "filibusters"—originally the English word "freebooters," and as such familiarly used on the coast of Mexico and the Spanish main—had degenerated on Spanish tongues into the word "filibustier." It was familiarly used for an invader who came for plunder, whether he crossed the frontier by land or by sea. It has passed back into our language without regaining its original spelling and pronunciation.

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American States have not made war upon us; the good God—may He bless us all!—and the Holy Mother know, but I do not."

"Surely, I can relieve your anxiety, Colonel," said Eunice, in her most confiding manner. "We are not yet a fortnight from Orleans, and we had then news only nine weeks from Europe. So far from war, the First Consul was cementing peace with our august King. I shall have pleasure in showing you a French gazette which makes us certain of that happy intelligence. Then, from our neighbors of the American States there were no news, but such as were most peaceful."

"But your Ladyship does not understand," said Colonel Troviño, not allowing her to see how much he was relieved by the intelligence—"your Ladyship does not—cannot understand the anxieties of a command like ours. It is not the published war, it is not the campaigns which can be told in gazettes and proclaimed by heralds which we soldiers dread." Again, with an approving glance at Monsieur Philippe, as if he were Bonaparte in person: "It is the secret plots, the war in disguise! This Nolano will not send word in advance that he is coming."

Inez started in spite of herself, as she heard the name. And then she could have punished herself by whatever torture, for her lack of self-control. She need not have been distressed. The Colonel Troviño did not suspect a girl of seventeen of caring any more for what he said, than the cat who was purring in the Donna Troviño's arms.

"This Nolano will not send word in advance that he is coming. He will swoop down on us with his giants, as a troop of buffalo swoops down upon a drinking pond in yonder prairie. And he must return; yes, may the Holy Lady grant it! God be blessed! he must return, as a flock of antelopes return, when they have caught a glimpse of the hunters."

The Colonel was well pleased with this bit of rhetoric. Eunice, meanwhile, had not changed glance nor color.

"Who is this Nolano, of whom you speak? Is he an officer of General Bonaparte?"

"Grace of God! No, Madam! He is one of these Americans of the North, who propose to march from their cold, wintry recesses to capture the city of Mexico, to take the silver mines of our King, and divide them for their spoil. Our advices, Madam, are not so distinct as I could wish, but we know enough to be sure that this man has recruited an army in the East, and, if the way opens, will attack us."

"Impossible!" said Eunice, bravely, "that he should have recruited an army, and the Marquis of Casa Calvo know nothing of it! Impossible that the Marquis should permit me and this lady to travel in a country so soon to be the scene of war."

"A thousand pardons, Señora," persisted the other. "We speak under the rose here. Let it be confessed that the Marquis of Casa Calvo is not so young as he was forty years ago, nor so sharp-sighted. Our Sovereign places him, perhaps, at Orleans; let us say,—yes,—may the Holy Mother preserve us!—because that is not the place of action and of arms. For us—why, we have seen Philippo Nolano and that within two years!"

Poor Inez! She did not dare to glance at Harrod, but she longed to strike an attitude rivaling the Colonel's, and to say:

"And we have seen Philippo Nolano, and that within two days!"

But the position, though it had its ludicrous side, was, of course, sufficiently critical to keep them all seriously watchful of word and glance alike.

"Indeed," said Eunice, seriously, "how was this, and what manner of man is he? What do you say his name is?"

"His name is Nolano, my Lady; his baptismal name, if these heretics have any baptism, is Philippo; may the Saint Philippo pardon me and preserve us! Do we know him? Why, he made his home in this very presidio of Nacogdoches, and that not two years ago. My Lady, he has sat in that chair, he has drunk from this cup. To think that such treason should lurk in these walls, and study out in advance our defenses."

At this point the little lady of the group took courage.

"My dear husband," said the Señora Troviño, "let us admit that we were very glad to see him. Indeed, ladies, he is a most agreeable person, though he be an American of the North and a filibuster. He was here for some time, and he knew the language of the Americans so well, that in all business he served my husband and the other officers here, as an interpreter. There were some Americans arrested for illicit trade—silver, you know," and she dropped her voice; "two men with a hard name, but, I learned it, so often did I hear it. There was a process about these men; Eastridge was their name; oh, it lasted for months, and

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often was your namesake, Don Philippo, in the chair you sat in, Monsieur Philippo; he was discussing their business with my husband ——"

"And playing chess with my wife," said the Colonel, interrupting her. "Ah, he was a very cunning soldier, was your Don! There is no secret of our defenses but is known to him, and now he comes with an army!"

"Surely," said Eunice, as bravely as before, "you do not speak of the Captain Nolan who was so near a friend of the Baron Carondelet? Why, he was presented to me by the Baron himself at a ball."

Colonel Troviño confessed that Nolan brought him letters at one time from the Baron.

"And my brother has dined with him at General Gayoso's palace. Oh, it is impossible that this person can lead an American army."

"Ladies!" said the Colonel, clasping his hands, "a soldier must believe nothing, and he must believe everything also. May all the Saints preserve us!"

And Eunice felt that she had pressed the defense of her friend as far as was safe, or to his advantage.

(To be continued.)

A PIECE OF SECRET HISTORY.

THE Pennsylvania campaign was over. The reverberations of the thunders of Gettysburg had ceased. The blood of the gallant dead who so sternly wrestled for its possession no longer stained the bosom of Cemetery Hill. Nothing save the scars and wreck of battle gave physical token of one of the most decisive engagements of the Civil War. Near Falling Waters the swollen Potomac had been successfully crossed by the retiring Confederates in the face of General Meade's army, which, although far outnumbering, had been so stunned by the recent conflict that it hesitated to dispute the dangerous passage. Having conducted his troops safely into Virginia, General Lee re-occupied his old encampment on the banks of the Opequan, where his wearied and depleted legions might, for a season, enjoy at least partial relief from their arduous labors, and await the return of numerous stragglers whom fatigue and wounds had caused to falter during the retreat.

Oppressed by the responsibilities of his high station and the numerous wants of his army, well nigh overborne by the weight of extraordinary anxieties and the effect of protracted privations—the lingering traces of a severe indisposition encountered the previous spring still exerting their depressing influences—the great Confederate chieftain was forced to admit that his splendid physical constitution was being taxed almost, if not quite, beyond endurance. As he lay in General Meade's path, awaiting and anticipating the development of his plan of operations, General Lee was enjoying a degree of rest and freedom from care surpassing such as generally fell to his lot. This brief period of comparative repose was dedicated to earnest thought, to a careful survey of the situation, to making the best provision for the future, and to an honest appreciation of the part he was sustaining in this vast conflict. No one comprehended more thoroughly the issues at stake, the inequalities of the contest, or the qualifications which were essential to encourage the hope of success in the breast of a Confederate commander. Intelligently estimating all resources upon which reliance might be placed, fathoming the abilities of his prominent subalterns, re-organizing his army and supplying its needs, he was quietly and energetically maturing such plans as appeared most conducive to the maintenance of a cause which enlisted his every sympathy. It was a time of profound solicitude, in which the victories and reverses of the past were commingled with conflicting hopes and fears for the future. Supreme was his desire to perform his whole duty, and to omit nothing which might further the best interests of the Confederate struggle for independence. Personal advancement and the influence of commanding rank he valued only as they afforded the best opportunity for promoting the general welfare.

The failure of the grand charge at Gettysburg, in which, amid the smoke and carnage of more than two hundred pieces of artillery, Pickett heroically yet vainly attempted to

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pierce the Federal center, was often present in his saddest thoughts. His great and generous heart yearned over the slain of his people, lamenting the fall of so many gallant dead whose eyes had frequently met those of their beloved leader by the quiet campfires, on the tiresome march, and in the glare of battle, and whose places could never again be filled from the decimated ranks of the Confederacy.

Although the campaign into Pennsylvania was not unfruitful of results beneficial to the Southern States; although by the recent shock of arms and this aggressive movement the Federal advance upon Richmond had been materially delayed; although the State of Virginia, for the time being, had been delivered from the waste and burthen of hostile invasion; although General Lee had, from perilous environment, withdrawn his army strong in organization, proud in spirit, and with confidence unshaken, and was in full possession of his legitimate line of defense, he could but acknowledge that all had not been accomplished which the late advance was designed to compass. "This has been a sad day for us, Colonel, a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories," was his remark to Colonel Freemantle, as, sublime in his indifference to personal danger, and calm in the midst of the hurry and confusion of the scene, the Confederate leader encouraged his men when, torn and worn by the battle, they fell back before the triumphant roar of the Federal artillery which swept the whole valley and slope of Seminary Ridge with shot and shell. As a soldier, and as the chief captain of the Confederate hosts, he admitted that he had been foiled of his aim; and although, in his own language, if a spirit of disappointment and discontent existed in his army, his brother officers had been too kind to report it, and his troops too generous to exhibit it, the tone of the public press and the sentiment of the country indicated dissatisfaction with the result of a campaign from which grander achievements had been blindly expected than the troops and resources employed in its conduct ought in reason to have justified. It was not in human nature, in its most heroic development and conscious of its noblest effort, to remain, under the circumstances, entirely indifferent to or unaffected by such expression. As at the time of Pickett's repulse he said to General Wilcox, who in sorrow reported the almost total destruction of his brigade, "Never mind, General, all this has been my fault; it is I who have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best way you can,"—so now, at Camp Orange, with a dignity, a manhood, and a generosity the most remarkable, denying no responsibility, suggesting no excuses, indulging in no censures, he shielded others by taking upon himself alone the soul-depressing burthen of the general misfortune.

It was under such circumstances that the following noble letter was penned:

CAMP ORANGE, 8 Aug., 1863.

MR. PRESIDENT: Your letters of 28 July and 2 Aug. have been rec'd, and I have waited for a leisure hour to reply, but I fear that will never come. I am extremely obliged to you for the attention given to the wants of this army, and the efforts made to supply them. Our absentees are returning, and I hope the earnest and beautiful appeal made to the country in your proclamation may stir up the whole people, and that they may see their duty and perform it. Nothing is wanted but that their fortitude should equal their bravery, to insure the success of our cause. We must expect reverses, even defeats. They are sent to teach us wisdom and prudence, to call forth greater energies, and to prevent our falling into greater disasters. Our people have only to be true and united, to bear manfully the misfortunes incident to war, and all will come right in the end.

I know how prone we are to censure, and how ready to blame others for the nonfulfillment of our expectations. This is unbecoming in a generous people, and I grieve to see its expression. The general remedy for the want of success in a military commander is his removal. This is natural, and in many instances proper. For, no matter what may be the ability of the officer, if he loses the confidence of his troops, disaster must sooner or later ensue.

I have been prompted by these reflections more than once since my return from Penna. to propose to your Exc'y the propriety of selecting another commander for this army. I have seen and heard of expressions of discontent in the public journals at the result of the expedition. I do not know how far this feeling extends in the army. My brother officers have been too kind to report it, and so far the troops have been too generous to exhibit it. It is fair, however, to suppose that it does exist, and success is so necessary to us that nothing should be risked to secure it. I therefore, in all sincerity, request your Exc'y to take measures to supply my place.

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I do this with the more earnestness because no one is more aware than myself of my inability for the duties of my position. I cannot even accomplish what I myself desire. How can I fulfill the expectations of others? In addition, I sensibly feel the growing failure of my bodily strength. I have not yet recovered from the attack I experienced the past spring. I am becoming more and more incapable of exertion, and am thus prevented from making the personal examinations and giving the personal supervision to the operations in the field which I feel to be necessary. I am so dull that in making use of the eyes of others I am frequently misled. Everything therefore points to the advantages to be derived from a new commander, and I the more anxiously urge the matter upon your Exc'y from my belief that a younger and abler man than myself can readily be obtained. I know that he will have as gallant and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts, and it would be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader; one that would accomplish more than I could perform, and all that I have wished. I hope your Exc'y will attribute my request to the true reason, the desire to serve my country, and to do all in my power to insure the success of her righteous cause.

ROBERT E. LEE

I have no complaints to make of any one but myself. I have received nothing but kindness from those above me, and the most considerate attention from my comrades and companions in arms. To your Excellency I am specially indebted for uni-

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form kindness and consideration. You have done everything in your power to aid me in the work committed to my charge, without omitting anything to promote the general welfare. I pray that your efforts may at length be crowned with success, and that you may long live to enjoy the thanks of a grateful people.

With sentiments of great esteem I am very respectfully and truly yours,

R. E. LEE, General.

His Exc'y Jeff'n Davis,
Pres. Confed. States.

We question whether, at the time, the fact that General Lee had placed his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Northern Virginia in the hands of the President of the Confederate States, with the request that he should nominate his successor, was communicated by Mr. Davis to any save his confidential advisers. Certain it is, the knowledge of such an important event was current neither in the army nor among the Southern people at large. Mr. Davis's reply is not before us, but we may rest assured that his cheering words and expressions of confidence, uttered in the name and behalf of the nation, convinced his favorite lieutenant that he could most ably fill the measure of public expectation, and control the destinies of the grand army upon which the Confederacy leaned for the protection of her capital. His resignation was not pressed, and the Confederate hero continued to occupy the position for which, above all his companions, he was best suited, encircling it with the halo of his pure life and great deeds, and rendering it illustrious for all time by the tried valor, the self-sacrifice and the devotion of his followers.

This letter may well be regarded as a truthful expression of the generous modesty, the exalted manhood, and disinterested patriotism of General Lee, entirely characteristic of him to whom the sorrowing words of Sir Ector for the dead Lancelot have been with reverence applied:

"Thou wert head of all Christian knights; * * * * thou wert never matched of earthly knight's hand; and thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; * * * * and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentliest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."

[We publish the foregoing interesting piece of secret history in the language of sectional friendliness in which it reaches us. It will show, at least, how truly and earnestly one side regards as a pure patriot him whom the other side looks upon with condemnation, and will hardly fail to win sympathetic consideration for feelings and motives which opponents are too apt to ignore.—EDITOR.]

EROS.

DIVINE and dear, fair as the morn,
Eros of Aphrodite born
Comes once on earth to each and all,
And spreads the heart's high festival.

He is the messenger of Fate,—
Gives gifts unto the desolate;
And where he walks the sunrise pours
With lavish hand its rosy stores.

Love harbors neither fear nor doubt,—
'Tis more than all the world without;
Its miracles on wondering eyes
Fall with delicious, sweet surprise.

In ways of old, in methods new,—
Pursued, or whether it pursue,
Love firmly speaks—nor plans, nor waits:
That is not Love which hesitates.

His light is finer than the sun's;
His face shines like Endymion's;
His joys are heired from all the spheres,
And grief goes out when he appears.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN IN 1855. (FROM A PAINTING BY CROPSEY.)

THE sturdy pilgrim, who may be passing westward over the great thoroughfare of the Michigan Central Railroad, finds himself, when about forty miles beyond Detroit, in the midst of a region that seems quite emancipated from the stale, flat, and unprofitable monotony of level landscape with which nature has embittered the existence of the eastern border of Michigan and the western border of Canada. Here, at last, the earth manifests spirit enough to tumble about into the picturesque disorder of a series of very considerable hills that are billowy with forest-trees, or glossy with verdure quite to their tops, and that condescend to give a smiling though extremely crooked highway to the two most industrious things in these parts—the railway and the Huron River. In the midst of this happy scenery, at what is now the city of Ann Arbor, was born in 1837 the University of Michigan.

I mention this date here with a bold preciseness, because, for the notable event of which I am speaking, such is the date commonly laid down in the books; and it must be allowed that, in a certain crude and outward sense, such is undoubtedly the true date. Yet I am inclined to think that, if we were to use words in their deeper meaning, we should say that, although the University of Michigan was never seen by mortal eyes until 1837,—nor, for that matter, until 1841,—it was really born, but modestly kept itself out of sight, as long ago as the year 1817. And this fact deserves our notice at present, for a reason much more respectable than any involved in an antiquarian's quibble about dates, for it introduces us to a bit of precedent history, very curious on its own account, and quite necessary, if we would see more recent events in their proper perspective.

It is common enough among people at a distance, into whose minds any fame of this University may have floated, to speak of it as an institution of very recent origin, and as the offspring of the bounty of the Legislature of Michigan. It is neither. As an organized institution, it is now fifty-eight years old,—an age that in this neighborhood is venerable. Moreover, it is a descendant in direct line from the illustrious "Ordinance of 1787;" its endowment came from the bounty, not of the State, but of the nation; and instead of being as yet a debtor to the Legislature of Michigan for a single penny, in equity the Legislature of Michigan is still a very heavy debtor to it.

The statesmen who came into the direction of American affairs at the close of our Revolutionary war had upon their hands, among other large tasks, this one of providing for the far-stretching domain lying to the west and north of the original colonies; and they put into their great Ordinance for the regulation of this domain the magnanimous and fruitful doctrine that, since "religion, morality, and knowledge" are "necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of edu-

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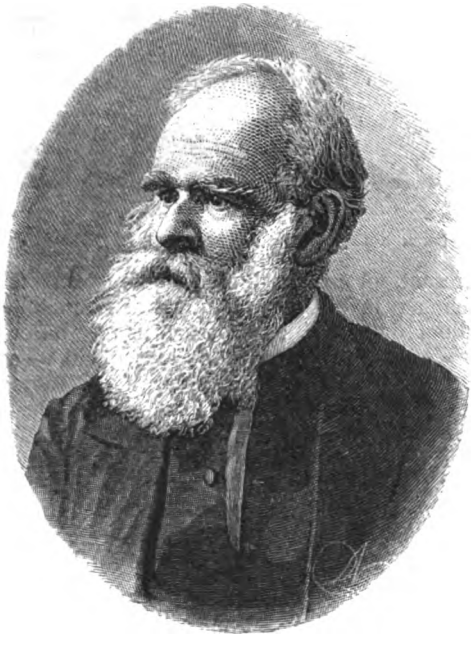
cation shall forever be encouraged." This sentence, as appears by what its authors at once proceeded to do, was not inserted merely for its excellent sonorous qualities; it was the sincere utterance of a great purpose; it was a promise and a prophecy. Ten days after that Ordinance was passed, that is, on the 27th of July, 1787, the Congress of the Confederation, in selling a large tract of land in south-eastern Ohio for a settlement there to be made by a company of emigrants from New England, wrought



REV. GEORGE P. WILLIAMS, LL.D., SENIOR PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY.

the noblest possible interpretation of their previous words by granting for a university in the new State 46,080 acres of land. This was the first act in the practical interpretation by the nation of the nation's educational design; but it was not the last. From that day onward not a Territory was organized, not a State was received into the great fellowship of the Union, without some similar expression of the interest which the nation has in higher education. Finally, in 1805 the Territory of Michigan was formed; and, with its formation, it received likewise the national grant of 23,040 acres of land as the endowment of a university. Of course, at that day, Michigan must have been conscious of several needs more directly urgent than the need of a university—population, for instance, as one of them. In 1805 the inhabitants of Michigan consisted principally of Indians, who were savage, and of French people, who were, indeed, not savage, but whose civilization was of a kind to make it quite credible that a considerable time had elapsed since their ancestors departed from France. As for the white American population, it probably did not exceed five hundred souls. Under such circumstances, it seems not at all strange that no immediate action was taken to realize a university endowment from the national grant of land just mentioned. In fact the grant remained "in hibernation," as Professor Ten Brook* pleasantly calls it, and thus it continued to remain until Michigan had passed its winter, not exactly of discontent, but certainly of discontinuity in population. By the year 1817, however, it appeared to the American residents in the Territory that the time had come for them to bestir themselves in the matter of the University, the pecuniary provision for which lay dispersed and invisible in certain wild lands not yet located, bestowed upon a State as yet scarcely inhabited. Fortunately there were in Michigan at that time at the head of affairs several men of unusual sense and force. Always the most distinguished among them was the Governor, Lewis Cass, then at the outset of his eminent career in American politics. The Territorial Secretary was William Woodbridge, born and educated in Connecticut, a son-in-law of the poet John Trumbull, an alert and studious lawyer, afterward Judge, Constitution-maker, Governor, and Senator. In the whole Territory there were but two clergymen, and though they were of hostile faiths, their personal relations were peculiarly friendly, and together they worked for the advancement of education in the land. One of these exemplary persons was Father Gabriel Richard, a Roman Catholic, and a catholic Catholic too; a Frenchman, and really remarkable for his public spirit, generosity, power over men, and especially for his undenominational breadth and tolerance. Associated with him in cordial acquaintance, and in the fellowship of good words and good works, was a Presbyterian divine, the Reverend John Monteith, a devoted and an able man, who had but recently come forth into these wilds from the Theological Seminary at Princeton,

* "American State Universities and the University of Michigan." By Andrew Ten Brook. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. This work, which is a recent and very important contribution to the educational history of the country, has been found useful in the preparation of the present article.

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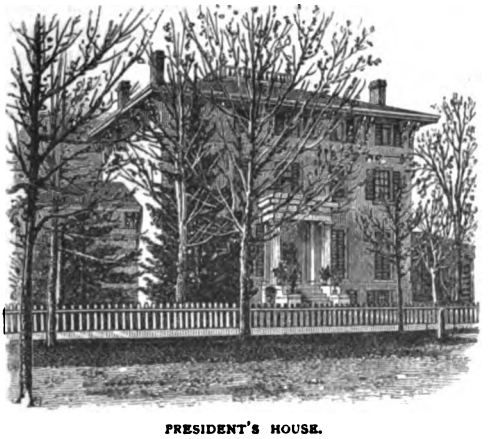
and who, though not many years resident here, yet, as the first Protestant pastor settled in Michigan, and as the first President of the University of Michigan, left lines of influence in religion and culture not effaced even yet. All these were forceful men, and they have to be taken into account in any attempt at accounting for the early inception of the University. Undoubtedly, however, the man who alone had the most to do in giving form and character to the primal development of society in Michigan, and especially to its first scheme for a university, was the Chief-Justice of the Territory, Augustus B. Woodward. His name, at least, is not likely ever to perish in Michigan, for it designates the principal avenue of the principal city of the State; but Woodward himself is now but a pale tradition among us, and is likely to remain so until the coming of those ages when the people of Michigan shall find time to get acquainted with their own history. He was by birth and nurture a Virginian; and, arriving in Michigan in 1805 as its chief judicial officer, he continued in that service for nineteen years. He was a man of great mental activity; a master of his profession; of a personality somewhat aggressive and eccentric; not a little vain, besides, of his classical scholarship, which seems to have been rugged and miscellaneous rather than nice. But he truly loved and honored learning, and it is probable that he was considerably in advance of his contemporaries in zeal for the early establishment in Michigan of a higher institution



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

of learning. It was under his special advocacy that the University took its rise in 1817, and the Act of the Territorial Government, by which the University was then brought into legal existence, was drawn up by him, and bears unmistakable and even comical marks of its origin in his thorough-going, bold, and fantastically erudite mind. It is

REV. HENRY P. TAPPAN, LL.D., FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

not usual that to the "unedified and laic rabble" legal documents form amusing literature; but this particular legal document has a wealth of pleasantness that is all its own. One might now suppose that for the description of a frontier high school, even the word "university" would have appeared somewhat too pretentious; but not so dreamed the glowing soul of Mr. Justice Woodward. To him even "university" failed to express the vastness and splendor of his own conception of the young college, and he illustrated at once his learning and his hopefulness by coining for it the majestic name of "Catholepistemiad." The word "Michigan," likewise, was too common and familiar, and under his touch it passed into the statelier form of "Michigania." A professorship was a "didaxia;" and what common people have been content to call simply "the chair of natural history," or "the chair of literature," Mr. Justice Woodward deigned to describe by no phrase less tremendous than "the didaxia of physiognostica," or "the didaxia of anthropoglossica." And so on through all the learned mazes of the statute for the creation of "the Catholepistemiad of Michigania." But, from these symp-

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toms of literary lunacy in Judge Woodward, it would perhaps be unsafe to rush to the conclusion that he was really one whom much learning had made mad, or that the plan of a university which he thus clothed in a fool's garb was itself foolish. On the contrary, stripping from it the pedantic fopperies in which it seems to us so grotesque, we get down to a project that has in it not a few elements of good sense and of foresight. First of all, his plan rested upon a great principle, which is even yet so far from being commonplace, that Mr. Matthew Arnold finds it necessary still to argue for it before the public of England—the principle, namely, of the solidarity of all educational interests in the State, up and down the scale of culture; the need of good primary and secondary instruction to furnish materials for higher instruction to work on; the need of higher instruction as a goal for primary and secondary instruction to work up to; the need, likewise, of a center of common and wise control, to insure a nice articulation, and a mutual understanding between the several parts of the system. This center of control Judge Woodward fixed in the President and Faculty of the University, whom he made, in fact, the responsible Education Council of State, conferring upon them the power and the duty of creating and of directing the educational work of the entire community, establishing "colleges, academies, schools, libraries, museums, athenæums, botanic gardens, laboratories, and other useful literary and scientific institutions consonant to the laws of the United States of America and of Michigan," and appointing "officers, instructors, and instructrixes in, among, and throughout the various counties, cities, towns, townships, and other geographical divisions of Michigan." The Faculty in which were deposited these large powers was to consist of thirteen Professors, the mere list of whose departments it is instructive now to glance over. In the first place was the Professor of Scientific Method, who was to be the President of the University; second was the Professor of Philology; third, of Mathematics; fourth, of Natural History; fifth, of Natural Philosophy; sixth, of Astronomy; seventh, of Chemistry; eighth, of Medicine; ninth, of Political Economy; tenth, of Ethics; eleventh, of Military Science; twelfth, of History; thirteenth, of Mental and Moral Philosophy. The Professor last named was to be the Vice-President of the University.

SCHOOL-GIRL'S GLEN.

These Professors were to receive their appointments directly from the chief executive officer in the State, and were to draw their salaries each quarter directly from the treasury of the State. It was not intended that instruction should be free; but a provision was made for remitting the charge for tuition in the case of such students as needed the indulgence. Finally, the expenses of the institution were to be borne, not merely by funds derived from the lands already received from the nation in 1805, but by the increase of the public taxes to the amount of fifteen *per centum*.

Such was the University of Michigan as organized in 1817; and this organization, let it be noticed, while never made a practical reality, was from the first moment a legal reality. A corporation was thus established perfect in all the attributes of a corporation, which at once performed all the necessary functions of its being, and which has transmitted its life and authority in unbroken current to the present.

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Of course, the first duty of the Governor of Michigan in 1817 was to put the University corporation in motion, by appointing a President and a Faculty; and this he accordingly did. As these officers were to be the authoritative ministers of public instruction, and as their duties for many years would consist in making a university at some time possible by making preparatory schools at once actual, it was thought best to divide the nominal professorships among but two men. These two men were the two remarkable clergymen of whom I have already spoken, the Reverend John Monteith and Father Gabriel Richard, who, though of fiercely opposing sects, yet behaved toward each other with a kindliness which ought not to astonish us when we consider that both of them were Christians. Mr. Monteith received seven Professorships, including the Presidency of the University. Father Richard made himself quite happy with the remaining six Professorships, an instance of academic pluralism which will hardly excite in us any suspicions of corruption, when we learn that the total emoluments of each Professorship were but $12.50 a year.

As already stated, the first business of the Faculty of the University of Michigan was to institute a system of public education in the Territory, in the form of primary and higher schools; to prepare for a university rather than actually to open one. And to this modest but most wholesome function the University authorities continued to be limited during the subsequent twenty years, the whole remaining period of the Territorial history of Michigan. During that period, indeed, important changes took place in the form of the University organization. In 1821 Judge Woodward's law was revoked, including all its preposterous nomenclature, including also the provision for bestowing upon the University the proceeds of a territorial tax. All the offices of the Faculty were likewise abolished, and many of the high powers attached to them were transferred to a Board of twenty-one Trustees appointed by the Governor, and consisting of the most prominent men in the community, not omitting the two clergymen who had been for the previous four years the sole depositaries of the great trust. Another notable fact belonging to this period ought not to be overlooked—it is a fact relating to the endowment of the University. In 1826 Congress doubled its university land grant to Michigan, making it to consist of 46,080 acres of wild lands; and it is from the subsequent sale of these national lands, though the sale of them has been several times injuriously and unlawfully tampered with by the State Legislature, that the University has received the larger portion of its income down to the present time.

We now reach the year 1837, a year altogether memorable in the history of Michigan and of its University. In the first month of that year Michigan became a State, and among the earliest proceedings of its Legislature were those relating to education. A new and a more vigorous life was at once given to the organization of the University. And now it began to be manifest that the twenty years of existence which it had already lived as a mere legal corporation had not been wasted years. An earlier practical development of the University, it is probable, would have been disastrous, since it would have been premature. During all these years Michigan had been getting ready for a university; the idea of it and the hope of it had been growing familiar; the resources for it had been accumulating; its students had been getting born or imported; the means of preliminary training for it had been increasing,—in short, it had been precipitated into a visible reality, not before society had got ripe for it, and needed it, and could deal with it. How far to this long period of deliberate and

REV. ERASTUS O. HAVEN, LL.D., FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

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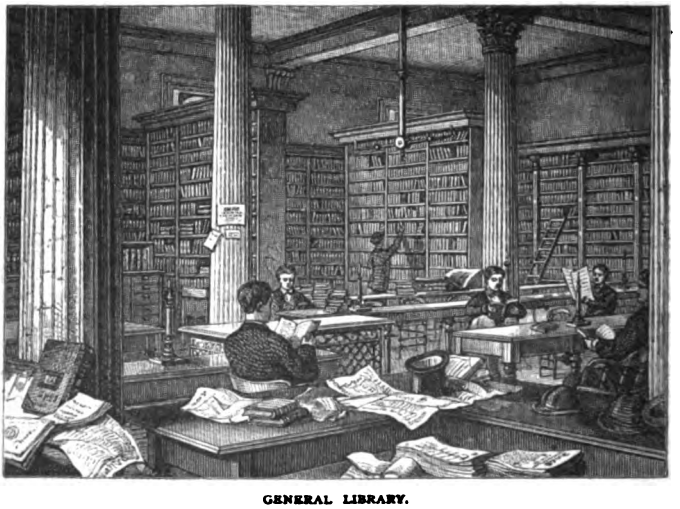
slow preparation is due the happy fortune which has since attended the University of Michigan, as contrasted with the lamentable fate of so many other State universities in the West, is a question which might bear profitable discussion. But from this point in our history the process of evolution is so natural that its course may be sufficiently traced in the lines of a very slender sketch. Before Michigan as a State was three months old, the interests of its University were committed to the hands of a fresh Board of Managers, thenceforward called Regents, consisting of twelve citizens appointed by the Governor, besides certain members who were so by virtue of their office, namely, the Governor himself, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Chancellor, and the Justices of the Supreme Court. For twenty years before this the University had had a name; it now received a local habitation. The beautiful site which it still occupies at Ann Arbor was then chosen; and with a landed property valued in that year at about nine hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars (an amount, however, never realized, owing to the cruel interference of the State Legislature by its lawless laws for "releases," "remissions," and the like); and with the help of a loan from the State of one hundred thousand dollars in cash, the Regents began the erection of the University buildings intended for class-rooms, dormitories, and the homes of the Professors. Students could not be received until houses should be built to put them into; but meantime the Regents kept in sight the great principle, that higher education can only be reached through lower education. To lower education, therefore, they at once gave great encouragement. In leading towns throughout the State they established classical academies. In 1838 the Regents elected their first Professor, Dr. Asa Gray, now the distinguished botanist of Harvard University, who then accepted the Chair of Botany and Zoölogy in Michigan, and was commissioned to go to Europe for the purchase of a library. In September, 1841, the necessary buildings being ready, the University in silence and obscurity opened its doors, having on the ground only two Professors—Mr. George P. Williams, a graduate of the University of Vermont, and the Rev. Joseph Whiting, a graduate of Yale College. The scheme of the University provided for three departments—first of Literature, Science, and the Arts, second of Medicine, third of Law.

JAMES B. ANGELL, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.



GENERAL LIBRARY.

Only the first of these departments could be formed at the outset. In due time, as will be soon mentioned, the others came into

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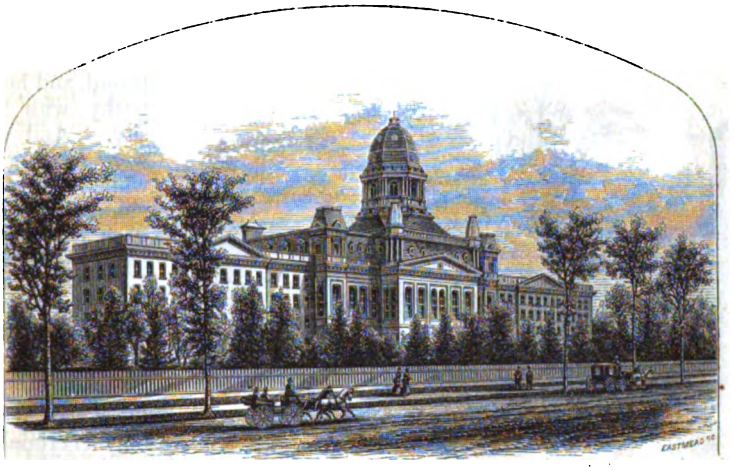
life, and brought with them great energy and influence to the University. But beginning in 1841 its strictly literary work, and



UNIVERSITY HALL.

having for its first class less than a dozen students, the University adopted subjects and methods of instruction as nearly as possible like those which prevailed in the two New England colleges in which its two Professors had received their own education. In 1844 the number of the students rose to fifty-three; in 1846 to seventy; in 1848 to eighty-nine. Then, and for the next four years, there was a steady and serious decline in the number of undergraduate students. The year 1850, however, was celebrated by the opening of the medical department, which at once added ninety students to the University lists. In the year following, the number of medical students was nearly doubled; and thenceforward the rate of numerical progress in that direction has been probably about as rapid as was wholesome either for the University or for the public. In 1867 this department alone had five hundred and twenty students; and since that time the average number upon the ground has been not less than three hundred and fifty.

But although in 1850 the medical department sprung into such vigorous life, and did so much to swell the aggregate number of students in the University, the literary department, as has been intimated, was now languishing. The causes of this cannot be gone into here. But, at about that time, the State adopted a new Constitution, by one provision of which the Regents of the University were reduced in number to eight, and were made elective by the people. The first Board thus elected came into office in 1852, and proved to be men of considerable courage as well as sagacity and enterprise. Their wisest and happiest act was almost their first; it was the choice of a president. Guided by the advice of George Bancroft, they called to the head of affairs a man of such extraordinary splendor of talents, of such capacity for organization, of such breadth of knowledge and experience in education, that almost immediately the University sprang forward into the large, efficient, and marvelously prosperous career

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY.

which has since attended it. Undoubtedly, Henry P. Tappan, in the great work which he achieved for the University, was aided

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by circumstances—the time, the situation, the men he worked with; even the antecedent misfortunes of the University. This, indeed, is always true of those who become successful leaders of important movements

CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

in the world; the man for the emergency is ever the man whom the emergency is willing to help. Least of all should it be forgotten in this case, that President Tappan had about him colleagues who, in their several ways, were men of great ability; for example, Fasquelle, Boise, Frieze, Haven, Andrew D. White, Brünnow, Winchell, Douglass, Ford, Palmer, Armor, Cooley, Walker, Campbell. But if the great enlargement and prosperity which the University then entered upon cannot be accounted for without the mention of such lieutenants, neither can it be accounted for without the mention of such a leader. And it is, perhaps, not altogether easy to describe exactly the quality of the change which was wrought in the University under the chieftainship of Dr. Tappan. The statistics of his administration, indeed, any one may ascertain. It is not hard to mention that he came to the University in 1852, and that he left it after a service of just eleven years; that during that period the astronomical observatory was founded and Brünnow was called from Berlin to take charge of it; that then the new courses of collegiate study, parallel and co-ordinate with the old classical course, were established; that the Department of Law was opened and was at once raised to a high degree of efficiency and success; that the special courses in chemistry, in agriculture, and in civil engineering, were inaugurated; that in all departments the materials for work were greatly increased; that work itself in all departments was broadened in range and deepened in thoroughness; finally, that through the inspiration of the President's noble utterances upon educational subjects, and through a certain inexplicable power and charm in his personal presence, the people of Michigan, and particularly the alumni, were brought into enthusiastic, proud, and healthful sympathy with the University. And yet we who were looking on all the while, and who saw the change which unfolded itself during those years, cannot perfectly utter our impression of it by statements like these. Somehow, it seemed to us that before President Tappan came upon the ground, there was at Ann Arbor only a certain raw provincial high school, small, of dubious vitality, and quite lost in that mob of ambitious, obscure, and half-starved little colleges that are diligently engaged in issuing catalogues, and in gasping for breath in various parts of the country; and that after this man had been upon the ground a few years, by some means or other in some way connected with him and with his being there, this same petty institution had expanded into a university,—as regards attendance, the largest but one in America, and in rank and scholarly credit

LAW COLLEGE.

among the half dozen that are commonly accounted the best.

In 1863, President Tappan withdrew from the University and resumed in Germany his

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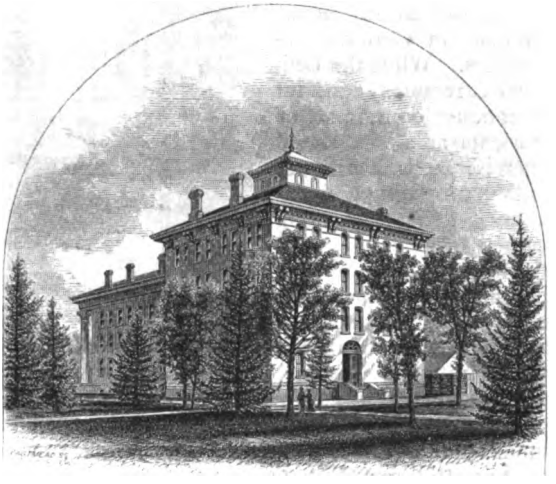
philosophical studies. He was succeeded in the presidency by the Rev. E. O. Haven, an alumnus of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Ct., a former Professor in Michigan, a thoughtful and eloquent preacher, an executive officer of uncommon vigor, affability, and tact. His administration, which was begun amid unspeakable embarrassments, lasted six years, and proved to be a felicitous and successful one. From 1869 to 1871, the University was under the charge of its distinguished Professor of Latin, Dr. Henry S. Frieze; and in the latter year there came to the helm the very able and accomplished man who, with every token of prosperity, still guides its affairs, Dr. James B. Angell, a graduate of Brown University, and lately President of the University of Vermont.

It is just thirty years since the first class was graduated at the University of Michigan—a class of only eleven men. As one stands to-day upon the University campus, which then was a wheat-field and is now daily trampled over by a hurrying army of nearly twelve hundred students, and is shadowed by huge buildings that represent the three great departments of university instruction, it will hardly seem like a vaunt if we say that these thirty years have been well spent.

The University, indeed, is by no means rich. Sad to say, the landed property with which it was endowed by the munificence of the nation, and which, prudently disposed of, would have yielded an ample wealth to the University, very soon dwindled and evaporated under the cruel manipulation of demagogues in the early Legislature of the State. A third of a million of dollars, at the very least, is the loss which the University then sustained at the hands of the State, through its abuse of the national endowment of which the State had become the trustee. It gives one a pang, also, to consider that in 1828 the University of Michigan owned nine hundred and sixteen acres of land, now constituting the most populous portion of the rich and spacious city of Toledo, and that between the years 1828 and 1850, the Regents of the University had the deplorable blindness, for the paltry sum of $17,000, to part with lands equivalent to about four thousand city lots, which now would be worth to the University at least four millions of dollars. During all the years, moreover, during which the University was fighting its way to life and recognition, struggling against a poverty that had been inflicted upon it by legislative fraud and malfeasance of trust, the Legislature of the State behaved toward it like an unloving stepmother, doling out its little help with a hard, scrimping, and usurious hand, and exacting for a loan of money which it ought to have given outright, an annual payment of interest to the uttermost fraction of



MEDICAL COLLEGE.

a penny. Within the past twenty years or so, however, the State has begun to awaken to some appreciation of the great treasure it has in its University, and has begun to treat it, not, indeed, with the full generosity which the University has proved its right to, and which some other States, like California, have already shown to their universities, but, at any rate, with a cautious and measured beneficence that is good for what it is, and is still better for what it promises to become. The present real estate of the University in its grounds and buildings is estimated at $307,000; its various collections of books, apparatus, and scientific materials, are valued at $118,000. The annual expenses of the University amount, according to the latest official estimate, to $99,378.82, of which, $37,500 are provided for by the National Government, $29,000 by fees from students, and $31,500 by aid from the State.

As reported in the latest calendar, the three faculties of literature, medicine, and law, number forty men; and in the three departments over which they preside there are 1,191 students, of whom 476 belong to the first department, 370 to the second, and

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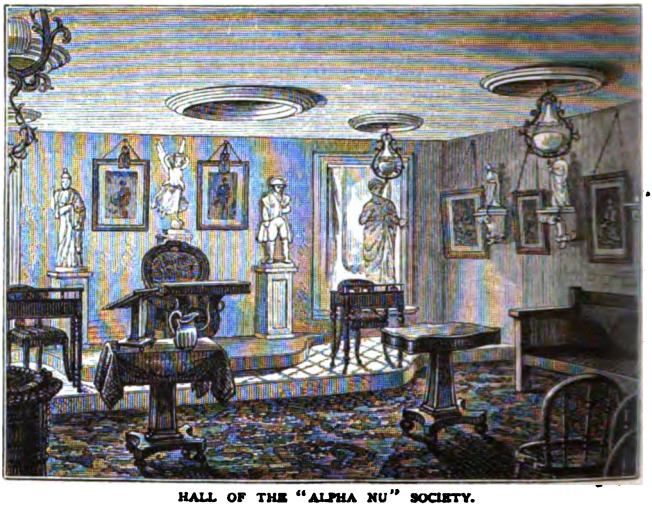
345 to the third. These students come to the University of Michigan from States as far east as Maine, as far west as California, and from foreign countries as remote as Russia, South Africa, the Hawaiian Islands, and Japan. During Dr. Tappan's Presidency the dormitory system was abolished, and ever since, the students have lived in private lodgings in the town, after the manner of students in German universities. While the University requires constant attendance on the part of students at all its stated exercises, and takes proper notice of flagrant delinquencies, it has long ceased to assume toward the students a relation of parental watchfulness and care. The privileges of the University are granted to all properly qualified persons almost without cost. Of residents of Michigan, there is required a fee of $10 upon admission, as well as a subsequent fee of $15 each year; in the case of others, these charges are increased respectively to $25 and $20.



HALL OF THE "ALPHA NU" SOCIETY.

The department of literature, science, and the arts, includes five leading courses of study: first, the classical course; second, the scientific; third, the Latin and scientific; fourth, the Greek and scientific; fifth, the engineering. The different branches of work in the advanced study of the mathematical, the physical, and the natural sciences, are grouped together in the Polytechnic School, in which special facilities are given for the study of mining engineering. A School of Dentistry is also one of the recent acquisitions of the University.

The two great departments of medicine and law have always been conducted by men of eminent professional ability and reputation; and, on the part of their students, undoubtedly there has been done a considerable amount of genuine and enthusiastic work. It is claimed for these two colleges, not without good reason, that the standards set by them for admission and for graduation are as high as those established in any other professional schools in America; indeed, our medical college exacts qualifications upon entrance that are not insisted upon at any other school of medicine on this side of the Atlantic. Unfortunately, this is not saying much; and we may safely conclude that, until there shall be an effective concert of action among all the reputable colleges in the country, or until the laws of this land, like the laws of Germany, shall make a university training necessary to the practice of the legal and the medical professions, our institutes for final instruction will continue to be receptacles for ambitious throngs of unkempt and illiterate mortals who have still great need of primary instruction, and who are trying to learn to apply principles before they have learned to think.

Concerning the medical department, it is only just to say that from the first its vitality has been exquisitely proven by its high fighting qualities, and that the remarkable success it has achieved is a thing wrenched from fate in one prolonged contest with its adversaries. As a school of medicine, it has always stood for an orthodoxy that was uncontaminate and of heavenly blue; but being, on the other hand, a school of medicine, possessed and partially supported by a State in which is a large tax-paying population of medical heretics, it has had to resist for twenty years the monstrous pressure of the public demand, that there should be admitted into its faculty of Brahmins a specimen or two of homeopathic pariahs. What was to be the precise issue of this fateful strife, the din of which has so long filled our sky, and has so often ruined the temper of our Wolverine lawgivers, has been an anxious question. Certainly the most disastrous things have been confidently expected. At last, however, the battle has come to a

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sudden end, and in a fashion most delightful,—both parties being victorious, and both perfectly satisfied. Instead of fouling the nest of the old medical college by thrusting homeopathic Professors into it, the brilliant device has been hit upon, of constructing an altogether new nest. Another medical college has been founded within the University—a college of homeopathy, of the same rank as the old college, but so utterly distinct from it that each can put up the sign-board: "No connection with the concern across the way." Even as I write, the homeopathic college has just completed its interior organization. It has its own building, and its own Professors for the topics on which homeopathy imparts special instruction, namely, Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and the Theory and Practice of Medicine. To hear lectures on the other great branches of a medical education, the homeopathic students have only to walk across the campus to the old college, where they can participate in privileges which are extended to all who comply with the needful conditions.

Looking at the University of Michigan as it stands to-day, a vital and powerful organism, we observe three peculiarities in it which go far to furnish the indication of its type among the higher educational establishments of the country:

First, having been in happy operation for twenty-nine years as a university exclusively for men, in the year 1870 it opened its doors in all departments for the admission of women. According to the most recent returns, one hundred and seventeen of that sex are now availing themselves of the right to university instruction thus recognized. In the distribution which they have made of themselves among the several departments, there is no little significance—four of them having chosen the law, forty-seven medicine, and sixty-six literature and science. Before 1870 there were several colleges in America which had adopted the system of co-education; but all of these had adopted that system from the beginning. Michigan is the first university which, having begun its life and attained eminent success upon the old exclusive system, then deliberately incorporated upon itself the new and more comprehensive plan. The resolution to do so was by no means a hasty one, or taken with much cheerfulness. It had been under consideration for twenty years, and when adopted at last, it was adopted with no little anxiety. Our experience of five years has, I think, convinced everybody here that this anxiety was not well founded. Neither good order nor the scholarship of the University has suffered any harm from the presence of ladies in its class-rooms; while the physical disasters to the women themselves, which an eminent medical authority has of late clearly demonstrated to be the penal consequences of feminine toil at the dry and arduous tasks of university study, have thus far strangely failed to make their appearance in this neighborhood. Indeed, the ladies here seem to thrive ludicrously well under the rugged regimen to which they have been put; and their omission to verify the predictions of an *a priori* alarm is something bordering upon the cruel. A benevolent mind observing these things can hardly do less than utter a word of kindly caution to all persons who still desire to take unalloyed comfort in the doctrine that women are not fit for universities, or that universities are not fit for women; such persons should abjure the neighborhood of institutions like the University of Michigan, and faithfully limit themselves to speculative data.

Secondly, the Regents of the University are a constitutional body elected for long terms by the people, and in their management of the affairs of the University possessed of independent and supreme authority, not to be dictated to even by the Legislature itself. In fact, their authority rests upon precisely the same basis as that of the Legislature, namely, the will of the people as expressed in the Constitution adopted by the people. The bearing of this fact upon the success of Michigan's experiment at making a university will be obvious to those who have noticed how inevitably and with what fatal ease a State university is worried to death by ignoramuses and political hucksters in the Legislature, whenever in any State the university stands exposed to the direct practices of the Legislature upon it.

Thirdly, Michigan has set the example, in advance of all other American States, of an active organic connection between its University and its higher preparatory schools. This is a condition of things quite unique in this country, and is of so great importance as to justify a glance at the particular conditions under which it subsists. In the University calendar stands each year this announcement:

"A committee of the Faculty will visit, once every year, any public high school in Michigan, on request of its School

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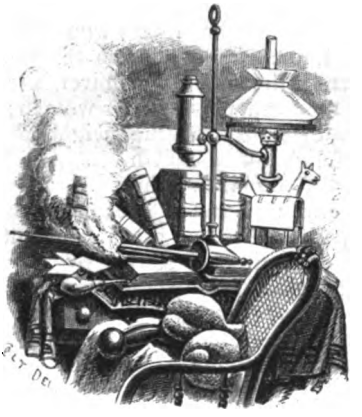
Board, and report its condition to the Faculty.

"If the Faculty shall be satisfied from such report that the *Preparatory Courses of Study* in the school thus visited embrace all the subjects required for admission to the University, and are taught by competent instructors, then the graduates from such *preparatory courses* will be admitted to the Freshman class of the University without examination.

"They must present to the President, within three months after their graduation, the diplomas of their School Board, certifying that they have sustained their examinations in *all* the studies prescribed for admission to one of the three courses, Classical, Scientific, and Engineering, or Latin and Scientific. They will also be required to appear at once in their classes, otherwise they can be admitted only after examination.

"The privilege of admission on diploma is limited to public schools in Michigan, and their School Boards must make the application annually."

This system has now been at work in Michigan five or six years, and the results upon the scholarship both of the University and of the public schools are so satisfactory as to lead to the belief that in this method is at least a partial clue to the solution of the most difficult problem connected with the future ascent of American "universities" to a grade of work high enough to remove the farcical aspect from their present assumption of the name.



FERNANDO NORONHA.

THE PENAL SETTLEMENT OF BRAZIL.

FERNANDO NORONHA, the Brazilian Sing Sing, is one of the best known and least visited solitary islands of the South Atlantic. Most of us may in youth have learned its name and position; but so unimportant is the island, a mere speck in a little frequented spot of mid-ocean, that they have doubtless long since been forgotten. Ships, in this busy modern age, seldom go out of their way to visit it, and hence it has not emerged from obscurity and become famous, like Ascension and St. Helena. It may have been oftener visited in former times, when navigators had no definite track, and ships were as likely to pass this as any other neighborhood; but ever since the never-to-be-forgotten Maury mapped out with such wonderful precision the various winds and ocean currents of the globe, this island has, in one sense, been put into a corner. The winds and currents are such as to make ships, whether going north or south, prefer to cross the equator about 23° W. lat.; and, therefore, at a reasonable distance from this island, which is out of their track. Fernando Noronha is thus, to a great extent, cut off from the civilized world, and for this very reason has been shrewdly utilized by the Brazilian Government, which has converted it into a penal settlement. It is visited only by an occasional Brazilian man-of-war, some ten or twelve whalers annually, who here refit and procure vegetables, and by a small steamer chartered to carry con-

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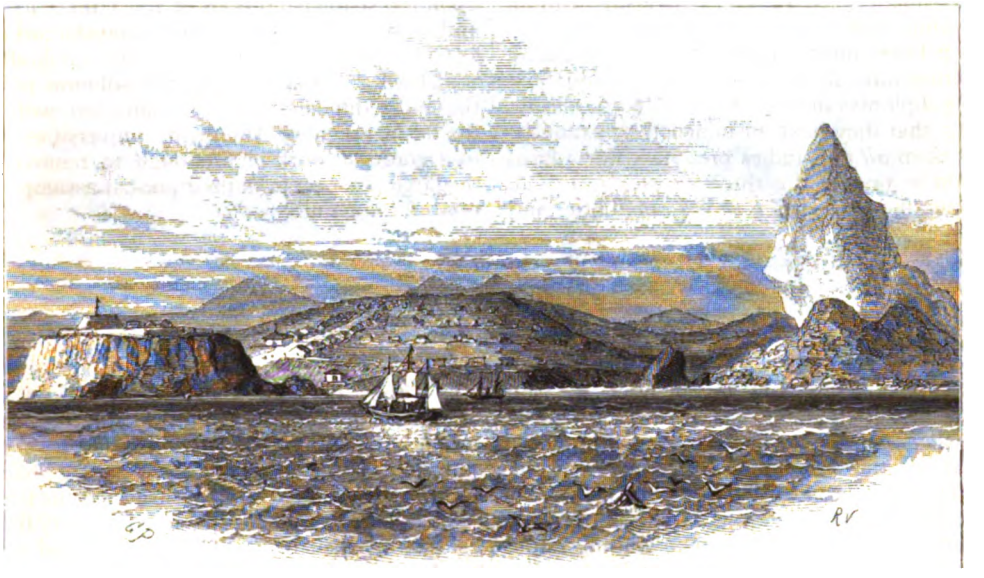
victs, mails, and stores twice a month, to and from Pernambuco, the nearest port. Hence, the island has been so little known beyond the Brazils, that until recently there was no better chart than an imperfect one derived chiefly from French authorities, and dated as far back as 1735.

I had an opportunity of visiting it about two years ago. And though the associations connected with a convict establishment are somewhat repugnant, there is in this little-known one so much interest and beauty, that my experience and impressions may not be unworthy of record. The island is said to have been infested once with Dutch pirates, from whom it was captured by the Brazilians, thus meeting with a singular and somewhat appropriate reverse of fortune. Reminiscences of the pirates, however, are still to be found in various local legends of piratical adventure, and in the suggestive names of bays, headlands, etc. The island belongs geographically to the Brazils, inasmuch as it lies in S. lat. 3°50′, and W. long. 32°35′, *i. e.*, about 194 miles N. E. of Cape San Roque, the most eastern point of the triangular South American continent. Although we speak of it as an island, it is really a group, of which five or six are small islets, chiefly rocky and unused. The main island alone is of importance. This is about four miles long, and, on an average, one broad, and consists chiefly of a somewhat lofty undulating plateau, from 100 to 300 feet above the sea-level, sloping steeply toward sandy beaches and bays, or ending in bold bluffs and cliffs, but rising occasionally into what the inhabitants jocularly term *mountains*, of which there are four or five from 500 to 700 feet high. Towering high into the air above all, to the height of 1,014 feet, is the principal peak, a needle-shaped, bald, inaccessible elevation, which casts a long shadow over the adjacent slope, so as to form an admirable sun-dial, from which the time can readily be guessed. This peak is visible a long distance at sea, and is a sure landmark for the navigator.



CONVICT VILLAGE, FERNANDO NORONHA, FROM THE SEA.

Sighting this at daybreak, we expected to anchor in a few hours; but so deceptive are distances at sea, that we did not arrive till dusk. The anchorage, off the eastern third of the N. E. side of the island, is open and easy of access, and ships of any tonnage may safely ride close to the Fort rock, a bold, inaccessible eminence, on the summit of which are the fort and garrison, commanding the anchorage in front, and behind the convict village, built on a steep slope looking seaward. The only other vessel present was a Government hired steamer. Soon after dropping anchor, we were boarded by a Brazilian military officer, to ascertain our object in visiting the island. As he could speak only a little broken English and no French, he was accompanied by an Englishman and an American half-caste, both convicts, who acted as interpreters.

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PUBLIC SQUARE IN THE CONVICT VILLAGE.

As our stay was to be brief, we soon landed, to take a hasty run through the village and over the island. Landing is at all times comparatively easy and safe. There is the never-failing ocean swell; but, as the winds here are light, the heavy rollers and surf, which often make landing impossible at St. Helena and Ascension, are here unknown. There is no pier, doubtless to lessen chance of escape; and, for the same reason, few boats. We only saw one, for the use of the garrison. As we could not hire, we landed in our own on the narrow sandy beach. Some convicts were employed in landing stores brought by the steamer. This they do somewhat ingeniously on a double raft, which they haul to and fro by a rope stretching from the steamer to the shore. The cargo and those engaged in landing it are kept dry by sitting on the top raft. When beached, the convicts carry the stores on their back, as they kindly did us, to keep our feet dry.

The village, the only one on the island, and styled the "city," is chiefly built on the steep slope rising from the beach. The path leading to it is rough, and the streets wide and grass-grown. The chief part is a square, so called, formed by the Governor's residence, a small chapel, the prison, workshop,

A FORLORN HOPE.

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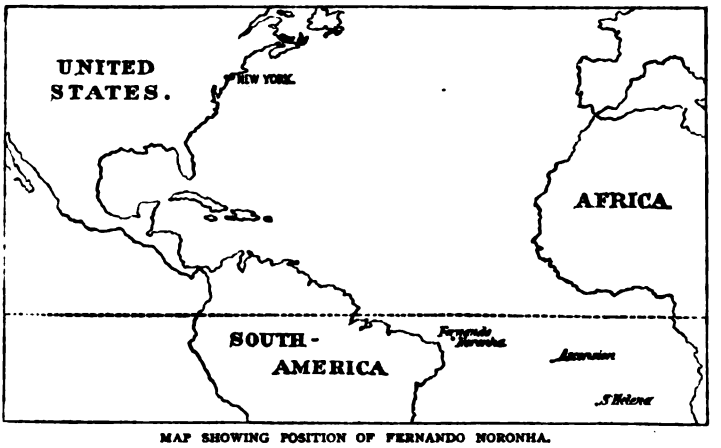
and Government stores, all stone-built, white-washed buildings. From this, several streets run up the hill, and others to the right, facing the sea. In one of the latter are a few badly stocked, stone-built general stores. The dwellings of the majority of the convicts are merely fragile, wattle-built huts, thinly and roughly plastered with mud, through which daylight and rain find as ready entrance as by the badly fitting doors and windows. These huts, as a rule, are imperfectly partitioned by the same material, one side being the family dwelling, and the other a store for beans, maize, and other provisions. Behind all is a small, and often neglected, garden. A few better built, white-washed huts, show signs of comfort, and enable us to estimate the taste, habits, occupation, and social standing of the inhabitant. There are not above two hundred huts in all for a population of about one thousand.



MAP SHOWING POSITION OF FERNANDO NORONHA.

The seaward aspect of the village and beach is bounded on the left by the singular peak (to be spoken of presently), and on the right, jutting well into the sea, by the Fort rock, on the summit of which is the Fort, which commands the village behind, and the anchorage in front, a miserable affair, but good enough perhaps for the purpose, and sufficient to awe and keep in subjection a lot of wretched, unarmed convicts. There were once eight forts in different parts of the island, but now there are only four, with thirty-two guns in all, mostly old, rusty, and useless. The chief fort is held, and the island occupied, by one hundred and fifty soldiers, under six officers and a Governor, who appear to have an easy time of it, their chief duty being to guard the stores and fort, but not specially the convicts, except to prevent escape seaward.

There are one thousand five hundred convicts on the island, chiefly Brazilians, negroes, and half-castes, with a few Italians, etc. Sixty of them are women. The children number about two hundred. The total island population, including convicts, soldiers and their wives and children, is about two thousand, thus:

Convicts (including sixty women)	1,500.
Soldiers and officers	156.
Wives of soldiers and convicts	144.
Children	200.
Total	2,000.

The chief crimes for which they have been banished are murder, embezzlement, coining, forgery—all of frequent occurrence in the Brazils; and in the case of many of the women, husband-murder or poisoning, another common felony. Of the one thousand five hundred, only one-third, or five hundred, including the women, live and work in the village. The women are mainly employed in sewing, tailoring, etc., and the men at their special trades. Those who have none have different tasks allotted, *e. g.*, fishing, cooking for the Governor, landing cargo, working in the stores, etc. Fishing is carried on single-handed in small rafts, or catamarans, like those used along the coast of Hindostan. With these the convict has little chance of escape to the distant coast. This is seldom attempted, and even if successfully accomplished, the prisoner is almost sure to be recognized and recaptured in Brazil. All the able-bodied artificers work in the general workshops under surveillance, and only the aged, infirm, and crippled are allowed the privilege of working at home. Of the village convicts, four hundred occupy the prison, the remaining one hundred being women and married men, who have huts of their own. The women are seldom compelled to live in the prison so called, which is merely a stone-built structure, consisting of an open yard, and on either side a long, rough, and bare-looking, comfortless stone-floored room,

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along each side of which the closely packed convicts sleep, feed, and keep their scanty and generally worthless stock of clothing, on long wooden tables. At the farther end is a primitive, dirty kitchen, where they grind and cook their principal article of food, maize. The only fettered man on the island was here—a large-boned, flabby, ungainly, scowling individual, evidently despised by his fellow-prisoners for having murdered a man *in his sleep*, and being thus "good for nothing"—according to my informant, the half caste who first boarded us on arrival, and who, with the Englishman who accompanied him, had murdered eight Brazilians in a drunken brawl on shipboard at Rio. This, however, was a fair stand-up fight, and he evidently considered himself a hero of a very different stamp from the coward he was now pointing out.

As a rule, the convicts spend half of their exile in the prison. If well-behaved, they may afterward live outside, build their own hut and cultivate their own garden, Government giving all, whether in prison or out of it, a certain allowance of food. If specially well-behaved, particularly if married, they may sooner live outside, a boon granted by the Governor on application. A married convict can insist on having his wife and children beside him; and, though free, they often come from the Brazils to share a husband's or father's exile. Marriages occur between convicts' children. As might be expected, the standard of morality is low.

The workshop, which I next visited, is close to the prison, and of like structure. Here the skilled artificers work, sheltered from sun and rain. Coopering, shoemaking, tailoring, were all being busily carried on, the men having an evident pride in their handiwork. Each has an allotted portion of work to perform daily. But as the Brazilian standard is not high, and convicts are not desirous of increasing it, or likely to do more than they are compelled, they are not overworked. If lazy or refractory, various punishments are inflicted, *e. g.*, solitary confinement in the prison "cell." The lash is quite often and freely used in the square, and every convict must be present to see it administered. For laziness they get from fifty to one hundred strokes, but sometimes from one hundred and fifty to three hundred. Very recently one thousand five hundred were administered at one whipping to a Brazilian convict for stabbing his wife. The man was in hospital recovering from this at the time of our visit. There are no capital punishments in the Brazils. What is most dreaded is banishment for six months or a year to Rats Island, where they live a Robinson Crusoe life, and may starve unless they fish and cultivate the soil, no provisions being sent from head-quarters.

The convicts generally are not fed by Government, but are allowed about $5 per month to purchase food, and, when they can, tobacco and other luxuries. The entire farm produce and manufactures are claimed by Government, the farm laborer getting nothing beyond a few heads of maize after a day's work. Their clothing is coarse but strong, and they appeared to have no distinctive dress. Their usual food, purchased either at the Government or private stores, consists of maize, manioc, white and black beans, all island produce, and jerked beef from the Brazils. Food and other necessaries are, on the whole, dear; and the scanty pay makes luxuries like tea, coffee, etc., for which they are charged enormously, for the most part beyond their reach.

The private stores are small dirty dens, the stock of which might be purchased in any American city for $25 or $50. They usually belong to privileged convicts, some of whom are wealthy, and do not scruple to enrich themselves by preying on their poorer fellow-prisoners. One said to be worth $300,000 was formerly a bank cashier and had been sentenced to twenty years' banishment for embezzlement. Some of the women, transported for husband-poisoning, are also well to do. Neither wealth nor possessions are forfeited to the Crown, nor is Brazilian society less lenient, inasmuch as, his time having expired, the convict may soon, especially if rich, regain his old social position.

Here, as elsewhere, however, banishment does not always prove an effectual cure for crime. A detective was then on the island to ascertain whence certain counterfeit coins occasionally circulated were emanating. He must be an adept who contrives to carry on secret coining under such adverse circumstances, and to pass base money in a community of this kind.

Some of the *life* prisoners who have been long on the island, and have grown old in the place, like it, and are contented, if not happy. On the whole, there does not appear to be much discontent. Many of the prisoners would not be taken for other than well-conducted laborers, farm-servants, or artisans. But the majority have a demoralized, self-conscious, hang-dog look, an

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unprepossessing countenance, a low-typed cranial development, and the lazy, dirty, slovenly habits usually begotten by long familiarity with crime. I conversed with some and looked into their huts. It was curious to observe the different effects which exile had produced in individuals. While all were poorly clad, some had enough self-respect and pride left to keep themselves, children and house, clean and tidy,—parading every bit of clothing, finery, or ornament; while others were in every case careless of appearances, mentally, morally, and socially degraded. One busy shoemaker, an admirable workman, would not look up; the iron had evidently entered his soul; he felt he was a branded, ruined man for life, with little interest in its concerns, and had now no object save to drown thought and care by keeping his hands and brain busy. Few of the houses had books. Education is not regarded in Brazil as in America, an object of primary importance, and still less in this establishment for the outcasts of society. But the Government is not wholly inattentive to the rising convict progeny. With praiseworthy forethought, they are carefully looked after, and efforts made to keep them from following the old paths of their parents, and lead them to choose a more honest, less dangerous, and happier career. There are two schools, one for the children of officers and soldiers, the other for those of convicts, the teachers being male prisoners. The offspring must remain on the island with their parents till twelve years old; after which, girls may either leave or remain. If they prefer to go, they are sent at Government expense to a sewing society or hospital at Pernambuco. Boys *must* go at twelve, and are sent to the high school there, to train for soldiers. As the impressions of infancy and childhood are strongest and most ineradicable, it would seem wiser to remove them from the pernicious influences and surroundings of a penal settlement.

The village amusements are few. A theater, in which prisoners perform, was lately burned down. They have an instrumental band, which also forms the church choir. Except in the evenings, when they assemble for gossip in the public square, the village has a dull, deserted appearance. The Brazilians, like the Portuguese, from whom they sprang, are an apathetic race; and the few soldiers occasionally met with, walk or loll about in a listless way, little likely to stir into anything like activity the still lazier convicts, who have no special object in working hard, particularly in that warm, enervating atmosphere. Both soldiers and convicts study only how to pass their captivity most quietly, and with the greatest amount of ease and comfort.

But we have only accounted for one-third of the prisoners. The remaining one thousand are divided into ten companies of one hundred each, who cultivate the ten different plantations into which the island is purposely divided. Over the whole, village and plantation included, there are sixteen sergeants, of whom the sergeant-major alone is a free man, the rest being "specials," *i. e.*, well-behaved men, or those whose time is nearly expired. One superintends the women, four the village men, and ten the plantation companies, the sergeant-major being a general overseer.

Leaving the village on the left, to have a look over the island, my path led along the ridge overlooking the landing and past the base of the peak towering high above me, like a huge finger pointing skyward. This and the other high points of the group consist of light gray granite, overlaid by basalt, occasionally columnar, and that again, by a coarse conglomerate of basaltic bowlders, inclosed in a dark-red clayey matrix, which, disintegrated, forms the abundant and highly fertile soil, dry and fissured during the sultry season, but soft, tenacious and muddy during the heavy rains of the rest of the year. The geology of this group is evidently correlated to that of the Brazils. And here, as there (according to Darwin), there are evidences of gradual elevation. Geologically, as geographically, it belongs to South America, and a glance at a physical atlas will show that it lies just where the Brazilian diverges southward from the main equatorial ocean current, which here begins to take a north-west course along the shores of Maranham; and at the apex of the pointed bank (which it has doubtless contributed to form), jutting out from Cape San Roque and the adjacent coasts to the north-west and southward, by which the great equatorial current is split.

Leaving the peak on the right the road led me toward the north-east end of the island, over a plateau about two hundred feet above the sea. Here I met several convicts, with one of whom, an overseer, who could speak a little English, I entered into conversation, accompanying him in his walk. The road was merely a broad pathway through cultivated fields on either side, both

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being smooth and passable, this being the dry season. Almost the entire island is under cultivation, and during the wet months, the chief time for planting, it is of a vivid green, so profuse is the vegetation. So fertile is the soil that crops are always in progress, three and often four being obtained each year. The farm implements are very primitive; the plow is unknown; and only the hoe, which only turns up the surface soil, is used. Clumsy bullock carts, with heavy, solid wooden wheels and axles, draw the farm produce lazily to the stores. The chief vegetable productions are maize, manioc, beans, and castor-oil, which are grown in alternate rows of maize and manioc, or maize and beans, or manioc and castor-oil. Maize is the chief production, the entire crop being consumed on the island. A little fine manioc is made for the officers, but most of the root is exported to Pernambuco for manufacture and re-importation in a coarse, dark form, for sale to the convicts. The plant here cultivated is apparently the sweet Cassava. I went into a small rough factory, where medicinal oils and also a coarse, bad-smelling lamp oil is made from the castor-oil bean. The small black and the brown "macass" bean is the product of a leguminous shrub named Fajung. Sugar-cane is grown in small quantities, but, like the island water, its juice is brackish. Cotton, very white but small in the pod, is grown in trifling quantity for exportation, but might be more extensively cultivated. Rice might be profitably introduced. The "caju"-tree, yielding a large almond-shaped plum-like fruit, and the "almenda" fruit-red and plum-like, with a large stone, is common. There is a plantation of cocoa-nut and another of banana and fig-trees, all yielding good fruit. Mammœ apples, sweet lemons, oranges, water and marsh-melons, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and a small variety of tomato, are also grown. The introduction of modern farm implements and other improvements, combined with more systematic, energetic, and skilled management, would contribute much toward better cultivation and greater productiveness.

There are about one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy horses and five hundred cows on the island, belonging chiefly to the sergeants. Milk is abundant, and usually bought by the convicts. Cattle are occasionally killed for the soldiers. Besides these, pigs and dogs, and also rats and mice, common in the fields, the island has no other quadrupeds. There are fowl and wild doves, lizards and wasps, and a black burrowing cricket (gryllus). The water birds include the wide-awake, gannet, tern, booby, noddy, boatswain bird, etc. Fish are abundant, large, and good.

As along the Brazilian coast, the seasons are the *wet*, lasting over March to the middle of July with heavy rains night and day, and the *dry*, during the rest of the year, when the sun is hot in the shade, but tempered in the open by the breeze. The island lies about the isotherm of 80° Fahr. and 7° of latitude south of the thermal equator. Being thus beyond the equatorial doldrums, even when these are farthest south, its climate is comparatively cool for the latitude. The temperature at the anchorage during our visit ranged from 77° to 79° Fahr., the relative humidity of the air being 80°, and the prevalent winds south-east and east-south-east, the month being September. The climate is healthy and fine, as shown by the appearance of the convicts and soldiers. As in other inter-tropical islands, it is not those working in the sun who suffer from the heat or deteriorate in health, but those indoors and sedentary. Diarrhœa and dysentery occasionally prevail on account of the heat and the muddy, brackish water, not over-abundant, and only found near the beach. Malingering is common among the convicts, because when in hospital they are fed by Government. The military surgeon is the only medical man on the island.

As we sauntered along, my companion informed me, in confidence, that the two in front were convicts and one a murderer. He evidently did not wish to be regarded as a felon himself. After walking about a mile we struck off to the right along a pathway leading into a thicket, emerging soon after into a small clearing planted with bananas, where we entered a log hut. The other two were already there, but they could only speak Portuguese. We sat chatting. But my companions were evidently ill at ease, and did not approve of my keeping a heavy geological hammer I carried with me in my hand, and asked me why I did so. There was clearly a mutual suspicion and distrust. I was alone, far from the ship, otherwise unarmed; and though they too were weaponless, they were three to one, all powerful men, and I felt not over-confident in their good intentions or antecedents. Discretion being the better part of valor, and both parties being uneasy, I soon took my leave, hammer in hand, ready for any emergency.

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We parted with polite salutations. I thanked them for their courtesy. They showed me a path leading out of the bush, and I soon got into the main road, glad to be safely clear of the worthy trio. I may have been ungenerously suspicious, but, if so, my caution was pardonable under the circumstances. The path led me past a large shed, where convicts were one by one bringing in sackfuls of Indian corn, which they laid in a heap for storage. Here I again met the American half-caste, who piloted me back to the village and landing.

Altogether Fernando Noronha is well worthy of a visit by those who have time and opportunity, and an interest in settlements of this nature. The curiosity of the naturalist would here be well repaid, and the artist would find many good studies for his pencil and brush. Some of the bays and headlands are highly picturesque, and especially the singular peak.

FAME.

I saw in dreams a long and wavering way,
That wound aloof toward the walls of day;
Like a great snake on a wide moor it lay.

At either road-edge there were men who kneeled,
Some with bowed countenances half-revealed;
Some crying drearily; some whose lips were sealed.

Ill might you say what presence or what thing
They waited in their watchful cowering,
As suppliants wait the advent of a king.

And now there rose a murmur through them all,
For a vast shape, fantastically tall,
Came gliding on, with pace majestical.

The ample drapery of its filmy guise
Floated and flowed around it, vaporwise.
Its face was vaguely stern, with scornful eyes.

In either hand it carried shining bays,
Wrought greenly into wreaths of braided sprays,
Like the old chaplets of the dead Greek days.

And wheresoe'er that journeying spirit came,
They caught his shadowy robe, they wailed his name,
While many a faded face was touched with flame!

But rarely, very rarely, he bent down,
Mixed with a languid smile his august frown,
And dropped on some low brow a glimmering crown.

Then, just as my strange dream was like to cease,
His face drew near, and on its haughty peace
I read unbounded tyranny of caprice!

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FORTUNATA'S POCKET.

"WON'T you try it then, Jeanie?"

There was a world of persuasion in the voice that uttered this entreaty, as well as in the dark-blue eyes that seconded it. Janet's own brown ones wavered as she answered:

"I wish I could, Arthur; oh, I do wish I could! But indeed it would be madness. You know your father's words—and you know what he is. He would never forgive us."

"Then if we must, we will do without his forgiveness, and do quite as well, too, I dare say. Don't look so grave, dear; you know I mean no disrespect, but is it reasonable we should spend our best years waiting on a whim of his, so long as I have a pair of hands, and a head equal to compound fractions?" said Arthur, ending with a smile what he had begun with a frown. "They say Heaven helps those that help themselves, and I've no fear but we could take care of *our*selves."

"We might venture, perhaps, if we had only ourselves to care for," answered Janet, shaking her head. "But you know, Arthur, it is not so. When you marry me you marry my family along with me—"

"And am ready to marry all your thirtieth cousins into the bargain, if only it were along with you."

"Yes, I know how foolish you are," rejoined the girl, still in her former half-jesting tone. "So you see, Arthur, I have to be wise for two. As if a wife weren't burden enough—hush, sir! they are burdens; don't all the magazines say so?—without loading you with two more encumbrances. For Angie must have her comforts, poor thing, and Harry is going to college if I have to go on my hands and knees to get him there! No, there is nothing for it but to wait and hope another year; who knows what may happen in a whole year?"

"Well," said Arthur, after a pause, during which he had stood considering with knitted brows, "I never could quite see the beauty of the Micawber policy myself, but I suppose there is no appeal from your decision."

The girl sighed in silence, but as she followed him into the passage she laid her hand on his arm.

"Arthur, you don't think me selfish?" she whispered.

"Don't I!" said he; and the accompanying caress seemed to imply that Arthur rather liked selfishness than otherwise. "The most selfish, obstinate little lamb I ever saw; always set on sacrificing herself to somebody else."

With the shutting of the door that shut him out of sight, the happy glow faded from Janet's face, and she turned back with another patient sigh. Waiting and hoping, so easy to preach, would have been less hard to practice had they been more evenly proportioned. For, in their circumstances, what could a year, or even ten years do? Might they not wait a life-time in vain?

While Arthur Irvin walked along, revolving their difficulties with as much anxiety but considerably less patience, her words recurred to him: "You know what your father is." Truly did he know but too well. The jesting reproach he had just used to her might have applied in sober earnest to his father; so far, at least, as selfishness and obstinacy went, for anything in any respect less like a little lamb than Mr. Irvin, Senior, could hardly have been imagined. That member of the animal kingdom which he most suggested, perhaps, to an unprejudiced observer, was a pig, at the moment when he plants his four feet firmly, cocks up his ears and nose, and turns his small red eyes with a look of stubborn defiance on the hapless mortal who vainly seeks to coax him in the way he would not. Mr. Irvin, it must be allowed, was scrupulously neat, and even nice in his personal habits, which the pig certainly is not; otherwise the resemblance was undeniable. Filial respect doubtless prevented Arthur from dwelling on it, but it could hardly have failed to strike him.

The words Janet had just recalled were spoken during a certain conversation carried on in the counting-room, when Arthur had rather nervously unfolded a project which he had very much at heart. Mr. Irvin listened in perfect silence, not even lifting his eyes from some invoices he was looking over. Then at last, pushing them aside, he said in a matter-of-fact tone:

"We might as well come to a definite understanding on this subject, Arthur; it may save some time and trouble. You know my plans for you about Emily Warner, twenty thousand dollars down. But it seems you can plan better for yourself, eh? Very well, now I'll make a bargain with you. No beggar enters these doors as my daughter,

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and if you choose to throw yourself into the gutter, why you may stay there forever for any help of mine; you shall, sir, by the Lord Harry! and you know if I generally mean what I say. I picked you out a wife and a fortune; if you don't choose to take the wife, I shall look to you for every cent of the money. That settled, you may marry when, where, and whom you like. The day that Miss Janet Hollister can give you her hand with twenty thousand dollars in it, I shall be happy to make her acquaintance; until then I don't care to hear her name. So now we understand each other."

And Mr. Irvin with hard self-satisfaction leaned back in his comfortable chair, while Arthur, looking at the pursed-up lips, bit his own hard to keep back certain unfilial remarks trembling on them.

Months had passed since then, and the matter still stood exactly the same. Arthur once or twice, indeed, had attempted to re-open the question, but a dogged "You have my ultimatum," from his father, warned him that he would be urging his cause at its own risk. It was a hard trial, and one that the young man would never have borne but for Janet, who would neither come between his father and him, nor consent to let his love for her be the means of his worldly ruin.

"Better, I am afraid, to give me up at once," she had said; "but if you care too much to do that, let us wait patiently for possibilities."

So was she preaching hope to him out of her own hopelessness. For what chance had she of ever fulfilling Mr. Irvin's condition—she, whose utmost efforts were needed even to pay her way from day to day? Was she not, after all, selfish to accept the sacrifice of Arthur's best years of life? Ought she not, even at the cost of some present pain to him, to save him the long, wearing trial that seemed so likely to be unrewarded after all? This was what, more sadly than usual, she was thinking, as she shut him out of her sight and went back, with a sigh, to her small daily worries.

"Is Arthur gone at last?" was the greeting that reached her on opening the door, in a voice sweet through all its querulous impatience. "Not that it makes much difference to me, for now I suppose you're going to that dreadful old woman, and she'll keep you forever, as usual. How people *can* be so selfish!"

"Never mind, Angie dear," said Janet soothingly, bending down to the face on the pillows, a face as white as they, but with a kind of pathetic beauty in the wasted outlines and over-large blue eyes. "If she is exacting, it's not for me to complain, for it gives me bread-and-butter, you know."

"Spread thin enough, though," grumbled the invalid. "I declare, Jenny, in common justice she ought to make it up to you in her will. Besides, you're some sort of cousins, aren't you, like all the Scotch?"

"Rather too diffuse relationship to do me much good, I'm afraid," answered Janet, laughing, as she began putting on her outdoor things.

Angie was quite right, however; there was a cousinship near enough to reckon between her half-sister Janet Macdonald Hollister, and this old lady who bore the same name. So, at least, Mrs. Macdonald had declared, and demonstrated it to her own satisfaction. Their acquaintance was entirely a chance one, made through the medium of the advertising columns. Janet, left with the charge of a sickly half-sister and young brother, looked about for something to help herself out, and thought she might satisfy the requirements of an old lady who did not expect to secure a finished professor in music, art and languages, for a smaller stipend than she would have paid her cook. The result was a call on Mrs. Macdonald, and an engagement which had lasted ever since. It was not likely to last much longer now, for it had grown but too plain to Janet that her employer's days were numbered. Her warm heart could not help a thrill of pity sometimes, at thought of the stoical old woman, dying by inches, alone in the midst of her riches. Not, indeed, that she need have been alone, as she grimly remarked to Janet one day when she had been amusing herself by tracing out a relationship through twists and turns too intricate for any but a Scotch head.

"I've relations enough, I can assure ye, Miss Janet, fond ones, too, that would make naught of giving up the pleasures of this world to smooth my path into another. But I'd rather take the will for the deed, you see; they're welcome to my old shoes when I'm done with 'em, but so long as I do stand in 'em, I'll have nobody treading on my heels. Now, it's different with you; you're one of the clan, to be sure, but then you weren't brought up to look upon your rich old cousin as your natural prey. Now I dare say if I were to take a notion to leave you enough to buy some sort of mourning fol-de-rol, you are just silly enough to let it

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give you a kindly thought of me, instead of hating my memory because 'twasn't more; hey, child?"

And the old lady tapped her companion on the shoulder, whereat Janet turned her face upward with such a ray of wondering pity in the soft, deep gray eyes, as pierced straight through the customary mask on the cynical old face, which responded for a moment with the womanly trust and tenderness latent now beneath a crust of many years. She did not speak a word, but let her hand rest again on the young girl's shoulder, looking down into her eyes the while with a look half sad, half comforted. And always after that, Janet felt that there was a stronger bond between them than the mere give and take of convenience.

The end seemed very near to Janet this morning, as she stood by the sick woman and looked down into the ashy, wrinkled face, out of which the eyes gleamed with a keen contrasting fire. It was little she could do to-day for her employer, who was too restless for continued reading, but she found such evident satisfaction in the young girl's presence, that the latter finally, with some hesitation, offered to come and nurse her. This, however, the old lady would not hear of.

"No, no," she said. "Best let well alone. I'm not denying it's a comfort to hear and see you, but I've got too set in my ways to go out of 'em at the last—and after all, it's as easy dying as living alone; eh, lassie? No, you'll just come for your bit hour or two daily, as we agreed, till time saves us both the trouble."

Time was not long in doing that. Mrs. Macdonald failed so rapidly that before many days all was over. Janet, as she was bidden, attended the funeral, remaining likewise to hear the reading of the will. The great, gloomy parlor, old-fashioned and set as its late mistress, was sprinkled about with Macdonalds, relatives in every degree of Scotch cousinship, who looked cautiously at each other and coldly at Janet, subduing to a decent sadness the eager glances that sought the man-of-law in whose hands the will had been placed.

It was a decent sadness, however, that was unfeigned when the testament had been read. For not one was satisfied, though not one was forgotten. All fared exactly alike, even to the "beloved cousin Janet Macdonald Hollister," to her own amazement and that of the others. The last, indeed, was so unpleasantly evident that sensitive Janet, although aware that her claim defrauded no one, was considering how to withdraw it, when the lawyer's voice broke the momentary pause.

"There are two codicils," said Mr. Rand. "The first provides that if the will be not carried out to the letter, in every point, the whole bequest shall lapse to the asylum fund for poor widows already named in the will."

Mr. Rand lifted his eyes and glanced keenly over the surrounding faces, which had suddenly exchanged angry protest for acquiescence. For each, in his own interest, must now support the interest of the others.

"Codicil second," resumed the lawyer, "relates to the watch worn by the deceased, the only piece of property excepted from the general sale. It is an old-fashioned article, of no very great intrinsic worth, and valuable to the deceased's friends chiefly as a souvenir, having on the two cases miniatures of the late Mrs. Macdonald and her husband. The will provides that whoever may take it shall forfeit five hundred dollars of his legacy:—'In consideration that the watch will serve mostly as a souvenir, and it is only fair the fool should pay for his folly. Moreover, on pain of forfeiting it, he shall carry it every three months to Mr. Sandham, who has regulated it for years. If there is nobody cares to indulge in so expensive a piece of sentiment, it shall be sold for what it will bring, and the proceeds given to the poor of St. Leonard's parish.' These are the words of the will, ladies and gentlemen," concluded the lawyer, "and here is the article in question."

The late Mrs. Macdonald's relatives gathered around for examination, but all, with a shake of the head and a curl of the lips, turned away again, beginning in a low tone to converse among themselves, as if the day's business were closed.

"The property proves considerably less than I supposed," said one.

"Well, yes; but I know she had some rather heavy losses a few years ago. Then that asylum fund—"

"I am to understand, then," interposed Mr. Rand's quiet voice, "that the watch will be sold as undesirable—"

"Oh, no," here interrupted Janet with timid eagerness, drawing near, and regarding through a grateful, pitiful mist, the pictured face of her benefactress, the unwept old woman whom careless hands had just carried out from that very room to her hardly more lonely tomb. "I will take it if no one else."

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"There seems to be little objection on that score," remarked the lawyer, with a slight smile following her doubtful glance at the others.

So the lumbering, old-fashioned thing became Janet's undisputed property.

She thought of it, rather apprehensively, it must be owned, all the way home. What would Angie say to it—Angie, to whom that forfeited money would have meant so much of ease and comfort?

What Angie would say to it soon ceased to be doubtful, for she grew almost eloquent over her sister's folly.

"The idea of throwing away all that money! Of course, in our circumstances, you can afford to waste five hundred dollars. It will grow again in your pocket, I suppose."

"Don't, Angie dear," pleaded Janet. "Only think how much we have left still! I have only given back—"

"Just one quarter! Five into twenty's four, nought's a nought," put in Harry, who sat twirling his slate-pencil over an unfinished sum, which he found much less interesting than this example not down in the book.

Angie gave a little treble scream. "A quarter! you hear, Janet? One whole quarter, and my back so bad, and Harry wearing out shoes at the rate he does! I do wonder you could be so thoughtless, Janet!"

Janet did not answer for a moment. Her overflowing gratitude had hindered her, perhaps, from measuring this unexpected bounty exactly, and Harry's glib calculation somehow seemed to put it before her in a new light. True, it *was* a quarter that she had sacrificed to an impulse, and Angie's back *was* bad, and Harry's wear and tear of shoe-leather enormous.

"I am very sorry, Angie darling," she said deprecatingly. "Perhaps it was thoughtless; but if you could have been in my place and seen it as I did—all of us taking that poor old creature's money so greedily, and not even pretending to care about her picture."

"*I* don't blame 'em," said Harry, embittered, perhaps, by the allusion to that sore point of his toes, and snapping a contemptuous thumb and finger at the watch on the table near. "Horrid old guy!"

"For shame, Harry!" cried Janet, facing round on him. "To take her money and then talk like that, and she only just buried, too! Oh, how cruel, how mean!"

"Why, Jenny! I—I didn't mean anything," stammered Harry, abashed by this unwonted passion in "gentle Janet's" eyes and voice. "Only,"—a returning gleam of mischief in his face as he saw the excitement fade out of hers,—"with that funny little twinkle in the eye, and that fol-de-rol thing perched on top of the head and the waist up to the ears, it does look such an old-fashioned quiz, don't it, now?" holding it out for inspection.

"I dare say," answered Janet, already self-reproachful, as she stroked "her boy's" brown curls. "But do you suppose we should look very new-fashioned ourselves fifty years from now, Harry?"

"Ho, *you!*" cried the saucy boy. "Tell you what, Miss Jen, take you girls as you stand, from the stilts under your feet to the cheese-plates on your heads, and a naturalist fifty years from now wouldn't know what sort of animal he'd got hold of!"

"Is a cheese-plate animal or vegetable, Harry?" asked Janet gravely.

"Animal, I guess," answered Harry boldly. "You'd think so over at old Gresham's, if you could see—"

"Oh, you horrid boy!" moaned Angie, turning her head on her pillows.

"Come, Harry; I won't have you talk so," said Janet laughingly, as she picked up his slate-pencil.

So Harry returned to arithmetic, and Janet went over to coax poor sickly Angie back into good temper.

The bequest at the time had seemed to Janet an inexhaustible mine of wealth—a kind of Fortunatus's purse which should carry out all her cherished day dreams; it would surround poor Angie with luxuries; it would send Harry to college; it would even form, at least, a nest-egg for that once impossible treasure which Arthur's father made the condition of their happiness. But as time slipped by, she found every dollar, in anticipation at least, a dozen times appropriated, and the treasure become impossible again. She could almost have fancied it all a dream but for the watch which lay before her, a sufficiently solid reminder in its heavy old-fashioned case, the eyes of the miniature winking up at her from the dim enamel. She looked back at it with a smile and then a sigh, then one day remembered suddenly that the prescribed three months had nearly elapsed, and she must not forget to take it with her the next time she went down town with Harry.

Mr. Sandham—a wiry old man, with

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black eyes and a polished bald head, on which a velvet skull-cap sat coquettishly askew—received them; looking at her, she noticed, with a singular curiosity as he took the watch from her hand.

"This is a very old acquaintance of mine," he said, as he pressed one spring after another. "A very remarkable, and, indeed, I may say, valuable piece of workmanship. Were you aware of that, Miss Hollister?" he asked with a sudden sharp look at her.

"As a souvenir it is, indeed, very valuable to me," she answered, coloring a little, "but I did not imagine that in itself—"

"Ah, that is because you have probably not studied it as I have. Look at it again now, Miss Hollister, and see if you perceive nothing remarkable."

"It is intricately inlaid," said Janet hesitatingly, as she turned it over, "and the portraits are done with curious exactness, but—"

"To be sure, to be sure, the portraits," put in Mr. Sandham, rubbing his hands with the quick cat-like motion peculiar to him. "There is something curious about the portraits, is there not? Now, what should you say it was, eh, Miss Hollister?"

Janet looked doubtfully from his face to the pictured ones and back again.

"Only see the eyes!" continued the old man gleefully; "how they twinkle, as if they were just ready to tell you all about it!"

And truly the two little diamond points in each face, as the old man turned them to the strong light, sparkled and winked as if fairly radiating mystery.

"What would you say?" he went on, "if I were to tell you that each of these concealed a diamond—"

"As large as a roc's egg?" ecstatically murmured Harry, who, fresh from the "Arabian Nights'" wonders, would indeed hardly have been surprised to see a Genie issue from the watch-case.

"I am not familiar with the roc's egg," said the old man, turning upon Master Harry with a sudden confusing ceremoniousness, "it being, I apprehend, of the kind chiefly found in mares' nests, which I have never yet had the fortune to discover. But I was about to remark, that the four eyes conceal four fine diamonds, which, united, form a very pretty little sum indeed. Look, Miss Hollister!" And, pressing a hidden spring as he spoke, the outer case flew aside, revealing a second one within, in which were set two large diamonds, while, on repeating the same action with the other side, similar treasures were there disclosed.

"You must understand, Miss Hollister," said the jeweler, nodding at Janet's bewildered face, "that the late Mrs. Macdonald was of a cautious temperament—no bad thing in anybody; and having suffered some losses by a bank, she conceived the idea of investing a certain portion of her fortune in such a way as to retain it safe about her own person. She commissioned me to make an inner case for this watch—readily done from its great thickness, as you may observe—in which two diamonds were set on each side, in a position to come directly beneath the eyes, which were then pierced with a hole in each center. This enabled her always to assure herself of their safety, while, by disguising their size, it lessened the risk of robbery. You see? People would hardly take the trouble to steal such a little bit of a diamond as that," said Mr. Sandham smilingly, as he re-adjusted the dull blank sockets again over the embedded jewels, where the tiny central point of light winked up again like the eye of a benevolent witch.

"Aren't you lucky, though, Jenny Wren!" cried Harry, as soon as he was out of the old man's paralyzing presence. "Won't Arthur be glad, though! Now you can be married and no more trouble. What was it Angie said about the money growing again? And it has, just like that old What's-his-name with the purse; only yours is a watch-pocket instead of a purse. I declare it ought to be changed to Fortunata's Pocket!"

FRENCH DUELS.

ALL the fencing-rooms in Paris, except two (I don't believe there are more), are on the ground floor, and at the back of a court-yard. No tenant, not even a life-long tenant of a Paris flat (whom custom has made callous to everything, just as eels in time come to consider flaying alive a mere superficial titillation—no more), no tenant could stand the clatter and turmoil of a fencing-room over his head. It is nothing but noisy young fellows going in or coming out, marching, retreating, stamping, grinding chalk on

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the floor, straightening foils with feet, trying the temper of foils on the floor, and the clink of foils from six in the morning till eleven at night. The only two fencing-rooms which are on the first floor have under them, one a storehouse for pictures, the other a storehouse for books, to contain respectively the overflow of a shop in another street, and of the boxes on the parapet of the river. Need I tell you that the great majority of second-hand booksellers ply their trade on the river's banks? Don't despise them for that! Those wooden boxes are but the shop's till; the bank which contains the capital is in some back street on the ground floor of some court-yard. As the only protest which pictures and books ever make against, even the most unearthly noises, is to fall from their frames, or to tumble from their shelves, their clamor is unheeded. In Paris no remonstrance receives attention, unless it be supported by the authority of the janitor, or of the police commissioner.

It is not easy to imagine more dingy places than these fencing-rooms. There is only one light, tidy one in Paris, and it owes its cleanliness to the circumstance that it belongs to Mons. Ernest Legouvé, the celebrated dramatist. He has a passion for fencing, and has rented the ground floor of the house in which he lives, and which is his property, to the brothers Robert. I suspect he makes a considerable sacrifice of money in renting these rooms as fencing-rooms. They are in Rue St. Marc, near the corner of Rue Vivienne, and about a hundred feet from Boulevard Montmartre. No fencing-master could pay the current rents of this quarter. Rumor says Robert finds it hard to meet quarter-day, although Mons. Legouvé has thrown into his hands the place of fencing-master in half the Paris colleges. Again, whenever Mons. Legouvé gives a ball, he converts the fencing-rooms into a theater, where he delights his guests with a dramatic entertainment. These nights must diminish Robert's rent.

The other Paris fencing-rooms have not been painted for a half century. The paper is stained by dust and flies, dampness, smoke, tobacco. The mirrors have lost all powers of reflection. The curtains are faded and threadbare. The floor is checkered, here by water thrown to lay the dust, there by chalk pellets, which are continually crushed under foot to prevent fencers from slipping.

Dingy, dirty, every way uninviting as fencing-rooms are, I confess I like to frequent them. On winter nights, when lighted and filled with ten or fifteen pair of fencers, they are really brilliant. I enjoy them, when (after cudgeling brains all day long to transmute pen, ink, and paper into bread, meat, rent, raiment) I relieve nerves and call upon muscles to be in turn fatigued. How delightful are the weariness of body, the torrents of perspiration wetting flannel and thick wadded buckskin through and through, and the sound, dreamless sleep which follows the long lesson and the longer assault! Then, for a man who must make his bread before he eats it, what economy of time there is in fencing; in an hour it gives one more and better exercise than he may obtain by trudging on foot all day, by boxing for hours, or by rowing all an afternoon. I say nothing about horseback, because that is pre-eminently the best exercise in the world, and because I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth, and have never been able to put one there. Horses are only for people with silver spoons.

There is to me something very attractive in the appearance of the line which runs all around fencing-rooms, and which is formed of masks bound—these with red, those with green, others with blue, others still with yellow and morocco; the gloves peering through the close meshes of the wired visor, and the foils hanging below in long, slender, tapering, gleaming steel. It gives me pleasure to look at the men in linen trowsers, flannel shirt, and well-wadded buckskin jacket, their eyes glittering like diamonds with the healthy excitement of exercise behind the mask, and their whole person attesting the well-ordered life they lead. Don Juans and Lotharios are not to be found in fencing-rooms. Physical exercises enforce morality. Nothing I have seen in Paris has struck me more than the absence of everything like impropriety in conversation which I have observed in fencing-rooms. I have never heard an oath, or a coarse expression, or an allusion to women, or an indecent story in them. I have heard but one rude speech, and I have seen but one rude action in them; both were by the same man, and they were punished by such icy silence, their author never repeated them. There is more ceremonious politeness in them than is to be found anywhere else in France. The lesson ended, the pupil invariably says, "I thank you, sir," to the master, or to the provost, if the latter give the lesson. When one would make an assault with another, he always prefers his requests in these words: "Sir, would you be so very

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good as to make an assault with me?" He never hears any other reply but: "Most willingly, sir, I am entirely at your orders." The assault ended, the adversaries shake hands, saying: "Sir, I thank you," and replying: "Sir, the obligation is wholly on my side." I have never seen a quarrel about the blows given. I don't pretend to say the conversation is very intellectual. The ignorance of the frequenters is amazing. I do not know one of them who sees a newspaper daily or regularly. Among them are contributors to magazines; not one of them ever sees a magazine unless it happens to contain an article by him. When I add that some of these frequenters are professors in some of the most celebrated seats of learning in Paris, others are lawyers, others are physicians, this statement will appear still more extraordinary. Nothing has struck me more in France than the absence of books in houses. You would weep over me were I to tell how many staircases I have climbed, how many lodgings I have visited in Paris in search of rooms. I have never seen but one book-case during all these expeditions. I have visited amicably a great many artists' studios. I have never seen a book or a book-case except in two of them; both of these artists were Americans. I have never seen a book or a book-case in any house I have visited except two, and in both of these the wives were American. By the way, Lord Chesterfield alludes to this same ignorance, so it does not date from the Empire, as many Frenchmen assert. Their conversation is sprightly, and it is amusing. It turns chiefly upon art (there is always some art show open in Paris, the Annual Exhibition of Fine Arts, auction sales of pictures, exhibitions at the picture-dealers', new pictures in artists' studios), upon the last new play, and sometimes, though rarely, upon politics. But for singing, I never heard such fellows! Let any one of them strike up a tune, they all join in, each taking the part (tenor, bass, etc.), best suited to his voice. I don't pretend to say that all of these notes would be considered good as sterling behind the foot-lights of an opera-house, but they find amusement in the exercise, and it is not unpleasing to the listener.

All are smokers. The pipe is indispensable in a fencing-room. Everybody is reeking with perspiration, and the odor of twelve or fifteen half-naked men in this condition is not suggestive of Jockey Club or patchouli. Tobacco repels all these assaults on the olfactory nerves. I have rarely seen drink of any kind introduced. In summer beer has occasionally been brought in. I have seen it introduced twice in five years. A naval officer introduced brandy. He and two or three others would sip a thimbleful in a tumbler of water, and the one glass would last during the whole lesson and its sequent assaults. The French are not only temperate, but adverse to expense. Money becomes volatile in the heated atmosphere of Paris, and disappears in invisible vapors through the interstices of the purse and the fingers of the closest fist. Besides, there are rich and poor behind the mask, and the latter would be driven from the fencing-room if habits of expense were notorious; for the French are passionately fond of equality; furthermore, they savagely enforce the rule of paying the score in turn, and he who should allow himself to be treated without once standing the bill, would soon be driven from the room. Speaking of French temperance, I may mention that one evening a gentleman, to illustrate his remarks, said:

"You know how a man feels when he is drunk?"

There were fifteen men present, only one of whom, and he not a Frenchman, could join his experience to the questioner's. This general moderation makes fatal duels rare in France.

Duels take place continually, but one rarely hears of anything except the coffee which follows them. Seconds don't like to be mixed up with a fatal affair. Principals have still more aversion to such duels, especially if in the lottery they think the chances are in favor of drawing the ball. The law officers deal harshly with the seconds of a fatal duel, and, if a heavy fine be inflicted, the family of the fallen rarely feel like adding legal costs to a long funeral bill. A man who has figured as principal in a duel is generally shunned. People are very polite to him, take good care not to offend him, take better care to keep out of his company. Nobody likes to feel in unguarded hours the necessity of being guarded.

There are many reasons why duels rarely end fatally. All the gunsmiths keep pistols warranted not to hit a barn door at ten paces. They are grooved all sorts of ways; they are made so light that the least load of powder sends them to the skies; the trigger is made so hard the hand pulls the pistol higher than even the skies; the hammer is weighted and has such a powerful spring the barrel is knocked down. More-

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over, the seconds always take care to overload, that the pistol, no matter how carefully aimed, may bounce over the object. Lastly, but by no means leastly, there is the emotion inseparable from a maiden appearance in the part of target for an enemy's loaded pistol. It is incredible how fast eyelids will snap under these circumstances.

Frenchmen are averse to duels with pistols, because this weapon is too "brutal" and too uncertain. The sword is as delicate as a housewife's needle, and is completely under command. It is not only the desire to end the duel with the first blood which makes encounters with swords so rarely fatal. It is impossible for the inexperienced to conceive the difference the fencer finds between fencing in a room and fencing out of doors. The pistol-shooter discovers something of the same sort when he abandons the gallery for the field. In the former, floor, ceiling and walls unconsciously guide hand and eye; he stands, as it were, at one end of a tube and shoots at a target placed near the other end. When in the field he aims at a tree, he is scarcely able to cover it. This also is one of the reasons why duels with pistols are so rarely fatal. The man who, for the first time, fences out of doors, literally sees nothing, and this phrase does not express the singular sensation. Antagonist, foils, scene—everything vanishes, and one feels as if he were a dwarfed Liliputian gazing on vacancy. He who, in a balloon out of sight of earth, leans over the car and gazes into the blue depths beneath him, must feel some such sensation.

Again, few men can hold and fence with a foil for ten consecutive minutes. The severe exercise exhausts them. When one takes up a dueling sword, one feels as if he had a giant's club in hand. In two minutes he can scarcely keep it up. When he parries, it seems to drop to the horizon, carried away by the *vis inertiæ*. To thrust is still worse; imagine a man thrusting with a giant's club—so it feels. Now the art of the fencer may be said to lie in doing two things adroitly—never letting the point of his sword go beyond the sides of his body—and moving his sword only with his hand, never with his arm. Judge how difficult it is to fulfill these conditions when one has in hand a weapon which feels like a club. Some fencers use the dueling sword, or rather a sort of sword heavier than the dueling sword, whenever they take lessons, or give assault, to accustom themselves to its weight. It is, however, too expensive for ordinary persons. Broken foils are a heavy burden, while they cost only forty cents a piece; the fencer sometimes breaks three or four new ones in as many minutes, if he falls on a bad "run" of foils; and, as the more foils that are broken, the more money the master makes (he pays fifteen or twenty cents for them), he is particular only about their bad quality. Three or four dollars' worth of foils are broken every month by the most careful fencer. I have seen men break sixteen dollars' worth a month. Pupils not only pay for all they break, but for all the master breaks fencing with them, and he takes care to shatter as many as he thinks the pupil will pay for without grumbling, or without ceasing to take lessons. Fencing swords cost two dollars each; and such a fine levied on every broken blade makes fencing an expensive amusement.

One of the most absurd scenes I have ever witnessed in a fencing-room is the appearance of a fellow who has stumbled or been pushed into a duel, and who never in his life saw a foil except in a gunsmith's window.

There is a current notion that every fencing-master has a secret, by which the most adroit adversary may be vanquished by the rawest man who ever took sword in hand for the first time. Everybody has heard tell of the most experienced swordsmen being killed by novices. There is no foundation for such nonsense. The only way in which this deed could possibly be done would be, that the neophyte did but hold his sword out straight, and the first-rate swordsman spitted himself on it. As fencers know this course of action is always taken by novices, the former are on their guard against it. The action of stretching forth the sword puts it absolutely in the power of the antagonist, and nothing is easier than to take possession of it and inflict a mortal wound on its holder. True, a novice, who actively attacks his opponent, does embarrass the latter. Everybody knows we all have our handwriting, and our gait, and our style. The police are able to detect the perpetrator of a crime (if it be committed by a notorious criminal) by the manner in which it was done. Each rogue has his style. It is just so in fencing. Each man has his method, his logic, and a master of fencing easily sees a few minutes after the combat begins what is the logic of his adversary. There is only a given number of things which can be done, and, after a few feints, an expert swordsman detects the order in

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which his adversary does them. A novice, however, is ignorant of these things; he does not know (if I may use such an expression) the rules of the game. He moves his pawn as if it were a castle, and his bishop as if it were a queen, and he is entitled to do so, for the rules of fencing are not obligatory out of the fencing-room. These rules are but deductions from the skill of the most accomplished swordsmen, and are designed to lead men to acquire their skill. Therefore, a fencer who has a neophyte before him is doubly on his guard, because his adversary is a creature of caprice and not of logic. If a fencer be not wary, he may be surprised by ignorance, and, in this way, stories of rawness defeating maturity may have gotten into currency.

Equally silly is the belief of the existence of secret blows, whose magic defies the most consummate skill. "The commander's blow" and "the Italian blow" are the most famous of these secret blows. They are simplicity itself, and cannot be successfully executed if the adversary be a tolerable swordsman and carefully on his guard. To explain them here would oblige me to enter into technicalities, which would be Greek to the majority of readers. The only secret blow which is certain of success is "the gendarmes' blow." The gendarmes are the rural police. When your adversary is about to attack you, assume a horrified expression of countenance, cast a terrified glance at the horizon *back* of him, shout: "There come the gendarmes!" As he turns his head to look, run your sword through him, exclaiming, as you do so, and this artfully, that the whole sentence may seem to be one ejaculation: "Let's make haste!" It wrings my heart to be obliged to add that judges and juries are not disposed to consider "the gendarmes' blow" as a legacy of the Chevalier Bayard.

The piteous expression of face of an ignoramus who has a duel on his hands, and who comes to beg for "the commander's blow," is extremely ludicrous. The fencers in the room don't laugh; Frenchmen look significantly and roguishly at each other where we laugh. Although the usual fee for "coaching" a raw fellow in these perils is fifty dollars, the fencing-master, if he is honest, will frankly say he really can do nothing; his only secret blows are dexterity, rapidity and precision, acquired by patience, perseverance and thought. I have never seen this answer accepted. The ignoramus invariably insists upon being taught "something." The truth is "a little learning is a dangerous thing," especially in fencing. It confuses the fellow. Instead of trusting to the *brute* that is in him to use the sword in obedience to the instincts of self-preservation, he attempts to execute the master's suggestions, which he does not know how to carry out, or he is confounded by the slightest incident. For instance, the advice commonly given is:

"Beat constantly in retreat whenever your adversary thrusts at you; this will fatigue him and he cannot inflict a wound, or at all events a severe wound."

But it commonly happens, that the seconds draw a line on the ground beyond which there shall be no retreating, and when the neophyte discovers this, his wits forsake him and he does not know what to do. The most sensible advice I have ever heard given under these circumstances is that which Robert always gives:

"As soon as you both are placed in position, and the word 'Go, gentlemen!' is given, fall on your adversary as rapidly as you may, and attempt to pierce his sword-arm. You are apt to succeed, and the least drop of blood drawn is sure to end the duel."

There is something irresistibly comic when one compares the solemnity of seconds and the inanity of duels. The seconds (the French code requires that each adversary shall have two seconds) carry the challenge early in the morning. They come, even during the dog-days, buttoned up to the throat. They are grave, dignified, ceremonious. Etiquette requires that they should at once, and without discussion, be referred to the challenged party's seconds. (Prince Pierre Bonaparte's trial for the murder of Louis Noir showed the good reason for this rule.) The four seconds, after long negotiations, settle the conditions of the fight. The French rule of choice of weapon is more equitable than ours, which gives it to the challenged party, who is commonly the aggressor. The French give the choice to the party insulted; so bullies know they are insolent at their peril. A blackguard may be bold on the strength of his skill with the sword. His adversary, knowing this skill, may insist on pistols for the weapons with which the duel shall be fought. Expert shots are not rare. Pistol galleries have their regular frequenters as well as fencing-rooms.

The conditions of the duel settled, the six actors in the farce (and usually they

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carry a surgeon with them, although this is rather a useless precaution) repair to some of the woods around Paris. An open space in a secluded part of the forest is soon found. Cautious men carry linen pantaloons and low-heeled, low-gartered, *old* shoes with them. They remove all other clothes and put on these. Seconds commonly insist that shirts shall be taken off, because a stiff-starched shirt bosom is apt to divert the sword from its course. Moreover amulets are frequently worn here, especially in imminent danger, even by those who "turn their back on the Saint when once the bridge has been crossed." Mons. Paul de Cassagnac always said (and no denial has ever been given his assertion) that he should, in their well-remembered duel, have killed Mons. Henri Rochefort, had the latter not worn a blessed silver medal. The pistol ball, aimed unerringly at the heart, struck the medal and glanced off. In the duel between Messrs. Amédée Achard and Charles Blanc, the latter went on the ground with a five-franc piece in his vest pocket. Mons. Achard's ball struck it and was diverted from the fatal course. Whereupon the inveterate punster, Mons. Mery (who was Mons. Achard's second), gayly exclaimed:

"That's what I call money well *invested*."

If so slight an obstacle can avert a pistol ball, it much more readily averts a small sword's point; and it may easily be imagined how readily the latter would be turned aside by a starched plait.

The principals having been stripped to the waist, choice of position is decided by tossing a coin: "Heads, or tails?" He who has choice of position elects one in which his back shall be to the sun; his adversary is placed opposite to him. It is commonly agreed to make boards, beyond which the respective opponents shall not retreat. This precaution is taken, partly to save the reputation of a nervous principal who might retreat till doomsday, and partly to prevent the duel from lasting too long a time. The instructions given a principal who is less skillful than his adversary are: "Always attack and continually retreat." The reasons of these tactics are, that it is easier to attack than to parry feints and blows, especially when they are rapidly delivered. Retreat is made with long strides; advance is slow and cautious, for during the advance one is powerless even for defense. The adversaries once in position, they are armed. It is a tacit condition of every duel that neither of the principals shall have handled the weapons; one is twice as expert with a familiar as with a new sword. The swords are held straight, point up and overhead, the arm outstretched to full length, until the second of the principal who has won choice of position advances half way between each adversary, when swords are lowered till they cross. The second holds both at the junction, and asks each antagonist (his principal last): "Are you ready, sir?" Upon receiving an affirmative answer, he waits an instant, that each adversary may feel on his guard; then removes his hand and exclaims: "*Allez, Messieurs* (Go, gentlemen)." Usually, both principals spring in retreat at this word, in order to guard against surprise. The more confident or the more impatient adversary soon advances cautiously, until swords are joined again. He studies his adversary for an instant (the uninitiated can scarcely imagine how much is revealed by the *feel* of an adversary's sword and the sight of his hand), then gives one, two, three, four, five or six slight blows (varying the number with the *feel* of his adversary's sword) to his opponent's weapon, and then tries to get in a good blow, unless his opponent has anticipated him, by taking advantage of his change of blow from four to six, to make a rapid lunge just after he quits four and before he reaches six; and if the lunge be made with cat-like rapidity and in the nick of the proper time, it commonly reaches its destination. The action once engaged, lunge rapidly follows lunge for two minutes, and then, if no blood be drawn, both parties take rest, breathless and unable to hold up their swords, which seem as heavy as the best bower anchor of a man-of-war. When they recover breath and strength the second again crosses their swords, and the combat recommences. A duel rarely lasts longer than eight minutes, including all the restings. At last a lucky blow produces an abrasion of the skin of the little finger. The surgeon, by dint of hard and adroit pressure, contrives to squeeze out a tiny bead of blood. The code is homeopathic. That drop suffices to purge away smirch from escutcheon; "honor is satisfied." The adversaries shake hands, and vow themselves to be *desolated* that a misunderstanding should have occurred between them. Coffee is served.

Sometimes—rarely, but still sometimes—the end is tragical. This commonly happens when both antagonists are inexperienced, or when one of them joins cowardice to ignorance.

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GABRIEL CONROY.*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FATHER FELIPE.

When Arthur Poinsett, after an hour's rapid riding over the scorching sand-hills, finally drew up at the door of the Mission Refectory, he had so far profited by his own advice to Donna Maria as to be quite dry, and to exhibit very little external trace of his late adventure. It is more remarkable perhaps that there was very little internal evidence either. No one who did not know the peculiar self-sufficiency of Poinsett's individuality would be able to understand the singular mental and moral adjustment of a man keenly alive to all new and present impressions, and yet able to dismiss them entirely, without a sense of responsibility or inconsistency. That Poinsett thought twice of the woman he had rescued—that he ever reflected again on the possibilities or natural logic of his act—during his ride, no one who thoroughly knew him would believe. When he first saw Mrs. Sepulvida at the Point of Pines, he was considering the possible evils or advantages of a change in the conservative element of San Antonio; when he left her, he returned to the subject again, and it fully occupied his thoughts until Father Felipe stood before him in the door of the refectory. I do not mean to say that he at all ignored a certain sense of self-gratulation in the act, but I wish to convey the idea that all other considerations were subordinate to this sense. And possibly also the feeling, unexpressed, however, by any look or manner, that if *he* was satisfied, everybody else ought to be.

If Donna Maria had thought his general address a little too irreverent, she would have been surprised at his greeting with Father Felipe. His whole manner was changed to one of courteous and even reverential consideration, of a boyish faith and trustfulness, of perfect confidence and self-forgetfulness, and moreover was perfectly sincere. She would have been more surprised to have noted that the object of Arthur's earnestness was an old man, and that beyond a certain gentle and courteous manner and refined bearing, he was unpicturesque and odd-fashioned in dress, snuffy in the sleeves, and possessed and inhabited a pair of shoes so large, shapeless, and inconsistent with the usual requirements of that article as to be grotesque.

It was evident that Arthur's manner had previously predisposed the old man in his favor. He held out two soft brown hands to the young man, addressed him with a pleasant smile as "My son," and welcomed him to the Mission.

"And why not this visit before?" asked Father Felipe, when they were seated upon the little veranda that overlooked the Mission garden, before their chocolate and *cigaritos*.

"I did not know I was coming until day before yesterday. It seems that some new grants of the old ex-Governor's have been discovered, and that a patent is to be applied for. My partners being busy, I was deputed to come here and look up the matter. To tell the truth, I was glad of an excuse to see our fair client, or, at least, be disappointed as my partners have been in obtaining a glimpse of the mysterious Donna Dolores."

"Ah, my dear Don Arturo," said the Padre, with a slightly deprecatory movement of his brown hands, "I fear you will be no more fortunate than others. It is a penitential week with the poor child, and at such times she refuses to see any one, even on business. Believe me, my dear boy, you, like the others—more than the others—permit your imagination to run away with your judgment. Donna Dolores' concealment of her face is not to heighten or tempt the masculine curiosity, but alas!—poor child—is only to hide the heathenish tattooings that deface her cheek. You know she is a half-breed. Believe me, you are all wrong. It is foolish, perhaps—vanity—who knows? but she is a *woman*—what would you?" continued the sagacious Padre, emphasizing the substantive with a slight shrug worthy of his patron saint.

"But they say, for all that, she is very beautiful," continued Arthur, with that mis-

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chievousness which was his habitual method of entertaining the earnestness of others, and which he could not entirely forego, even with the Padre.

"So! so! Don Arturo—it is idle gossip!" said Father Felipe, impatiently,—"a brown Indian girl with a cheek as tawny as the summer fields."

Arthur made a grimace that might have been either of assent or deprecation.

"Well, I suppose this means that I am to look over the papers with *you* alone. *Bueno!* Have them out, and let us get over this business as soon as possible."

"*Poco tiempo*," said Father Felipe, with a smile. Then more gravely, "But what is this? You do not seem to have that interest in your profession that one might expect of the rising young advocate—the junior partner of the great firm you represent. Your heart is not in your work—eh?"

Arthur laughed.

"Why not? It is as good as any."

"But to right the oppressed? To do justice to the unjustly accused, eh? To redress wrongs—ah, my son! *that* is noble. That, Don Arturo—it is *that* has made you and your colleagues dear to me—dear to those who have been the helpless victims of your courts—your *corregidores*."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Arthur, hastily, shedding the Father's praise with an habitual deft ease that was not so much the result of modesty as a certain conscious pride that resented any imperfect tribute. "Yes, I suppose it pays as well, if not better, in the long run. 'Honesty is the best policy,' as our earliest philosophers say."

"Pardon?" queried the Padre.

Arthur, intensely amused, made a purposely severe and literal translation of Franklin's famous apothegm, and then watched Father Felipe raise his eyes and hands to the ceiling in pious protest and mute consternation.

"And these are your American ethics?" he said at last.

"They are, and in conjunction with manifest destiny and the Star of Empire they have brought us here, and—have given me the honor of your acquaintance," said Arthur in English.

Father Felipe looked at his friend in hopeless bewilderment. Arthur instantly became respectful and Spanish. To change the subject and relieve the old man's evident embarrassment, he at once plunged into a humorous description of his adventure of the morning. The diversion was only partially successful. Father Felipe became at once interested, but did not laugh. When the young man had concluded he approached him, and laying his soft hand on Arthur's curls, turned his face upward toward him with a parental gesture that was at once habitual and professional, and said:

"Look at me here. I am an old man, Don Arturo. Pardon me if I think I have some advice to give you that may be worthy your hearing. Listen then! You are one of those men capable of peculiarly affecting and being affected by women. So! Pardon," he continued gently, as a slight flush rose into Arthur's cheek, despite the smile that came as quickly to his face. "Is it not so? Be not ashamed, Don Arturo! It is not here," he added, with a poetical gesture toward the wall of the refectory, where hung the painted effigy of the blessed St. Anthony, "it is not here that I would undervalue or speak lightly of their influence. The widow is rich, eh?—handsome, eh? impulsive? You have no heart in the profession you have chosen. What then? You have some in the instincts—what shall I say?—the accomplishments and graces you have not considered worthy of a practical end! You are a natural lover. Pardon! You have the four S's—'*Sáno, solo, solicito y secreto*.' Good! Take an old man's advice, and make good use of them. Turn your weaknesses—eh? perhaps it *is* too strong a word!—the frivolities and vanities of your youth into a power for your old age! Eh?"

Arthur smiled a superior smile. He was thinking of the horror with which the old man had received the axiom he had recently quoted. He threw himself back in his chair in an attitude of burlesque sentiment, and said with simulated heroics:

"But what, O my Father! what if a devoted, exhausting passion for somebody else already filled my heart? You would not advise me to be false to that. Perish the thought!"

Father Felipe did not smile. A peculiar expression passed over his broad, brown, smoothly shaven face, and the habitual look of child-like simplicity and deferential courtesy faded from it. He turned his small black eyes on Arthur and said:

"Do you think you are capable of such a passion, my son? Have you had an attachment that was superior to novelty or self-interest?"

Arthur rose a little stiffly.

"As we are talking of one of my clients and one of your parishioners, are we not

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getting a little too serious, Father? At all events, save me from assuming a bashful attitude toward the lady with whom I am to have a business interview to-morrow. And now about the papers, Father," continued Arthur, recovering his former ease. "I suppose the invisible fair one has supplied you with all the necessary documents and the fullest material for a brief. Go on. I am all attention."

"You are wrong again, son," said Father Felipe. "It is a matter in which she has shown even more than her usual disinclination to talk. I believe but for my interference, she would have even refused to press the claim. As it is, I imagine she wishes to make some compromise with the thief—pardon me!—the what do you say? eh? the preëmptor! But I have nothing to do with it. All the papers, all the facts are in the possession of your friend, Mrs. Sepulvida. You are to see her. Believe me, my friend, if you have been disappointed in not finding your Indian client, you will have a charming substitute—and one of your own race and color—in the Donna Maria. Forget, if you can, what I have said!—but you will not. Ah, Don Arturo, I know you better than yourself. Come. Let us walk in the garden. You have not seen the vines. I have a new variety of grape since you were here before."

"I find nothing better than the old Mission grape, Father," said Arthur, as they passed down the branching avenue of olives.

"Ah! Yet the aborigines knew it not. And only valued it when found wild, for the coloring matter contained in its skin. From this, with some mordant that still remains a secret with them, they made a dye to stain their bodies and heighten their copper hue. You are not listening, Don Arturo, yet it should interest you, for it is the color of your mysterious client, the Donna Dolores."

Thus chatting, and pointing out the various objects that might interest Arthur, from the overflowing boughs of a venerable fig-tree to the crack made in the adobe wall of the church by the last earthquake, Father Felipe, with characteristic courteous formality, led his young friend through the ancient garden of the Mission. By degrees, the former ease and mutual confidence of the two friends returned, and by the time that Father Felipe excused himself for a few moments to attend to certain domestic arrangements on behalf of his new guest, perfect sympathy had been restored.

Left to himself, Arthur strolled back until opposite the open chancel door of the church. Here he paused, and, in obedience to a sudden impulse, entered. The old church was unchanged—like all things in San Antonio—since the last hundred years; perhaps there was little about it that Arthur had not seen at the other Missions. There were the old rafters painted in barbaric splendor of red and brown stripes; there were the hideous, waxen, glassed-eyed saints leaning forward helplessly and rigidly from their niches; there was the Virgin Mary in a white dress and satin slippers, carrying the infant Saviour in the opulence of lace long-clothes; there was the Magdalen in the fashionable costume of a Spanish lady of the last century. There was the usual quantity of bad pictures; the portrait, full length, of the patron saint himself, so hideously and gratuitously old and ugly that his temptation by any self-respecting woman appeared more miraculous than his resistance; the usual martyrdoms in terrible realism; the usual "Last Judgments" in frightful accuracy of detail.

But there was one picture under the nave which attracted Arthur's listless eyes. It was a fanciful representation of Junipero Serra preaching to the heathen. I am afraid that it was not the figure of that most admirable and heroic missionary which drew Arthur's gaze; I am quite certain that it was not the moral sentiment of the subject, but rather the slim, graceful, girlish, half-nude figure of one of the Indian converts who knelt at Father Junipero Serra's feet, in child-like but touching awe and contrition. There was such a depth of penitential supplication in the young girl's eyes—a penitence so pathetically inconsistent with the absolute virgin innocence and helplessness of the exquisite little figure, that Arthur felt his heart beat quickly as he gazed. He turned quickly to the other picture—look where he would, the eyes of the little acolyte seemed to follow and subdue him.

I think I have already intimated that his was not a reverential nature. With a quick imagination and great poetic sensibility, nevertheless, the evident intent of the picture, or even the sentiment of the place, did not touch his heart or brain. But he still half-unconsciously dropped into a seat, and, leaning both arms over the screen before him, bowed his head against the oaken panel. A soft hand laid upon his shoulder suddenly aroused him.

He looked up sharply and met the eyes

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of the Padre looking down on him with a tenderness that both touched and exasperated him.

"Pardon!" said Padre Felipe, gently. "I have broken in upon your thoughts, child!"

A little more brusquely than was his habit with the Padre, Arthur explained that he had been studying up a difficult case.

"So!" said the Padre softly, in response. "With tears in your eyes, Don Arturo? Not so!" he added to himself, as he drew the young man's arm in his own and the two passed slowly out once more into the sunlight.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH THE DONNA MARIA MAKES AN IMPRESSION.

THE Rancho of the Blessed Fisherman looked seaward as became its title. If the founder of the rancho had shown a religious taste in the selection of the site of the dwelling, his charming widow had certainly shown equal practical taste, and indeed a profitable availing of some advantages that the founder did not contemplate, in the adornment of the house. The low-walled square *adobe* dwelling had been relieved of much of its hard practical outline by several feminine additions and suggestions. The tiled roof had been carried over a very broad veranda supported by vine-clad columns, and the lounging corridor had been, in defiance of all Spanish custom, transferred from the inside of the house to the outside. The interior court-yard no longer existed. The somberness of the heavy Mexican architecture was relieved by bright French chintzes, delicate lace curtains, and fresh colored hangings. The broad veranda was filled with the later novelties of Chinese bamboo chairs and settees, and a striped Venetian awning shaded the glare of the seaward front. Nevertheless, Donna Maria, out of respect to the local opinion, which regarded these changes as ominous of if not a symbolical putting off the weeds of widowhood, still clung to a few of the local traditions. It is true that a piano occupied one side of her drawing-room, but a harp stood in the corner. If a freshly cut novel lay open on the piano, a breviary was conspicuous on the marble center-table. If, on the mantel, an elaborate French clock with bronze shepherdesses trifled with Time, on the wall above it an iron crucifix spoke of Eternity.

Mrs. Sepulvida was at home that morning expecting a guest. She was lying in a Manilla hammock swung between two posts of the veranda, with her face partially hidden by the netting, and the toe of a little shoe just peeping beyond. Not that Donna Maria expected to receive her guest thus; on the contrary, she had given orders to her servants that the moment a stranger *caballero* appeared on the road she was to be apprised of the fact. For I grieve to say that, far from taking Arthur's advice, the details of the adventure at the Point of Pines had been imparted by her own lips to most of her female friends, and even to the domestics of her household. In the earlier stages of a woman's interest in a man she is apt to be exceedingly communicative; it is only when she becomes fully aware of the gravity of the stake involved that she begins to hedge before the public. The morning after her adventure Donna Maria was innocently full of its hero and unreservedly voluble.

I have forgotten whether I have described her. Certainly I could not have a better opportunity than the present. In the hammock she looked a little smaller, as women are apt to when their length is rigidly defined. She had the average quantity of brown hair, a little badly treated by her habit of wearing it flat over her temples—a tradition of her boarding-school days, fifteen years ago. She had soft brown eyes, with a slight redness of the eyelid not inconsistent nor entirely unbecoming to widowhood; a small mouth depressed at the corners with a charming, child-like discontent; white regular teeth, and the eloquence of a complexion that followed unvaryingly her spirits or her physical condition. She appeared to be about thirty, and had that unmistakable "married" look, which even the most amiable and considerate of us, my dear sir, are apt to impress upon the one woman whom we choose to elect to years of exclusive intimacy and attention. The late Don José Sepulvida's private mark—as well defined as the brand upon his cattle—was a certain rigid line, like a grave accent, from the angle of this little woman's nostril to the corners of her mouth, and possibly to an increased peevishness of depression at those corners. It bore witness to the fondness of the deceased for bear-baiting and bull-fighting, and a possible weakness for a certain Señora X. of San Francisco, whose reputation was none of the best, and was not increased by her distance from San Antonio and the surveillance of Donna Maria.

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When an hour later "Pepe" appeared to his mistress, bearing a salver with Arthur Poinsett's business card and a formal request for an interview, I am afraid Donna Maria was a little disappointed. If he had suddenly scaled the veranda, evaded her servants, and appeared before her in an impulsive, forgivable way, it would have seemed consistent with his character as a hero, and perhaps more in keeping with the general tenor of her reveries when the servitor entered. Howbeit, after heaving an impatient little sigh, and bidding "Pepe" show the gentleman into the drawing-room, she slipped quietly down from the hammock in a deft womanish way, and whisked herself into her dressing-room.

"He couldn't have been more formal if Don José had been alive," she said to herself, as she walked to her glass and dressing-table.

Arthur Poinsett entered the vacant drawing-room not in the best of his many humors. He had read in the eyes of the lounging *vaqueros*, in the covert glances of the women servants, that the story of his adventure was known to the household. Habitually petted and spoiled as he had been by the women of his acquaintance, he was half inclined to attribute this reference and assignment of his client's business to the hands of Mrs. Sepulvida, as the result of a plan of Father Felipe's, or absolute collusion between the parties. A little sore yet, and irritated by his recollection of the Padre's counsel, and more impatient of the imputation of a weakness than anything else, Arthur had resolved to limit the interview to the practical business on hand, and in so doing had, for a moment, I fear, forgotten his native courtesy. It did not tend to lessen his irritation and self-consciousness when Mrs. Sepulvida entered the room without the slightest evidence of her recent disappointment visible in her perfectly easy, frank self-possession, and after a conventional, half-Spanish solicitousness regarding his health since their last interview, without any further allusions to their adventure, begged him to be seated. She herself took an easy chair on the opposite side of the table, and assumed at once an air of respectful but somewhat indifferent attention.

"I believe," said Arthur, plunging at once into his subject to get rid of his embarrassment and the slight instinct of antagonism he was beginning to feel toward the woman before him, "I believe—that is, I am told—that besides your own business, you are intrusted with some documents and facts regarding a claim of the Donna Dolores Salvatierra. Which shall we have first? I am entirely at your service for the next two hours, but we shall proceed faster and with less confusion by taking up one thing at a time."

"Then let us begin with Donna Dolores, by all means," said Donna Maria; "my own affairs can wait. Indeed," she added, languidly, "I dare say one of your clerks could attend to it as well as yourself. If your time is valuable—as indeed it must be—I can put the papers in his hands and make him listen to all my foolish, irrelevant talk. He can sift it for you, Don Arturo. I really am a child about business, really."

Arthur smiled, and made a slight gesture of deprecation. In spite of his previous resolution, Donna Maria's tone of slight pique pleased him. Yet he gravely opened his note-book, and took up his pencil without a word. Donna Maria observed the movements, and said more seriously:

"Ah yes! how foolish! Here I am talking about my own affairs, when I should be speaking of Donna Dolores'. Well, to begin. Let me first explain why she has put this matter in my hands. My husband and her father were friends, and had many business interests in common. As you have doubtless heard, she has always been very quiet, very reserved, very religious—almost a nun. I dare say she was driven into this isolation by reason of the delicacy of her position here, for you know—do you not?—that her mother was an Indian. It is only a few years ago that the old Governor, becoming a widower and childless, bethought himself of this Indian child, Dolores. He found the mother dead, and the girl living somewhere at a distant Mission as an acolyte. He brought her to San Antonio, had her baptized and christened, and made legally his daughter and heiress. She was a mere slip of a thing, about fourteen or fifteen. She might have had a pretty complexion, for some of these half-breeds are nearly white, but she had been stained when an infant with some barbarous and indelible dye, after the savage custom of her race. She is now a light copper color, not unlike those bronze shepherdesses on yonder clock. In spite of all this I call her pretty. Perhaps it is because I love her and am prejudiced. But you gentlemen are so critical about complexion and color—no wonder that the poor child refuses to see anybody, and never goes into society at all. It is a shame! But—

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pardon, Mr. Poinsett, here am I gossiping about your client's looks, when I should be stating her grievances."

"No, no!" said Arthur, hastily, "go on—in your own way."

Mrs. Sepulvida lifted her forefinger archly.

"Ah! is it so, Don Arturo? I thought so! Well, it is a great shame that she is not here for you to judge for yourself."

Angry with himself for his embarrassment, and for the rising color on his cheek, Arthur would have explained himself, but the lady, with feminine tact, did not permit him.

"To proceed: Partly because I did not participate in the prejudices with which the old families here regarded her race and color, partly, perhaps, because we were both strangers here, we became friends. At first she resisted all my advances—indeed, I think she was more shy of me than the others, but I triumphed in time, and we became good friends. Friends, you understand, Mr. Poinsett, not *confidants*. You men, I know, deem this impossible, but Donna Dolores is a singular girl, and I have never, except upon the most general topics, won her from her habitual reserve. And I possess perhaps her only friendship."

"Except Father Felipe, her confessor?"

Mrs. Sepulvida shrugged her shoulders, and then borrowed the habitual skeptical formula of San Antonio.

"*Quien sabe?* But I am rambling again. Now for the case."

She rose, and taking from a drawer of the secretary an envelope, drew out some papers it contained, and referred to them as she went on.

"It appears that a grant of Micheltorena to Salvatierra was discovered recently at Monterey, a grant of which there was no record among Salvatierra's papers. The explanation given is that it was placed some five years ago in trust with a Don Pedro Ruiz, of San Francisco, as security for a lease now expired. The grant is apparently regular, properly witnessed, and attested. Don Pedro has written that some of the witnesses are still alive, and remember it."

"Then why not make the proper application for a patent?"

"True, but if that were all, Don Arturo would not have been summoned from San Francisco for consultation. There is something else. Don Pedro writes that another grant for the same land has been discovered recorded to another party."

"That is, I am sorry to say, not a singular experience in our profession," said Arthur, with a smile. "But Salvatierra's known reputation and probity would probably be sufficient to outweigh equal documentary evidence on the other side. It's unfortunate he's dead, and the grant was discovered after his death."

"But the holder of the other grant is dead, too!" said the widow.

"That makes it about equal again. But who is he?"

Mrs. Sepulvida referred to her papers, and then said,

"Dr. Devarges."

"Who?"

"Devarges," said Mrs. Sepulvida, referring to her notes. "A singular name—a foreigner, I suppose. No, really, Mr. Poinsett, you shall not look at the paper until I have copied it—it's written horribly—you can't understand it! I'm really ashamed of my writing, but I was in such a hurry, expecting you every moment! Why, la! Mr. Poinsett, how cold your hands are!"

Arthur Poinsett had risen hurriedly, and reached out almost brusquely for the paper that she held. But the widow had coquettishly resisted him with a mischievous show of force, and had caught and—dropped his hand!

"And you are pale, too. Dear me! I'm afraid you took cold that morning," said Mrs. Sepulvida. "I should never forgive myself if you did. I should cry my eyes out!" and Donna Maria cast a dangerous look from under her slightly swollen lids that looked as if they might threaten a deluge.

"Nothing, nothing, I have ridden far this morning, and rose early," said Arthur, chafing his hands with a slight embarrassed smile. "But I interrupted you. Pray go on. Has Dr. Devarges any heirs to contest the grant?"

But the widow did not seem inclined to go on. She was positive that Arthur wanted some wine. Would he not let her order some slight repast before they proceeded further in this horrid business? She was tired. She was quite sure that Arthur must be so too.

"It is my business," said Arthur, a little stiffly, but, recovering himself again in a sudden and new alarm of the widow, he smiled and suggested that the sooner the business was over, the sooner he would be able to partake of her hospitality.

The widow beamed prospectively.

"There are no heirs that we can find. But there is a—what do you call it?—a something or other—in possession!"

"A squatter?" said Poinsett, shortly.

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"Yes," continued the widow with a light laugh; "a 'squatter,' by the name of—of—my writing is so horrid—let me see, oh, yes! 'Gabriel Conroy.'"

Arthur made an involuntary gesture toward the paper with his hand, but the widow mischievously skipped toward the window, and, luckily for the spectacle of his bloodless face, held the paper before her dimpled face and laughing eyes, as she did so.

"Gabriel Conroy," repeated Mrs. Sepulvida, "and—and—and—his—"

"His sister?" said Arthur, with an effort.

"No, sir!" responded Mrs. Sepulvida, with a slight pout, "his *wife!* Sister indeed! As if we married women are always to be ignored by you legal gentlemen!"

Arthur remained silent, with his face turned toward the sea. When he did speak his voice was quite natural.

"Might I change my mind regarding your offer of a moment ago, and take a glass of wine and a biscuit now?"

Mrs. Sepulvida ran to the door.

"Let me look over your notes while you are gone!" said Arthur.

"You won't laugh at my writing?"

"No!"

Donna Maria tossed him the envelope gayly and flew out of the room. Arthur hurried to the window with the coveted memoranda. There were the names she had given him—but nothing more! At least this was some slight relief.

The suddenness of the shock, rather than any moral sentiment or fear, had upset him. Like most imaginative men, he was a trifle superstitious, and with the first mention of Devarges's name came a swift recollection of Padre Felipe's analysis of his own character, his sad, ominous reverie in the chapel, the trifling circumstance that brought him instead of his partner to San Antonio, and the remoter chance that had discovered the forgotten grant and selected him to prosecute its recovery. This conviction entertained and forgotten, all the resources of his combative nature returned. Of course he could not prosecute this claim; of course he ought to prevent others from doing it. There was every probability that the grant of Devarges was a true one—and Gabriel was in possession! Had he really become Devarges's heir, and if so, why had he not claimed the grant boldly? And where was Grace?

In this last question there was a slight tinge of sentimental recollection, but no remorse or shame. That he might in some way be of service to her, he fervently hoped. That, time having blotted out the romantic quality of their early acquaintance, there would really be something fine and loyal in so doing, he did not for a moment doubt. He would suggest a compromise to his fair client, himself seek out and confer with Grace and Gabriel, and all should be made right. His nervousness and his agitation was, he was satisfied, only the result of a conscientiousness and a delicately honorable nature, perhaps too fine and spiritual for the exigencies of his profession. Of one thing he was convinced; he really ought to carefully consider Father Felipe's advice; he ought to put himself beyond the reach of these romantic relapses.

In this self-sustained, self-satisfied mood, Mrs. Sepulvida found him on her return. Since she had been gone, he said, he had been able to see his way quite clearly into this case, and he had no doubt his perspicacity was greatly aided by the admirable manner in which she had indicated the various points on the paper she had given him. He was now ready to take up her own matters, only he begged as clear and concise a brief as she had already made for her friend. He was so cheerful and gallant that by the time luncheon was announced, the widow found him quite charming, and was inclined to forgive him for the disappointment of the morning. And when, after luncheon, he challenged her to a sharp canter with him along the beach, by way, as he said, of keeping her memory from taking cold, and to satisfy herself that the Point of Pines could be doubled without going out to sea, I fear that, without a prudent consideration of the gossips of San Antonio before her eyes, she assented. There could be no harm in riding with her late husband's legal adviser, who had called, as everybody knew, on business, and whose time was so precious that he must return even before the business was concluded. And then "Pepe" could follow them, to return with her!

It did not, of course, occur to either Arthur or Donna Maria that they might outrun "Pepe," who was fat and indisposed to violent exertion; nor that they should find other things to talk about than the details of business; nor that the afternoon should be so marvelously beautiful as to cause them to frequently stop and admire the stretch of glittering sea beyond; nor that the roar of the waves was so deafening as to oblige them to keep so near each other for the purposes of conversation that the widow's soft

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breath was continually upon Arthur's cheek; nor that Donna Maria's saddle girth should become so loose that she was forced to dismount while Arthur tightened it, and that he should he obliged to lift her in his arms to restore her to her seat again. But finally, when the Point of Pines was safely rounded, and Arthur was delivering a few parting words of legal counsel, holding one of her hands in his, while with the other he was untwisting a long tress of her blown-down hair, that, after buffeting his cheek into color, had suddenly twined itself around his neck, an old-fashioned family carriage, drawn by four black mules with silver harness, passed them suddenly on the road.

Donna Maria drew her head and her hand away with a quick blush and laugh, and then gayly kissed her finger-tips to the retreating carriage. Arthur laughed also—but a little foolishly—and looked as if expecting some explanation.

"You should have your wits about you, sir. Did you know who that was?"

Arthur sincerely confessed ignorance. He had not noticed the carriage until it had passed.

"Think what you have lost! That was your fair young client."

"I did not even see her," laughed Arthur.

"But she saw you! She never took her eyes off you. Adios!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE LADY OF GRIEF.

"You will not go to-day," said Father Felipe to Arthur, as he entered the Mission refectory early the next morning to breakfast.

"I shall be on the road in an hour, Father," replied Arthur, gayly.

"But not toward San Francisco," said the Padre. "Listen! Your wish of yesterday has been attained. You are to have your desired interview with the fair invisible. Do you comprehend? Donna Dolores has sent for you."

Arthur looked up in surprise. Perhaps his face did not express as much pleasure as Father Felipe expected, who lifted his eyes to the ceiling, took a philosophical pinch of snuff and muttered:

"*Ah, lo que es el mundo!*—Now that he has his wish—it is nothing, Mother of God!"

"This is *your* kindness, Father."

"God forbid," returned Padre Felipe, hastily. "Believe me, my son, I know nothing. When the Donna left here before the *Angelus* yesterday, she said nothing of this. Perhaps it is the office of your friend, Mrs. Sepulvida."

"Hardly, I think," said Arthur; "she was so well prepared with all the facts as to render an interview with Donna Dolores unnecessary. *Bueno*, be it so! I will go."

Nevertheless, he was ill at ease. He ate little, he was silent. All the fears he had argued away with such self-satisfied logic the day before, returned to him again with greater anxiety. Could there have been any further facts regarding this inopportune grant that Mrs. Sepulvida had not disclosed? Was there any particular reason why this strange recluse, who had hitherto avoided his necessary professional presence, should now desire a personal interview which was not apparently necessary? Could it be possible that communication had already been established with Gabriel or Grace and that the history of their previous life had become known to his client? Had his connection with it been in any way revealed to the Donna Dolores?

If he had been able to contemplate this last possibility with calmness and courage yesterday when Mrs. Sepulvida first repeated the name of Gabriel Conroy, was he capable of equal resignation now? Had anything occurred since then?—had any new resolution entered his head to which such a revelation would be fatal? Nonsense! And yet he could not help commenting, with more or less vague uneasiness of mind, on his chance meeting of Donna Dolores at the Point of Pines yesterday and the summons of this morning. Would not his foolish attitude with Donna Maria, aided, perhaps, by some indiscreet expression from the well-meaning but senile Padre Felipe, be sufficient to exasperate his fair client had she been cognizant of his first relations with Grace? It is not mean natures, alone, that are the most suspicious? A quick, generous, imagination, feverishly excited, will project theories of character and intention far more ridiculous and uncomplimentary to humanity than the lowest surmises of ignorance and imbecility. Arthur was feverish and excited; with all the instincts of a contradictory nature, his easy sentimentalism dreaded, while his combative principles longed for, this interview. Within an hour of the time appointed by Donna Dolores, he had thrown himself on his horse, and was galloping furiously toward the "Rancho of the Holy Trinity."

It was inland and three leagues away

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under the foot-hills. But as he entered upon the long level plain, unrelieved by any water-course, and baked and cracked by the fierce sun into narrow gaping chasms and yawning fissures, he unconsciously began to slacken his pace. Nothing could be more dreary, passionless and resigned than the vast, sun-lit, yet joyless waste. It seemed as if it might be some illimitable, desolate sea, beaten flat by the north-westerly gales that spent their impotent fury on its unopposing levels. As far as the eye could reach, its dead monotony was unbroken; even the black cattle that in the clear distance seemed to crawl over its surface, did not animate it; rather by contrast brought into relief its fixed rigidity of outline. Neither wind, sky nor sun wrought any change over its blank, expressionless face. It was the symbol of Patience—a hopeless, weary, helpless patience—but a patience that was Eternal.

He had ridden for nearly an hour, when suddenly there seemed to spring up from the earth, a mile away, a dark line of wall, terminating in an irregular, broken outline against the sky. His first impression was that it was the *valda* or a break of the stiff skirt of the mountain as it struck the level plain. But he presently saw the dull red of tiled roofs over the dark adobe wall, and as he dashed down into the dry bed of a vanished stream and up again on the opposite bank, he passed the low walls of a *corral*, until then unnoticed, and a few crows, in a rusty, half-Spanish, half-clerical suit, uttered a croaking welcome to the Rancho of the Holy Trinity, as they rose from the ground before him. It was the first sound that for an hour had interrupted the monotonous jingle of his spurs or the hollow beat of his horse's hoofs. And then, after the fashion of the country, he rose slightly in his stirrups, dashed his spurs into the sides of his mustang, swung the long, horse-hair, braided thong of his bridle-rein, and charged at headlong speed upon the dozen lounging, apparently listless *vaqueros*, who, for the past hour, had nevertheless been watching and waiting for him at the court-yard gate. As he rode toward them, they separated, drew up each side of the gate, doffed their glazed, stiff-brimmed, black *sombreros*, wheeled, put spurs to their horses, and in another instant were scattered to the four winds. When Arthur leaped to the brick pavement of the court-yard, there was not one in sight.

An Indian servant noiselessly led away his horse. Another *peon* as mutely led the way along a corridor over whose low railings *serapes* and saddle blankets were hung in a barbaric confusion of coloring, and entered a bare-walled ante-room, where another Indian—old, gray-headed, with a face like a wrinkled tobacco leaf—was seated on a low wooden settle in an attitude of patient expectancy. To Arthur's active fancy he seemed to have been sitting there since the establishment of the Mission, and to have grown gray in waiting for him. As Arthur entered he rose, and, with a few grave Spanish courtesies, ushered him into a larger and more elaborately furnished apartment, and again retired with a bow. Familiar as Arthur was with these various formalities, at present they seemed to have an undue significance, and he turned somewhat impatiently as a door opened at the other end of the apartment. At the same moment a subtile strange perfume—not unlike some barbaric spice or odorous Indian herb—stole through the door, and an old woman, brown-faced, murky-eyed and decrepit, entered with a respectful courtesy.

"It is Don Arturo Poinsett?"

Arthur bowed.

"The Donna Dolores has a little indisposition, and claims your indulgence if she receives you in her own room."

Arthur bowed assent.

"*Bueno*. This way."

She pointed to the open door. Arthur entered by a narrow passage cut through the thickness of the adobe wall into another room beyond, and paused on the threshold.

Even the gradual change from the glaring sunshine of the court-yard to the heavy shadows of the two rooms he had passed through was not sufficient to accustom his eyes to the twilight of the apartment he now entered. For several seconds he could not distinguish anything but a few dimly outlined objects. By degrees he saw that there was a bed, a *prie-dieu*, and a sofa against the opposite wall. The scant light of two windows—mere longitudinal slits in the deep walls—at first permitted him only this. Later he saw that the sofa was occupied by a half-reclining figure, whose face was partly hidden by a fan, and the white folds of whose skirt fell in graceful curves to the floor.

"You speak Spanish, Don Arturo?" asked an exquisitely modulated voice from behind the fan, in perfect Castilian.

Arthur turned quickly toward the voice with an indescribable thrill of pleasure in his nerves.

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"A little."

He was usually rather proud of his Spanish, but for once the conventional polite disclaimer was quite sincere.

"Be seated, Don Arturo!"

He advanced to a chair indicated by the old woman within a few feet of the sofa and sat down. At the same instant the reclining figure, by a quick, dexterous movement, folded the large black fan that had partly hidden her features, and turned her face toward him.

Arthur's heart leaped with a sudden throb, and then, as it seemed to him, for a few seconds stopped beating. The eyes that met his were large, lustrous, and singularly beautiful; the features were small, European, and perfectly modeled; the outline of the small face was a perfect oval, but the complexion was of burnished copper! Yet even the next moment he found himself halting among a dozen comparisons—a golden sherry, a faintly dyed meerschaum, an autumn leaf, the inner bark of the *madroño*. Of only one thing was he certain—she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen!

It is possible that the Donna read this in his eyes, for she opened her fan again quietly, and raised it slowly before her face. Arthur's eager glance swept down the long curves of her graceful figure to the little foot in the white satin slipper below. Yet her quaint dress, except for its color, might have been taken for a religious habit, and had a hood or cape descending over her shoulders not unlike a nun's.

"You have surprise, Don Arturo," she said, after a pause, "that I have sent for you, after having before consulted you by proxy. Good! But I have changed my mind since then! I have concluded to take no steps for the present toward perfecting the grant."

In an instant Arthur was himself again—and completely on his guard. The Donna's few words had recalled the past that he had been rapidly forgetting; even the perfectly delicious cadence of the tones in which it was uttered had now no power to fascinate him or lull his nervous anxiety. He felt a presentiment that the worst was coming. He turned toward her outwardly calm, but alert, eager and watchful.

"Have you any newly discovered evidence that makes the issue doubtful?" he asked.

"No," said Donna Dolores.

"Is there anything?—any fact that Mrs. Sepulvida has forgotten?" continued Arthur. "Here are, I believe, the points she gave me," he added, and with the habit of a well-trained intelligence, he put before Donna Dolores, in a few well-chosen words, the substance of Mrs. Sepulvida's story. Nor did his manner in the least betray a fact of which he was perpetually cognizant—namely, that his fair client, between the sticks of her fan, was studying his face with more than feminine curiosity. When he paused she said:

"*Bueno.* That is what I told her."

"Is there anything more?"

"Perhaps!"

Arthur folded his arms and looked attentive. Donna Dolores began to go over the sticks of her fan one by one, as if it were a rosary.

"I have become acquainted with some facts in this case which may not interest you as a lawyer, Don Arturo, but which affect me as a woman. When I have told you them, you will tell me—who knows?—that they do not alter the legal aspects of my—my father's claim. You will perhaps laugh at me for my resolution. But I have given you so much trouble, that it is only fair you should know that it is not merely caprice that governs me—that you should know why your visit here is a barren one; why you—the great advocate—have been obliged to waste your valuable time with my poor friend, Donna Maria, for nothing."

Arthur was too much pre-occupied to notice the peculiarly feminine significance with which the Donna dwelt upon this latter sentence—a fact that would not otherwise have escaped his keen observation. He slightly stroked his brown mustache, and looked out of the window with masculine patience.

"It is not caprice, Don Arturo. But I am a woman and an orphan! You know my history! The only friend I had has left me here alone the custodian of these vast estates. Listen to me, Don Arturo, and you will understand, or at least forgive, my foolish interest in the people who contest this claim. For what has happened to them, to *her*, might have happened to me, but for the blessed Virgin's mediation."

"To *her*—who is *she?*" asked Arthur quietly.

"Pardon! I had forgotten you do not know. Listen. You have heard that this grant is occupied by a man and his wife—a certain Gabriel Conroy. Good! You have heard that they have made no claim to a

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legal title to the land, except through pre-emption. Good. That is not true, Don Arturo!"

Arthur turned to her in undisguised surprise.

"This is new matter; this *is* a legal point of some importance."

"Who knows?" said Donna Dolores indifferently. "It is not in regard of that that I speak. The claim is this: The Dr. Devarges, who also possesses a grant for the same land, made a gift of it to the sister of this Gabriel. Do you comprehend?" She paused, and fixed her eyes on Arthur.

"Perfectly," said Arthur, with his gaze still fixed on the window; "it accounts for the presence of this Gabriel on the land. But is she living? Or, if not, is he her legally constituted heir? That is the question, and—pardon me if I suggest again—a purely legal and not a sentimental question. Was this woman who has disappeared—this sister—this sole and only legatee—a married woman—had she a child? Because that is the heir."

The silence that followed this question was so protracted, that Arthur turned toward Donna Dolores. She had apparently made some sign to her aged waiting-woman, who was bending over her, between Arthur and the sofa. In a moment, however, the venerable handmaid withdrew, leaving them alone.

"You are right, Don Arturo," continued Donna Dolores, behind her fan. "You see that, after all, your advice is necessary, and what I began as an explanation of my folly may be of business importance; who knows? It is good of you to recall me to that. We women are foolish. You are sagacious and prudent. It was well that I saw you!"

Arthur nodded assent, and resumed his professional attitude of patient toleration—that attitude which the world over has been at once the exasperation and awful admiration of the largely injured client.

"And the sister, the real heiress, is gone—disappeared! No one knows where! All trace of her is lost. But now comes to the surface an impostor! a woman who assumes the character and name of Grace Conroy, the sister!"

"One moment," said Arthur, quietly, "how do you know that it is an impostor?"

"How—do—I—know—it?"

"Yes, what are the proofs?"

"I am told so!"

"Oh!" said Arthur, relapsing into his professional attitude again.

"Proofs," repeated Donna Dolores, hurriedly. "Is it not enough that she has married this Gabriel, her brother?"

"That is certainly strong moral proof—and perhaps legal corroborative evidence," said Arthur, coolly; "but it will not legally estop her proving that she is his sister—if she can do so. But I ask your pardon—go on!"

"That is all," said Donna Dolores, sitting up, with a slight gesture of impatience.

"Very well. Then, as I understand, the case is simply this: You hold a grant to a piece of land, actually possessed by a squatter, who claims it through his wife or sister—legally it doesn't matter which—by virtue of a bequest made by one Dr. Devarges, who also held a grant to the same property?"

"Yes," said Donna Dolores, hesitatingly.

"Well, the matter lies between you and Dr. Devarges only. It is simply a question of the validity of the original grants. All that you have told me does not alter that radical fact. Stay! One moment! May I ask how you have acquired these later details?"

"By letter."

"From whom?"

"There was no signature. The writer offered to prove all he said. It was anonymous."

Arthur rose with a superior smile.

"May I ask you further, without impertinence, if it is upon this evidence that you propose to abandon your claim to a valuable property?"

"I have told you before that it is not a legal question, Don Arturo," said Donna Dolores, waving her fan a little more rapidly.

"Good! let us take it in the moral or sentimental aspect—since you have proposed to honor me with a request for my counsel. To begin, you have a sympathy for the orphan, who does not apparently exist."

"But her brother?"

"Has already struck hands with the impostor, and married her to secure the claim. And this brother—what proof is there that he is not an impostor too?"

"True," said Donna Dolores, musingly.

"He will certainly have to settle that trifling question with Dr. Devarges's heirs, whoever they may be."

"True," said Donna Dolores.

"In short, I see no reason, even from your own view-point, why you should not fight this claim. The orphan you sympathize with is not an active party. You have

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only a brother opposed to you, who seems to have been willing to barter away a sister's birthright. And, as I said before, your sympathies, however kind and commendable they may be, will be of no avail, unless the courts decide against Dr. Devarges. My advice is to fight. If the right does not always succeed, my experience is that the Right, at least, is apt to play its best card, and put forward its best skill. And until it does that, it might as well be the Wrong, you know."

"You are wise, Don Arturo. But you lawyers are so often only advocates. Pardon, I mean no wrong. But if it were Grace—the sister, you understand—what would be your advice?"

"The same. Fight it out! If I could overthrow your grant, I should do it. The struggle, understand me, is there, and not with this wife and sister. But how does it come that a patent for this has not been applied for before by Gabriel? Did your anonymous correspondent explain that fact? It is a point in our favor."

"You forget—*our* grant was only recently discovered."

"True! it is about equal, then, *ab initio*. And the absence of this actual legatee is in our favor."

"Why?"

"Because there is a certain human sympathy in juries with a pretty orphan—particularly if poor."

"How do you know she was pretty?" asked Donna Dolores, quickly.

"I presume so. It is the privilege of orphanage," he said, with a bow of cold gallantry.

"You are wise, Don Arturo. May you live a thousand years."

This time it was impossible but Arthur should notice the irony of Donna Dolores's manner. All his strong combative instincts rose. The mysterious power of her beauty, which he could not help acknowledging; her tone of superiority, whether attributable to a consciousness of this power over him, or some knowledge of his past—all aroused his cold pride. He remembered the reputation that Donna Dolores bore as a religious devotee and rigid moralist. If he had been taxed with his abandonment of Grace, with his half-formed designs upon Mrs. Sepulvida, he would have coldly admitted them without excuse or argument. In doing so, he would have been perfectly conscious that he should lose the esteem of Donna Dolores, of whose value he had become, within the last few moments, equally conscious. But it was a part of this young man's singular nature that he would have experienced a certain self-satisfaction in the act, that would have outweighed all other considerations. In the ethics of his own consciousness he called this "being true to himself." In a certain sense he was right.

He rose, and, standing respectfully before his fair client, said:

"Have you decided fully? Do I understand that I am to press this claim with a view of ousting these parties, or will you leave them for the present in undisturbed possession of the land?"

"But what do *you* say?" continued Donna Dolores, with her eyes fixed upon his face.

"I have said already," returned Arthur, with a patient smile. "Morally and legally, my advice is to press the claim!"

Donna Dolores turned her eyes away with the slightest shade of annoyance.

"*Bueno*. We shall see. There is time enough. Be seated, Don Arturo. What is this? Surely you will not refuse our hospitality to-night?"

"I fear," said Arthur, with grave politeness, "that I must return to the Mission at once. I have already delayed my departure a day. They expect me in San Francisco to-morrow."

"Let them wait. You shall write that important business keeps you here, and Diego shall ride my own horse to reach the *embarcadero* for the steamer to-night. To-morrow he will be in San Francisco."

Before he could stay her hand she had rung a small bronze bell that stood beside her.

"But, Donna Dolores—" Arthur began hastily.

"I understand," interrupted Donna Dolores. "Diego," she continued rapidly, as a servant entered the room, "saddle Jovita instantly and make ready for a journey. Then return here. Pardon!" she turned to Arthur. "You would say your time is valuable. A large sum depends upon your presence! Good! Write to your partners that I will pay all—that no one else can afford to give as large a sum for your services as myself. Write that here you must stay."

Annoyed and insulted as Arthur felt, he could not help gazing upon her with an admiring fascination. The imperious habit of command; an almost despotic control of a hundred servants; a certain barbaric contempt for the unlimited revenues at her disposal that prompted the act, became her

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wonderfully. In her impatience the quick blood glanced through her bronzed cheek, her little slipper tapped the floor imperiously, and her eyes flashed in the darkness. Suddenly she stopped, looked at Arthur, and hesitated.

"Pardon me. I have done wrong. Forgive me, Don Arturo. I am a spoiled woman who for five years has had her own way. I am apt to forget there is any world beyond my little kingdom here. Go. Since it must be so, go at once."

She sank back on the sofa, half veiled her face with her fan, and dropped the long fringes of her eyes with a deprecating and half languid movement.

Arthur stood for a moment irresolute and hesitating, but only for a moment.

"Let me thank you for enabling me to fulfill a duty without foregoing a pleasure. If your messenger is trustworthy and fleet it can be done. I will stay."

She turned toward him suddenly and smiled. A smile apparently so rare to that proud little mouth and those dark melancholy eyes; a smile that disclosed the smallest and whitest of teeth in such dazzling contrast to the shadow of her face; a smile that even after its brightness had passed still left its memory in a dimple in either nut-brown cheek and a glistening moisture in the dark eyes—that Arthur felt the warm blood rise to his face.

"There are writing materials in the other room. Diego will find you there," said Donna Dolores, "and I will rejoin you soon. Thanks."

She held out the smallest and brownest of hands. Arthur bent over it for a single moment, and then withdrew with a quickened pulse to the outer room. As the door closed upon him, Donna Dolores folded her fan, threw herself back upon the sofa, and called in a quick whisper:

"Manuela!"

The old woman re-appeared with an anxious face and ran toward the sofa. But she was too late; her mistress had fainted.

CHAPTER XXI.

A LEAF OUT OF THE PAST.

ARTHUR'S letter to his partners was a brief explanation of his delay, and closed with the following sentence:

"Search the records for any deed or transfer of the grant from Dr. Devarges."

He had scarcely concluded before Diego entered ready for the journey. When he had gone Arthur waited with some impatience the re-appearance of Donna Dolores. To his disappointment, however, only the solemn major-domo strode grimly into the room like a dark-complexioned ghost, and, as it seemed to Arthur, with a strong suggestion of the Commander in Don Giovanni in his manner, silently beckoned him to follow to the apartment set aside for his reception. In keeping with the sun-evading instincts of Spanish Californian architecture the room was long, low, and half lighted; the two barred windows on either side of the door-way gave upon the corridor and court-yard below; the opposite wall held only a small, narrow, deeply embrasured loop-hole, through which Arthur could see the vast, glittering sun-illumined plain beyond. The hard, monotonous, unwinking glare without did not penetrate the monastic gloom of this chamber; even the insane, incessant restlessness of the wind that perpetually beset the bleak walls was unheard and unfelt in the grave, contemplative solitude of this religious cell.

Mingled with this grateful asceticism was the quaint contrast of a peculiar Spanish luxuriousness. In a curtained recess an immense mahogany bedstead displayed a yellow satin coverlet profusely embroidered with pink and purple silk flowers. The borders of the sheets and cases of the satin pillows were deeply edged with the finest lace. Beside the bed and before a large arm-chair heavy rugs of barbaric colors covered the dark wooden floor, and in front of the deep oven-like hearth lay an immense bear skin. Above the hearth hung an ebony and gold crucifix, and, mingled with a few modern engravings, the usual Catholic saints and martyrs occupied the walls. It struck Arthur's observation oddly that the subjects of the secular engravings were snow landscapes. The Hospice of St. Bernard in winter, a pass in the Austrian Tyrol, the Steppes of Russia, a Norwegian plain, all to Arthur's fancy brought the temperature of the room down considerably. A small water-color of an Alpine flower touched him so closely that it might have blossomed from his recollection.

Dinner, which was prefaced by a message from Donna Dolores excusing herself through indisposition, was served in solemn silence. A cousin of the late Don José Salvatierra represented the family and pervaded the meal with a mild flavor of stale cigaritos and dignified criticism of remote events. Arthur, disappointed at the absence of the

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Donna, found himself regarding this gentleman with some degree of asperity and a disposition to resent any reference to his client's business as an unwarrantable impertinence. But when the dinner was over, and he had smoked a cigar on the corridor without further communication with Donna Dolores, he began to be angry with himself for accepting her invitation, and savagely critical of the motives that impelled him to it. He was meditating an early retreat—even a visit to Mrs. Sepulvida—when Manuela entered.

Would Don Arturo grant the Donna his further counsel and presence?

Don Arturo was conscious that his cheek was flushing, and that his counsel at the present moment would not have been eminently remarkable for coolness or judiciousness, but he followed the Indian woman with a slight inclination of the head. They entered the room where he had first met the Donna. She might not have moved from the position she had occupied that morning on the couch, so like was her attitude and manner. As he approached her respectfully, he was conscious of the same fragrance, and the same mysterious magnetism that seemed to leap from her dark eyes, and draw his own resisting and unwilling gaze toward her.

"You will despise me, Don Arturo—you, whose countrywomen are so strong and active, because I am so little and weak, and, —Mother of God!—so lazy! But I am an invalid, and am not yet quite recovered. But then I am accustomed to it. I have lain here for days, Don Arturo, doing nothing. It is weary—eh? You think? This watching, this waiting!—day after day—always the same!"

There was something so delicately plaintive and tender in the cadence of her speech—a cadence that might, perhaps, have been attributed to the characteristic intonation of the Castilian feminine speech, but which Arthur could not help thinking was peculiar to herself, that at the moment he dared not lift his eyes to her, although he was conscious she was looking at him. But by an impulse of safety he addressed himself to the fan.

"You have been an invalid then—Donna Dolores?"

"A sufferer, Don Arturo."

"Have you ever tried the benefit of change of scene—of habits of life? Your ample means, your freedom from the cares of family or kinship, offer you such opportunities," he continued, still addressing the fan.

But the fan, as if magnetized by his gaze, became coquettishly conscious; fluttered, faltered, drooped, and then languidly folded its wings. Arthur was left helpless.

"Perhaps," said Donna Dolores, "who knows?"

She paused for an instant, and then made a sign to Manuela. The Indian woman rose and left the room.

"I have something to tell you, Don Arturo," she continued, "something I should have told you this morning. It is not too late now. But it is a secret. It is only that I have questioned my right to tell it—not that I have doubted your honor, Don Arturo, that I withheld it then."

Arthur raised his eyes to hers. It was her turn to evade his glance. With her long lashes dropped, she went on:

"It was five years ago, and my father—whom may the Saints assoil—was alive. Came to us then at the Presidio of San Geronimo, a young girl—an American, a stranger and helpless. She had escaped from a lost camp in the snowy mountains where her family and friends were starving. That was the story she told my father. It was a probable one—was it not?"

Arthur bowed his head but did not reply.

"But the name that she gave was not a true one, as it appeared. My father had sent an *Expedicion* to relieve these people, and they had found among the dead the person whom this young girl—this stranger—assumed to be. That was their report. The name of the young girl who was found dead and the name of the young girl who came to us was the same. It was Grace Conroy."

Arthur's face did not move a muscle, nor did he once take his eyes from the drooping lids of his companion.

"It was a grave matter—a very grave matter. And it was the more surprising because the young girl had at first given another name—the name of Grace Ashley—which she afterward explained was the name of the young man who helped her to escape, and whose sister she at first assumed to be.

"My father was a good man, a kind man—a saint, Don Arturo. It was not for him to know if she were Grace Ashley or Grace Conroy—it was enough for him to know that she was alive, weak, helpless, suffering. Against the advice of his officers, he took her into his own house, into his own family, into his own fatherly heart, to wait until her

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brother, or this Philip Ashley, should return. He never returned. In six months she was taken ill—very ill—a little child was born—Don Arturo—but in the same moment it died and the mother died—both, you comprehend—both died—in my arms!"

"That was bad," said Arthur, curtly.

"I do not comprehend," said Donna Dolores.

"Pardon. Do not misunderstand me. I say it was bad, for I really believe that this girl the mysterious stranger, with the *alias*, was really Grace Conroy."

Donna Dolores raised her eyes and stared at Arthur.

"And why?"

"Because the identification of the bodies by the *Expedicion* was hurried and imperfect."

"How knew you this?"

Arthur rose and drew his chair a little nearer his fair client.

"You have been good enough to intrust me with an important and honorable secret. Let me show my appreciation of that confidence by intrusting you with one equally important. I know that the identification was imperfect and hurried, because *I* was present. In the report of the *Expedicion* you will find the name, if you have not already read it, of Lieutenant Arthur Poinsett. That was myself."

Donna Dolores raised herself to a sitting posture.

"But why did you not tell me this before?"

"Because, first, I believed you knew that I was Lieutenant Poinsett. Because, secondly, I did *not* believe that you knew that Arthur Poinsett and Philip Ashley were one and the same person."

"I do not understand," said Donna Dolores slowly, in a hard metallic voice.

"I am Lieutenant Arthur Poinsett, formerly of the army, who, under the assumed name of Philip Ashley, brought Grace Conroy out of Starvation Camp. I am the person who afterward abandoned her—the father of her child."

He had not the slightest intention of saying this when he first entered the room, but something in his nature, which he had never tried to control, brought it out. He was neither ashamed of it nor apprehensive of its results; but, having said it, leaned back in his chair, proud, self-reliant and self-sustained. If he had been uttering a moral sentiment, he could not have been externally more calm or inwardly less agitated. More than that, there was a certain injured dignity in his manner, as he rose, without giving the speechless and astonished woman before him chance to recover herself, and said:

"You will be able now to know whether your confidence has been misplaced. You will be able now to determine what you wish done, and whether I am the person best calculated to assist you. I can only say, Donna Dolores, that I am ready to act either as your witness to the identification of the real Grace Conroy, or as your legal adviser, or both. When you have decided which, you shall give me your further commands, or dismiss me. Until then, *adios!*"

He bowed, waved his hand with a certain grand courtesy, and withdrew. When Donna Dolores raised her stupefied head, the door had closed upon him.

When this conceited young gentleman reached his own room, he was, I grieve to say, to some extent mentally, and, if I may use the word, morally exalted by the interview. More than that, he was in better spirits than he had been since his arrival. From his room he strode out into the corridor. If his horse had been saddled, he would have taken a sharp canter over the low hills for exercise, pending the decision of his fair client, but it was the hour of the noonday *siesta*, and the court-yard was deserted. He walked to the gate and looked across the plain. A fierce wind held uninterrupted possession of earth and sky. Something of its restlessness, just at that instant, was in Arthur's breast, and, with a glance around the corridor, and a momentary hesitation, as an opening door, in a distant part of the building, suggested the possibility of another summons from Donna Dolores, he stepped beyond the walls.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BULLS OF THE BLESSED TRINITY.

THE absolute freedom of illimitable space, the exhilaration of the sparkling sunlight, and the excitement of the opposing wind, which was strong enough to oblige him to exert a certain degree of physical strength to overcome it, so wrought upon Arthur, that in a few moments he had thrown off the mysterious spell which the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity appeared to have cast over his spirits, and had placed a material distance between himself and its gloomy towers. The landscape, which had hitherto seemed monotonous and uninspiring, now became suggestive; in the low, dome-shaped

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hills beyond, that were huddled together like half-blown earth bubbles raised by the fiery breath of some long-dead volcano, he fancied he saw the origin of the Mission architecture. In the long sweep of the level plain, he recognized the calm, uneventful life that had left its expression in the patient gravity of the people. In the fierce, restless wind that blew over it—a wind so persistent and perpetual that all umbrage, except a narrow fringe of dwarfed willows defining the line of an extinct water-course, was hidden in sheltered cañons and the leeward slopes of the hills—he recognized something of his own restless race, and no longer wondered at the barrenness of the life that was turned toward the invader. "I dare say," he muttered to himself, "somewhere in the leeward of these people's natures may exist a luxurious growth that we shall never know. I wonder if the Donna has not"—but here he stopped, angry; and, if the truth must be told, a little frightened at the persistency with which Donna Dolores obtruded herself into his abstract philosophy and sentiment.

Possibly something else caused him for the moment to dismiss her from his mind. During his rapid walk he had noticed, as an accidental, and by no means an essential feature of the bleak landscape, the vast herds of crawling, purposeless cattle. An entirely new and distinct impression was now forming itself in his consciousness—namely, that they no longer were purposeless, vagrant, and wandering, but were actually obeying a certain definite law of attraction, and were moving deliberately toward an equally definite object. And that object was himself!

Look where he would; before, behind, on either side,—north, east, south, west,—on the bleak hill-tops, on the slope of the *falda*, across the dried up *arroyo*, there were the same converging lines of slowly moving objects toward a single focus—himself! Although walking briskly, and with a certain definiteness of purpose, he was apparently the only unchanging, fixed, and limited point in the now active landscape. Everything that rose above the dead, barren level was now moving slowly, irresistibly, instinctively, but unmistakably, toward one common center—himself! Alone and unsupported, he was the helpless, unconscious nucleus of a slowly gathering force, almost immeasurable in its immensity and power!

At first the idea was amusing and grotesque. Then it became picturesque. Then it became something for practical consideration. And then—but no!—with the quick and unerring instincts of a powerful will, he choked down the next consideration before it had time to fasten upon or paralyze his strength. He stopped and turned. The Rancho of the Blessed Trinity was gone! Had it suddenly sunk in the earth, or had he diverged from his path? Neither; he had simply walked over the little elevation in the plain beside the *arroyo* and *corral*, and had already left the Rancho two miles behind him.

It was not the only surprise that came upon him suddenly like a blow between the eyes. The same mysterious attraction had been operating in his rear, and when he turned to retrace his steps toward the Mission, he faced the staring eyes of a hundred bulls not fifty yards away. As he faced them, the nearest turned, the next rank followed their example, the next the same, and the next, until in the distance he could see the movement repeated with military precision and sequence. With a sense of relief, that he put aside as quickly as he had the sense of fear, he quickened his pace, until the nearest bull ahead broke into a gentle trot, which was communicated line by line to the cattle beyond, until the whole herd before him undulated like a vast monotonous sea. He continued on across the *arroyo* and past the corral until the blinding and penetrating cloud of dust, raised by the plunging hoofs of the moving mass before him, caused him to stop. A dull reverberation of the plain—a sound that at first might have been attributed to a passing earthquake—now became so distinct that he turned. Not twenty yards behind him rose the advance wall of another vast, tumultuous sea of tossing horns and undulating backs that had been slowly following his retreat! He had forgotten that he was surrounded.

The nearest were now so close upon him that he could observe them separately. They were neither large, powerful, vindictive, nor ferocious. On the contrary, they were thin, wasted, haggard, anxious beasts—economically equipped and gotten up, the better to wrestle with a six months' drought, occasional famine, and the incessant buffeting of the wind—wild and untamable, but their staring eyes and nervous limbs expressed only wonder and curiosity. And when he ran toward them with a shout, they turned, as had the others, file by file, and rank by rank, and in a moment were, like the others, in full retreat. Rather, let me say, retreated as the others *had* retreated, for when he faced about again to retrace his steps toward

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the Mission, he fronted the bossy bucklers and inextricable horns of those he had driven only a few moments ago before him. They had availed themselves of his diversion with the rear guard to return.

With the rapidity of a quick intellect and swift perceptions, Arthur saw at once the resistless logic and utter hopelessness of his situation. The inevitable culmination of all this was only a question of time—and a very brief period. Would it be sufficient to enable him to reach the *casa?* No! Could he regain the *corral?* Perhaps. Between it and himself already were a thousand cattle. Would they continue to retreat as he advanced? Possibly. But would he be overtaken meanwhile by those in his rear?

He answered the question himself by drawing from his waistcoat pocket his only weapon, a small "Derringer," and taking aim at the foremost bull. The shot took effect in the animal's shoulder, and he fell upon his knees. As Arthur had expected, his nearer comrades stopped and sniffed at their helpless companion. But, as Arthur had not expected, the eager crowd pressing behind overbore them and their wounded brother, and in another instant the unfortunate animal was prostrate and his life beaten out by the trampling hoofs of the resistless, blind, and eager crowd that followed. With a terrible intuition that it was a foreshadowing of his own fate, Arthur turned in the direction of the corral, and ran for his very life!

As he ran he was conscious that the act precipitated the inevitable catastrophe—but he could think of nothing better. As he ran, he felt, from the shaking of the earth beneath his feet, that the act had once more put the whole herd in equally active motion behind him. As he ran, he noticed that the cattle before him retreated with something of his own precipitation. But as he ran, he thought of nothing but the awful fate that was following him, and the thought spurred him to an almost frantic effort. I have tried to make the reader understand that Arthur was quite inaccessible to any of those weaknesses which mankind regard as physical cowardice. In the defense of what he believed to be an intellectual truth, in the interests of his pride or his self-love, or in a moment of passion, he would have faced death with unbroken fortitude and calmness. But to be the victim of an accident; to be the lamentable sequel of a logical succession of chances, without motive or purpose; to be sacrificed for nothing—without proving or disproving anything; to be trampled to death by idiotic beasts, who had not even the instincts of passion or revenge to justify them; to die the death of an ignorant tramp, or any negligent clown—a death that had a ghastly ludicrousness in its method, a death that would leave his body a shapeless, indistinguishable, unrecognizable clod which affection could not idealize nor friendship reverence,—all this brought a horror with it so keen, so exquisite, so excruciating, that the fastidious, proud, intellectual being, fleeing from it, might have been the veriest dastard that ever turned his back on danger. And superadded to it was a superstitious thought that for its very horror, perhaps it was a retribution for something that he dared not contemplate!

And it was then that his strength suddenly flagged. His senses began to reel. His breath, which had kept pace with the quick beating of his heart, intermitted, hesitated—was lost! Above the advancing thunder of hoofs behind him, he thought he heard a woman's voice. He knew now he was going crazy; he shouted and fell, he rose again and staggered forward a few steps and fell again. It was over now! A sudden sense of some strange, subtile perfume, beating up through the acrid, smarting dust of the plain, that choked his mouth and blinded his eyes, came swooning over him. And then the blessed interposition of unconsciousness and peace.

He struggled back to life again with the word "Philip" in his ears, a throbbing brow, and the sensation of an effort to do something that was required of him. Of all his experience of the last few moments only the perfume remained. He was lying alone in the dry bed of the *arroyo;* on the bank a horse was standing, and above him bent the dark face and darker eyes of Donna Dolores.

"Try to recover sufficient strength to mount that horse," she said, after a pause.

It was a woman before him. With that innate dread which all masculine nature has of exhibiting physical weakness before a weaker sex, Arthur struggled to rise without the assistance offered by the small hand of his friend. That, however, even at that crucial moment, he so far availed himself of it, as to press it, I fear was the fact.

"You came to my assistance alone?" asked Arthur, as he struggled to his feet.

"Why not? We are equal now, Don Arturo," said Donna Dolores, with a dazzling smile. "I saw you from my window. You

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were rash—pardon me—foolish! The oldest vanquero never ventures afoot upon these plains. But come; you shall ride with me. There was no time to saddle another horse, and I thought you would not care to let others know of your adventure! Am I right?"

There was a slight dimple of mischief in her cheek, and a quaint sparkle in her dark eye, as she turned her questioning gaze on Arthur. He caught her hand and raised it respectfully to his lips.

"You are wise as you are brave, Donna Dolores."

"We shall see. But at present you must believe that I am right, and do as I say. Mount that horse—I will help you if you are too weak—and—leave a space for me behind you!"

Thus adjured, Arthur leaped into the saddle. If his bones had been broken instead of being bruised, he would still have found strength for that effort. In another instant Donna Dolores' little foot rested on his, and she lightly mounted behind him.

"Home now. Hasten; we will be there before any one will know it," she said, as she threw one arm around his waist, with superb unconsciousness.

Arthur lifted the rein and dropped his heels into the flanks of the horse. In five minutes—the briefest, as it seemed to him, he had ever passed—they were once more within the walls of the Blessed Trinity.

(To be continued.)

A POET'S CONSTANCY.

A MADRIGAL.

O PRAISE is ever sweet to hear;
In simple candor I confess it;
And then, I own, 'tis doubly dear,
When loving lips,—like yours,—express it.

And yet, when calmly I reflect
How much is due to Cupid's blindness,
Forgive me, dear, if I suspect
Your praises only prove your kindness.

Whatever virtues I may boast,
(And slight indeed is my profession,)
The one you praise and prize the most
May be the least in my possession.

You tell me, sweet! you love—revere
A mind so steady and unswerving;
But never Poet yet, I fear,
Of such applause was quite deserving.

The Poet's constancy, at best,
Is like the Bee's—voluptuous rover;
Still constant to her honey-quest,
Though found in lily, rose, or clover.

And do I thus my faith impeach
As one untrue to Love's vocation?
A moment's patience—I beseech—
And you shall hear the explanation:

Suppose the Bee—so prone to stray,
As Fancy bids, from bower to bower,
Should chance to find, some lucky day,
A wondrous honey-bearing flower;

Which,—though she sipped, and came again
As often as the day was sunny,—
Quite unexhausted should remain,
An ever-flowing fount of honey.

Such praise as she might fitly claim,
If ne'er again she proved a rover,
So much (the cases are the same)
Is due your fond and faithful lover!

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REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS.

SECOND PAPER: JOHN ADAMS.

ONE of the many distinguished friends of Colonel Ward was John Adams, Colossus of the Congress of '76. The more one contemplates the words and works of this statesman, over whom there has been such bitter and lasting controversy, the less weight one is inclined to give to the accusations brought against him, compared with his illustrious services in the cause of American independence. None among his colleagues was more emphatically an embodiment of the heart of our nation than John Adams. He was the very pith of America, the incarnate spirit of New England. His mind and body had the strength of the hardy soil and the vigorous climate that gave him birth. He was not a man for fine words, or for the exercise of the art of fascination; his was the nature and power of the pioneer; his was the work of the man, rather than of the gentleman. And, as if obedient to a controlling instinct, his capacity increasing with the severity of opposition, he stood firm and towering as his own New England hills. Legislative and executive ability were united in this stanch statesman. For thought, and the practical application of it, who among his contemporaries shall be mentioned before him? Jefferson could pen the Declaration, but Adams must not only lend his counsel, but force the finished document through a stubborn Congress. Nor could he have carried Lee's famous Resolution, had he not practiced himself with his own preparatory measure of the previous May.

Rock and wood of New England was John Adams. He knew no ties or interests but those which bound him to his mother earth He did not step beyond the boundary of New England till he was nearly forty years of age, when his State sent him to Philadelphia, a delegate to the first Continental Congress. Previous to this time, his labors, though by no means insignificant, were but skirmishes compared to the after-battle. Now he began that series of stupendous labors, which none but a mental and physical giant could have endured, continuing through more than a quarter of a century.

From the date of his first resolution for the instruction of the representatives of the town of Braintree, on the subject of the Stamp Act, his work was incessant and momentous. It is bewildering to trace the footsteps of this patriot, pushing ever forward, through and over innumerable obstacles, upon his prophet's pathway. Stone upon stone, he saw the rise of the temple of liberty. His mind was in the design, his handiwork in the manual labor of construction.

It is lamentably true that the writings Mr. Adams has left concerning himself are fragmentary and lacking in method; but the record of his public labors is enough. Those are fit words of Jefferson: "The clearest head and firmest heart of any man in Congress." Add to this combination the essential element, endurance, and the portrait is finished. Let us take the worker's own words:

"I was incessantly employed through the whole fall, winter, and spring of 1775 and 1776 in Congress during their sittings, and on committees on mornings and evenings; and unquestionably did more business than any other member of that house."

It was in the midst of these labors that the first of the letters here offered was written. He has shown us the main-spring of his character: "Verbal resolutions accomplish nothing. * * Let reasoning men infer what we shall do from what we actually do."

The reader will remember the expedition into Canada, referred to in this letter,—that expedition which cost brave young Montgomery his life, and showed to the world the exalted powers of poor Arnold,—that terrible march through unbroken forest, through swamp and swollen rivers, through mud, and snow, and ice,—thirty-two days of isolated suffering in the wilds of what is now Maine. The writer's comment upon the depredations of the British navy in the coast towns, exhibits him in his characteristic defiance and dignity.

The close of 1775 was near; and, so far, there was little to encourage. Mr. Adams was at his work in Congress; Colonel Ward was active in the service, as aide-de-camp and secretary of General Artemus Ward.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 14, 1775.

SIR: I had yesterday the pleasure of your letter of the 4th inst. by Captain Price, for which, as well as a former kind letter, I heartily thank you. The Report you mention, that Congress have resolved

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upon a free trade, is so far from being true, that you must have seen by the public papers before now that they have resolved to stop all trade until next March.

What will be done then, time will discover. This winter I hope will be emproved in preparing some kind of defence for our trade. I hope the Colonies will do this separately. But these subjects are too important and intricate to be discussed in a narrow compass, and too delicate to be committed to a private letter.

The report that Congress has resolved to have no more connection, &c., untill they shall be indemnified for the damage done by the tyranny of their enemies will not be true perhaps so soon as some expect it.

Verbal resolutions accomplish nothing. It is to no purpose to declare what we will or will not do, in future times. Let reasoning men infer what we shall do from what we actually do.

The late conduct in burning towns, so disgraceful to the English name and character, would justify anything but similar barbarity. Let us preserve our temper, our wisdom, our humanity and civility, tho' our enemies are every day renouncing theirs. But let us omit nothing necessary for the security of our Cause.

You are anxious for Arnold. So are we, and for Montgomery too, untill this day when an express has brought us the refreshing news of the capitulation of St. Johns. For Arnold I am anxious still. God grant him success. My compliments to Gen. Ward and his family.

I am, with respect,
Your very humble servant,
JOHN ADAMS.

Early in 1776 Mr. Adams returned to Congress. This was a year of most exhausting labor. June 12th he was made Chairman of the Board of War and Ordnance. The severity and importance of his duties, beginning at this date, and extending through the succeeding sixteen months, cannot be overestimated. His testimony is: "The duties of this Board kept me in continual employment, not to say drudgery, from 12th of June, 1776, till 11th of November, 1777, when I left Congress forever." What a mighty task lay before this little body of men!

Some leading minds had been advocating national independence, directly and indirectly, for years; but only a few months previous had it begun to take hold upon the masses. At length, Lexington, Concord, Ticonderoga, and Breed's Hill gave successive utterances in a voice not to be misunderstood.

The necessity was upon them. No man was better prepared for it, and no man met the emergency more squarely than John Adams. But with even his confidence, there must be a mingling of doubt; with all his firmness, a trembling at the approach of the awful crisis. He wrote his noble wife, April 12, 1776: "This is not independency, you know. What is? Why, *government in every colony, a confederation among them all, and treaties with foreign nations* to acknowledge us a sovereign State, and all that." Four days later he wrote his friend Ward. Two of his letters, containing derogatory remarks upon his colleagues (a pastime in which unhappily this great man indulged), had been intercepted by the British, and published, much to his personal injury. The following letter was not of the sort to benefit him, should it fall into hostile hands. The original bears no signature. After spirited advice concerning the thing to be done in the immediate vicinity of his correspondent, he puts *the* question.

Written at such a time and place, and by such a man, what a vast deal does this brief language suggest!

PHILADELPHIA, April 16, 1776.

DEAR SIR: Upon the receipt of your favour of the Third of April, I shewed your recommendation of Capt. Fellows to several gentlemen; but it had been previously determined that Captain Manley and Captain Cazneau should have the command of the two ships building in the Massachusetts.

If you should be thrown out of the service by the resignation of General Ward, and there should be any place in particular that you have an inclination for, if you will give me a hint of it, I will do you all the service in my power, consistent with the public good; and I doubt not my colleagues will do the same. But I presume that General Ward will now continue in the service, unless his health should be worse. I hope the duty will be less severe than it has been.

As far as I am capable of judging, I am perfectly of General Ward's opinion, that the five regiments are too small a force to be left in Boston. It is a great work to fortify Boston Harbour, and will require many men. But, however, I am not sufficiently informed to judge of the propriety of this measure. If there is the least reason to expect that Howe's army will return to Boston, it was wrong to remove so many men so soon; but it is hard to believe that that army will very suddenly return to that place. The Militia of that Province are tremendous to the enemy; and well they may be, for I believe they don't know of such another.

I am much obliged to you for the intelligence you have given me, and wish a continuance of your correspondence—should be glad to know of every movement in and about Boston. Every motive of self preservation, of honour, profit, and glory, call upon our people to fortify the Harbour, so as to be impregnable. It will make it a rendezvous for Men

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of War and Privateers, and a mart for trade. My most respectful compliments to Gen. Ward, and best wishes for the restoration of his health.

You seem to wish for Independence. Do the resolves for privateering and opening the Ports satisfy you? If not, let me know what will? Will nothing do but a positive Declaration that we never will be reconciled, upon any terms?

It requires time to bring the Colonies all of one mind; but time will do it.

It is not proposed to rehearse the varied commissions to France, England, and Holland, which occupied Mr. Adams from the time of his first appointment to the Court of Versailles, November, 1777, till he was chosen first Vice-President of the United States under the new Constitution. An allusion to his statesman's sagacity, diplomatic skill, and faithful performance of public trusts, is sufficient. His letters hereafter may throw some new light upon the responsibilities sustained by him under these appointments.

It was not till toward his accession to the Presidency, that plain and open dissension manifested itself between Mr. Adams and certain of his collaborators. With the outburst of the French Revolution he and Jefferson parted hands, not to clasp again for many a year. It was at this time that suspicions concerning the fidelity of Hamilton settled into conviction, and that the breach widened between them, which finally severed and destroyed the Federal party.

That the Presidential chair was not the one of all places fittest for his genius, may, without detriment to his powers or purpose, be admitted. That he was human while ruler of his people, as he was before and afterward, is not to be controverted. But the fire of party strife has died away, and the cries of "aristocracy," "monarchy," "alien and sedition laws," "midnight judges," "peace with France for selfish purposes," all have been drowned in the din of years.

His provoking independence of his cabinet; his appointment of Gerry; his failure to appoint Hamilton; his absence from the inauguration of his successor,—all this is of little or no importance. The simple record of the Administration shall tell, and we cannot stoop, for information, to the heated pamphlet of the partisan. That an Administration disappointed opposed parties is not sufficient to condemn its wisdom or integrity. Whether the Federal party would have lived longer under another head is a question impossible to determine.

If the continuance of peace, the increase of prosperity, the growth of credit with other nations, the appointment of officials worthy of their position, the establishment of a secure defense against invasion by foreign powers—particularly in the formation of a respectable navy for a Government that had before but a few straggling ships of war upon the high seas—if such is the record to damage the fame of the head and front of an Administration, the memory of John Adams must suffer accordingly. Does this Administration, with Washington's upon the one side and Jefferson's upon the other, suffer from so illustrious connections? If we look at the Administration and not at the functionary, believing that the President of a people is something more than the President of a party, we shall, perhaps, agree with Sullivan, that in the then delicate situation of foreign and domestic relations, "a more energetic, pure, and patriotic exercise of constitutional power could neither be expected nor desired." John Adams might have been a better listener, not only as chief magistrate, but as delegate and diplomat; less self-confident and suspicious; less curt and commanding; more conciliatory toward both friends and enemies; but would he then have accomplished the master work which is the glory of his name? By working over and making smooth the individual, would not the fiber of the public servant have been weakened? The curve is graceful, but the straight line is direct.

It may be interesting to the reader not familiar with newspaper literature of that day, to read a specimen of the politer sort, which appeared the same month the above letter was written, and deals with the same subject-matter. The following stanzas selected from this parody, are supposed to be from the pen of Benjamin Russell, Editor of "The Columbian Centinel," in which sheet they were published. Mr. Russell was very successful in goading the sides of his opponent with the editorial quill, as may be discovered in this effort concerning the coming of the "Salt Mountain Philosopher."

THE JACOBIN UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

PARENT of ill! in every state,
In every club adored—
By small, by wicked, and by great,
Of mischief sovereign lord,—

Thou great curst cause! but yet obeyed,
Who all my thoughts confined,
To follow mischief's wayward track,
To virtue's precepts blind,—

* * * * * *

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What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
That teach me more than Heaven to shun,
This more than Hell pursue—
* * * * * *
If I am wrong, O teach my heart,
Still in the wrong to stay;
If I am right, thy grace impart
To lead my steps astray.

In June, 1793, "The National Gazette" began a series of jingles termed "Probationary Odes, by Jonathan Pindar, Esq., a cousin of Peter's, and candidate for the post of Poet Laureate." This paper was edited by, and the stanzas next quoted are the work of, Philip Freneau, the celebrated Revolutionary rhymster. He spared no Federalist, from Washington down. His musical genius thus disposes of the well-known "Discourses on Davila," and of their author with them.

TO A WOULD-BE GREAT MAN.

Daddy rice, Daddy rice,
One may see in a trice
The drift of your fine publication;
As sure as a gun,
The thing was just done
To secure you—a pretty high station.

Defenses you call
To knock down our wall,
And batter the States to the ground, sir;
So thick were your shot,
And so hellish fire-hot,
They've scarce a whole bone to be found, sir.

When you tell us of Kings,
And such pretty things,
Good mercy! how brilliant your page is!
So bright in each line,
I vow you'll shine
Like—a glow-worm to all future ages.

When you handle your balance,
So vast are your talents,
Like Atlas your wonderful strength is:
You know every State
To a barley-corn weight,
For your steel-yard the Continent length is.

On Davila's page,
Your discourses so sage,
Democratical numskulls bepuzzle,
With arguments tough
As white leather or buff,
The Republican Bull-Dogs to muzzle.

'Tis labor in vain,
Your senses to strain,
Our brains any longer to muddle;
Like Colossus you stride
O'er our noddles so wide,—
We look up like Frogs In A Puddle.

The remaining letters here offered were, with one exception, written after a lapse of eight years, in 1809.

Colonel Ward (now in declining years) was striving to maintain his family in Boston; the veteran John Adams was, as it were, an exile in the solitude of his Quincy home, suffering not only from neglect of the people whom he had so long served, but smarting under multiplied misrepresentations of his character and past labors. These are his sad words concerning the ingratitude of his own party, addressed to a relative in 1808:

"The Federalists, I think, might suffer my old lamp to go out without administering their nauseous oil, merely to excite a momentary flash before it expires."

With powers undiminished, the great statesman had been thrust aside, and was made, by those to whom he had given his superior strength from his youth up, an object of petty reviling and contumely. He lived to see the scale of justice turning again in his favor, but the time was not yet. He still communed with a small band of chosen friends. Hence the value of his letters written at this period. Whatever may be affirmed of the author's bias, egotism, or spasmodic use of hard words, universal opinion puts his integrity of purpose beyond the touch of criticism. And it is to Mr. Adams's correspondence after his retirement to private life, that the student must look to settle many of the unfortunate differences which have existed, concerning his claims upon posterity. Many of these letters remain unpublished; and, until they find the light, judgment upon the nicer matters of which he possessed the most, if not the sole, information, must be suspended.

Owing to the exasperating circumstances under which these letters were written, it is not surprising that frequent asperities dart up to the surface. We have but to remember the situation, and occasional biting words militate little against the reason or judgment of the writer.

He was not only cast down, but the rabble was trampling upon him. He was not only prohibited from further labor, but ignorant or malignant meddlers were blotting out services already rendered. Mild language would have made a too tame return.

The following letter is a pointed illustration of the author's relation to contemporary historians. It is to be borne in mind, that the treaty herein mentioned was the provisional treaty, the definitive treaty of peace with Great Britain not being signed till the year following.

QUINCY, April 15, 1809.

DEAR SIR: I have received your letter of the tenth, and read some of the printed papers inclosed,

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and intend to read the rest. You long since let me in some degree into the nature of your claim, and I always thought it founded in justice, but have never been able to assist you to any effort in procuring relief. Now I am out of the question, except as an individual. You are persuaded that "posterity and future historians will duly estimate the merit of the founders of our nation, and the statesmen who framed our excellent Constitutions." I am persuaded of the contrary, and that historical justice will never be done to any of them, any more than it is by the present generation. If the lying documents which are to go down to posterity for the foundation of history were to be collected in volumes, the whole world could not contain the books that should be written. Let me give you an instance. In the "Boston Gazette" of March 27, 1809, is a piece of the signature of Spartacus, which contains more lies than lines. From among them all I will select one. "Whereas Mr. Adams, in a letter written by himself, declares that 'Mr. Jay had the whole merit of the Treaty of Peace, having agreed upon all the material Articles before his arrival!!'" A more egregious lie was never printed or written. As it is marked with inverted commas for a quotation, it is an atrocious forgery. The truth is, that no material Article had been agreed upon before my arrival. No article whatever had been agreed upon, none had been discussed. None could be discussed. Of the five ministers, there were absent Adams, Lawrence, and Jefferson. Franklin and Jay only were on the spot. These two, if they had been united and disposed, could not, without presumption, ever have opened any conference with the British Minister before my arrival. But Franklin and Jay could agree upon nothing. Franklin would not negotiate without communicating all to the Count de Vergennes. Jay would communicate nothing to the Count de Vergennes. In this state of suspence the whole business rested, and no conferences were opened till my arrival. I then declared to my colleagues, both Franklin and Jay, that I would not communicate our proceedings to the Court of Versailles; and then Franklin, finding two against him, and that we should go on without him, agreed to open the conferences without communicating with Vergennes. The conferences lasted near six weeks, and none of the Articles were agreed upon till the last night, late in the evening of the twenty-ninth of November, 1782, before the signature of the Treaty on the 30th.

The Articles, especially those relative to the Fisheries and the Refugees, were obstinately contested by the British Ministers to the last moment. It ought not to be forgotten that I was sent to Europe in 1779 alone, in the Commission for Peace; and it was not till sixteen or eighteen months afterwards, that Franklin, Lawrence, Jay, and Jefferson were appointed with me. While I was alone in the Commission for Peace, I settled the principle upon which Mr. Jay and I finally insisted—that is, not to treat or confer with any Ambassadors untill we had exchanged full powers, and had the right and received copies of Commissions to treat with us as Ambassadors from the United States of America. By insisting on this point while I was alone, I defeated the most insidious and dangerous plott that was ever laid to ensnare us and deprive us of our independence. I mean the projected Congress at Vienna, and the Mediation of the two Imperial Courts, the Emperor of Germany and the Empress of Russia. This great event is wholly unknown to the public in America, but it will be one day explained. It would require too many sheets of paper to detail it now.

Can there be anything meaner, than by the grossest lies to deprive me of my share of the honor in the Negotiation of the Peace? I desire no more than my share. I should despise every tittle that should be offered me more than my share.

I am, Sir,
Yr. Friend & Sevt.,
JOHN ADAMS.

COL. JOSEPH WARD,
Boston.

A month before, the venerable victim of injustice wrote to Mr. Cunningham:

"You speak of the fortunate issue of my negotiation with France, to *my fame!!!* I cannot express my astonishment. * * * * My Fame!!! It has been the systematical policy of both parties, from that period especially, and indeed for twelve years before, to conceal from the *people* all the services of my life. And they have succeeded to a degree that I should scarcely have believed it possible for a union of both parties to effect."

To correct like misrepresentations, and to supply wanting material for the rounding of the history of affairs in which he was an active participant, occupied those hours of Mr. Adams's quiet life, taken from his daily employment in literary and scientific reading. That he found the task a discouraging one, and not to be appreciated till after years, is too plainly evident. The allusion to the "Boston Patriot" in the next letter concerns: first, those articles contributed to that journal, upon the writer's share in the negotiations with Great Britain and other prominent powers of Europe, which resulted in the acknowledgment by those powers of the Independence of the United States; secondly, his defense against charges preferred by General Hamilton. Material for this latter purpose had lain in readiness seven or eight years.

This is his own description of his plan of labor, written to another the day previous to the writing of the following letter to Col. Ward:

"If you see the *Patriot*, you will see I am scribbling twice a week. I am hammering out a brass farthing into an acre of leaf brass. But I was

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determined that *posterity* should know the *facts* relative to *my peace* with France in 1800. I expect 'angry surges' enough. Let them come. They cannot sink me lower than the bottom, and I have been safely landed there these eight years. * * * A most profound silence is observed relative to my scribbles. I say not a word about them to any one, and nobody says a word to me. * * * I will not *die* for nothing. My *pen* shall go as long as my *fingers* can hold it."

We give the next letter in full:

QUINCY, June 6, 1809.

SIR: I recd. in season your interesting favor of the 10th of May, but have not had opportunity to acknowledge it till now. There appears to me to be a very extraordinary and unaccountable inattention in our countrymen, to the history of their own country. While every kind of trifle from Europe is printed and scattered profusely in America, our own original historians are very much neglected. A copy of Dr. Mather's Magnolia is not to be purchased at any rate, and is scarcely to be found. Yet this contains the greatest quantity of materials relative to the first characters. Mr. Prince's Chronology is rarely to be found—the second volume, not at all. I never saw but one copy of it in my life. Belknap's and Minot's labours are neglected. Dr. Mayhew's writings are forgotten. Samuel Adams and John Hancock are almost buried in oblivion. Gordon's, Ramsey's, Marshall's histories appear to me to be romances. And the funding system and the banking systems seem to threaten a total destruction of all distinctions between virtue and vice. There is a total occlusion of all the Federal papers against truth. Your success has been like that of twenty others, who have made similar attempts. You mention the recent publications bearing my signature as generally read. Those that have been reprinted in the Chronicle have been read by the Republicans; but I see no Evidence that any of the "Boston Patriots" have been read at all. I am informed from the Southward that they have been reprinted in several of their papers; but here, I know nothing whether they are read by anybody. Have you read them? And what is your judgment of them? Is it worth while to persevere?

With great esteem,
I am, sir, your old
friend and sevt.

J. ADAMS.

COL. JOSEPH WARD,
Boston.

In the following letter the author continues his remarks upon his contributions to the "Patriot."

A noteworthy point in the writer's declaration is: "The negotiations of the Peace of 1783 are known in detail by *nobody but myself*." The question then turns upon the author's integrity, and is much easier of solution.

QUINCY, August 31st, 1809.

SIR: If I had not been blind to my own interest, I should have sooner acknowledged your favor of 23d of June, as that might have been a means of procuring another before this day. Your observations are very gratefull to me, because they lead me to hope for some good from a course of publications which few persons appear to be satisfied with; for, indeed, very few have read them in Boston. You say you had read them all to the date of your letter. I fear your patience has been put to too great a tryal to have held out to this day. They are not generally read by any party, and cannot be expected to be so.

I am not anxious to have them read by the present age. I wish them to be preserved to posterity, that the truth may be known without panegyricks on one hand, or reproaches on the other, which I have not deserved. The negotiations of the Peace of 1783 are known in detail by nobody but myself; and as they have been misrepresented, they will be more so, hereafter, if the truth is not told, and supported by documents. The history of our country is getting full of falsehoods, and it is high time for some of them to be corrected. Hamilton propogated a great many, some of which I am endeavouring to rectify or correct, or chastise. Have I had any success? I cannot expect to produce any great effect. If a little more candor and a little more moderation can be obtained, I shall think my time well spent. If an excessive partiality for England, too strongly resembling the sentiments of the Tories in 1770, 1, 2, 3, and four, can be abated, and the fatal policy of depending on the British Fleet for protection, be averted,—it will be well worth the pains.

In short, the fatal error of depending on the wisdom, justice, or benevolence of any foreign nation for protection or assistance must be corrected, or we shall be miserably deceived and betrayed.

I am, dear Sir, as I always have been, with great and sincere esteem,

Your friend and servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

COLONEL WARD.

The language of this letter is very peculiar for one charged with an over-appreciation of England, affection for monarchical government and distinctions of nobility. This charge is of a piece with the many unwarrantable accusations laid at the door of John Adams. It is one thing to hold an opinion that a modified monarchy is the more perfect form of government, and another to advocate its adoption by the United States.

There is much truth in the following able summary of Mr. Adams's later years, found in Mr. Gibb's "Memoirs:"

"The later Cunningham letters show the melancholy sequel of the drama. Mr. Adams has experienced the usual fate of patriots—ingratitude. Reviled by the Hamiltonians, whose designs he had exposed;

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neglected by the Democrats, to whom he could be no longer useful; deserted, in short, by all, he had retired to private life soured and discontented, to visit his spleen on all men, principally on the Federalists." But would it not have been more just to say that he sought rather to right himself, than to visit with revenge the perpetrators of his wrongs? It seems too much to say that recrimination was the prime motive of such labors as the letters to the "Patriot."

The characterization following throws light on the writer's dispute with Hamilton:

QUINCY, Sept. 27, 1809.

DEAR SIR: Your letters are a cordial to me. I am glad to know that one man of sense has read my correspondence, as they call it. Hamilton was, indeed, a most fortunate and a most unfortunate man. He had talents and insinuating qualities; but he was a crafty, designing man, with more ambition than principle, more enterprise than judgment.

I am very glad they have republished his pamphlet. I intended to have proposed it, that it might be more generally known. It is my best document. He has given publicity to things that would not have been believed from me. Indeed, some things that I should never have known without it. The pamphlet was industriously circulated among his friends, although they were ashamed of it.

The partiality for England which you and I observe among public men does not proceed merely, as I conceive, from our extensive commercial connections; but from an ambition to monopolyze the government of this country by means of British influence. This object has been in view, and this system steadily, but under cover, pursued from the Peace of 1783, and there is a party in every State possessed of great wealth and some talents, closely combined in this plan. It will be very difficult to resist them, but they must be counteracted. My sentiments so entirely coincide with yours in the whole of your letter, that I need not enlarge. It gives me great satisfaction to find that we so fully agree in facts, principles, and system. Nothing I meet with, gives me more confidence than your letters; and, therefore, you will give great pleasure by continuing them as often as possible to

Your friend & servant,

J. ADAMS.

COL. WARD.

The next letter deals with one of the vital issues of to-day:

QUINCY, October 24, 1809.

DEAR SIR: Your favour of the 13th came seasonably to my hand. Your approbation of my communications to the public continues to give me great pleasure, and will continue to console me under all the abuse that has been or may be produced by them. To you who have been an attentive observer of public affairs for half a century there can be very little that is wholly new; but when I consider the errors that have been published by all our own historians—by Ramsey, Gordon, Mrs. Warren, and even by Governor Sullivan, as well as many others, I thought it would be pardonable to preserve some papers which might correct them in some degree. The papers of Governor Hancock and Governor Adams, where are they? I thought it might be excusable to present some of mine. To preserve them all would require more time than I can possibly live; both those relative to the two great events, the Peace of 1783 with England, and the Peace of 1800 with France, I thought I might live to produce; but even this is very uncertain. The method I have taken and pursued must have a whimsical appearance with the present age and with posterity, but I care not for that. I am not ignorant of the person who caused the new edition of Hamilton's libell. Though it is hushed up in public, I have reason to believe it is circulated in private; and the Editor, I doubt not, will get money by it. Its partisans do not communicate their underhand maneuvres to you nor to me, nor to the public.

Your ideas of public faith and public credit are very correct; but what ideas has this nation of either? Paper money, Continental Currency, Land Banks, old Tenor—recollect the history of all these, and then say what conceptions of public faith, and what theories of public credit, have been and are still entertained by our beloved countrymen. If I was the Witch of Endor, I would wake the ghost of Hutchinson, and give him absolute power over the currency of the United States and every part of it, provided, always, that he should meddle with nothing but currency. As little as I reverence his memory, I will acknowledge that he understood the subject of Coin and Commerce better than any man I ever knew in this country. He was a merchant; and there can be no scientific merchant without a perfect knowledge of the theory of a medium of trade. If there is one merchant now alive in America I know him not, and have never heard of him. Ambition, the downfall of old Cole's Cat, was Hutchinson's downfall. But how many humane and plausible apologies and excuses can be made for Hutchinson's ambition, not one of which can be pleaded for Hamilton? How infinitely superior in morals and in knowledge was Hutchinson to Hamilton, and especially in the service of Finance!

It will be eternally in vain to talk of Public Credit untill we return to a pure, unmixed circulation of standard gold and silver. There can never be a government of laws in money matters without a fixed, phylosophical, and mathematical standard. Contracts can never be inviolable without a stable standard. England and Holland have been models in this respect. I will venture to say there is not a village in the Seven Provinces in which this subject is not better understood than it is in any part of America. There is not a Burgomaster, Pensionary, Counsellor, or Schepen—and there are near five thousand of them all—who does not understand this subject better than Hamilton did; and who has not

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a more sacred regard to the scientific principles and standard of it. I despair, as you seem to do, of ever seeing Britain return to sound policy. If her treatment of America in 1760 and onward; if her treatment of Holland in 1780 and onward; if her treatment of all Europe for fifteen years past; if her treatment of the East Indies can leave to our countrymen any confidence in her justice or humanity, let them enjoy it. I own I cannot.

Pray, continue me in your love, and favour me with your thoughts as often as you can; for I am, and have been a long time, with very great esteem,

Your friend and Sert.,

JOHN ADAMS.

COLONEL WARD.

We come now to Mr. Adams's analysis of the character of amiable and admirable Fisher Ames. It seems to us full of acuteness and candor. Mr. Ames's position toward Mr. Adams is sufficiently familiar. In 1792 he wrote to Minot: "I trust New England will rouse and give Mr. Adams a firm and zealous support. Is it not strange that a man, unblemished in life, sincere in politics, firm in giving and maintaining his opinion, and devoted to the Constitution, should be attacked?" Before reading Mr. Adams's letter, while the three characters are before us, it will be interesting to contrast Mr. Adams's and Mr. Ames's opinions of General Hamilton. "It was by the practice of no art," said Mr. Ames—"by wearing no disguise. It was not by accident, or by levity or profligacy of party, but in despite of its malignant misrepresentations; it was by bold and inflexible adherence to truth, by loving his country better than himself, * * * * that he rose. * * * * As a statesman he was not more distinguished by the great extent of his views, than by the caution with which he provided against impediment, and the watchfulness of his care over right and the liberty of the subject. * * * * No man ever more disdained duplicity, or carried frankness further than he. * * * * The name of Hamilton would have honored Greece in the age of Aristides."

QUINCY, November 14, 1809.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 2d is, like all your other letters, a cordial to me. I seem to be conversing with one of the *Ultimi Americanorum*. Your sentiments and mine upon Public Faith and Public Credit are perfectly consonant and concordant. As long as Old Tenor or New Tenor, Land Bank Bills, Continental Currency, or Bank Bills of any kind, are made the medium of trade and standard of value, there can be no certain public or private faith, public or private credit. There has scarcely been a public or private contract or covenant honestly fulfilled since 1775. Poor Mr. Ames! I loved him living, and tenderly regard his memory since his decease. He had brilliant talents, amiable dispositions, and virtuous principles and habit. His mind, nevertheless, always appeared to me to be sicklied over with a pale cast of thought, unfavourable to every man who had been active in the Revolution, and very charitable to all who had been active in the opposition to it, or neutral, or lukewarm in the course of it.

I attributed this bias to several causes.

1. His father and his mother, if I remember right, were both of this character. I may be mistaken in this; but having been personally acquainted with both, this is the impression that remains upon my mind. 2. He married a daughter of Col. Worthington, who was never a Whig, but stood high in the esteem of all the ministerial people, and all their connections and friends. This alliance recommended him to all that kind of men in all the States in the Union. 3. To my certain knowledge, he was early adopted by that circle in Boston, and was expressly sett up and cried up as a rival to Jarvis, and to prevent him from being sent to Congress in 1789; and to oppose Hancock and Adams in the government of Massachusetts. 4. All these causes contributed to endear him to Hamilton, and Hamilton to him; for Hamilton owed his first rise, his continued support, and all his panegyrics, to this class of people and the speculators. Hamilton led him to support all his crude notions of finance, a science which neither of them ever understood. 5. The narrow circle in which Mr. Ames moved all his lifetime never afforded him an opportunity to know much of the world, or the general character of mankind; and, to speak impartial truth, he never was remarkable for sagacity or profound judgment. His fancy was the most shining faculty of mind, and his eloquence his most eminent talent. Thus circumstanced, he naturally and easily imbibed all that admiration, esteem, love, and almost devotion to England; all that hatred and horror of France; and all that contempt of his own countrymen which appears in his works, and which was common to him and all his connections; and which, you know, was so conspicuous in Hutchinson, the Olivers, Tim Ruggles, and all the Tories of their times.

You think it probable that Bonaparte will subject the Continent of Europe. I cannot agree with you in this opinion. If he maintains his own power over France, and places his brother on the throne of Spain, and maintains another brother as King of Holland, and another as King of Westphalia,—all this will not be subjecting Europe. All this will be but a rope of sand, unless it is cemented by more numerous armies than he can command. I hope Britain will not be able to maintain her assumed sovereignty of the seas, because it will be more dangerous and oppressive to mankind than all the dominion which Napoleon will ever acquire over Europe. Your question whether "South America will declare for a new Spanish kingdom" is more difficult to answer. I am not sufficiently informed

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of the state of South America, nor the character of the people, to form a judgment.

All that I know is, that superstition is their most predominant character. They think salvation is monopolized by old Spain and her colonies, and the English as hereticks, all doomed to everlasting flames. I should guess they will not harmonize long with the English, as subjects or as allies, but finally settle down with Spain, whoever may be king.

I am, Sir, with great regard,
Your obliged, humble servant,
JOHN ADAMS.

COLONEL WARD.

The following letter has a fine strain of irony, and displays throughout a rare clearness of vision.

QUINCY, December 14th, 1809.

DR. SIR: I must, though much against my inclination, agree in your opinion expressed in your kind letter of the 27th of Nov., that "it will be a long time before the evil of a paper medium will be corrected." Your reasons for this opinion, and your judgment of the ill effect of this swindling system, are infallible. The Article, "Foreign Relations," in the "Patriot," was not from me. Nothing from me has appeared without my name.

The terror of Napoleon has been artificially and chimerically wrought up in the minds of a part of the American people, beyond all truth, probability, or possibility. The English calculation has always been that three tons of shipping are indispensably necessary for the transportation to America of every single soldier with his arms, munitions, provisions, and accoutrements.

Some of our orators say that Napoleon will send two hundred thousand men to conquer us. He must have six hundred thousand tons of transport ships then; where will he get them! All Europe, England included, could not furnish them without stagnating the commerce of the whole globe.

They say that he sent forty thousand men to St. Domingo: what is become of them? The climate has killed them. The climate of South America and of our Southern States, would be as fatal as the West Indies. But the truth is, he never sent a quarter part of 40,000 men to St. Domingo.

Louis 14 and Louis 15 exerted all their zeal, and all the resources they could spare, to transport troops to the West Indies and to Canada, to defend their possessions, in former wars; but they never could get over ten thousand men.

G. Britain, in our Revolutionary war, never had in North America, including Canada, at any one time, more than five and twenty thousand men. During some part of the war, I thought they had forty thousand. But, upon examining their own most authentic documents and memorials, I have long settled an opinion that they never exceeded twenty-five thousand. And what was the number of transports? Six hundred, as it has often been said; four hundred is the smallest number I ever heard. It is certain that England, Scotland, and Ireland could not furnish enough. They were obliged to hire ships in Holland, Sweeden, and Italy. Where, then, is Napoleon to get his two thousand ships of three hundred tons each, to transport his 200,000 men?

No! Let us reason more like philosophers and politicians! Let us say that Napoleon has found in Spain two millions of geese of the breed of Gonzales; that these geese are to be yoked together by tens; every ten is to transport his man across the Atlantic, and alight upon the cloud-capt towers, gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples of our great cities—descend like clouds upon the inhabitants and make themselves masters of all at once. I have been told by experienced courtiers and able statesmen in France, that "a king of France never went to bed with any reasonable certainty upon his mind that he should not awake in the morning at war with some power or other. The death of some Prince, Minister, or General, or any one of a thousand accidents which no human wisdom could forsee or prevent, might light up the flames of war in an instant, in places where they thought themselves most secure." This is an undoubted truth, and it will be more constantly true of Napoleon and his successors for a century to come, than it was of the Bourbons. Men and money grow not upon currant-bushes and grape-vines. All the men and treasures that France can command, will be necessary to defend themselves at home. Napoleon's life is the most uncertain one in Europe. He will have too much to do to take care of it. All the world will agree he would be mad to come here. His Empire would be usurped in his absence. He would not dare trust any of his Generals with a large army here; knowing that, if he conquered us, which he could not, he would set up for himself. Europe is not subdued. Neither Germany, Denmark, Sweeden, Russia, Holland, Spain, or Portugal, are subdued. The power of Napoleon will be constantly in danger, in all of them, for a century. He has prevailed in Germany because the House of Austria was odious; and in all the rest of Europe, because England was odious. But security Napoleon never will have. And without security in Europe, he cannot think of wasting and ruining himself in America. *Si quid novisti rectius, imperti.*

I am, with great esteem,
Your humble servant,
JOHN ADAMS.

COL. WARD.

There is one remaining letter, written a little more than a year after the proceedings to which the attention of the reader is directed. "It was one of those periods when my conduct was unknown to most men, misconceived by many, and misrepresented by more." Again we hear the burden of the old patriot's song. Is it tuned to truth? If so, let our blended pity and charity cover the failings of those declining

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years of a most eventful, useful, and honorable life. After all, this great man's claim upon America, and upon lovers of freedom the world over, is above and beyond either charity or pity. His rights at our hands were established before the evil days; before he was made the nominal head of his nation. A great and glorious record stands against his name, and it will overshadow all personal weaknesses and imperfections. Stern integrity, rigid adherence to and faithful performance of the highest duties devolving upon man—this will be remembered of John Adams. Divine he was not, human he was; and to humanity he appeals.

QUINCY, January 4, 1811.

DEAR SIR: I am astonished! Looking in a bundle of letters, I found one from Col. Ward, unanswered, dated 18th January, 1810. A letter from such a correspondent, unanswered for a year, was such a proof of inattention, negligence, and bad œconomy as convinced me that I was grown old. A merchant who sends to sea a trifling adventure, and receives in return for it a rich cargo, and knows that a repetition of the enterprise will produce an equal profit; if he sleeps over his good fortune and forgets to pursue it, deserves to be a bankrupt. Duane's threat to Coleman was not personal to him. It was intended, and was so understood, to hold up a rod of retaliation over Hamilton and a still higher character.

Negro Slavery will now, I hope, be gradually abolished. Saint Domingo has convinced the English that a multiplication of negroes will soon make all their Islands scenes of blood, if not hords of pirates. I wish I could be more charitable than to ascribe to this apprehension, rather than to justice, humanity, reason or liberty, the late zeal of that nation to interrupt the Affrican commerce, both of their own people and ours.

Your answer to the question, "How are we to make the times better?" is a masterly delineation of the only system that I can conceive likely to succeed. I wish we made more haste to adopt it.

I know not whether I shall ever get through with my rude and crude negotiations in Holland. The printers have commonly three months' copy beforehand; but they are so slow in publishing it, that perhaps they find the public weary of it or disgusted with it. I have no anxiety to quicken them. It was one of those periods in which my conduct was unknown to most men, misconceived by many, and misrepresented by more. I thought it, therefore, a duty I owed to myself, to my family, to my country and her posterity, in all my naked simplicity to appear before the publick, and let her impartial voice approve or censure, according to the truth.

What wild work are our Banks making! They are a very heavy and a very unequal tax upon the community, for the extravagant profit of individuals—the madness of the many for the interest of the few. Will they not make an entire change in our form of government? If, as you fear, "our present Administration would not be competent to conduct a war to the best purposes," where shall we find, and how shall we obtain another that will do better? We must make the best of such as we have and such as we can procure. This is the best maxim of philosophy in public and private life.

I wish you as many revolutions of the seasons as you shall relish or wish.

JOHN ADAMS.

COL. WARD.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The School Question.

THE President, in his annual message, presented a series of propositions on the subject of schools, which have awakened very wide and various comment, and given the American people something to think of. He recommends an amendment to the Constitution, which shall require every State:

First, To establish and forever maintain Free Public Schools for the education of every child;

Second, To forbid in those schools the teaching of religious, atheistic, or pagan tenets;

Third, To prohibit the granting of any school funds or school taxes to any religious sect or denomination.

Well, we are glad that the President has made these recommendations. It is better to meet the issues involved now than at a later period. They were sure to come. In some cities and States they had already come, and had even thus early shown that they were vital, and that they held within themselves the menace of the public tranquillity.

But the sword which our soldier-President wields is a double-edged one. It holds about as keen an edge for the Protestant as for the Catholic. The former will be obliged to relinquish his Bible as a school-book, while the latter will be compelled to give up his plans for getting possession of the public funds for educating his children in the interests of his Church. We hardly know which will suffer the greater grief. Much as we desire, for the sake of the moralities which it inculcates, the presence of the Bible in our public schools, we can easily see that there can be no successful, or even rational, fight with the Catholics in their attempt to get hold of the public moneys for their own denominational education, until we come to the practical conclusion that the State has nothing to do with religious edu-

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cation. To the Catholic, to the Jew, to the atheist,—and we have the children of all these in our public schools,—the compulsory reading of the Bible is a grievance, a hardship, an oppression. It is one of the things we cannot reason about or reason against. These people cannot be made to see that the authoritative moralities of the Bible are all that we are after, and that their children will be the better for them. To the Catholic, the Bible, even in the Catholic version, is a book only to be presented and interpreted by the Priest; to the Jew, the New Testament contains the record of a false Christ; and to the atheist and infidel, the whole book is but a bundle of lies and superstitions.

One thing is certain, viz., that the claim of the Catholics for a portion of the school money, to be expended in schools, established and carried on in the interests of their Church, involves the existence of public schools. The moment a single claim of this kind is granted, the whole public school system —the education of all the children as a measure of State policy—will go by the board. If the Catholic has this privilege, the Protestant will claim it, the Jew will claim it—even the infidel and pagan will claim it; and they will claim it with just as much right as the Catholic. The claim is utterly and forever inadmissible. It is so preposterous that it can hardly have respectful consideration. Whether it is crowded, in some quarters, simply for the purpose of showing Protestants that their position on the Bible matter is untenable, we cannot tell; but, surely, the Catholics cannot seriously suppose that their claim for a division of public moneys can be granted. They ought to know that, if the question concerning it were put to the American people to-day, it would be decided overwhelmingly against them.

Practically, the great question which the President has presented to the American people concerns the Protestant far more than it does the Catholic. If such an amendment to the Constitution as he proposes should be effected in all its details, the Catholic will gain all that it was ever in his power to gain for his Church from constitutional provision or legislative action, viz., the exclusion of the Bible from the public schools. The scheme for a division of the public funds was never practicable—was never even possible. It is not likely to be possible. A constitutional provision which would make it impossible in law would not change the actual status of the matter, so that the provision would leave the Catholic just exactly where he stands to-day, and where he will be likely to stand in this country until the end of time.

And yet it is undoubtedly true that, so long as the Bible is a reading book in the public schools, not only the Catholic, but all unbelievers in the Bible, will have a reason for complaining that the public funds are used to teach their children a religion which they do not believe in. What shall we do about it?—we whose reverence for the Bible was imbibed with the milk of our Christian mothers—women who cherished the Book as the sweet, wholesome, veritable Word of the Great God? It will be hard for us to say that it must go out of the schools. Well, would we be willing to see the Douay Bible put in its place? No? Why not? Are we willing to force our version upon the Catholics when we would not submit to have their version forced upon us? Would we care to have only so much of the Bible in the schools as the Jew would accept? No? Then what right have we to force upon the Jew that part of our Bible which he will not accept?

For ourselves, we must confess to a change of convictions upon this matter. It has not been arrived at hastily. We have been long and openly upon the other side. In regard to the desirableness of the Bible in the public schools, we have no question now. We never did advocate its presence there, save for the divine influence of its Christian moralities. We never did suppose that the State should teach religion. We have no union of Church and State in this country, and we do not believe in it anywhere. Only as a matter of wise policy, and on purely moral grounds, have we ever advocated the presence of the Bible in the schools. As the record of a system of religion which it was the policy of the State to force upon, or even recommend to, the children of the nation, we have not believed in its presence there. That the State would be better with the Bible as an accepted standard of morality in all the schools, we do not think admits of a question; but that is not the point at issue. The point at issue is, whether the Protestant version of the Bible, as the record of the Christian religion, shall be forced upon the children of the State by the State, when the State is full of dissentients in great variety. We very strongly suspect that we, who have hitherto been the advocates of the Bible in the schools, are weak at this point, and that we shall be obliged to yield it. If we teach our form of religion in our public schools, the Catholic will wish to teach his form of religion in his schools, and to do it with the public money, the same as we do. Can we blame him, and can we resist his claim so long as we maintain our own? If we are going into an action, it is well to clear our decks.

But we are not going to have much of a struggle on these questions if we settle them now. If we do away with the grievance of the Catholic, we do away with his claim; and we mark out for Catholic and Protestant alike the path of peace to walk in side by side. It seems to us that the President's recommendations are not only worthy of the universal consideration which they are receiving, but that they are destined, sooner or later, to pass into the Constitution of the country. The children will be educated by the State; the churches will look after their religious training; and neither Christianity nor infidelity, in any form, will be inculcated at the expense of the State. The President has taken broad ground, and that which seems to us to be entirely defensible. Let us stand by him.

The Philosophy of Reform.

IT is the habit of men who regard themselves as "radicals," in matters relating to reform, to look

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upon the Christian and the Christian church as "conservative," when, in truth, the Christian is the only reformer in the world who can lay a sound claim to radicalism. The church has lived for eighteen hundred years, and will live until the end of time, because it holds the only radical system of reform in existence, if for no other reason. The greatness of the founder of Christianity is conspicuously shown in his passing by social institutions as of minor and inconsiderable importance, and fastening his claims upon the individual. The reform of personal character was his one aim. With him, the man was great and the institution small. There was but one way with him for making a good society, and that was by the purification of its individual materials. There can be nothing more radical than this; and there never was anything—there never will be anything—to take the place of it. It is most interesting and instructive to notice how, one by one, every system of reform that has attempted to "cut under" Christianity has died out, leaving it a permanent possessor of the field. The reason is that Christianity is radical. There is no such thing as getting below it. It is at the root of all reform, because it deals with men individually.

We suppose that it is a matter of great wonder to some of our skeptical scientists that Christianity can live for a day. To them it is all a fable, and they look with either contempt or pity upon those who give it their faith and their devoted support. If they had only a little of the philosophy of which they believe themselves to possess a great deal, they would see that no system of religion can die which holds within itself the only philosophical basis of reform. A system of religion which carries motives within it for the translation of bad or imperfect character into a form and quality as divine as anything we can conceive, and which relies upon this translation for the improvement of social and political institutions, is a system which bears its credentials of authority, graven upon the palms of its hands. There can be nothing better. Nothing can take the place of it. Until all sorts of reformers are personally reformed by it, they are only pretenders or mountebanks. They are all at work upon the surface, dealing with matters that are not radical.

It is most interesting and instructive, we repeat, to observe how all the patent methods that have been adopted outside of, or in opposition to, Christianity, for the reformation of society, have, one after another, gone to the wall, or gone to the dogs. A dream, and a few futile or disastrous experiments, are all that ever comes of them. Societies, communities, organizations, melt away and are lost, and all that remains of them is their history. Yet the men who originated them fancied that they were radicals, while they never touched the roots either of human nature or human society. The most intelligent of those who abjure Christianity have seen all this, and have been wise enough not to undertake to put anything in its place. They content themselves with their negations, and leave the race to flounder along as it will.

We suppose it is a matter of wonder to such men as these that Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey can obtain such a following as they do. They undoubtedly attribute it to superstition and ignorance, but these reformers are simply eminent radicals after the Christian pattern, who deal with the motives and means furnished them by the one great radical reformer of the world—Jesus Christ himself. They are at work at the basis of things. To them, politics are nothing, denominations are nothing, organizations are nothing, or entirely subordinate. Individual reform is everything. After this, organizations will take care of themselves. No good society can possibly be made out of bad materials, and when the materials are made good, the society takes a good form naturally, as a pure salt makes its perfect crystal without superintendence. They are proving, day by day, what all Christian reformers have been proving for eighteen centuries, viz., that Christian reform, as it relates to individual life and character, possesses the only sound philosophical basis that can be found among reforms. Christian reform, with all its motives and methods, is found to be just as vital to-day as it ever was. It is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. There are a great many dogmas of the church whose truth, or whose importance, even if true, it would be difficult to prove; but the great truths, that humanity is degraded, and can only be elevated and purified by the elevation and purification of its individual constituents, are evident to the simplest mind. Men know that they are bad, and ought to be better; and a motive,—or a series of motives to reformation, addressed directly to this consciousness,—is not long in achieving results. The radicalism of Christianity holds the secret of revivals, of the stability of the church, of the growth and improvement of Christian communities. All things that are true are divine. There can be no one thing that is more divinely true than any other thing that is true. Christianity is divine, if for no other reason than that it holds and monopolizes the only radical and philosophical basis of reform. The criticisms of all those who ignore these facts are necessarily shallow and unworthy of consideration—just as shallow and just as worthless, as the dogmatism inside the church which attributes the power of Christianity to those things which are not sources of power at all. Christianity must live and triumph as a system of reform, because it goes to the roots of things, and, because, by so doing, it proves itself to be divinely and eternally true.

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THE OLD CABINET.

THERE are times of stress in our lives, when nothing seems worth while in this world save thoroughly unselfish kindness. These are not the moments, perhaps, in which we have been inspired to our most shining performances, not even to our widest and sturdiest deeds of benevolence. It is not in such a temper as this that one blossoms into a Christopher Columbus, a Michael Angelo, the editor-in-chief of a great daily, or the president of a continental insurance company; but certainly in such moments we have a very unusual and clear view of some things not at all times apparent. It is then that we agree with Shirley, that

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."

These are the moments in which our characters and intentions are strengthened for great endeavors. They re-enforce our moral tone, and have an unconscious influence beyond the mere term of their existence.

So, also, there are times when little in this life seems of value except friendship. We should not think lightly of such convictions. We are very apt to act mistakenly and unjustly with regard to our friendships. We should, of course, be brave enough to face the necessity for the various kinds of separation, but, on the other hand, we are too easily inclined to "be disappointed," "to find our friends out," as we call it, and permit undue estrangements.

Would it not be well for us to consider the fact that we are not likely ever to "find our friends out" at all. It is notorious that the friends of our childhood surprise us, and often disappoint us when we get into our teens, and that the friends of our teens do not turn into the kind of men and women that we expected. But we think we are right in looking for greater stability of character, greater continuance of adaptability on the part of the friends of our maturer years. Perhaps we are not wrong in expecting this, yet the changes which take place in the people who are grown up are often as pronounced as in the people who are growing up. Friends are frequently compared to books. Our relations to books are constantly changing, because of the changes that are going on in ourselves. The relations between ourselves and our friends are subject to alteration, because, in addition, they, unlike our books, are themselves constantly changing. This is true, of course, of some people more than of others, and especially is it true of persons of active intellect—of people, in a word, who make the best friends.

We have just been using the word change; but the idea with which we started was, that people, after all, don't change much, but develop. Our intercourse even with people we know the most intimately is one long series of "findings out," and we never, in any case, come to the end of the matter.

The point that we wish to make is, that we should not expect to have the sentiments and actions of our friends and companions always equally satisfactory to us; and after we have once made up our minds that, on the whole, we like a certain person; that we like certain or all of his ways, opinions, tastes, qualities—whatever it is that draws us to him, it is rather foolish to be rejudging him too severely every five days on a new issue. After a man is once a member of the National Academy he should not be subject to the annual weighing in the balance of the Academy's Hanging Committee.

You may say that, after we have known a man well for thirty years—and that is a long lease for a friendship in this mutable world—it is idle to talk about its being possible for him to surprise or disappoint us. But did you ever hear of "the old man's disease"—avarice? Do you suppose that an affliction like that comes to the surface late in life, if the seeds have not been deep in the soil all the time? But that is a hard and cruel question. Let us rather speak of a more pleasing and no less surprising development. There was an old woman about whom we once wrote, to prove by an example that it is the disagreeable young folk who make the disagreeable old men and women, and that sweet girls and boys need not be troubled by the nightmare of a sour and crabbed old age. The woman we wrote about had lived out and down three husbands, and was about as unpleasant an old gossip as you might meet in a day's journey; yet the traits of her age were only the traits of her youth, stripped of whatever charm youth must have lent her. But presently, after we had held up this aged person as a warning and a consolation, what does she do but fall into her second childhood, and develop one of the sweetest and gentlest dispositions with which mortal ever blessed his or her neighbor. All she asked was her doll and her prayer-book, and all went merry as a marriage bell. No; we never know our friends. And, curiously enough, while we are going on with our discoveries concerning them, they are making the same observations upon us, and are having the same surprises and disappointments.

There is another matter about which we are apt to be unjust in our friendships. We are so sensitive to the charge of overestimating the value of a friend's work through prejudice, that sometimes we let a stranger get the better of us in the expression of appreciation and praise. This is a small and damnable selfishness. Why should we not praise the sermon, the picture, the story, the poem of our friend? How did he get to be our friend in the first place? Did we not choose him, from among ten thousand, because of those very qualities which attract us anew in his art?

It is very certain that a man's intimate friends are often the last to suspect his possession of unusual abilities. This is a trite observation, but one is constantly being surprised at some new proof of its

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truth. It was not long ago that a gentleman told us that he did not believe a certain celebrated poet had any real genius, because he once lived in the same town with him, and knew that his family were no better than they should be. He had never read any of his books, however. It was the old story over again. "He a great man! Nonsense! I knew him when he was only *that* high!"

WHAT a delightful language the Scotch is for songs of friendship and affection! Passionate love might choose a different tongue for its expression, but the love of boys and girls, the home and friendly affections, the lighter moods of love,—these are fitly and exquisitely expressed in this language. It gives itself easily to pathos, and has, too, a gentle playfulness akin to the French.

We are very glad to meet with a new edition of the poems of William Wilson, by birth a Scotchman, but who lived in Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, from 1834 till his death in 1860. The first edition, with a biographical preface by Mr. Lossing, was published in 1869, by subscription. The present edition * has a number of additional poems, which, as does not always happen in such cases, really add to the value and interest of the collection. Some of the poems in the Scotch dialect have a great charm. Here is the first stanza of "Bonnie Mary:"

"When the sun gaes doun, when the sun gaes doun,
I'll meet thee, bonnie Mary, when the sun gaes doun:
I'll row my apron up, and I'll leave the reeky town,
And meet thee by the burnie when the sun gaes doun."

* Poems by William Wilson. Edited by Benson J. Lossing. Second edition. Poughkeepsie: Archibald Wilson.

And here is a little poem called "Lizzy Lass:"

"Lizzy lass, Lizzy lass,
Look but in this keeking glass,
There the faultless form you'll see
Dearest in this world to me:
Eye of azure, brow of snow,
Cheeks that mock the rose's glow,
Lips whose smiles all smiles surpass,
These are thine, dear Lizzy lass.

"Lizzy lass, Lizzy lass,
Deeply in this siller tass,
Brimming with the ruby wine,
Let me pledge to thee and thine.
Youth may vanish, eye grow dim,
Age creep over heart and limb;
But till life away shall pass,
I will love thee, Lizzy lass."

The simplicity and spontaneity of Wilson's poems are very refreshing.

AFTER reading the characteristic sonnets by Longfellow on his three friends, it is interesting to turn to this sonnet by Tennyson on the late Rev. W. H. Brookfield, recently published in connection with the volume of sermons by the latter.

"Brooks—for they called you so that knew you best,
Old Brooks—who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes!
How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,
Would echo helpless laughter to your jest!
How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,—
Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times,
Who loved you well! Now both are gone to rest.
Yon man of humorous-melancholy mark,
Dead of some inward agony,—is it so?
Our kindlier, trustier Jacques past away.
I cannot laud this life, it looks so dark;
Σκιᾶς ὄναρ,—dream of a shadow, go;
God bless you; I shall join you in a day."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Two Ways of Teaching at Home.

ONE of the most perplexing hours of the day to the mother is when the children come to be "helped with their lessons." It is useless for her to acknowledge that she has not kept pace with geography and history, and has forgotten her grammar and arithmetic. She knows that she ought to have kept pace with them; that now and here the mother's duty calls her to work, and not to matters of frills, petticoats, or new hats. It is just as useless, too, for her to count the sums paid for the children's schooling, and declare that, after all, she is their teacher. There is no doubting that fact. In all the public schools, and the majority of private ones, the children's lessons are simply recited in school, and must be studied and explained to them at home. The secret of this is, that very few teachers are in love with teaching. It is the worst paid of all professions; so ill-paid, that it usually serves in the lower grades as a make-shift, a stepping-stone to young men and women with other aims in view. As long as we pay to our teachers lower wages than to our skilled cooks and seamstresses, we cannot blame them if they cram the children's heads with chaff of words, and leave us to give them the ideas. As we have their work to do, how are we to do it?

There are two ways. Little Mrs. B., a veritable descendant of Gradgrind, drills the children every night in their next day's lessons. She keeps them at work until they can repeat *verbatim* Latin and definitions and Bible texts. She will not bate a jot, neither irregular inflection nor river in Africa. Their eyes ache, and their heads bob, and so do hers; but she holds them down to it, as she would a knife to a grindstone. Phil, who is a dull fellow in ordinary matters, rattles off the words as if they were marbles dropping out of the mill; but that sharp little Bob is at the foot of his class. The words pass through his head like water through a sieve; he declares there is no sense in them. Mrs. B. prognosticates a miserable failure in life for Bob; he is the black sheep of the B. family, and of the school. Whereas the boy is simply lacking in the lowest kind of memory.

His cousins, the Dodd boys, do not rank very

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much above him. Their mother holds them back; will not let them be "promoted," or dragged through at high-pressure speed from class to class. "Fair and softly!" she says to the principal. "Let us lay the foundations first." The principal thinks Mrs. Dodd a nuisance. He does not like women with opinions of their own. She insisted that the boys should be turned back to simple rules of arithmetic, instead of passing on to algebra. Meanwhile, in the evening she "keeps shop" with them, or market, or bank, provides them with quantities of home-made money, makes them buy, sell, make change, compute accounts, reckon interest, draw checks. She does not call it play; they know it is work, you never can hide a pill by sugar from a boy. But it is pleasanter than meaningless rules. And by and by the signification of the thing flashes on them, the reality, precision, inflexibility of figures, and the modes of handling them.

When they are studying their geography, their mother usually is reminded of some odd incident or story which happened in the country to which the lesson relates. It is a very live story; the people wear their native costume; they are busied with their peculiar work. You see the scenery, buildings, feel the climate, as she talks; the boys are with the Tartar on his plain, the lazzaroni in Rome, the "Polaris" drifting over the Arctic Sea. Perhaps they quite fail in naming the peaks of the Andes next day, or the capes on the Pacific coast; but they know a new country, it is not a patch of yellow on the map; they have talked with the people there, and they feel that the winds blowing on their faces come from it.

Mrs. Dodd contrived a queer occupation for the boys when they began English history. For Joe, who has a passion for drawing and daubing in paints, she provided a mammoth blank book, each enormous page labeled a century. On these Joe drew figures, giving his idea of the people, houses, and state of civilization in that century. You may be sure that Druids and oaks, Boadicea, with her spear and yellow hair; wolves, Alfred and his burned cakes, filled up the first pages with magnificent blotches of color. We confess that his zeal slackened as he came down to civilized times; there were but two or three figures in a century, but their histories were as fixed in his head by his mother's repetition as those of Cinderella, or the great Jack himself. For Will, who had an odd skill in costume and dramatic effect, Mrs. Dodd contrived paper boxes, with the name of the century in great gilt letters. There, by the help of little figures, the Black Prince played his part, and Richard was himself again. The plan, with Mrs. Dodd's other plans, may seem trivial to our readers, as they did to the teacher. "Your facts are nails," she used to say. "Iron nails. I only silver them over, and drive them in."

Some Popular Mistakes.

A GOOD many years ago Lamb contended unsuccessfully with an obstinate public on certain universal fallacies; but the mistakes to which we call attention to-day belong especially to mothers and housekeepers—a class proverbially open to reason:

First. That early to bed and early to rise in all cases will make a man healthier, richer, or wiser than his neighbors. In the country, where the morning air is pure, and the day's work is manual work, the adage holds good. It is certainly advisable to get the bulk of the job for the day, whether that be plowing, washing, or churning, over in the soft, dewy hours of early morning, and leave for the sultry noon the lighter indoors work. Besides, the heavy meal of the day on a farm is eaten usually before one o'clock, and the light tea is digested before nine, the usual hour of retiring. But all this is no reason why the virtuous farm-wife, going to sleep with her chickens, should sniff with pious contempt at city folk, "who turn night into day." The professional man in the cities cannot begin his business until the customary hour of nine o'clock, nor end it, in order to dine with his family, until five or six. After the day's drudgery, and this heavy meal, the brain-worker requires not fresh air or sleep so much as relaxation, change of idea, use for the faculties of mind not brought into play in his business. Two or three hours of "the inspiration of the candle" renews and rests the strained brain, and fits it for the healing touch of sleep. Children, of course, who dine, as do country folk, at noon, should be sent to bed, or rather be taken there by their mothers, early in the evening. It is better for them to be sound asleep under the blankets, and certainly better for both mother and nurse to have a few hours of quiet and respite. Grown people have their rights as well as little ones. The children (if their bedroom is properly ventilated) will be up quite early enough in the morning; but they should *not* be sent out for a walk until they have had breakfast, and the fogs have lifted. It may be very well for dwellers in the country to brush the dew from off the upland lawn; but those who brush the dew from city pavements will be very likely to bring home diphtheria and malaria with them.

Second. It is a favorite maxim with city mothers that children are warmer-blooded, and need less clothing, than adults. Especially is this held true of babies and girls. Boys are warmly protected by cloth leggings, kilt suits, and stout shoes, while their little sisters defy the winter wind in bare knees and embroidered skirts. There is a poetic fancy, too, that girls should be kept in white up to a certain age. A dozen little girls, of from three to five, were assembled the other day, and the universal dress was an under-vest and drawers of merino, a single embroidered flannel petticoat, and an incumbent airy mass of muslin, ribbons, and lace. Meanwhile, their mothers, women of culture and ordinary intelligence, were wrapped in heavy woolens, silks, and furs. In consequence of this under-dressing, the children are kept housed, except on warm days, or when they are driven out in close carriages, and therefore a chance cold wind brings to these tender hot-house flowers, instead of health, disease and death. It is absolute folly to try to make a

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child hardy by cruel exposure, or to protect it from croup or pneumonia by a string of amber beads, or by shutting it up in furnace-heated houses. Lay away its muslin frills until June; put woolen stockings on its legs, flannel (not half-cotton woven vests) on its body, and velvet, silk, merino,—whatever you choose, or can afford,—on top of that; tie on a snug little hood, and turn the baby out every winter's day (unless the wind be from the north-east and the air foggy), and before spring its bright eyes and rosy cheeks will give it a different beauty from any pure robes of white.

Third. Another scarcely less serious mistake is the theory that the moment ill temper, natural depravity, original sin, or whatever you choose to call it, appears in a child, it is the parent's duty to apply the rod, or moral suasion,—in short, to "begin its training." Now it is a fair rule to start with—that no child under two years, who is perfectly healthy and comfortable, will worry or cry. Colic, or a budding tooth, has much more to do with its temper than Adam, or any spiritual snake. We urge upon the young mother spearmint, coddling, unlimited patience—anything rather than force, moral or physical. Even when the child is older, it is safer to begin the treatment of all attacks of ill-humor or perverseness by inquiring into the state of its digestion. When the mother rises cross and moody, she knows very well it is owing to the late supper last night, or that cup of green tea. There is, luckily, nobody to "apply the rod" in her case, or to throw the blame unjustly on her conscience. Nervousness with a child is almost always a matter of the stomach. A crust of bread will usually put an end to the most obstinate perverseness. Children, for this reason, should never be allowed to go to bed, after a fit of crying, with an empty stomach. A bit of bread and jelly, or a cup of custard, will bring back smiles and happiness when all the moral law fails, and for the soundest of reasons.

Hints for Home Work.

THERE is a prejudice in small towns among people who hold "style" to be the chief end of man, against book-cases in the parlor or state-room. People, however, who have plenty of books are not apt to care for style, and know how to furnish their houses with good sense and fine meaning. Yet there are, no doubt, among even this class of our readers many young couples just beginning housekeeping with little money, who have not yet learned to carry out their ideas, or to help themselves to the useful and pretty things which they cannot buy. They have the right feeling about their books; they know them as old friends, and feel that hospitality requires that they shall be bestowed with honor in the new home. If they could afford it, there would be no article of furniture on which they would spend so much money as the book-cases. Antique carving, black with age, inlaid work, bronze bass-reliefs, would be but fit housing for their grave and faithful friends; but they have no money for carving, bronze, or even solidly made cases. By all means, let them avoid the cheap and showy imitations offered in auctions of cabinet-ware—stately structures of glass-veneer and half-inch wood, whose joints rip open at the first touch of furnace heat, and whose rickety shelves are perpetually tumbling out of place. The spirit would evaporate from Elia, and Thackeray would utter platitudes, shut up in such a sham, just as old Mocha loses its aroma in a plated pot.

Let the carpenter (or Tom himself, if he come of a family that have the use of their hands) build a case of walnut boards, fitting closely into the recesses on each side of the fire-place. The back can be made of well-seasoned pine, stained. The case should be from four to five feet high, with three shelves, the top curving slightly in the center. Strips of ogee walnut molding can be fastened on the sides and base, the top covered with cloth, and the edges of the shelves finished with either strips of scalloped leather or woolen fringe (of the same tint as the border of carpet and wall-paper) put on with silver tacks. The cost of such a case, if Tom builds it in off hours from the office, ought not to be more than six dollars; it will be large enough to hold four or five hundred octavos, and can readily be duplicated as books increase, until the cases make a dado of learning, wit, and wisdom, all around the room. No matter what the other furniture, this part of it will always appear solid, real, and artistic. These cases, of course, cannot be used where bituminous coal is burned, and the books must be protected from soot and ashes.

If Amelia has also "brains in her fingers," there is no better way in which she can help Tom to make home home-like than by draping windows, mantel-shelves, and door-ways. These are some of the "et cæteras" of house-furnishing from which upholsterers make their largest profit, but which, if made at home, cost not half the expenditure of money, skill, or time, as does Amelia's new suit, fitted and sewed by herself. But let her eschew all the stiff, angular lambrequins, which are so popular, and still less be tempted by any paper abominations. Drapery on a wall or a woman should be soft, full, and flowing, or it loses its first significance.

There is seldom any need for doors in the inside of a house. If they must be there, why not have them flush with the wall and decorated, so that they cannot be distinguished from the paper or fresco, thus preserving the unity of the room; a better plan, where practicable, is to remove them, and substitute full curtains, parted in the middle, and sliding by rings on a rod. In summer, where privacy is not necessary, a light, arched trellis may take the place of the curtains, up which ivy, or quick-growing house-vines, may be trained.

Busy, middle-aged fathers and mothers, with enough to do to feed and clothe the quick-growing flock, have no time for work such as this. But the young people can and should attend to it.

How to Entertain

THE ideas afloat on this important subject are so vague, and so little designed to effect practical re-

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sults, that we begin to think that it is high time that the art of entertaining should be introduced as a branch of popular education, and that, instead of being drilled in the "ologies" and the higher mathematics, our young women should be systematically trained for their business as leaders of and movers in society. That we have much to learn on this subject, no one can doubt who has been doomed to spend evenings in the fashionable world, and to witness that disregard for the minor courtesies, that careless and indifferent tone, and, above all, that lack of a combining hand, which characterize even our most select reunions. With the best elements at command, we still succeed in making society an unmitigated bore, except to the chits of sixteen, who look upon the world as one great ball-room; or to the boys of twenty, to whom flirtation and a champagne supper are the summum bonum of existence. Yet we have here all the requisite elements, and only lack the master-mind to combine and develop our social capabilities, and teach us to enjoy one another.

It would probably astonish most of us to be told, that in spite of our national hospitality, we are really an unsocial people. We prefer our own fireside to our neighbor's drawing-room, and, if the truth were known, would rather eat our own dinners than his. We are totally wanting in the gregarious spirit of the Germans and French, who care enough about one another to meet without being fed, a height of civilization to which the Anglo-Saxon does not yet seem to have attained. Of conversation, as an art, we are wholly ignorant. Yet, we have naturally a capacity and an adaptability, that, rightly employed, ought to make American society the most interesting in the world.

Again, even if our opportunity comes, for lack of skill in the entertainer the people who would enjoy each other are not thrown together with a careful eye to their satisfaction. The wrong man takes the wrong woman down to dinner; your hostess permits you, a man of parts, to be button-holed by a bore for an hour, and you find on leaving the party, that you have not even been informed that So-and-So was the So-and-So who wrote the last famous novel. Yet, we unquestionably possess, as a race, many fine qualities adapted to social use and enjoyment.

Most Americans are endowed with a certain readiness of perception, a genial humor, and a capacity for execution, which are almost totally lacking in foreign men. The pioneer element enters largely into our composition; we inherit faculties of promptness and energy which fit us to meet new situations, while an aptitude for varied development is inherent in us. Our men are fit for not one, but fifty things, and whatever trade or profession is required for an emergency, they seem to be able to master at will. Most of them have a definite aim in life, a wholesome center for a man's thought, even if it be nothing better than fortune-making; only the worthless drift upon the surface useless and aimless, content to spend their lives in one spot, and in never-changing routine.

From these inherited qualities, and from the development given to varied tastes by our lives of change and experiment, result a race who, whatever may be their short-comings, are seldom stupid and rarely slow. Our girls, with all their superficial frivolity, are the most adaptable women in the world, and can take any tone, or fit themselves for any situation that may unexpectedly be provided for them. With such elements to combine, with such wealth of material to work with, it is a shame that the society of a modern drawing-room should exist.

We need to have our women trained as carefully to the duties of a hostess, as our officers are trained to command an army, and many qualities of generalship are as necessary for the one position as the other, and demand a like faithful apprenticeship to develop them to their full perfection.

To command drawing-room forces requires promptness of action, skill in combination, thorough familiarity with the details of the profession, quickness to effect a diversion, an eye to compass all parts of the field and to bring aid to bear at the right moment on a weak position, a power to select lieutenants who will be competent to carry out a great strategic design, and a happy art in the disposition of forces.

Above all, theoretical knowledge must be supported by a practical familiarity with every branch of the business, and a gentle and gracious manner must clothe as with a velvet glove the iron hand of authority.

Where Magazines can be Burned.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER & Co.: I read a very interesting item in your magazine, the November number, about "Burning Magazines." I send herewith a copy of the "Presbyterian" of October 9th, containing an appeal for books and magazines, etc., for the use of the miners. I will be happy to *burn* any number of your valuable "Monthly" in that manner. One person of Clayton, N. J., sent me it from November, 1874, to September, 1875, a year up to the very date of sending. I am about to open a Reading Room for the miners here, and have constant opportunities of sending reading matter into the mines, and shall have for months to come. Will you be so kind as to ask your subscribers to help me?

ALEX. M. DARLEY,
Presbyterian Missionary,
Del Norte, Rio Grande Co., Colorado.
December 12, 1875.

Any of our city readers who want to have their old magazines burned in this fashion, can send them to Mrs. Francis A. Barlow, State Charities Aid Association, No. 52 East Twentieth street, New York.

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CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Viollet-le-Duc's "Discourses on Architecture."

CONTEMPORARY France is fortunate in having at least two living writers who bring to the department of critical and æsthetical literature the thoroughly modern scientific spirit. We refer to M. Taine and M. Viollet-le-Duc,—the latter recently made known to the American public through his admirable "Story of a House," and "Annals of a Fortress," and now fairly placed before it in Mr. Van Brunt's translation of his "Discourses on Architecture." (James R. Osgood & Co.) The two men seem singularly alike in fiber and quality, and in their clear, inductive methods. Both are naturalists, in the strict sense of the term, and seek always to discover, or to come at, the vital formative principal of the question, or phase of art, under consideration. We recognize in neither a single vestige of that peculiar attitude of mind, or style of expression, that have come to be regarded and described as "Frenchy," and that make the works of such a master as Victor Hugo, even, so distasteful to the typical Anglo-Saxon mind.

M. Viollet-le-Duc is not merely an art critic like Mr. Ruskin, who hangs his many-colored intellectual lamps upon the old architectural monuments, but a skilled and practical architect, equally ready in detecting false art and false principles of construction. He does, indeed, in his thorough scientific manner preach the same gospel as Mr. Ruskin, the need in architecture of absolute fidelity to truth; or rather he does not preach it at all, but presents it as a scientific necessity. The idea that runs through the whole work and crops out in every chapter, almost on every page, is, that there is no absolute architectural form that can claim a monopoly of the beautiful, and that is applicable to all cases. Change the conditions, the programmes, the needs, the material, the climate, and the architectural form must change also. That is the best and highest art in this field that most thoroughly and completely addresses itself to the problem in hand, and successfully meets all the conditions. The architect must find his inspiration and his order of architecture in the programme presented to him to fulfill, and archæology can be of service to him only in the splendid examples it affords of men who have done this very thing. He is to borrow from the past, no more than the poet, or the painter, or the writer is to borrow from the past. If he employ the antique forms, he must make them his own, and be as logical and consistent in the use of them as were the artists with whom they originated. "*Art* does not consist in this or that form, but in a principle, a logical method." If a Greek temple is to be built like the Parthenon, the Greek Doric architecture exactly meets the conditions; if a Roman monument like the Pantheon, or the Baths of Antonius Caracalla, then the concrete vaults and massive piers employed or invented by these architects satisfy the static requirements; if a Christian cathedral is called for, then the Gothic style of architecture is alone applicable; if a modern edifice of state is to be erected, or a public building expressive of our enlarged industrial resources, and political and material progress, etc., then the architect has a new problem before him, and must make use of new combinations, and it may be of new material like iron, and, if he would be strictly and truly Greek, must reject every form not inspired by his structure, though the whole Greek trinity of orders go by the board.

With the Greek, the construction was the architecture. Every part of his building was a necessary part, and had a functional importance, and his matchless good taste appears in his knowing how so gracefully to confess the truth imposed upon him by his material and his programme. His art was structure refined into beautiful forms, not beautiful forms superimposed upon structure, as with the Roman.

The Romans were a cosmopolitan people, great in politics, in administration, and in civil and military government, and great in building, in construction; but they were not great artists. Their architecture consisted of massive construction, surrounded by an architectural envelope. They built their monuments, and then decorated them with the Greek orders, and, in most cases, the architecture, the ornamentation, could be removed without materially impairing the structure, the osseous frame-work. But the Romans were the first to invent and apply the arch and vault, forms far more valuable to the modern world than any purely Greek types. In view of this fact, it seems to us that M. Viollet-le-Duc undervalues the Roman contribution to architecture, and places too high an estimate upon the absolute purity and refinement of Greek lines. Is there not fully as much artistic suggestiveness, and much more stimulus to the imagination, in the Roman arch and vault than in the Greek post and lintel, though, no doubt, the Greek showed himself the more consummate artist in identifying his ornament with his structure, and making one inseparable from the other? This is always the problem presented to the literary artist, or perhaps to any artist; but if the Roman architect falls short of this test, yet it can be said of his work that, strip away its ornament, its artificial envelope, and there is unmistakable grandeur and artistic value in the bare construction. He attained to the sublime by naked boldness and force. The seals of empire and mastery over brute forces and vast masses are stamped upon the very bones of his edifices.

The lay school of architects that arose in Western Europe at the close of the twelfth century, and became the founders of Gothic architecture, carried the span and the vault to the last degree of perfection. The Roman had met and neutralized the thrust of his arch by the sheer weight of a vast pier; the Gothic architect met it by a counter-thrust.

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"Every thrust of an arch found another thrust to cancel it. Walls disappeared and became only screens, not supports. The whole system became a frame which maintained itself, not by its mass, but by a combination of oblique forces reciprocally destroying each other. The vault was no longer a concrete crust, a hollow shell in a single piece, but an intelligent combination of pressures always in action, and referring themselves to certain points of support disposed to receive them and to transmit them to the ground." This analysis of the ruling feature of Gothic architecture is so masterly that we give it in the words of the architect and the translator, that the reader may have a taste of the quality of both.

Our author makes no allusion to the form or ground plan that was imposed upon the Cathedral architect, namely, the cross, and that after this restriction was made, the pointed arch was not so much a matter of choice or invention as it was an inevitable result. It became, indeed, a structural necessity.

Thus necessity is the mother of invention in architecture, as well as in other things; and as long as the modern architect is under no compelling reason, the tyranny of no prescribed form, etc., what grounds have we to hope that he will break away from the captivating models of antiquity and develop a new order of architecture? The work before us is a critical review of architecture, from the Greek temple down to the medieval cathedral, having direct and pointed reference to the condition and prospects of the art at the present time in France. The author examines into the grounds of the success of the antique architects, and deduces the conclusion that the only hope of the architect to-day is in the same reliance upon his own resources, the same appeal to reason and to common sense. This is the value and significance his work has to us in this country. We are to forget the past, and dare to build exactly to suit our climate, our needs, our resources, our material, and let architecture look out for itself—let academical symmetries and approved geometrical proportions prevail or not, just as the fundamental necessity shall determine.

But if the author's position be well taken, that the arts never have flourished in the midst of a highly refined and civilized community, possessing a settled government and good laws, etc., but have achieved their greatest triumphs in crude and barbarous, and unsettled times,—then it seems to us there is not much hope left for the architect, either in this country or in Europe. Is it not rather true that the arts of a people have attained their greatest perfection during the greatest moral and intellectual enlightenment of that people, and during the heyday of their material and political prosperity, though, relatively to modern civilization, the people may have been barbarous and superstitious? This is undoubtedly true of ancient Egypt, and of Greece and Rome.

The history of the modern European nationalities is not yet closed, and whether the principle is true, as applied to them, can neither be affirmed nor denied. The two great facts of the modern world, as distinguished from the ancient, are its science and its humanity, and if these are inadequate to beget an art of their own, then, indeed, we may despair.

Not the least valuable part of this volume is Mr. Van Brunt's "Introduction," in which he reviews the condition of architecture in France at the present time, amid which this eloquent polemic of M. Viollet-le-Duc had its rise, and in which he also glances briefly at our wants and prospects in this field in the United States. It is to be regretted that he did not discuss this last phase more at length, and with reference to our national and industrial edifices, because, if we are ever to have a correct taste upon the subject of architecture in this country, the professional architect must let no opportunity pass to expose the shams and follies we have been, and still are, guilty of. In brilliancy, in clearness and purity, our climate is perhaps more like that of Greece than that of any of the great European nationalities; but it is subject to extremes of heat and cold, and is marked by a certain violence and destructiveness throughout the year that are found in none of the old classic countries. Is not this an important factor in our architectural problem, and, in consequence of it, ought not certain features of our buildings, like the roof and the openings, to be treated with especial boldness and originality? Certainly so in our domestic architecture, and why not in our public? We want wide projections and plenty of shields and foils to defend us, not only against the fury of the storms and the heat and the cold, but also against the excess of light.

The volume is superbly illustrated.

James's "Roderick Hudson." *

Less than a year ago, Mr. James, long known as a writer of brilliant magazine stories, published his first volume, a collection of the same. We now have his first novel before us. The interval is too short to warrant us in looking for any new growth in this book, by which to measure more accurately the merits and place of "The Passionate Pilgrim;" and, indeed, we find it to be very much the same in substance and quality with the shorter tales. They were rich samples: this is a sort of extended Bayeux tapestry. We must accord to it the same excellences which we noted in the former volume, and we find ourselves also assigning to it the same limitations which we pronounced upon that. Let us, for a moment, put ourselves in the situation of a semi-disappointed admirer of Mr. James. Such a person, we think, might make some curious comments on the work. He would ask, for instance, "Is it a novel at all, in the common acceptance of that word? Instead of being a dramatic and diverting tale to take the reader captive by the strange charm of improvisation, and instruct or elevate him while under the influence of that spell,—is it not rather a biography, a curious psychological study based on types, more convenient when thus arbitrarily

* Roderick Hudson. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company.

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adopted than if fettered by the facts which limit any description or study of an actual life? To be sure, this is the primary condition of all novel-writing, that the novelist arranges types and conditions to suit himself; but there is something about Mr. James's book which gives this motive an undue prominence. One cannot say it is because the story seems unreal, for, in fact, it has a vigorous reality. Perhaps it is the excessive elaboration of details, which oppresses one with a sense of its determination to be very life-like, in order to counteract the rather abstract nature of the interests involved. Whatever the cause, it seems written too much for the sake of writing a novel of some sort; too little generated by some strong, untamable artistic impulse. The main interest is certainly remote from the ordinary scope of most readers' cares and hopes and susceptibilities. A tremendous young genius in sculpture is thrown on our hands, and we are tacitly required to feel a sufficient suspense respecting the success or failure of his artistic development, to carry us through some four hundred and eighty ample pages. One or two guys, of course, are thrown out—to assist us in walking this extended tight-rope—in the shape of Roderick's engagement to the simple and sweet Miss Garland, of Northampton, and his friend and patron Rowland's suppressed affection for her; also of Roderick's infatuation for Christina Light, in Rome. This latter proves to be inwoven pretty closely with the central fiber of the story (which, however, remains always the sculptor's æsthetic progress), and at length gives way, letting us down into the gulf of tragedy at the end. But, in the main, the subject is too cold and hard, and the treatment, brilliant as it is, is saturated with a sophistication that at times becomes almost repellent."

Such objections as these of the semi-disappointed admirer we do not sympathize with entirely, yet we can see that they have some ground to rest on. They do not do justice to the splendid workmanship of the author, or the sinewy and elastic movement of his characters, who are made of real flesh and blood. Every one of them is distinct, and the intensity of passion in some of them is huge. We have our doubts whether they are quite worth learning to know so thoroughly. Mrs. Light is too pitiable; the Cavaliere and the Prince are sad, faded, wearisome figures; Rowland is exceedingly monotonous; none of these are remunerative, they result in no clear gain to author or reader, so far as we discern. Mary Garland is a reverent study which comes nearer to beauty than Mr. James's studies commonly do.

The other figures of Americans are treated with a barren sneer, though they are sketched in a way that would otherwise be amusing. Some of the author's little habits also, such as putting the obsolete "nay" into the mouths of characters in common talk, the excessive use of "prodigious" and "inordinate," and a recurrence of scratching the head or wiping the forehead, on the part of Roderick and Rowland when embarrassed, seriously blemish his rich style. Still, with all that we have hinted in derogation, it must be said that few novels of the season can, on the whole, take higher rank than "Roderick Hudson." Mr. James is an artist, and has it in his power to give us admirable compositions.

MacDonald's "St. George and St. Michael."

THERE has been a painful impression among some of George MacDonald's lovers—other men may have admirers, but his are always lovers—that his later novels have not done justice to the author of "Alec Forbes," "David Elginbrod," and "The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," certainly not to the creator of that noble and Christ-like hero, Robert Falconer, the Evangelist of Petticoat Lane. He has seemed to be overworked, his friends have said, and while there shone out here and there in "Wilfrid Cumbermede," and the rest, fire-flashes of his own peculiar genius, he has still seemed depressed, and not at harmony with himself. We do not think overwork the main cause of this. There has seemed to us a disturbing force which we take to be a theory inconsistent with the limitations of the novel-writing art. MacDonald is, beyond all, aspiring, and he has failed by his endeavor to lift up his art to what, from its very nature, it could not be. Even in "Robert Falconer," this disturbing influence is felt in the plot, and still more so in "Wilfrid Cumbermede." But in his latest story of all ("St. George and St. Michael," A Novel; By George MacDonald; New York: J. B. Ford & Co.), he is himself again, telling his story according to the sweet instincts of the true artist, and not upon any theory previously wrought by the critic. The story might more truly be called a romance; there are in it those improbabilities and marvels in which Walter Scott delighted, and over which Hawthorne brooded; the characters are idealized and spiritualized, but they never lose their hold upon real life. We wish some of the happenings were less wonderful; but the noble characters seem so real that we never lose the sense of verisimilitude—the verisimilitude of a tale of enchantment.

The story relates to the civil war of Cromwell's and Charles's time, and many of the characters are real historic personages—the Marquis of Worcester, his son, the Earl of Glamorgan, the King himself, and Dr. Bayly, are all carefully pictured from the life. MacDonald, being good and noble in every fiber, excels in describing noble people.

The pure friendship of good Lord Herbert, the Catholic royalist, for his cousin Dorothy, the Protestant royalist, is as delightful as the love of sturdy Richard Heywood, the Roundhead, for this same Tory girl. We do not know in literature so sweet a picture of the friendship of a middle-aged married man for a congenial young girl as we have here. The meeting of Lord Herbert with his cousin after her time of trial is full of exquisite tenderness, as is the scene at the death of little Molly, and at the final denouement of the love-story. But there are here the faults of MacDonald alongside his

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excellences. He cannot know or describe a bad man truly. Rowland Scudamore and Amanda Serafina Fuller are the merest lay figures, foreordained to be bad, the latter in a commonplace conventional fashion, the former in a strained and unnatural fashion, and wherever the story touches them, it becomes stagey and unnatural. Even Lord Herbert sinks to a pompous actor when he has to do with them.

The lesson of the story, taught nowhere in words, but everywhere in the spirit of the story, is that heroism, truth, God-service, may exist under the most dissimilar creeds, even when those who hold the creeds are contending one with another. One cannot help loving the Catholics in Raglan Castle, nor the Anglican heroine, nor the brave Puritan Dick Heywood; and one cannot, as MacDonald shows them, love one of them more or less because he is Puritan, Churchman, or Catholic.

MacDonald's "A Double Story."

WE are tempted sometimes to class the composition of the Fairy Tale pure and simple among the lost and irrecoverable arts. Our best writers try their hands upon it one by one, and one by one they fail. The reason is obvious. Each feels bound to make the pretty thing useful. Each has a reform to suggest, a "meaning" to embody, and they pile these utilities on their thin, shining wit, till it rends and collapses. The elves come in duly winged and wreathed; they carry wands and say "Mortal!" like their old-fashioned prototypes, but their conversation is as moral as Mrs. Trimmer's, and as dull as Mr. Gradgrind; and children, turning their backs in disgust, clamor for stories about real boys and girls, as a relief from the pert infallibility of these small Mentors who have usurped the place of their old-time favorites.

There is one writer of fairy-books, however, who furnishes exception to this rule. No childish back will be turned upon Mr. George MacDonald's fairies. Not that they are innocent of meaning, for to g own-up eyes a subtile and beautiful intention is visibl on every page. But this intention is so veiled by the grace and freshness of the writer's style, and so lit by the charm of his friendly fun, that small readers overlook or forgive it.

This is particularly true of the latest published, "A Double Story" (Dodd & Mead, New York). It is a tale of two naughty little girls, the Princess Rosamund and the Shepherdess Agnes, and their adventures with a certain Wise Woman. The allegory is fanciful and beautiful, and the story so interesting, as to excuse the fact of an allegory. Here and there is a touch of quaintness which borders on poetry, as, for example, the episode of the little enchanted maiden, who flings flowers from her lap upon the ground, when they instantly take root and grow. Rosamund complains that when she picks the flowers they wither. The little maiden replies: "But I don't pull the flowers—I throw them away. *I live them.*"

Miller's "The Ship in the Desert."*

To enjoy this new poem adequately, one must put himself in a peculiar and sympathetic mood. Mr. Miller has a rather pronounced accent, which will repel some, as it will attract others; but those who have known and liked his earlier books will find no difficulty in surrendering themselves easily to the singular, dreamy spell of this one. The situation which Mr. Miller has chosen is a strong one, and gives opportunity for a good deal of epic impressiveness. And yet this can hardly be called a stirring narrative. The action is slow and extended, and there is nothing of the dramatic in its process; but even this contributes to the unique general effect. The whole poem unrolls itself before us much as some dark upcoiling mass of smoke lifting slowly over a burning prairie; for, through and under the gradual, somber drift of the verse we catch sight of a strong, consuming glow of inspiration. How far a poet should rely on the direct blaze of inspiration and how far he should depend on the *indirect* result, which we have likened to a smoke, is a matter open to discussion. But, however it may be decided theoretically, we must accord Mr. Miller considerable praise for his bold and (according to his method) successful rendering of his conception in the present case. There are some extremely powerful passages in the book. The following is a spirited outline:

> "A man whose soul was mightier far
> Than his great self, and surged and fell
> About himself, as heaving seas
> Lift up and lash, and boom, and swell
> Above some solitary bar
> That bursts through blown Samoa's sea,
> And wreck and toss eternally."

Then, in that desert which he depicts as the bed of some dried-up sea, what a weird scene!

> "The sands lay heaved, as heaved by waves,
> As fashion'd in a thousand graves:
> And wrecks of storm blown here and there,
> And dead men scattered everywhere;
> * * * * * * *
> The mermaid with her splendid hair
> Had clung about a wreck's beam there;
> * * * * * * *
> The monsters of the sea lay bound
> In strange contortions. Coil'd around
> A mast half heaved above the sand,
> The great sea-serpent's folds were found,
> As solid as ship's iron band.
> And basking in the burning sun
> There rose the great whale's skeleton."

One more extract we must give, as containing one of the best—and, perhaps, the best expressed—reflections in the poem:

> "Ah! there be souls none understand;
> * * * * * * *
> . . . Unanchor'd ships, they blow and blow,
> Sail to and fro, and then go down
> In unknown seas that none shall know,
> Without one ripple of renown.
> * * * * * * *
> Call these not fools; the test of worth
> Is not the hold you have of earth.
> Lo! there be gentlest souls sea-blown
> That know not any harbor known.
> Now it may be the reason is
> They touch on fairer shores than this."

* The Ship in the Desert. By Joaquin Miller, Author of "Songs of the Sierras," and "Songs of the Sun-Lands." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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It is very interesting to observe how Mr. Miller reaches his effects. He has not a remarkable vocabulary, he has not always a manner of his own, even; yet, by skillful combination and tentative matching together of bits, he produces a very picturesque whole. By a sort of "law of continuity," the same result comes to pass in the general purpose of the poem; and, whatever defects of development we may find in this, it is impossible to deny that on the whole he has seized with remarkable strength and subtlety the spirit of the great desert, and wrought its arid solitude into a tangible, poetic shape.

The Marquis of Lorne's "Guido and Lita."*

THE Marquis of Lorne issues with a claim for bay-leaves from the obscurity into which he has sunk through his marriage to a daughter of Queen Victoria. In spite of the rank of the claimant, it must be confessed that his claim is modestly put, and impresses the reader very favorably as to the personality of the noble author. With scenes laid in or near Provence, and the time that of the earliest chivalry, the poem could not well be otherwise than romantic in nature; but it is also romantic in treatment; it belongs thoroughly to the romantic school of which Byron is generally considered the chief. Romance and modesty so often clash, that one gets to feel that there exists a permanent incongruity between them, but, if rule there be, "Guido and Lita" violates it. Without raising the problem of how much of a poet the Marquis of Lorne is, it will be enough to say that he is not only poetical, but poetical in a clear and sweet voice. Subject and versification recall the poetical ventures of George Eliot.

It seems peculiarly natural and human that a romance of the old and now gilded days of chivalry should be lovingly told by a modern bearer of a title,—a thing in itself as antique, out of date and moth-eaten, in this nineteenth century, as any Bayeux tapestry,—and that, too, by a member of a family which has been conspicuous for its courage in accepting the situation. It is only human that some member of a house which has given its sons to commerce should take refuge in the golden feudalities of the imagination as some offset to the harsh facts of existence. "Guido and Lita" is sure to delight many thousand honest readers in England and America, and will harm no one.

Wilson's "The Abode of Snow."†

THIS is another volume of travels which has weight in two senses, and none in a third. A ponderous little book, excellently edited, it has the drag which comes of following a traveler's route up and down hill for the sake of gleaning here and there a stray bit of valuable stone or a rare Alpine plant. But it is light enough when weighed in the scales with the book which the strange land and stranger people might have yielded to a man of greater learning, greater powers, and less interest in himself. When Mr. Wilson first wrote there may have been reason for skimming along the crags and snows of the Himalaya, and telling us chiefly where he slept, how he slept, and what he had to eat. The readers of "Blackwood" may relish letters of a family nature, where the writer's personal convenience and safety are the real points to be brought out. But a book reprinted from "Blackwood" might at least be boiled down to half, if the writer has not the time or ability to tell something worth listening to about an unusual corner of the earth, for hapless readers would thus be saved many profitless hours, which might have been spent with a better author.

These exceptions being taken, we can recommend Mr. Wilson's book as interesting through the novel scenes of which it treats, and a certain ease and geniality with which it is written.

John Coleridge Patteson.

AMONG the saintly characters which, even in this nineteenth century full of prevailing materialism in science and in morals, the Church has produced, the name of Bishop Patteson, of Melanesia, must surely be conspicuous. Of a nature alike soldierly and scholarly, he showed himself able, with equal zeal and skill, to conquer the prejudices of a savage and heathen community, or the difficulties of a strange and rude language, and to reduce both to order and put them in the way of systematic and regular improvement. The man who makes a good missionary is the man who, if he had been called to that vocation, would have made a good soldier, able to endure hardness, and bringing all the faculties of his nature and all the opportunities of his position into subjection for a single purpose. It is not always, to be sure, that this heroic nature is conspicuously displayed, in the modern missionary. There are some missionary fields in which the work to be done is of a quiet sort, not greatly unlike the work of a busy, self-denying minister in any Christian land; fields into which Christian civilization and the authority of Christian governments have so far penetrated that there is little more of peril or of hardship in the work of the missionary, than there is in the work of a faithful pastor in an English or an American parish. But the field into which Bishop Patteson entered was of a very different sort. It was not only uncultivated, but it was even to a great degree unexplored. The faithful cultivation of it required, on the part of the missionaries, uncommon fortitude and self-sacrifice. It was necessary to spend a great part of the year in perilous cruising among the various groups of islands lying to the north-eastward of New Zealand, in a little and not very comfortable schooner, which was often inconveniently crowded. It was necessary to visit islands on which no white man had ever landed; to acquire languages of which not a single word was familiar; to subsist on coarse and insufficient food. It was necessary to conciliate, by tact and patience and fearless kindliness, the suspicious and sometimes hostile natives; to run risks and endure hardships constantly, and in the greatest

* Guido and Lita: A Tale of the Riviera. By the Marquis of Lorne. New York: Macmillan & Co.

† The Abode of Snow: A Tour through the Upper Valleys of the Himalaya. By Andrew Wilson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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variety. For the first few years of the Mission, the plan was adopted of bringing pupils from various islands to New Zealand, where the Bishop and his assistants could teach them the rudiments of knowledge, and train them in the customs and the morals of a Christian land. It frequently happened that the change to that colder climate worked disastrously to these boys and girls, accustomed as they were to tropical conditions of life. Again and again, in times of epidemic, or in instances of isolated sickness, the Bishop watched, with unfailing faithfulness, the sick-bed of the sufferer, making himself a hospital nurse, without the slightest sense of condescension or unworthy shrinking from such irksome drudgery. Indeed, it is by the hardest that, in reading his letters, one gets a glimpse of the self-sacrifice in little things to which the Bishop constantly and uncomplainingly submitted. He would not talk about such things if he could help it. And he had small patience either with missionaries who complained of hardship, or with those who boasted in it.

Eight years of hard work in his chosen field had made Patteson old before his time. They had been successful years,—successful in the laying of foundations, in the removing of obstacles, in the perfecting of preparations for future evangelization. The first-fruits had been gathered. One at least of the native youth had been ordained to the ministry. Had the Bishop's life been spared, he would, according to all human probability, have seen, before long, great victories for the Master whom he served so faithfully and followed so closely. The shocking calamity of his death has given to his work a temporary check. But even if it should lead to an abandonment of the Mission for a season, such a life as that of which Miss Yonge has given us the record would not have been lived in vain.

Miss Yonge has done her work as biographer with skill and good taste. A tone of "churchliness" pervades the volumes, but it is seldom offensive. It is fine to see how Patteson himself, who, if he had lived in England all these years, instead of in Melanesia, might easily have grown narrow and exclusive in his prejudices, magnifying unduly small matters of ritual or of dogma, finds no time for controversies on such matters when pressed upon by the exigencies of practical work.

A smaller volume, prepared by Frances Awdry, gives in a more compact form, and with omission of much detail, the story of the Bishop's life,—and is extremely well suited for the libraries of Sunday-schools. Both books are issued by the house of Macmillan & Co.

French and German Books.

La psychologie sociale des nouveaux peuples. Philarète Chasles. $1.50. New York: Christern, 77 Univ. Place.—A posthumous work, with some of the defects of such publications, this last drop of ink in Chasles's pen must be read with something of the interest one gives to the words of a dying man. A patriot, his last cry to his country is for internal peace—for a stop to the eternal jealousies and hatreds that have always deformed France; as a writer, he finds literature the real test of a nation's strength or weakness, the most potent engine for good or bad; as a Frenchman—that is, an admirer of the other sex,—he gives woman a high rank among the causes that affect the fate of nations. If this volume has not the connectedness and polish we may suppose it would have reached had the writer lived, yet the generalities boldly thrown down are at least brilliant, and among them many are true. It impresses one as the work of a very versatile man not far off from his grave, who strives to gather together into genera and species the isolated facts of which he has become impressed at various times, in various lands, among the books of various peoples. As far as Social Psychology is concerned, it can be only said to form a sketch. Like so many another earnest striver after truth, Chasles lacks material to fill out his schedules. His ideas may be good, his generalizations magnificent, but there needs a laborious collection of facts on which to build firmly many of his most daring structures. It will surprise Americans to find him say concerning the new literary genius of America in general:

"What is less ideal in appearance than this American genius? what less literary? It is not disinterested. It sits on a bale of cotton, brandishes a revolver, travels from East to West like a bullet, without looking around; has virtues, but sketchy ones; violent, turbulent, furious, savage, often gross. It is not homogeneous. Puritan in origin, with a reminiscence of the royalist cavaliers of Charles I.; Quaker at Philadelphia, Chinese and Japanese in the direction of the Sierra Nevada; polygamous near Salt Lake; mystic among the *trappistes* and *spiristes*,—it has created a true sect, that of the Ku-Klux-Klan, which professes assassination like the Thugs, or like the followers of the Old Man of the Mountain. And yet the American adores Franklin, and makes a holiday for Washington. Point of unification!"

After this we are not so much surprised to find that Joaquin Miller is the only American poet whose figure possesses sufficient saliency to catch the eye of Philarète Chasles. He is the representative of that literature which is to exemplify the New World, of which Mr. Chasles says:

"Disdain of anything at rest; nothing roofed over and suppressed; few inveterate hatreds between fellow-citizens, but many bloody violences; no grudges, but many hot fights. In fine, the contrary of our Latin Europe, where *salons* still reign, where parties greet each other, hiss each other, spit on each other mutually; polite, ulcerated, full of rages and implacable hatreds in the midst of their hidden maneuvers."

But if our author is now and then a little led away by rhetoric, the grand lines of his arguments are of the soundest. The great point he makes throughout, whether by reasoning or by appeals to the nation's heart, is that Frenchmen must unite—must love each other; for it is only love that builds cities; hate pulls them down.

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Schnaken und Schnurren. III Theile.—Max und Moritz, eine Bubengeschichte.—Schnurrdiburr oder die Bienen. Wilhelm Busch. $1.25 each. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street, New York.—Those who were brought up on Slovenly Peter, the little boy who was soused in the inkstand, that other boy who refuses to eat and pines into a shadowy line, as well as his converse of a gastronomical tendency, who ends by literally "bursting with richness," will take kindly to these laughter-provoking sketches of Busch. A very limited knowledge of German is needed to the enjoyment of such broad farce as the discomfiture of Diogenes in his tub by certain urchins, whom an avenging fate, in the shape of the tub itself, flattens into exact likenesses to *Lebkuchen*. In the pictures which chronicle the reward of such early piety as prompts two small boys to scale a lofty crow's nest with a ladder, the artist has instructed the eye of the triumph felt by the unfledged crowlets at the boys' disaster, just as fully as the mind is appealed to by the inimitable lines:

Die Raben in dem Raben-nest,
Sind aber kreuz-fidel gewest.

Max and Moritz are still other small boys of marvelous grotesqueness and devilish ingenuity, whose adventures have long amused a wide circle of friends. Everything happens to them. They fall down chimneys, are smothered in grain, thrown into the hopper of a mill and ground fine, baked into strange cakes of a singularly human outline, and generally used up by way of pointing a moral. These may be called antidotes to a surfeit of over-pious Sunday-school books on the old plan. The doings of the irritated bee form the delectable scenes of Schnurrdiburr. The pictures of the illustrated A B C in *Schnaken* and *Schnurren* are distinguished for a child-like directness in the verses which accompany them, as for instance in one reading:

The chamois stays out doors all night;
We kill our geese St. Martin's night,

where, upon a mountain in the background, the prudent chamois has pulled a sheet over him to keep off the dew. The very names of Busch's books are enough to raise a smile.

Das Büchlein Tausendschön, $1; *Peter der Mohren-König*, $1.50; *Was willst du werden?* $1.75; *Bilder für artige Kinder*, $2.50. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.—If Germans are famous for children's books of a jovial and humorous sort, they are not less remarkable for a quieter means to the entertainment of small eyes and brains. We can mention only a few of the Christmas children's books sent out from the Fatherland, for the list is too long. While the comic picture-books are distinguished for the hideousness of their drawing, the reverse is true of the serious ones; they are published with such excellent drawing and coloring that they will certainly please all who fear the effect, morally and æsthetically, of ugliness on children. The text accompanying them is in most cases of so little importance, that children of any nationality would be as well pleased as any sturdy little Teuton.

Transatlantische Streifzüge von Max von Versen. L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street, New York.—A commandant of the Twelfth Thuringian Hussars, Lieutenant von Versen writes very much the sort of travels one may expect from a person occupying his honorable position. A man of ordinary caliber, ordinary powers of observation, and, withal, a decided honesty of statement, while the pictures he draws are not much colored, they certainly require no very elastic credulity on the part of his readers. The sketch of the United States, which occupies over three-quarters of the book, gives continuous proof of this sobriety of judgment. South America, which to North American readers becomes the only novel and interesting portion of his work, is reduced to a poor hundred pages of rapidly sketched travel, and from those more entertaining lands he springs over to California and our own affairs.

"Besides Cooper, Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a few novels and one or two essays on the last War of Revolution, I had read nothing about North America. I had no conception of California, except that the only attraction it possessed was gold mines. These I wished to see."

Nevertheless the Lieutenant judges quickly and well, benefited, it is very likely, by the advice of the many educated Germans he met in San Francisco, St. Louis, and New York, but even more so by the opportunity of returning to this country after the last great war, and revising his opinions on things American. Of brilliancy there is nothing, but he will give Germans in Germany a clearer and more temperate idea of the United States.

Catalogue of Foreign Periodicals.—Mr. L. W. Schmidt has done a good work for education, science, and all the professions, by digesting into a catalogue, with prices attached, the infinite number of German, French, English, Italian, and other foreign reviews which now stand ready to assist men in every art, science, and occupation. Modern division of labor is nowhere more apparent than in these periodicals, treating of every imaginable topic separately and to the best of each editor's ability. Mr. Schmidt's careful catalogue deserves success.

The Art Collection of Vassar College.

WHEN the late Matthew Vassar consecrated the earnings of his life to the education of women, he projected an institution of which every American is proud. His liberal provisions have resulted in a college for women, which, on the whole, surpasses any other in this or any other country.

Among the many departments equipped with teachers and apparatus, that of art was not forgotten. The picture gallery was the feature of the magnificent building perhaps most attractive to the students and the public. But neither the noble founder, nor the students, nor the public knew precisely what the requisitions of an art gallery were, especially an art gallery appertaining to an institution of learning. We believe Mr. Vassar paid about twenty thousand dollars for the art collection which was exhibited at the opening of the college. As far as the pictures

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were concerned, this collection was rather decorative than practically useful. It contained a few choice treasures, among the chief of which were three or four fine water-colors of Turner. But for teaching art historically, this early gallery was about as poorly provided as it is possible to conceive. Next in value to the Turners was a large copy of Raphael's "Madonna di Foligno," a work which cost enough to pay for a respectable gallery of large autotypes covering almost the entire range of art history. A fine life-size portrait of the founder, by Elliott, was an added ornament, and a just memorial of the large generosity which had devised so noble a benefaction to American culture. And thus, for the space of nearly ten years, the department of art remained the poorest of all as regards the appliances of instruction. A little more than two years ago, a retired pastor of Poughkeepsie, who had been making a long sojourn in Europe, returned for a short visit to his former home. During his exile he had made art history a subject of earnest study in the chief European galleries and under the tuition of German professors, and he brought home with him a conviction that not only Vassar College, but American colleges generally, were very deficient in a branch of instruction for which almost all foreign schools are abundantly equipped. The result of a few days' sojourn among old friends and neighbors in Poughkeepsie was a contribution of two thousand dollars, with which he was to purchase a collection of pictures and books applicable to a comprehensive course of instruction in the history of art. This sum, which does not look large in view of the object contemplated, was reduced to something less than eighteen hundred dollars, by a reserve remitted for Custom-House duties and contingent expenses.

Our readers may be curious to know how large a field can be covered in making up a practical art gallery for so moderate a sum, and the result attained should encourage every college and school in the land to attempt something similar, so that within the next decade the weakest department of American collegiate culture may be re-enforced, and brought up to a proximate level with other branches of literature and science.

It is hardly necessary to say that the path traversed by art history extends from the earliest records of the race to the present time, and to give a fair showing of all this was the object proposed. It is hardly credible that anywhere on the habitable globe the necessary apparatus for such a course of instruction could be purchased, until we consider that for half a century art history has been in Europe, and especially in Germany, a universally recognized branch of scholastic culture. This has created a demand for the requisite appliances, and the result is, that all sorts of copyists, photographers, engravers, lithographers, cast-molders and the like, do a thriving business.

For the most part, then, the material was at hand in the various art capitals of Europe, a world of wealth almost past computation; and the most difficult task was to make a judicious selection. For this purpose the vast learning and wise judgment of Professor Wilhelm von Lübke, of Stuttgart, were enlisted, to pilot the purchaser over these vast, and to a novice, trackless seas.

To detail the wide and varied explorations which were made in all the great capitals of Europe in search of the required copies would occupy too much of our space. Suffice it to say that, beginning with Egypt and coming down the ages through Assyria, Persia, India, Greece, Etruria, and Rome; through the early Christian age, the Medieval, the Renaissance, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to the present time, every great epoch and school of architecture, sculpture, and painting, is represented. Among the world-renowned monuments of art, copies of which may be seen here, we may specify the Elgin marbles, the great sculptures of classic Greece from the Louvre and Vatican museums, the paintings of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, and of Raphael in the Stanze and Loggie of the Vatican. These wonderful creations of the Periclean age and the golden era of the Renaissance well reproduced are enough to make an excellent art gallery without any auxiliaries. But the Vassar collection tells pictorially the story of the infancy and childhood, as well as of the maturity, of art. And this every art gallery in every college and university should tell.

Besides a large bust of the Ludovisi Juno and a goodly collection of explanatory books and albums, there were purchased for the sum named over one thousand pictures. The greater number of these were the famous autotypes of Adolphe Braun, which are the most serviceable of all copies, combining the fidelity of photographs with the permanency of copper-plates.

Considering the ideal of an art collection, we are quite aware that modest words should be spoken of that which has just come over the sea to Vassar College. But for the purpose of teaching the history of art, we do not doubt that it takes first rank among American galleries, and it would be a boon to every American college to receive even a duplicate of this one, which, we trust, within a decade will quadruple its wealth.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Solar Engine.

THE most recent contribution to the solar heat problem presents some features that are both interesting and promising. The apparatus consists of a cone-shaped reflector of polished brass, or silvered sheet metal, mounted on an iron frame, with suitable machinery for keeping it adjusted to the movements of the sun. The cone opens, or flares, at an angle of 45°, and may be made of any convenient size. Supported in the center of this inverted cone is a

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copper boiler for generating steam. This is made in two parts, and, being hollow in the center, holds the water in a thin annular sheet next the outside. At the bottom is a pipe for supplying the water, and at the top a pipe with proper safety valves, etc., for the steam. The exterior of the boiler is blackened to assist in absorbing the heat, and over it is placed a bell glass to prevent the access of cooling currents of air. On supplying the boiler with water and exposing the apparatus to the full sun, steam was raised, and kept at a high pressure without difficulty. The first apparatus of this kind used a reflector having a base, or opening, 2.60 meters in diameter, while the boiler held 20 liters of water. On a clear day in May steam was raised to a pressure of two atmospheres in forty minutes, and soon rose to five atmospheres. In July the apparatus raised 15 liters of water to steam an hour, and the steam was made available in driving a small steam-engine. The apparatus has attracted much attention, and is still under experiment.

Cuir-Liége.

THIS new fabric consists of sheets of cork and cloth united by a preparation of India-rubber, and, in the form of blankets, tarpaulins, horse and carriage covers, clothing, buckets, tent material, etc., has attracted much attention. Its manufacture is simple and inexpensive. Thin sheets of cork are given two coats of a solution of crude rubber on one side. Canvas, linen, or other material is then treated in the same way. When cold, the sheets of cork are laid closely on the canvas and pressed down firm. Two more coats of rubber solution are then given to the other side of the cork, and more of the linen, or other fabric, similarly treated, is laid over it. The three sheets are submitted, when cold, to heavy pressure, and the new material is finished. It then consists of a layer of cork inclosed between two pieces of cloth and united by films of rubber, and is said to be both water-proof, flexible, strong, and a good resistant to heat and cold.

Air Cooler.

To reduce the temperature in a factory in Paris, recourse was had to an inexpensive form of air cooler. A thin plate of metal, perforated with holes one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and having a total area equal to one-ninth of the surface of the plate, was set at a slight angle in a tight box. Over this plate a thin sheet of water at a temperature of 55 Fahr. was allowed to flow steadily, and by means of a power-blower air was forced into the box below the plate. By its pressure the air forced its way through the holes in the plate and through the water, and was then led by pipes to all parts of the factory. By this device, the air in the room was reduced to 57° Fahr., or within four degrees of the temperature of the water. Other experiments gave varying results according to the initial temperature of the water, but in each case the apparatus reduced the temperature of the current of air to within seven degrees of that of the water. Steam power is required for the blower, and, for the best results, the supply of water must be abundant and its temperature low. The application of this device might, in our warm climate, prove of use in pork-packing and other industries where a low temperature is desirable.

New Measuring Instruments.

THESE two instruments are designed for measuring plain surfaces, fabrics, etc., and for measuring distances on scale maps. The machine for measuring surfaces, cloths, etc., is somewhat larger than a watch, has three sets of figures, three hands, and a slight projection on one edge in which plays a small wheel. The figures on the face are arranged in three rings. The outer circle represents ten inches and fractions of inches. The next ring gives feet, from one up to ten, and the smaller circle of figures corresponding to the second figures of a watch, give ten feet each, up to a hundred. The long hand points to the inches, the short hand to feet, and the little hand to the groups of ten feet. To use the instrument, set the hands at 1, or zero, and then, holding the instrument upright in the hand, let it run on its wheel over the surface to be measured. It will then record on its face any distance up to 100 feet, and without examination or error, and without reference to the path followed by the wheel. It may follow curves, corners, or any other trace, however complicated, and if a number of pieces of cloth are to be measured, will give the total result without regard to the stoppages or changes from one piece of goods to another. To measure greater lengths than 100 feet, it is only needed to notice how many times that point is passed. The other instrument, called a charto-meter, is smaller, and has only one hand, and one set of figures on its face. It is designed for measuring distances on maps drawn to a fixed scale. Its wheel will follow any path, however crooked, and it will give the total distance in miles according to the scale of that particular map. For maps of other scales, different dials are supplied, and may be easily inserted in the charto-meter. For maps of unusual scale, as 22 miles to an inch, a dial is used giving 11 miles to an inch, and the result is multiplied by 2. For a map drawn to 3 miles to an inch, a dial graded to 6 miles is used, and the final result divided by 2 gives the distance in miles. For persons using coast survey charts and other important maps, and for persons measuring great quantities of stuffs, papers, etc., these two instruments seem likely to prove useful.

The Electro-Magnetic Pen.

THIS novel and interesting machine consists of a hollow metallic pen-handle of the usual length, and inclosing a slender needle. The end of the pen-handle is drawn to a point ending in a minute hole. Inside the pen is hung a slender wire, having a common cambric needle soldered to the end. At the top of the pen-handle is a small electro-magnetic machine, provided with a circuit breaker of the usual form and an eccentric wheel, whereby the circular motion of the machine is transferred to an up and down stroke. The interior wire, bearing the needle,

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is secured to this, and performs an up and down motion, thrusting its point through the hole in the end of the pen-handle at every stroke. Flexible wires connect the electro-magnet with a two-cup battery, and, when prepared for work, this is sufficient to give the needle about 1,000 strokes a minute. By holding the pen upright over a piece of writing-paper, any writing, drawing, plan, tracing, or print may be made on the paper as quickly as the operator can move his hand. So far there is no ink used, and when the letter or drawing is finished, there is nothing visible except the lines of minute holes punched in the paper. Hold the paper up to the light, and the writing or drawing is plainly seen. By laying the sheet on other paper and holding it firm, it may be inked with a printer's hand-roller, and it thus becomes a stencil-plate. The ink readily passes through the holes made by the needle, and many hundred copies may be thus taken. A single copy can be made in less than half a minute, and if the paper stencil becomes worn or is destroyed, another is quickly and easily made. This pen has already proved useful in copying letters, plans, music, and drawings of all kinds, and new uses in the dress-making and embroidery trades are now being developed.

Movable Propeller for Sailing Ships.

THIS new propeller, designed for occasional use on sailing ships, was first shown at the recent Maritime Exhibition, Paris. As sailing vessels in our coastwise marine now frequently carry a small steam-engine for handling the sails and cargo, the idea of employing a propeller to be used in calms, against head-winds, or as occasion demands, would seem available were it not for the fact that a fixed propeller would only be a drag when not in use. This apparatus is designed to overcome this objection. It consists of an iron frame hung on hinged arms at the stern, and bearing in the center an upright shaft. At the lower end of the frame-work are two toothed wheels for transmitting the motion of the shaft to a short propeller shaft hung below. At the top of the upright shaft is a horizontal grooved wheel for a belt that extends inboard to a wheel connected with the engine. When ready for work, the apparatus hangs partially submerged just behind the rudder, and, by the means of the belt, the propeller is readily turned and the vessel moved. When the ship is under sail the belt is thrown off, and by the aid of a hand-windlass on the deck, the whole apparatus is lifted out of the water, and may be secured to the edge of the rail, just where the ship's boat commonly hangs. The apparatus may be lowered and put in order in less than five minutes, and in escaping calms, navigating crooked rivers and canals, and against light head-winds, will, in the opinion of marine experts who have examined it, prove of great value.

Ostrich Farming.

THE accidental discovery of the artificial incubation of ostrich eggs some years since in Algeria has, after many disappointing failures, led to practical commercial results. From Algeria the idea of domesticating and raising ostriches for their feathers, in time spread to the Cape of Good Hope, where the business has now assumed the position of a great and growing interest. The chicks are almost wholly raised by artificial means, and during their entire life are supplied with food and shelter like so many domestic fowls. The birds grow up comparatively tame, though they never seem to lose a certain irritableness of temper. The ostrich farms are usually very large, and to start and maintain one demands at least $10,000 capital. The business has also extended to South America, and is reported to be profitable. The chicks give salable feathers during the first year, and increase in productiveness up to five years of age, when they mature. The birds are said to be hardy and healthy under the semi-confinement of the farms. The business has been suggested as available in our Gulf States.

Preservation of Hops.

A NEWLY patented method of keeping hops employs carbonic acid as a preservative agent. Air-tight, tin-lined boxes are loosely filled with hops. Carbonic acid (made in a soda fountain machine by the usual sulphuric acid and marble dust process) is then admitted to the box through a tube that reaches to the bottom. The gas fills the box, driving the air out before it as it rises from the bottom. The hops are then compressed, and more filled in with an additional supply of gas. This is repeated till the box is loaded with pressed hops saturated with carbonic acid. The cover is put on, and more gas is added under pressure to drive out the last trace of air, and then the box is quickly sealed hermetically. The first experiments in this direction proved entirely successful.

Speed Indicator.

ONE of the most interesting applications of centrifugal force is shown in a new speed indicator. The apparatus consists of four glass tubes placed upright in a brass frame-work that turns horizontally. One tube is placed in the center and in front of a brass plate (like a thermometer), on which are marked the figures that represent the speed. The other tubes stand at equal distances outside the central tube. All are joined together by cross pipes at the bottom, and the top of each is left open. Mercury is poured into one and finds its level in all, and rising in the center tube to any desired point on the scale. By means of a small belt the apparatus is connected with the engine, press, or other machine, and turns horizontally with it, fast or slow, as may be. The revolution of the three tubes round the central one causes the quicksilver to rise by centrifugal force in each, at the same time dragging down the column in the central tube, that is merely turning on its own axis. The top of this column of mercury then indicates the speed at which the machinery is moving, and the slightest variation of the speed is shown visibly. The rapid movement of the three outside tubes past the scale does not interfere with the sight in reading the instrument.

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Maritime Engineering.

In removing soft mud and silt from sea and river bottoms, a notably interesting device has recently been exhibited. The plan is to use a steam-tug or barge of large size and fitted with powerful engines, both for its propulsion and the movement of its dredging machinery. Just abaft the center of the boat, four holes are made in the bottom, and to these are fitted iron pipes, having flexible joints, so as to hang freely below the keel. These are joined together by a frame-work, and, by means of a crane at the stern, they may be raised or lowered at will. Each pipe terminates in a bent shoe, having openings at the sides. When at work, they rest lightly in the mud at the bottom, and, being flexible, readily adjust themselves to the changing depth caused by the waves, the tide, or the shoaling of the water. Through these pipes is sucked up, by the natural pressure caused by the displacement of the boat, the loose mud and sand to be removed. It enters the hold of the boat under considerable pressure, and, by the aid of steam-pumps, is thrown up through pipes to the deck, and thence outboard into barges alongside. Fitted with such tubes, each 10 inches in diameter, such a boat, it is estimated, will lift and discharge 32,000 yards of silt in 10 hours. With clean sand, an increase of 20 per cent. over this is estimated. The plan also presents another interesting feature in a machine for tearing up and loosening hard packed silt, and preparing it for the suction tubes. This consists of an iron fork or harrow, revolving on its own axis, and supported on a frame-work, lowered by chains from the bow. By this means it is kept at any required angle, and, by means of a chain belt, it is caused to revolve, and thus tear and rip up the bottom just in advance of the pipes. When at work, the boat is designed to be advanced, by means of a line secured to moorings, and leaving a path on the bottom of varying depth, according to the character of the material. Each pipe sucks up a wide area about its mouth, and, in case of choking or stoppage, may be instantly cleared by raising the pipes from the bottom and allowing the clear water to sweep through. When not in use, the harrow and the pipes may be raised to the keel, and the boat then moved to another spot. This new dredging machine has been made the subject of exhaustive experiment, with satisfactory results.

Inextinguishable Life Signals.

These chemical lights are now made in a variety of forms, and serve a useful purpose in giving a bright light upon the water when thrown overboard. One of the best of these contains chemicals that will not burn at any application of heat, but touched by water will evolve a bright flame. A small cylindrical box, ending above in a soft copper nib, is weighted below to keep it upright in the water, and filled with phosphate of calcium. When thrown into the sea, after the copper nib has been cut off, the water penetrates into the box, and the phosphureted hydrogen evolved escapes through a perforated tube leading to the open nib in a brilliant jet of light. Rain and spray only increase its brilliancy.

New Fuels.

In the manufacture of bricquetts, or brick of coal-dust, for fuel, a slight modification of the usual Belgium process is announced. Instead of using water in making the coal-dust into a paste, a boiling mixture of tar and pitch is employed. To this is added sulphate of lime to remove the ammonia of the tar. The mixture is composed of 33⅓ parts of pitch, 13.6 of tar, and 1.80 of sulphate of lime, to one ton of coal-dust. The experiments going on in this department of fuel economy in this country have reached a practical stage in Pennsylvania, and fuel manufactured from coal-slack is already being extensively employed. So far, the reports are favorable to the quality of these American bricquetts, and they are being freely introduced on locomotive engines. A French company is now extensively manufacturing kindling material for domestic fires by utilizing corn-cobs. Two processes are employed. By one, the corn-cobs are first steeped in hot water containing 2 per cent. of saltpeter, and then saturated with resinous matter. By the other process, the cobs are soaked in a hot mixture of 60 parts resin and 40 parts tar. They are then dried, and afterward baked on a plate heated to 212° Fahr. Assorted and secured in bundles, they sell at the rate of four for an English halfpenny, or, at wholesale, for $2 or $3 a thousand. A process for utilizing corn-cobs by saturating them with resin has been patented in this country, and their manufacture has been attempted. The inventor already reports an active demand for them as domestic fire-lighters.

Ship and Canal Boat Propellers.

From the official reports concerning the hood placed over and before the screw of the British war ship "Bruiser," and from recent experiments with a new propeller for canal boats, some interesting facts are added to the science of sea and inland navigation. The hood or casing of iron plates placed about the screw of the steamship "Bruiser" resulted in increased speed, and less jar or motion to the ship. It also prevented, in an appreciative degree, the racing of the engine when the screw ran out of water in a high sea, by holding a certain amount of water about the propeller. The hood also serves as an effectual guard in preventing floating débris from fouling the screw. The new canal boat propeller consists of a large sheet-iron screw or wheel, 7 feet in diameter, hung in the air at the stern, and just clear of the water. A canal boat 40 feet long and drawing 13 inches was driven at a speed of four miles an hour with this screw, making 400 revolutions a minute. The power employed was a common upright engine with an eight-inch cylinder. The practical results obtained with this air-wheel were sufficient to warrant the inventors in constructing another, which is soon to be tried on the Erie Canal.

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BRIC-À-BRAC.

Wordsworth to the Queen.

THE following poem of Wordsworth, addressed to Queen Victoria, has recently been printed for the first time in an edition of Wordsworth's prose: "The Prose Works of William Wordsworth, for the first time collected, with additions from republished manuscripts. Edited, with preface, notes, and illustrations, by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. In three volumes." *

Deign, Sovereign Mistress! to accept a lay,
No Laureate offering of elaborate art;
But salutation taking its glad way
From deep recesses of a loyal heart.

Queen, Wife, and Mother! may All-judging Heaven
Shower with a bounteous hand on Thee and Thine
Felicity that only can be given
On earth to goodness blest by grace divine.

Lady! devoutly honored and beloved
Through every realm confided to thy sway;
Mayst Thou pursue thy course by God approved,
And He will teach thy people to obey.

As Thou art wont, thy sovereignty adorn
With woman's gentleness, yet firm and staid;
So shall that earthly crown thy brows have worn
Be changed for one whose glory cannot fade.

And now, by duty urged, I lay this Book
Before thy Majesty, in humble trust
That on its simplest pages Thou wilt look
With a benign indulgence more than just.

Nor wilt Thou blame an aged Poet's prayer,
That issuing hence may steal into thy mind
Some solace under weight of royal care,
Or grief—the inheritance of human kind.

For know we not that from celestial spheres,
When Time was young, an inspiration came
(Oh, were it mine!) to hallow saddest tears,
And help life onward in its noblest aim?

9th January, 1846. W. W.

Who was "The Lost Leader?"

IN the preface of the recent edition of Wordsworth's prose occurs this letter from Robert Browning, in reply to an inquiry by the Editor regarding the original of the "Lost Leader." It is certainly explicit enough to set forever at rest all discussion and speculation upon this much-mooted topic:

"19, WARWICK-CRESCENT, W.
DEAR MR. GROSART, Feb. 24, '75.

I have been asked the question you now address me with, and as duly answered it, I can't remember how many times: there is no sort of objection to one more assurance, or rather confession, on my part, that I *did* in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerated personality of WORDSWORTH as a sort of painter's model; one from which this or the other particular feature may be selected and turned to account: had I intended more, above all, such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about 'handfuls of silver and bits of ribbon.' These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet; whose defection, nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular face-about of his special party, was to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration, an event to deplore. But just as in the tapestry on my wall I can recognize figures which have *struck out* a fancy, on occasion, that though truly enough thus derived, yet would be preposterous as a copy, so, though I dare not deny the original of my little poem, I altogether refuse to have it considered as the 'very effigies' of such a moral and intellectual superiority.

Faithfully yours,
ROBERT BROWNING."

* London: Edward Moxon, Son & Co. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

The Advertisement Answered.

GOOD mornin' til yez, yer honor! And are yez the gintlemon
As advertised, in the paper, fur an active, intilligint b'y?
Y' are? Thin I've brought him along wid me,—a raal, fine sprig iv a wan:—
As likely a b'y iv his age, sur, as iver ye'd wish til empl'y.

That's him. Av coorse I'm his mother! Yez can see his resimblance til me,
Fur ivery wan iv his faytures, and mine, are alike as two paze,—
Barrin' wan iv his hivenly eyes, which he lost in a bit iv a spree
Wid Hooligan's b'y, which intinded to larrup me Teddy wid aize;

And his taythe, which hung out on his lip, like a pair iv big, shinin', twin pearls,
Till wan iv thim taythe was removed by the fat iv a cow he was tazin;
And his hair, that we niver cu'd comb, along iv bewhilderin' curls,
So we kape it cropp'd short to save combin', and that makes our intercoorse plazin.

And is it rid-headed, ye call him? Belike he *is* foxy, is Ted;
And goold-colored hair is becomin' til thim that's complicted wid blonde!
But who cares fur color? Sure, contints out-vally the rest iv the head!
And Ted has a head full iv contints, as lively as t'hrout in a pond!

Good timpered? Sure niver a bett'her.—The paceablest, quietest, lamb
As lives the whole lin'th iv our st'hrate, where the b'ys is that kane fur a row
That Ted has to fight iv'ry day, though he'd quarrel no more than a clam.—
Faith, thim b'ys 'ud provoke the swate angels, in hiven, to fight onyhow!

Thim Hooligan b'ys is that d'hirty, they have to be washed wanst a wake:—
Faith, Hooligan finds it convanient to live down ferninst the canall
Where the wat'her fur scrubbin the mud off his child'hers is not far til sake.—
But Teddy is allus that nate that he niver nades washin' at all!

Can he rade? Sure, me Ted has the makin' iv a beautiful rader, indade,
And lairn't all his lett'hers, but twinty, in three months' attindance at school:
But the mast'her got mad at me Teddy, becase iv a joke that was played
Wid a pin, that persuaded the mast'her quite sudden to rise from his stool.

Teddy niver cu'd plase that school-mast'her wid ony iv thim playful t'hricks;
So, wid his edication unfinished, Ted found it convanient to lave.

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But, barrin' the learnin', I'll match him, fur kaneness, ferninst ony six,
In butt'herin' paple wid blarney and playin' nate t'hricks to desave.

Thim Hooligan b'ys is all raders, but Teddy jist skins 'em alive:
Wid their marbles, and paynuts and pennies, iv'ry wan iv his pockets he'll fill
By the turn iv his wrist, ur such tactics as Teddy knows how til cont'hrive:—
They'd gladly t'hrade off their book-larnin' fur Teddy's suparior skill!

Politeness comes aisy til Ted, fur he's had me to tache him the thrick
Iv bowin' and scrapin' and spakin' to show paple proper respict.
Spake up til the gintlemon, Teddy! Whist! Aft wid yer cap first, ye stick!
He's shapish a t'hrifle, yer honor; he's allus been brought up that strict.

Come! Spake up, and show yer foine bradin! Och! Hear that! "How are yez, Owld Moke?"
Arrah, millia murther! Did iver yez hear jist the aqual iv that?
"How are yez, Owld Moke?" says he! Ha! Ha! Sure, yer honor, he manes it in joke!
He's the playfullest b'y! Faith, it's laughin' at Teddy that makes me so fat!

Honest? Troth, he is that! He's that honest, he was niver tuk by the perlace,
Barrin' wanst that Owld Hooligan swore that Teddy had stole his b'y's knife
Wid divil a blade. And the jidge he remairked, wid contimpt, 'twas the t'hriflinest case
To bod'her a dignified Coort wid, he iver had known in his life!

Yez can t'hrust him wid onything. Honest! Does he luk like a b'y that 'ud stale?
Jist luk in the swate, open face iv him, barrin' the eye wid the wink:—
Och! Teddy!! Phat ugly black st'hrame is it runnin' down there by yer hale! * * *
Murtheration! Yer honor, me Teddy has spilt yer fine bottle iv ink!!

Phat? How kem the ink in his pocket? I'm thinkin' he borry'd it, sur:—
And yez saw him pick up yer pen-howlder and stick it inside iv his slaive!
And yez think that Ted mint til purline 'em!! Ah, wirra! The likes iv that slur
Will d'hrive me,—poor, tiuder, lone widdy,—wid sorrow down intil me grave!

Bad cess til yez, Teddy, ye spalpeen! Why c'u'dn't yez howld on, the day—
Ye thafe iv the world!—widout breakin' the heart iv me? No. Yez *must* stale!
I'll tache yez a t'hrick, ye rid-headed, pilferin', gimlet-eyed flay!—
Ye freckle-faced, impident bla'guard!—Och! whin we git home yez 'll squale!

FRANK M. THORN.

A Piece of Red Calico.

MR. EDITOR: If the following true experience shall prove of any advantage to any of your readers, I shall be glad.

I was going into town the other morning, when my wife handed me a little piece of red calico, and asked me if I would have time, during the day, to buy her two yards and a half of calico like that. I assured her that it would be no trouble at all, and putting the piece of calico in my pocket, I took the train for the city.

At lunch time I stopped in at a large dry-goods store to attend to my wife's commission. I saw a well-dressed man walking the floor between the counters, where long lines of girls were waiting on much longer lines of customers, and asked him where I could see some red calico.

"This way, sir," and he led me up the store. "Miss Stone," said he to a young lady, "show this gentleman some red calico."

"What shade do you want?" asked Miss Stone.

I showed her the little piece of calico that my wife had given me. She looked at it and handed it back to me. Then she took down a great roll of red calico and spread it out on the counter.

"Why, that isn't the shade!" said I.

"No, not exactly," said she, "but it is prettier than your sample."

"That may be," said I; "but, you see, I want to match this piece. There is something already made of this kind of calico, which needs to be made larger, or mended, or something. I want some calico of the same shade."

The girl made no answer, but took down another roll.

"That's the shade," said she.

"Yes," I replied, "but it's striped."

"Stripes are more worn than anything else in calicoes," said she.

"Yes: but this isn't to be worn. It's for furniture, I think. At any rate, I want perfectly plain stuff, to match something already in use."

"Well, I don't think you can find it perfectly plain, unless you get Turkey red."

"What is Turkey red?" I asked.

"Turkey red is perfectly plain in calicoes," she answered

"Well, let me see some."

"We haven't any Turkey red calico left," she said, "but we have some very nice plain calicoes in other colors."

"I don't want any other color. I want stuff to match this."

"It's hard to match cheap calico like that," she said, and so I left her.

I next went into a store a few doors further up Broadway. When I entered I approached the "floor-walker," and handing him my sample, said:

"Have you any calico like this?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "Third counter to the right."

I went to the third corner to the right, and showed my sample to the salesman in attendance there. He looked at it on both sides. Then he said:

"We haven't any of this."

"That gentleman said you had," said I.

"We had it, but we're out of it now. You'll get that goods at an upholsterer's."

I went across the street to an upholsterer's.

"Have you any stuff like this?" I asked.

"No," said the salesman. "We haven't. Is it for furniture?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then Turkey red is what you want?"

"Is Turkey red just like this?" I asked.

"No" said he; "but it's much better."

"That makes no difference to me," I replied. "I want something just like this."

"But they don't use that for furniture," he said.

"I should think people could use anything they wanted for furniture?" I remarked, somewhat sharply.

"They can, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like that. They use Turkey red."

I said no more, but left. The next place I visited was a very large dry-goods store. Of the first salesman I saw I inquired if they kept red calico like my sample.

"You'll find that on the second story," said he.

I went upstairs. There I asked a man:

"Where will I find red calico?"

"In the far room to the left. Right over there." And he pointed to a distant corner.

I walked through the crowds of purchasers and salespeople, and around the counters and tables filled with goods, to the far room to the left. When I got there I asked for red calico.

"The second counter down this side," said the man.

I went there and produced my sample. "Calicoes downstairs," said the man.

"They told me they were up here," I said.

"Not these plain goods. You'll find 'em down-stairs at the back of the store, over on that side."

I went down-stairs to the back of the store.

"Where will I find red calico like this?" I asked.

"Next counter but one," said the man addressed, walking with me in the direction pointed out.

"Dunn, show red calicoes."

Mr. Dunn took my sample and looked at it.

"We haven't this shade in that quality of goods," he said.

"Well, have you it in any quality of goods?" I asked.

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"Oh, this is bully! I gets warmed, and has a smell o' boiled puddin' throwed in!"

"Yes; we've got it finer." And he took down a piece of calico, and unrolled a yard or two of it on the counter.

"That's not this shade," I said

"No," said he. "The goods is finer and the color's better,"

"I want it to match this," I said.

"I thought you weren't particular about the match," said the salesman. "You said you didn't care for the quality of the goods, and you know you can't match goods without you take into consideration quality and color both. If you want that quality of goods in red you ought to get Turkey red."

I did not think it necessary to answer this remark, but said:

"Then you've got nothing to match this?"

"No, sir. But perhaps they may have it in the upholstery department, in the sixth story."

So I got in the elevator and went up to the top of the house.

"Have you any red stuff like this?" I said to a young man.

"Red stuff? Upholstery department,—other end of this floor."

I went to the other end of the floor.

"I want some red calico," I said to a man.

"Furniture goods?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Fourth counter to the left"

I went to the fourth counter to the left, and showed my sample to a salesman. He looked at it and said:

"You'll get this down on the first floor—calico department."

I turned on my heel, descended in the elevator, and went out on Broadway. I was thoroughly sick of red calico. But I determined to make one more trial. My wife had bought her red calico not long before, and there must be some to be had somewhere. I ought to have asked her where she bought it, but I thought a simple little thing like that could be bought anywhere.

I went into another large dry-goods store. As I entered the door a sudden tremor seized me. I could not bear to take out that piece of red calico. If I had had any other kind of a rag about me—a pen-wiper or anything of the sort—I think I would have asked them if they could match that.

But I stepped up to a young woman and presented my sample, with the usual question.

"Back room, counter on the left," she said.

I went there

"Have you any red calico like this?" I asked of the lady behind the counter.

"No, sir," she said. "but we have it in Turkey red."

Turkey red again! I surrendered.

"All right" I said, "Give me Turkey red."

"How much, sir?" she asked

"I don't know—say five yards."

The lady looked at me rather strangely, but measured off five yards of Turkey red calico. Then she rapped on the counter and called out "cash!" A little girl, with yellow hair in two long plaits, came slowly up. The lady wrote the number of yards, the name of the goods, her own number, the price, the amount of the bank-note I handed her, and some other matters, probably the color of my eyes, and the direction and velocity of the wind, on a slip of paper. She then copied all this in a little book which she kept by her. Then she handed the slip of paper, the money, and the Turkey red to the yellow-haired girl. This young girl copied the slip in a little book she carried, and then she went away with the calico, the paper slip, and the money.

After a very long time,—during which the little girl probably took the goods, the money, and the slip to some central desk, where the note was received, its amount and number entered in a book, change given to the girl, a copy of the slip made and entered, girl's entry examined and approved, goods wrapped up, girl registered, plaits counted and entered on a slip of paper and copied by the girl in her book, girl taken to a hydrant and washed, number of towel entered on a paper slip and copied by the girl in her book, value of my note and amount of change branded somewhere on the child, and said process noted on a slip of paper and copied in her book,—the girl came to me, bringing my change and the package of Turkey red calico.

I had time for but very little work at the office that afternoon, and when I reached home, I handed the package of calico to my wife. She unrolled it and exclaimed:

"Why, this don't match the piece I gave you!"

"Match it!" I cried. "Oh, no! it don't match it. You didn't want that matched You were mistaken. What you wanted was Turkey red—third counter to the left. I mean, Turkey red is what they use."

My wife looked at me in amazement, and then I detailed to her my troubles.

"Well," said she, "this Turkey red is a great deal prettier than what I had, and you've got so much of it that I needn't use the other at all. I wish I had thought of Turkey red before."

"I wish from my heart you had," said I.

ANDREW SCOGGIN.

Rev. Grant Powers, of Haverhill, N. H., rebuked an ignorant preacher for exercising the office of priest. He replied: "We are commanded to preach the gospel to every critter." "But," said Powers, "every critter is not commanded to preach the gospel."

"*Never mind, my dear*," said a gentleman to his wife, complaining of the mud. "I have boots on." Another purchasing a cow was told that she kicked. "Oh, that's no matter, the women-folks do the milking." Another, "You need not boil the pot to-day. I shall not be at home to dinner."

ORPHEUS.

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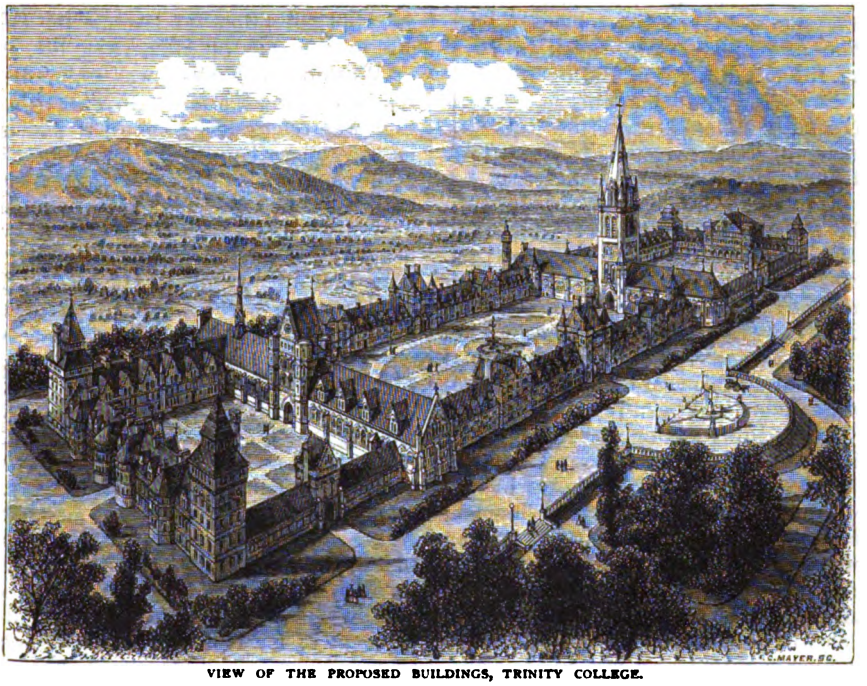
TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD.



VIEW OF THE PROPOSED BUILDINGS, TRINITY COLLEGE.

LIKE all similar educational institutions in the country, TRINITY COLLEGE owes its existence to a disposition on the part of a particular denomination to have a college under its immediate auspices. Recalling the early history of the Diocese of Connecticut, we learn that upon the consecration of Bishop Seabury, the first bishop of the State, the initial steps were taken toward the establishment of an institution of learning under control of the Episcopal Church; and as a result of the measures adopted at a convocation of the clergy held under him at East Haddam, in February, 1792, an academy incorporated with limited privileges was founded nine years later, at Cheshire, Connecticut, and known as "Seabury College." This academy was designed as a foundation for an institution of higher character, it being proposed to expand and enlarge it into a collegiate body so soon as the State should grant the required power. In 1810 the Convention, at its annual meeting, made an effort to obtain an enlargement of the charter, and for this purpose a petition was drawn up and presented to the General Assembly. At this time Congregationalism was in the ascendant, and was of itself a power, not only in religious, but in civil affairs, and there existed a strong feeling against Episcopacy; so that, when the bold effort to obtain a charter for the establishment of an Episcopal college was made by zealous members of the Church, a violent opposition was brought to bear against it; and although the petition was well received and passed by the Lower House, it was defeated in the Council (Senate). Five years afterward another effort was made to obtain a charter, and a committee was

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appointed to prefer a petition if deemed by them expedient; the powers of this committee were continued for two years, after which time the memorial was withholden, as objects of vital interest claimed their attention, among which was the establishment of the General Theological Seminary; and this, together with the vacancy in the Episcopate, led the churchmen of Connecticut to defer, for the present, the founding of a college, and to wait for more auspicious times, which seemed to have arrived soon after the adoption of a State Constitution in 1818. During the following year Bishop Brownell was consecrated, and when this noble prelate had fairly entered upon the duties of his office, he bent his energies toward the establishment of a Church college in the Diocese, and made strenuous efforts to carry out the project, the success of which had been the hope of churchmen for years past.

In 1822 a meeting of eighteen clergymen was held at the residence of Bishop Brownell, in New Haven, at which steps were taken with a view to securing the desired charter. During this year the General Theological Seminary had been removed to New York city, and this was one incentive to the founding of a Church college in Connecticut. A memorial was drawn up by the Bishop, three clergymen and two laymen, praying "the General Assembly to grant an act of incorporation for a college, with power to confer the usual literary honors, to be placed in either of the cities of Hartford, Middletown, or New Haven." The claim of the memorialists was a just and fair one, as they asked for no exclusive privileges, but desired to be placed on a footing with other Christian denominations throughout the country, who had their own universities and colleges; and, as they looked forward to the ultimate establishment of a literary institution which should be under the guardianship of the Episcopal Church, they were desirous that it should be founded in the State of Connecticut, and called WASHINGTON COLLEGE. On the day previous to the presentation of this petition, it is curious to observe, as an historical fact, that the old "test law," as it was called, of Yale College, the first established institution of learning in the State under control of the Congregationalists, was repealed. This law compelled any one elected to a chair of instruction in that institution to declare his consent to the "Confessions of Faith owned and consented to by the Elders and Messengers of the Churches in the Colony of Connecticut assembled by delegation at Saybrook, September 9th, 1703." The particular time for this act of the corporation repealing the severe law, was thought by some to have been critically chosen, and to have the appearance of an attempt to influence the mind of the Legislature against the passage of the petition for a charter establishing a second college in the State, by thus seemingly freeing Yale from the bias of its sectarian influence. Be this as it may, the day dawned bright at last for the Church, and on the 16th of May, 1823, the charter of Washington College was granted. The report of the committee to which the petition was referred is something peculiar in its way, and sets forth, by means of indirect admission, the benefits which might accrue to the State from the establishment of the institution, in the statement that it "will in no way be prejudicial to the great and important interests of literature in the State." At Hartford, where the General Assembly was convened when the passage of the charter took place, there was much demonstration over the event, the rejoicings of the people finding expression in the firing of cannon and the lighting of bonfires. The amount of money requisite to secure the provisions of incorporation was subscribed, and in less than a year nearly $50,000 was raised toward an endowment, which was obtained on the same plan as that adopted by the Fellows of Yale a century before, offering the larger towns in the State the privilege of fair competition for the location of the college, and Hartford, being most generous with her subscriptions, was adopted as the seat of Washington College.

The site selected was a beautiful one, as after years fully demonstrated; the tract of land embraced fourteen acres, having peculiar natural advantages, not the least of which was a piece of rising ground, with gentle slopes on either side, whereon the buildings were located, and which was dignified by the name of "College Hill." A small river bounded the grounds on one side, and at that time gratified the wishes of the students, whose taste inclined them to boating before that pastime was reduced to an exact science as at the present, and rowing was considered more as a pleasure than a labor. Thick forests were the near neighbors of the college, and among them undergraduates were wont to find sport, the click of the gun, rather than billiard balls, making holiday music in their ears. In speaking of the grounds and surroundings

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of the college, it may here be remarked that among the studies of what was known as the partial course—an arrangement entered into at only a few of the colleges—was botany, to which very particular attention was paid, and for practical advantages a

STATUE OF BISHOP BROWNELL, CITY PARK, HARTFORD.

large tract of land in the rear of the buildings was laid out in a garden, and a greenhouse was also built, and in time the grounds became noted for the great variety of trees and shrubs within their borders, including among the number many specimens of rare value; but we are pained to say they are now slowly disappearing, not by the woodman's axe, but under the keen edge of that surer weapon, "modern improvement."

The erection of the buildings was begun in June, 1824, and the work so rapidly prosecuted that they were ready for occupation in the fall of that year, when the college was formally opened, and instruction commenced. Two halls only were at first put up, styled respectively "Jarvis" and "Seabury," the former from plans by Solomon Willard of Boston, then a noted architect, who numbered among his works Bunker Hill Monument, and the latter from the design of Samuel F. B. Morse, more generally known to the public through his connection with the electric telegraph than by his celebrity in the profession of architecture. Both buildings were plain and substantial structures of modest brown-stone, well and firmly built. Jarvis Hall was designed for the accommodation of students, and Seabury Hall, with its somewhat pretentious portico supported by lofty Ionic columns, contained the chapel, library, cabinet, and other public apartments.

With Bishop Brownell, whose name and memory are universally beloved and respected, as first President, ably assisted by a corps of instructors, among whom were the Right Rev. A. W. Potter, now Bishop of New York, and the late Bishop of New Jersey, Right Rev. G. W. Doane, Washington College entered upon her career of usefulness, and to-day ranks as one of the oldest Episcopal colleges in the country, and the only one located in New England. But the attacks which had been made against the establishment of a Church college were not yet ended, although its doors had been thrown open to the public, and a veritable war of pamphlets arose. The controversy upon the good and evil effects resulting from the foundation of a second institution of learning in the State was most severe, and the bitter feeling against the originators, the aiders and abettors in the undertaking, found vent in publications, which, at the date of their circulation, and for not a little time afterward, made considerable commotion throughout the community. Not only are "The Considerations Suggested by the Establishment of a Second College in Connecticut," and the "Remarks,"—a series of replies to the attacks,—important features in the trials and struggles of the college during its earlier days, but, as we now view them through the mellow light of half a century, they are historically valuable, and by their over-anxiety, and groundless fears, are wont to provoke a smile from the reader when he learns that Washington College was to "entail on distant generations a source of implacable feuds and jealousies." The pamphlets were published anonymously, and some of the papers defending the cause are fine specimens of satire and argumentative wit; but despite the opposition from sectarian sources, and notwithstanding the cold shoulder turned against her by the State in refusing aid, which, with lavish hand, was bestowed elsewhere, Washington College maintained her ground, and, with

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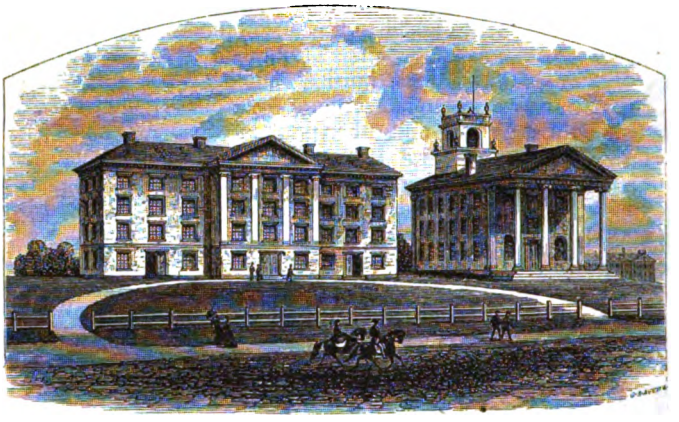
the donations solicited and received from abroad, enriched her cabinet, and provided apparatus for the philosophical department.

As time passed on, the cares and labors of the Diocese increased, and, being enlarged, were generously met by subscriptions from the citizens of Hartford, and the requisite funds having been secured, "Brownell Hall" was erected, in harmony and keeping with the first dormitory block, and similarly planned. The year 1845 was also marked by the establishment of a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which was organized at William and Mary College in 1776, and three years later granted charters for the founding of the Massachusetts and Connecticut Alphas; the latter was located at Yale College, and in June empowered a "well and truly beloved brother" to found a chapter at Trinity. The society has prospered, and has been regarded with great favor, an election to its ranks being considered one of the honors of the college course.



WASHINGTON COLLEGE IN 1825.

called for a corresponding amount of attention, and thus, finding that too great demands were made, both by Church and college, Bishop Brownell resigned the presidency, of which, for seven years, he had been the incumbent, ruling in his gentle, but firm, manner, and, by his thorough knowledge and love of men, and by his kindly treatment, bridging that gulf, which often seems impassable, between professor and student.

Rev. Dr. Wheaton succeeded Bishop Brownell, and during his administration, and through his personal influence, the prosperity of the college was greatly advanced, and the institution received large additions to its funds from members of the Church. In after years this able President left the college a large sum of money, a portion of which was designed to form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a new chapel, and, in addition to this gift, he also bequeathed his private library, containing many valuable editions of the English classics.

In 1845 two important events occurred: the change in the name of the college, and the erection of an additional building; the former was deemed advisable, from the fact that in various sections of the country were institutions bearing the same name, and henceforward the second college established in the State of Connecticut was known as TRINITY COLLEGE. It was a gratifying mark of prosperity that its needs called for increased facilities of accommodation, which

At this time, and during the presidency of Rev. Silas Totten, a charity fund raised by subscription throughout the Diocese was established. This enabled the college to give free tuition in the form of scholarships to those students who were worthy, and in need of assistance. The same year was memorable for the organization, by the Trustees, of the "House of Convocation" and the "Board of Fellows." The former consisted of "the Fellows and Professors of Trinity College, with all persons who have received any academic degree whatever in the same, except such as may lawfully be deprived of their privileges," and its business is such as may be delegated by the Corporation, the governing body to which belongs the supreme control of the college. The Board of Fellows consists of six Fellows and six junior Fellows, with the degree of M. A., appointed by the Corporation, and to this Board is intrusted the superintendence of the strictly academical business of the college. Two Professorships—one of Modern Languages and one of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—had already been established, and large additions made to the general fund, so that now the affairs of the institution were in a most prosperous and flourishing condition. The catalogue showed a long list of names, not only of residents in and about the city, but from distant parts of the country, and particularly from the South; and it

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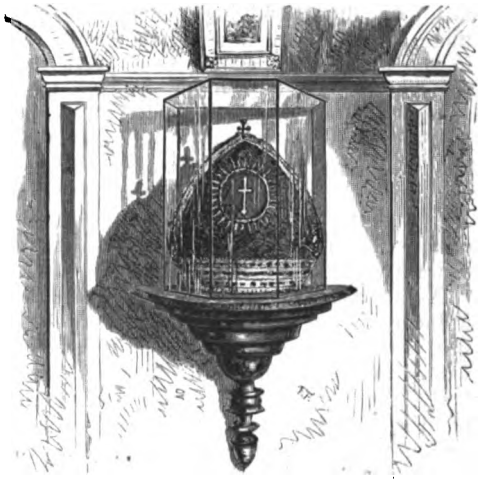
is a noticeable fact that during the earlier years of the college it had more Southern students in proportion to its numbers than any other institution of a similar character in the North; and up to the time of the late war Trinity College was a most popular educational resort for Southerners, while before it was scarcely over there were indications that the liberal patronage extended to it in former years was to be continued, if not increased, in the years to come.

In tracing out a history like that before us, and following it step by step, marking the growth of the institution, noting its principles of government, gaining an insight into the aims and motives which actuate its being and enter into its every-day life, a contrast in the thoughts and feelings of fifty years ago as compared with those of the present time, is natural, and by no means devoid of interest. In the olden times young men entering college were but transferred temporarily to the care and guidance of second parents, and the protecting hand of Alma Mater stretched out in their behalf was, if we may judge from the "Laws," large and powerful. One of the prime considerations in these old laws seems to have been great care for the monetary interests of every student, and not only was the time-honored prevention against "extra or improper expenditure by the students" carried into operation, by placing all available funds in the hands of the Bursar; but in order to make a purchase of any kind the student was obliged to obtain from that functionary a "permit" for the purpose.

While keeping an eye on the funds intrusted, Alma Mater, with a disinterestedness pleasing to note, also remembered herself; and if she was weary with night-watching for the return of the loitering student at the beginning of the term, she solaced herself with the reflection that "he shall pay fifty cents for each night's absence." In the matter of government, the Tutors were placed on a level with the Professors, and were vested with authority to punish students by private admonition and by "a fine not exceeding one dollar;" and the last drain upon the undergraduate purse was made at graduation, when, in the term bill, he was charged "one dollar and fifty cents for the expenses of Commencement dinner," about the sum now required to fee the waiter at that annual banquet. The fact of a student not being permitted to "sleep in his room or lie down on his bed during study hours" must have seemed a trifle severe, when we reflect that during the summer term the first recitation was at five o'clock in the morning. In winter, however, the rigidity of the law was relaxed, and the bell called forth students at six o'clock, the recitation being conducted by aid of candle-light, which was a necessity to the successful deciphering of Greek text. Probably as a compensation for this unseemly early rising, "bed-time" was put down in the "Laws" at ten o'clock, and after half-past ten in the evening no student was allowed to leave his room. This, of course, antedates the existence of "germans," fashionable frivolity being then in its infancy. Had Booth, Miss Morris, Colonel Sellers, the "Two Orphans," or Theodore Thomas made their appeals for public favor at that time, we fear great temptation would have been offered the student to break that law which placed the theater or any similar amusement without the pale of recognition, and forbade attendance at "any festive entertainment in the city of Hartford or its vicinity."

This last prohibition must gradually have declined in popular favor, until at length it grew to be a mere letter, for not only was the college represented at the theater and at concerts in the city, but there are records of entertainments given by the students themselves, and in which they took an active interest.

To give a sketch of the social life of the college at this time, we must turn to the flourishing days of the "Athenæum," a literary society, founded with a view to culture in extemporaneous debate and composition,



BISHOP SEABURY'S MITER.

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and holding its meetings every Saturday morning. The establishment of a second literary society, with similar aims, known as the "Parthenon," served to create a wholesome rivalry between the two, and in time led to public exhibitions, the first being given by the former organization in 1827, and consisting of poems, orations, debates, and the production of an original play. These exhibitions, given alternately each year by the literary societies, were well sustained, and well attended, and were regarded as one of the events of the college year. Another source of recreation was Junior Exhibition, to which considerable attention was turned, it being popular for many years. During its latter days, however, the solemnity of the occasion was somewhat marred by the circulation among the audience of "mock programmes;" but as the publication of these—frequently witty bills—was a penal offense, a keen zest was imparted to the undertaking, which was greatly enjoyed by the Sophomores, at whose hands the scheme was carried out. As a general thing, the interest in literary societies, established in our colleges, is at the present time in strong contrast to that of twenty or thirty years ago; then they were in their prime, now they are on the decline, if not already passed into memory. One theory for this lack of interest is, that the literary inclinations of the undergraduates of to-day are more toward theme-writing and composition than debate and declamation; and opportunities for culture and improvement in both these branches are now frequently afforded in the curriculum, where, years ago, they failed to gain strong recognition as important features of a complete education. The publication of college papers and periodicals has also had an effect upon the literary associations, and has, to a great extent, attracted the pen of the student in another direction, and given him a more pleasing, if not a wider, field for his efforts.

As an offset to the severe mental strain induced by the duties of the literary societies, and to guard against a too great cultivation of the brain to the exclusion of the body, the organization among the students of the "Washington College Archers" undoubtedly owed its existence, a company which indulged in parades during the summer term, and exercised their skill with the bow and arrow. The "Archers" flourished as early as 1834, and during that year the late Gov. T. H. Seymour, then a resident of Hartford, instructed them occasionally in fancy movements. The monotony of parades upon the Campus was varied by excursions to neighboring towns, Springfield, then reached by means of the "half pony power" boats (immortalized by Dickens), which ran back and forth on the Connecticut River, being a favorite resort, where the company marched to the U. S. Armory, and were hospitably entertained by the commander of the post. The chief object of the "Archers," besides the attainment of military glory in general, was to attract the attention of the fair sex in particular, and as there are no records extant to prove the contrary, we may infer, with a very tolerable degree of accuracy, that they succeeded admirably, when we consider the striking effect which must have been produced by the uniform, which consisted of green frocks and white trousers, green turbans with black plumes, black belts, long bows of lance-wood, and black quivers filled with arrows, the officers of the company carrying swords in place of the bow and arrow, and having their turbans decorated with white plumes.

Among the customs at Trinity College, and, if space would permit, a chapter might be written on this theme, may be mentioned the "Burning of Conic Sections," a midnight ceremony by the Sophomore class, which, like Junior Exhibition, and many of those entertainments dating back to the pristine days of the institution, has been gently pushed into the background by affairs of recent popularity. The celebration of Washington's Birthday claims the attention of the students, and the occasion is marked by appropriate exercises in the cabinet, and by an illumination of the buildings, the custom having been in vogue for twenty years or more; but the gala day of the term is Class Day, a day particularly enjoyed by the undergraduates, and of as much importance in the estimation of the student as Commencement is to alumni. The attractions are as varied as they are pleasant, and at the usual exercises on the Campus none are more worthy of note than the "Presentation of the Lemon-Squeezer," and the "Presentation to Professor Jim," both being ceremonies peculiar to the college, and as novel as they are distinctive. The subject of the first presentation is familiar to the average person, that is in its ordinary form; but as the "Lemon-Squeezer" of Class Day fame is something not met with in every-day life, a word of description is pertinent. It is a plain piece of mechanism, devoid of much

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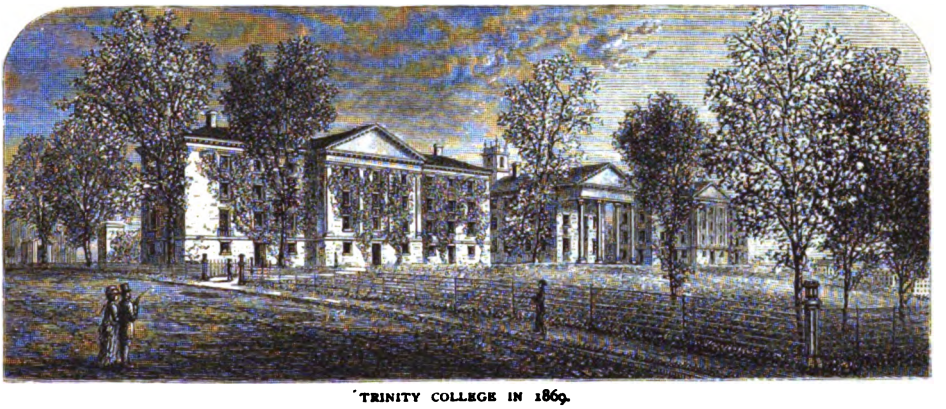
ornamentation, boasting no pretentious design. It is revered and prized, not so much for its intrinsic value as for the memories which cluster around it, and are, upon auspicious occasions, squeezed out of it! The material used in its construction is chiefly pine board, relieved at its further extremity by two hinges of brass, added more for practical use than for external embellishment. Upon its face are various



TRINITY COLLEGE IN 1869.

dates of presentations, together with the mottoes of the classes who have been its fortunate recipients; upon its reverse side TRINITY is lettered in green and white, the college colors, with '57 below, this being the date of the establishment of the custom. The popularity of a class in college became the *sine qua non* to obtain the "Lemon-Squeezer," and, as a general thing, fitness depended upon a long list of "adventures." However that may be, the receiving class was compelled to keep watch and ward over the relic, to immure it within bank vaults, and take the utmost precaution lest it should be wrested from them. It is customary for each class to append a lemon to the "Squeezer," and also to add their "color" to the bunch of ribbons which flaunt themselves at its further extremity. Previous to its appearance on Class Day, the "Squeezer" is exhibited to the class for whom it is intended, and the exhibition is one in which the old relic is made to perform a part, one of the lemons flavoring the punch drunk upon the occasion being squeezed over it by every member of the receiving class.

Without the "Presentation to Professor Jim," Class Day would be dull indeed. The ceremony generally consists of a purse of money, given by the Senior class to the old negro janitor, who has been connected with the college for the past fifty years, and whose reception speech as he holds the purse in his hand and discourses to the assembled guests, is as entertaining in its flights of rhetoric, and as laughable in its personalities, as one would wish to hear on a warm June afternoon. No sketch of Trinity College, however elaborate, would be complete without an allusion to "Professor Jim," his departments being principally "dust and ashes," and the care of the college bell. Although age has crept upon him, and he has been exempted from active duties by the authorities, still he never fails to appear on Class Day, and is on hand at Commencement, and invariably flies round at turkey time with a Thanksgiving subscription paper. The life of "Professor Jim" has been written by a recent graduate and published in book form, and is to be found in the public libraries at Boston and New York, in company with the biographies of other distinguished men. The precise date of his birth is obscured in a slight maze of doubt; but, as he remembers to have heard the bell-tolling and the cannon-firing when the news of Washington's death spread through the land, it is conjectured that he was born somewhere about 1790; his father was a freedman and his mother a slave belonging to a retired Revolutionary officer, Colonel Robert by name, who lived at Yonkers, New York, and Jim's early years were spent there and in New York city, when Pearl street, Broadway, and Greenwich street were the principal thoroughfares. Aaron Burr was an intimate friend of Jim's master, and, after his duel with Hamilton, Burr repaired to Colonel Robert's house, where a room was always in readiness against his arrival; this

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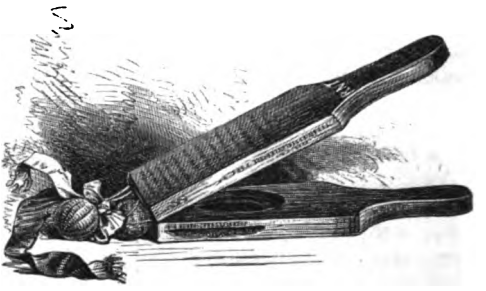
statement, verified as it is by the great-grandson of Colonel Robert, clears up an historical doubt as to the whereabouts of Burr after the duel, historians contenting themselves with the announcement that he remained for eleven days in New York city at his home called Richmond Hill. "Professor Jim," or, to give his own name, James Williams, in course of time followed the sea, and, after a number of voyages to foreign lands with attendant dangers, we find him figuring in the war of 1812, as a gunner on board the "Hornet" during her famous engagement with the "Peacock." This experience is, to the mind of the venerable old man, an ever-pleasant theme to dwell upon, and he recounts the story of his adventures with much gusto. Later he experienced hardships on board a pirate vessel, and, finally leaving maritime life, he took up his abode in Hartford, Connecticut. When, in 1821, Bishop Brownell (afterward first President of Trinity College) came with his family to this city, Jim was installed as

"PROFESSOR JIM," FOR HALF A CENTURY JANITOR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

a servant in the household, and two years later, upon the establishment of the college, he became its first janitor. Until within a short time, he has remained at his post, and when, by reason of his old age, the duties grew too burdensome, he was pensioned off by the college, and now lives in the enjoyment of a green old age, singular as it may appear, at his "neat suburban retreat" in the vicinity of the institution over whose interests he has watched for half a century, and within hearing of that



THE LEMON-SQUEEZER.

bell, which, rung by his faithful hands, has tolled alike the parting death-knell and sounded the summons to prayers and recitation.

Perhaps there is no object about college so much despised, and scorned, and maltreated as the bell, and yet this was Professor Jim's particular pet. He cared for it and tended it day after day, and the students had an eye and a hand on it night after night, but the old "Professor" was equal to any emergency. The coils of ropes and the reserve of hand-bells bore witness to his determination to do his duty in spite of adverse, and, at times, disastrous circumstances.

To illustrate some of the peculiarities of Jim's Class Day eloquence, we append a few quotations from speeches which have been preserved: "Gentlemen, you has been very kind to me, an' our communion has been sweet together, but we've got to take our departur'! What will become of you, de Lord knows. Some may go to de sandy shores of Arabia, some on you to de tropical wilds of Africa—it's your own fault if you ain't fitted to travel to any part o' de State!"

Upon one occasion, referring to a son of one of the Professors, Jim delivered the following eulogy: "There sits a young man whose father entered college and graduated with honor and dignity to his parents, and allers instructed him in his duty."

Jim was a founder of the African Zion Methodist Church in Hartford, and his Methodist fervor of exhortation would frequently tinge his Class Day speeches, as can be imagined from the quotation subjoined: "Where'er you go, may de Lord bless yer.

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You know I always had an interest in your salvation. Remember, gentlemen, you are now in de flower of your youth. You are advancing, but I am devancing! You're soon going to leave dis college, dis splendid canvas; don't neglect to make acquaintance wid de Supreme Being. O, my beloved friends, who has been instructed in de class in de canopy of Heaven, or on de shores of Trinity College!"

The poor old janitor is in reality "devancing," but his genial manners have not left him, and he still has a kindly word for everybody.

The first Commencement of the college was held on the 2d of August, 1827, the seeming disparity of years in the course being accounted for by the fact that the members of the graduating class entered at advanced standing.

After the erection of Christ Church by the oldest Episcopal society in Hartford, the Commencement exercises were held there down to a comparatively recent date, a large stage being built about the pulpit and above the altar, for the accommodation of the Faculty, college dignitaries, and the speakers; the galleries of the church, being the best position from which to see and to be seen, were crowded to their utmost capacity, and

"The round, laughing face of the beautiful girl"

lighted up the dim old cloisters, and doubtless spoke approval of the efforts of the aspirants for academic honors. Among the men who received their Bachelor's degree in Christ Church were two who, during their collegiate life, were closely associated, both as room-mates and class-mates, and in after years, separated by the tenets of their respective faiths, attained great eminence in the Episcopal and in the Roman Catholic Churches. We refer to Rt. Rev. John Williams, D. D., present Bishop of Connecticut, and Archbishop J. R. Bayley, of New Jersey. In connection with the subject of Commencement, we have to recall a custom which, pleasing and thoughtful in its nature, had also about it a touch of pathos. After the retirement of the first President, Bishop Brownell, from his duties as head of the college, and when the infirmities of age prevented him from leaving his home, the Commencement procession, on its way to the church, marched through the street on which he lived, and, pausing in front of his residence, tarried while the band played "Auld Lang Syne," in token of the kindly remembrance in which the founder of the college was gratefully held; and then, reverently saluting the venerable prelate and his family, passed on to the

PRESIDENT PYNCHON.

more important duties which awaited them.

Another custom of the day is not uninteresting, and is deserving of note—the occupation by the President, during the exercises, of a quaint old chair, primitive in design, dark with age, and, we might add, somewhat uncomfortable to sit in. The chair was originally the property of the famous Bishop Berkeley, who nearly one hundred and fifty years ago lived at Newport, R. I., and, upon changing his place of residence, left his farm and also his books to Yale College, many of his personal effects being given to particular friends; by which distribution the chair passed into the hands of Joseph Wanton, Governor of Rhode Island, whose daughter married a grandson of Governor Saltonstall, of Connecticut, a Whig, who in 1781 was burned out by Benedict Arnold. In this extremity, having applied to Governor Wanton for aid, he was the recipient, among other things, of this chair, which through a successive generation was presented to Trinity. It is becoming more and more historical, and the fact that it was the study chair in which Bishop Berkeley composed, while at Newport, the celebrated "Minute Philosopher," adds to its value as a relic.

The war record of Trinity College is a

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noble one. Weakened as her academic ranks were by the departure of brave men, she was strong in the belief that the country called them, and, true to her motto, "Pro Ecclesia et Patria," she sent forth her sons, knowing that in doing their duty by their country's flag they would likewise honor her. In proportion to the number of students then in college, the quota furnished was a large one, and death smote heavily the brave band. Many died from the hardships and the exposures of camp life, and one, the leader of his class, was a victim to a living death at Andersonville. Of those who during their service in the field rose to the rank which their bravery justly accorded them, we cannot forbear to mention Stedman, who fell before Petersburgh, and, while acting Brigadier-General in that terrible campaign, had been recommended for that rank by all his superior officers. As if to mock all earthly honor, his brevet as Brigadier came only after he had received his mortal wound.

Trinity is a boating college, and has the honor to have been one of the four colleges that assisted in the establishment of the College Union Regatta at Worcester in 1858, the projectors of the scheme being Harvard, Yale, Brown University, and Trinity. The Connecticut River at Hartford affording great facilities for practice, and being, comparatively speaking, easy of access, the college has good advantages, which of late years have been improved, there being now more interest evinced in boating matters than formerly. Particularly has this interest manifested itself since regatta laurels have been won by what are denominated "smaller colleges." In 1873 Trinity was entered in the intercollegiate race at Springfield, and in the year following she pulled an oar at Saratoga, the death of one of her crew while training preventing her appearance on Saratoga Lake in 1875. This element of student life, being now firmly established at Trinity, is considered one of the institutions of the college, and a membership of the Boat Club is accounted a privilege as well as an honor.

In the neighborhood of the college the haunts familiar to the earlier graduates have all been removed; among them one in particular, to which allusion was made in a number of "The Knickerbocker Magazine," "the old brown house in the outskirts of the village, venerable with years; a poor affair, yet rich in associations." This was the rendezvous of those college wits, as gentlemanly as they were jovial, who composed the Corax Club, a fictitious name for a secret society, which to-day is the oldest local college fraternity in the country. In after years, the house being untenanted, the owner contemplated pulling it down, for, "in his eyes," the writer brilliantly remarks, "the old brown house, like the barren fig-tree, cumbered the ground, and the old garden cucumbered it!" The view from the Campus cityward is now a beautiful one, and, as the author of "My Farm at Edgewood" says, "what was once a wilderness has been converted into a blooming garden." This refers to the city park, which, with its unequaled lawns, is a most picturesque and beautiful spot. The college grounds are separated from the park only by a slight wire fence.

Recently many and marked have been the alterations, and to-day, under the rule of State authority, all vestiges of what was once the ample Campus of Trinity College are being fast removed; the "long walk," the college grove, the "oratorical rock," the class ivies planted beneath the college walls, are destined to disappear amid the changes which are to come. Already a portion of one hall has been torn down, and all the others will share the same fate before another year is past. But beyond all this seeming sacrilege and uprooting of memories and associations, which, stronger than the ivies upon the wall, cling to everything pertaining to Alma Mater, comes the almost compensating thought of the brilliant future open to Trinity College in the new home of her academic life.

At this point in our sketch, leaving the history of the college, having marked its growth in the past, we come to a description of what it is to-day, and of what with its increased facilities it promises to be in the future. The old Campus and the college buildings were sold to the city of Hartford in February, 1872, the college reserving the right of occupancy for five years. The grounds were purchased as a site for the new State House, the long mooted question of the State Capitol having been settled in favor of Hartford, and upon this beautiful location the public building is now in process of erection. Early in the following year the Trustees of Trinity College negotiated for the purchase of a tract of land eighty acres in extent, whereon to put up the new buildings, and in the summer Dr. Jackson, the President, went abroad and spent considerable time in visiting English univer-

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sities, and consulting architects. Previous to his return he laid the scheme for the new Trinity College before Mr. William Burges, a professional gentleman of eminence in London, from whom water-color sketches and plans were obtained, and, with these as a nucleus, the subject was with advantage presented to the Trustees for their consideration. As it met with the approval and sanction of that body, it was deemed important to advance the work as quickly as possible. With a view to this end an architect was sent to London to prepare working drawings required for the execution of the plans. To the instrumentality and indefatigable attention of Dr. Jackson, much of the success which may attend the carrying out the project now afoot will be justly due. At first seriously opposed to the sale of the property on which since its foundation the college had stood, when convinced that it would advance the interests of the institution, he applied himself earnestly to the accomplishment of the measure. But it was not destined that he, who had taken such a deep interest in everything pertaining to the erection of the new buildings, should live to see the fulfillment of his favorite plan. In April, 1874, the college was called upon to mourn the death of President Jackson. A determined and energetic man, with great breadth of intellect and liberal culture, he was eminently fitted to occupy the position he had filled with marked ability; sincere and with manners most affable and winning, through him the college became more identified with Hartford, and was at the same time making itself favorably felt among similar institutions, with whose members the President cultivated the most friendly relations. Being an alumnus of Trinity, and afterward having filled the Professorship of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, he was bound to the college by peculiarly strong ties. He brought with him an experience of nine years as President of Hobart College, and was a man whose executive ability, aided by his many admirable qualities of head and heart, won for him the respect and trust of both the Faculty and undergraduates. During the fall of 1874, the vacancy in the Presidency was filled by the election of Rev. Dr. T. R. Pynchon, Professor of Chemistry, and a graduate of the college in the class of 1841. Under his direction as Chairman of the Building Committee, and with a zeal most hearty, the new building project is being carried out. On Commencement Day of last year, ground at the new site was broken with impressive ceremonies.

The site selected for the erection of the new buildings is one scarcely without a rival in its natural advantages and picturesque location. About a mile distant from the old Campus, it lies upon the summit of what is known as Rocky Hill, a high ridge running south from the city, with a slope on either side, down across rich meadows and fertile fields, and then up with most gradual and pleasing ascent to far horizons "luminous with dawns, or soft with purple twilight." It will form the center of a landscape, as beautiful as any for which the far-famed Connecticut Valley is justly celebrated. With this eligible spot, upon which to rear their buildings, the Trustees of Trinity College take advantage of the opportunity offered, to make a new departure in this country in college architecture, introducing for the first time that most effective plan of quadrangles, commonly adopted at the English universities. Some steps have been taken at other colleges toward the ultimate completion of quadrangles, but with this difference, as compared with the work at Trinity: In the former instance, when the plans are matured, the quadrangles will be bounded on their various sides by structures erected without the idea of future harmony throughout the entire pile, and widely differing from each other in their external design, presenting an aggregation of plans and a collection of various styles. The plan for the new college buildings at Hartford will, when completed, express a unity in arrangement and detail, while the structures, distinct in themselves, will be homogeneous and symmetrical parts of a single design. The quadrangles will be three in number, a "great quad" in the center with one on either side to the north and south, the entire frontage being over thirteen hundred feet, the buildings lengthwise in the design being chiefly Dormitory and Lecture-Room blocks with connecting gate-ways, the cross lines containing, in the first section, the Library and the Museum, and, in the second, the Chapel and the Dining-Hall, with intervening tower. The north line of buildings will be composed of the Theater (for Commencement and other exercises) and the Observatory, in the angle tower connecting the block on the west; the southernmost line will be formed by the President's house, and a block containing residences for the Professors.

The college is designed in early French Gothic, a style devoid of excessive orna-

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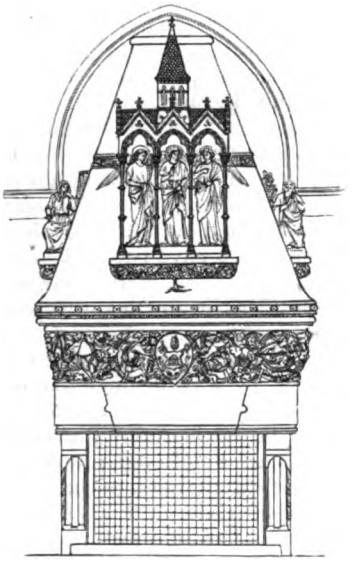
mentation, and depending for its effect upon simplicity and boldness of detail, and the harmonious grouping of windows and other prominent features. The disposition of broad masses of stone is a characteristic, as well as the very pleasing introduction of objective points of emblematic sculpture. A color contrast in the material of the buildings is obtained by the use of brown-stone—



PROPOSED CHIMNEY-PIECE IN DINING-HALL.

cut with a rock face—for the ashlar, which is lighted up by the sandstone from Ohio, used for string courses, and for work about the doors and windows, and introduced with good taste in nearly every interior. In carrying out an extensive scheme like that undertaken by Trinity College, it is seldom, if ever, that the original projectors live to see its fulfillment. This fact was sadly exemplified by the death of the late Dr. Jackson; but his were noble words, when, in answer to a doubt expressed as to the accomplishment of everything laid down, he said: "I shall do all I can, while God gives me life, and then leave the rest to others."

The erection of those buildings of most immediate importance was long ago begun, and the blocks forming the west line of the central quadrangle have been commenced under the superintendence of Mr. F. H. Kimball, a resident architect. These blocks are for lecture-rooms and dormitories, and between them stands one of the main gateways. They are each 286 feet long by 35 feet wide, and have their otherwise monotonous sky-line well broken by the roofs of the central portion of the block, which, carried up four stories high, affords on its upper floors additional accommodations for students, the lower stories being occupied by apartments most excellently arranged for Junior Professors, and holding out strong inducements to those gentlemen to cling to their bachelorhood. The plan and the accessories of the Dormitory block are deserving of particular mention in detail, not only from an architectural point of view, but from the plain, practical, common sense which they exhibit. Each wing, 119 feet long, is virtually divided into three distinct sections or "stair-cases" by party walls, which are carried from the foundation up through the roof and coped with stone. The advantage of this arrangement, in case of fire, is unquestioned. The wings have each three entrance-doors, opening into halls eight feet wide, and all the entrances are from the east, and, consequently, from the quadrangle. Over the doors light stone will be left in the rough to receive sculptured heads of noted poets, philosophers, and statesmen.

The ground or principal floor contains a suite of apartments (for the occupancy of two students) on either side of each principal hall-way, and, in the arrangement of these rooms, great attention has been paid to light and ventilation. The "Study" looks out upon the quadrangle, and is provided with windows of ample size fitted with a swinging iron sash, something of a novelty in its way, and manufactured from a design much used abroad. The seats with which the deeply recessed windows are provided will, when fitted up with cushions, add much to the interior effect, as well as to the comfort of the room. The Study is 15x16 feet and of proportionate height; two bedrooms are connected with it in the rear, and the suite thus occupying the entire width of the building, a circulation of air through the rooms can be had at all times. Ample closets, both for clothes and for fuel, are provided, and in each study is an open fireplace, with mantel of Ohio stone. Above the ground floor are two other floors with rooms similarly planned; the second being lighted by dormer windows of stone, very effective in design. Water is brought into each floor, and on the main landings, in the halls, a

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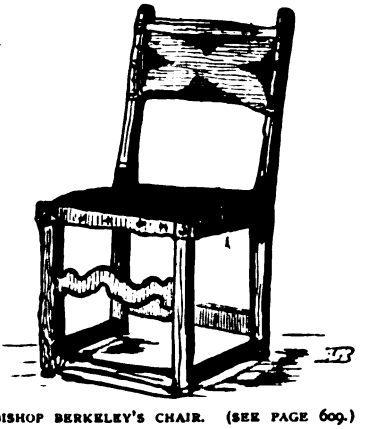
sink is located, having next it a dust shaft, a very convenient arrangement, extensively used in hospitals and other large public buildings. This shaft, for the disposal of refuse, runs down to the basement, by means of which everything passing into it can readily be removed. The hall-ways will be wainscoted throughout and finished in ash, this wood being also used for the finish of the rooms, except the entrance doors, which are of oak. The most ample preparations for bathing have been made in this block, the bath-rooms being located in the basement and easy of access. The wings of the building are alike. The central portion, of increased height, with its gabled roofs and symmetrically grouped windows, and its ornate dressing of stone, forms a marked feature in the design.

The gate-way between the block just mentioned and the one to the south will be the middle point of the entire line of buildings, and its foundations are already laid. It will be marked by four corner towers, and will contain an entrance-way for carriages, with smaller ones on either side for pedestrians. The several stories above are admirably planned for students' apartments, and will furnish some of the finest rooms in the whole range of buildings. Underneath the gate-way it is proposed to locate at a proper level the steam-heating apparatus.

Both in internal arrangement and external design the Lecture-Room block, is eminently well adapted to the purposes of its future use, which are to provide the college with a philosophical apartment, a laboratory, lecture and recitation rooms. The wings of the buildings are two stories in height, the ground floor being over sixteen feet high, and the one above, showing the open truss-work of the roof, twenty-one feet high. The basement will be extensively utilized for apparatus and working-rooms connected with the Laboratory, and in one of the wings the Library and Cabinet will be temporarily located, occupying the basement and ground floors. The design of this block, while in keeping with those adjoining, presents externally a different treatment, demanded by the requirements of the structure. The façades are pierced by pointed windows of effective composition, embodying in their design ample facilities for the admission of light (sometimes of the utmost importance) in great abundance to recitation-rooms and other apartments. To avoid any danger which might arise from dampness in the basement, recourse was had to an expedient successfully tried abroad, and the foundation walls were covered with a "damp course" before the superstructure was commenced. All the main entrances to the block are from the quadrangle; its halls are wide, and staircases of easy ascent, and good solid oak is to be used with great effect in much of the wood-work. One pleasing feature, which we are happy to notice in the design of both buildings, is the extensive use of the English ridge tile in place of the more common iron cresting. It is imported from London, where it is in high favor with the leading architects, and, when set in place, forms a crowning effect, picturesque, and at the same time substantial, and it is to be hoped that the day is not distant which will number among the manufactures in America this useful and inexpensive ornamentation.

The Dining-Hall and the Chapel will probably be built in succession, both noble structures, and with the intervening tower, which rises to an altitude of two hundred and forty feet, they will form one of the most beautiful lines of buildings in the whole pile. In a limited space, it is scarcely possible to describe these structures as they should be, or to do them that justice which their beauty of design justly warrants, and, while our description is necessarily general, we will particularize a few of the more conspicuous features worthy of mention. The Chapel is entered through the arch-way of the tower (which has a finely groined ceiling in stone), by means of two door-ways, whose heads are ornamented with sculpture in bas-relief, illustrative of scenes in the life of the



BISHOP BERKELEY'S CHAIR. (SEE PAGE 609.)

Saviour. The Ante-Chapel, in which memorial tablets will be erected, is divided from the Chapel proper by a superb oaken screen. The seats will be arranged facing the aisle

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of the nave, and behind them, at a slight elevation, will be the stalls for college officers and other dignitaries. The Sacrarium at the eastern end of the building is elevated to a height equal to that of the stalls, and the altar is reached by seven steps from the floor of the nave, the general effect of the Chapel being not unlike that of those at Oxford University. The ceiling will be groined, and at some future time will be enriched with paintings of Scriptural subjects, and the walls of the Chapel will be treated with polychromatic decoration. Around three sides of the building, and at the level of the window-sills, is an ambulatory, by the introduction of which the appearance of a double wall is produced. The Chapel is 45 feet wide and 145 feet long, and will, when completed, be without an equal at any of our American colleges.

To descend from spiritual to temporal things, we beg indulgence for a word regarding the Dining-Hall, an imposing building of ample proportions, rich in detail. At its eastern extremity is a dais extending the entire width of the hall, which is here increased by bay windows on either side, and at the opposite end is a "Minstrel Gallery," arranged in accordance with the long-time custom of having music during the progress of the banquet. In coming years the Hall will doubtless be the scene of social gatherings where music and dancing are prominent features.

The entrance to the building is from the great quadrangle on the south. The Hall is wainscoted in oak, and has a beautifully constructed open truss roof, and is amply lighted by windows on the sides and by an ornamental rose window at the western end. The kitchen, store-rooms, etc., are located beneath the main floor.

Mr. Burges is especially felicitous in his introduction of symbolic sculpture, and perhaps nowhere is this more noticeable than in the Dining-Hall, at one side of which is to be built an ornate chimney-piece of light stone. It bears upon its face intricately carved foliated work, in the midst of which human figures, armed and equipped, are represented as defending the hearth-stone from the attacks of intruders. In the center is a raised shield for the coat-of-arms of the college, and above, in bold relief, are three angels, and on either side, sitting and kneeling figures. The story told in stone is that of the entertainment of the angels by Abraham and Sarah.

The Library, as stated above, will, for the present, be located in the Lecture-Room block, and likewise the Cabinet, until the buildings planned for them are erected.

The President's residence is palatial in its appointments, and from the windows of the reception and drawing-rooms a very extensive and beautiful view is obtained. The houses of the Professors in the same line of buildings are planned with great skill, and in their internal arrangement evince careful study and forethought. Rooms for the Bishop, the Chancellor of the college, are provided in the angle tower of the same block. The most conspicuous feature of the north quadrangle block is the hall for public exercises, denominated the Theater; but as the immediate wants do not call for its erection at present, it will be an after consideration. As the increased accommodations are needed, the blocks forming the eastern line of the quadrangles will be erected, and thus the design will be completed.

For the proper presentation of good architecture, much depends upon its adjuncts and surroundings, and no mean effect is due to the sister art, landscape architecture. That nothing should be wanting in this respect, the laying out of the Campus has been intrusted to Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, a native of Hartford, of whose skill and taste the Central Park, New York, will be a perpetual monument. It is proposed to place the statue of Bishop Brownell upon the terrace in front of the new buildings, and at a point midway in the entire line. This statue is of bronze, ten feet high, and represents the prelate in the act of pronouncing the benediction. It was modeled by Powers in Rome, and was cast in Munich, and presented to the college by a son-in-law of the late Bishop. The statue was unvailed on the old Campus with appropriate ceremonies in 1869. It stands upon a pedestal fifteen feet high, and will form a conspicuous and fitting feature in the landscape. The main approaches to the college will connect with a boulevard one hundred feet wide extending along the front, and the principal entrance to the buildings will be at the gate-way of the great quadrangle on the east, a corresponding gate-way opposite serving as the main exit, beyond which an esplanade, effectively treated with a terrace, will be thrown out to a distance of a hundred feet. The ample tract of land set apart for the Campus will afford unusual facilities for the exercise of artistic taste and good judgment in the distribution of lawns, groves, walks, and other ornamental features

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of a park. Hartford itself offers many social attractions to the student, and has been in times past, and is to-day, conspicuous for the hospitality shown by its citizens to undergraduates at college.

In concluding this sketch of Trinity College, we would briefly say, that the aim of the institution is to furnish its students a complete education, and to prepare them for a truly educated manhood.

The course of instruction, based upon the classics, mathematics, and natural science, is capable of expansion to meet the requirements of the progress of the present age, while the departments of modern languages and mental and moral philosophy, and notably that of English literature, afford ample opportunities for the study of their special branches; the curriculum, being arranged in accordance with the plan adopted by the older colleges in the country, also gives instruction in particular studies to those students desiring to take a partial course. But the training of Trinity College is not an intellectual one merely; and the institution, recognizing that there is something above the intellect—something, in reference to which, as a superior part of our being, the intellect should be cultivated—pays attention to the moral well-being of those who enter her halls; and, while alive to the fact that too much supervision and too much restraint will fail in the accomplishment of the desired result, still aims, as a late President wisely remarked, "to exercise as much watchfulness, as much control, as is necessary, and nothing more, to form a character which will stand when the scaffoldings are removed." While upon the bench and at the bar, and in places of trust and influence, in active business life as well as in the halls of legislation, and at posts of honor in their country's service, graduates of Trinity are found, the Church under whose care and guidance she has been nurtured has called from her alumni ranks many brave soldiers of the Cross to do battle in the cause of truth and religion, both at home and abroad. To fill the highest office which she can bestow, the Church has summoned others, able men, who, as Bishops, are now laboring steadfastly for the promotion and extension of the Gospel and for the best interests of their Alma Mater.

SEAL OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE CHILD-GARDEN.

THERE stood in a company of Pestalozzian teachers at Frankfort one evening, about the beginning of this century, a young architect who had been tossed about in life a good deal, and who had not yet found his mission. He had thought deeply on educational subjects, because it was in his nature to think deeply on any subject in hand, and because it was his own bitter misfortune to have been badly educated. A motherless child, neglected by his father (who was a busy clergyman), and closely shut up within a garden, his earliest years had been years of unsatisfied longing, and some persecution. His education had been of the most desultory sort. Like many other gifted children, he had not succeeded in shining among the little poll-parrots, who recited glibly, then as now, the rote-learned lessons which they did not understand. He was regarded as too stupid to become a scholar. He had been sent apprentice to a forester, had read widely, had made his way into the University, and had failed there for want of money. Now he had come into a small inheritance, and was going to make an architect of himself. Among those teachers who had been pupils of Pestalozzi,—that grand old Swiss enthusiast,—he heard eager discussions of methods of education. At last he found himself

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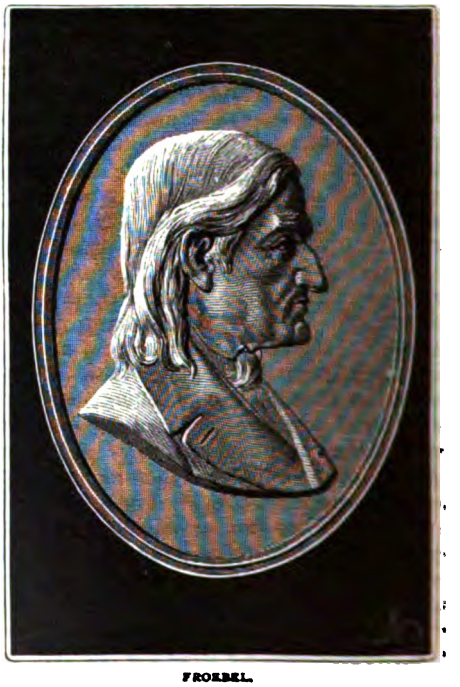
KEILHAU, THE SCENE OF FROEBEL'S EARLIER LABORS.

among those who, like himself, had reasoned upon the subject. When each had given his views, the young architect began to speak, and out of his solitary thinking upon his own hard experience, he brought forth ideas, so fresh, so original, and so just, that the Pestalozzians were startled to find in the stranger of another profession a master in their own. As he proceeded, the host—one Gruener, a school principal—smote him on the shoulder, crying out in his enthusiasm: "Froebel, you are meant for nothing else than to be a teacher. Will you take a place in my school?"

And the young man gave up his plans of becoming a builder of churches and mansions. He became a teacher of little children, to whom he showed the art of building houses of blocks. For this young man, who was thus swept into the line of his destiny by a chance conversation,—if there be any such thing as chance in the life of a true man,—was Friedrich Froebel, the founder of the Kindergarten, the most profound student of the science of childhood, and the greatest master of the art of teaching which this century, or perhaps any century, has seen. His fame has spread but slowly, for the world has not yet learned that the chief work of education is at the foundation. Yet, by a steady progress, the Froebellian principles and methods are coming to pervade Germany, France, and the United States, and they have already taken root deeply in England and Italy.

Froebel had been, like many another earnest man, hesitant and undecided. But, from the hour in which he began to teach,



FROEBEL.

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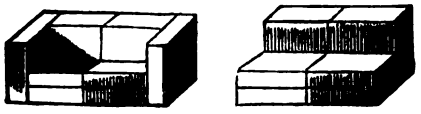
there was no longer the shadow of a doubt in his mind. He had found his mission. "I am a bird in the air, a fish in the sea,"

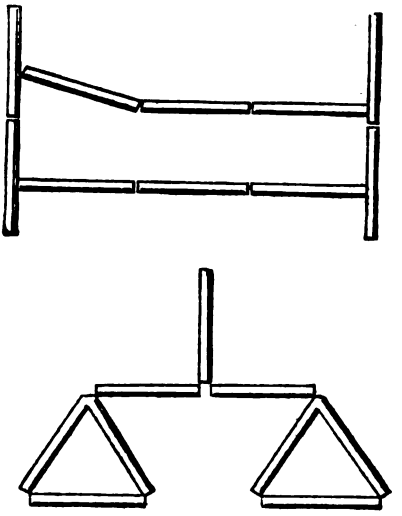


BLOCK-BUILDING: A SOFA AND A BENCH.

he writes to his favorite brother. Nevertheless, he soon grew ambitious to learn more of his profession. He went for two weeks to Yverdun to witness the methods of the grand old master, Pestalozzi, who was then beginning his third futile experiment in founding a school. Froebel accepted a place as a private teacher, and, already having in his mind the germs of that method which did not come to maturity until a quarter of a century later, he mingled play-architecture and gardening with his teaching. But he soon gave up teaching, to put himself once more under the training of the old master at Yverdun. Clearly as he appreciated the defects and incompleteness of Pestalozzianism, he had learned by this time that, no matter what a man's original genius may be, he must build on what has been done by those who have gone before. He stayed two years with Pestalozzi; thence he went to Berlin and Göttingen to study. He gave special attention to the teachings of Fichte and Schleiermacher. The abstruse speculations of the one, and the intellectual activity, mingled with pious aspirations, of the other, were well calculated to impress deeply a mind such as Froebel's. It was his purpose to ground his teaching upon the broad foundation of a thorough knowledge of human nature, and therefore upon the deepest and soundest philosophical basis. I doubt not, however, that it was Fichte who spoiled Froebel's literary style, and gave him the fashion of going down forty fathoms deep in abstract speculation to reach his generalizations. He is a singular paradox, this man Froebel, who knew better than any other that ever lived how to adapt himself to the understandings of little children, but who wrote out his educational theories in so cloudy and mystical a fashion, that his most ardent admirers prefer to take him, as most people do Swedenborg, at second hand. Happily, the Baroness Marenholtz-Bülow, his nephew, Karl Froebel, and other able disciples, have expounded and popularized the theories which the master, ever intent on reaching the ultimate analysis of truth, had expressed too darkly for popular acceptance.

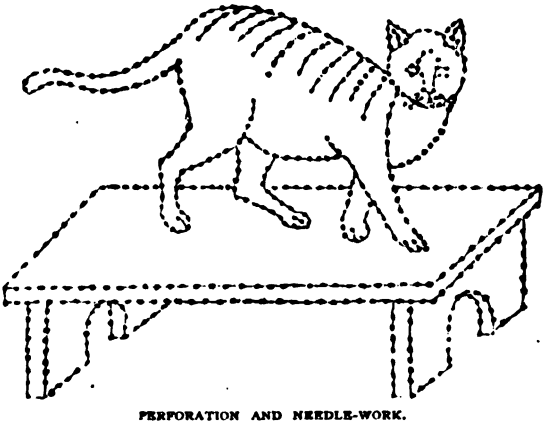
We next find Froebel bearing arms in that great German uprising of 1813 which delivered the Rhine from the French. But it was not exactly as a patriot, but as a pedagogue, that he went to war.

"I would be ashamed," he says, "to stand before my pupils and tell them that I did not go when I was wanted."



STICK-LAYING: A BEDSTEAD AND A PAIR OF SCALES.

Afterward he was an assistant in the Museum of Mineralogy, studying nature on its physical side. He was offered a Professorship of Mineralogy, but at this moment came the death of his beloved elder brother, Christopher, and Friedrich Froebel, in a



PERFORATION AND NEEDLE-WORK.

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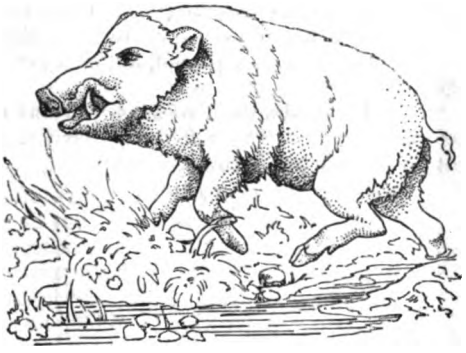
noble and characteristic enthusiasm, cast all his scholarly pursuits aside and said:

"I must be a father to the orphans that Christopher left."



PERFORATION FOR ADVANCED PUPILS.

And so, with Christopher's children, and with the children of his brother Christian, he began the school at Keilhau.

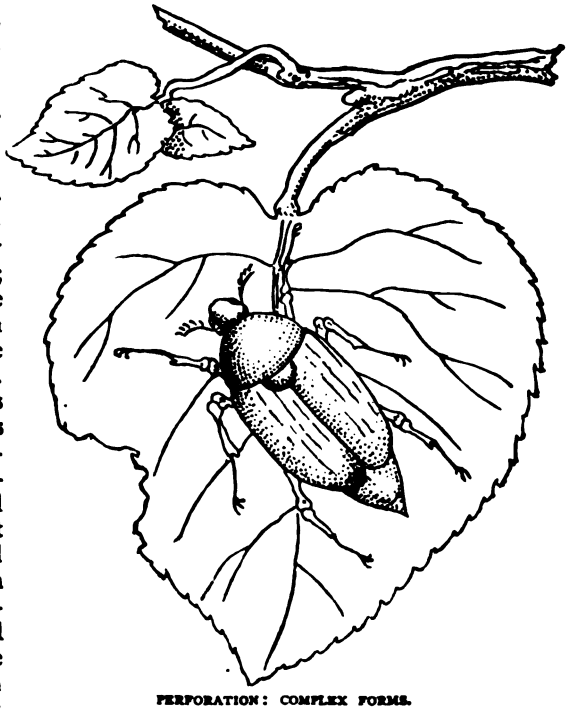
Enthusiasm is the most contagious of diseases. Many members of the Froebel family, catching the spirit of Friedrich, taught with him. Christopher Froebel's widow and, later, Christopher's son Ferdinand, and Langethal and Middendorf, old army friends of Froebel's and relatives by marriage, and Barup, who also intermarried with the Froebels, fell to teaching also. Far and near these noble people were known as "the teaching family."

It was a characteristic of the Froebels that they made teaching a religion. They did not accumulate money in the time of the school's prosperity; they joyfully endured poverty in the periods of adversity and persecution which the liberal tendencies inevitable in good teaching brought upon them. Froebel mentions that in his journeys he had slept in the fields, with his portmanteau for pillow, and his umbrella for tent. After years of prosperity, the school at Keilhau suffered reverses, and had become almost extinct, and he had been thwarted in new attempts by the aristocracy in Germany, and the Jesuits in Switzerland. Froebel then started a school at Willisau, and the loving Barup came over from Keilhau, as he says, "with a threadbare coat, with ten thalers in my pocket, and riding the shoemaker's ponies."

Most of the life of Froebel was spent in approaching the great work which he was set to perform. Pestalozzi did not begin to put his theories into practical experiment until he was fifty-four years of age, and Froebel was a year older when he brought forth his ripest fruit in the institution by which he is destined to be the benefactor of little children for all time to come. For, whatever may be the modifications which the experience and new discoveries of the future may produce, Froebel must ever be accounted the founder of true primary education, and he who builds hereafter must build upon his ground-work.

At fifty-five years of age Froebel saw the "Froebelites" very prosperous. The Keilhau school had recovered from its difficulties and was flourishing; Willisau was succeeding under Langethal, and the master now intrusted his orphan school at Burgdorf to his nephew Ferdinand. New ideas were fermenting within him. He said: "All the early years of the child's life run to waste. I will redeem them." The plan was the outgrowth of a life-time of profound study and practical experience.

He went to Berlin to look into that insti-



PERFORATION: COMPLEX FORMS.

tution for very little children which the Germans, with characteristic prodigality of name, style the "Klein-kinder-bewahr-anstallen;"

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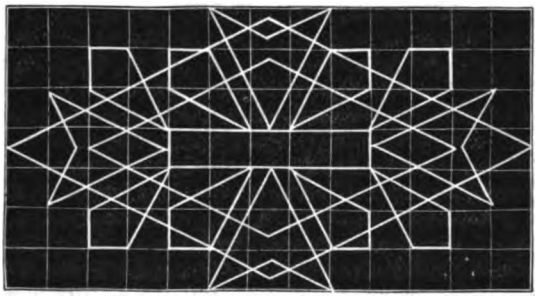
that is to say, an institution for the care of little children. The French translate this great name by a monosyllable, and call the same institution a "Crèche"—in other words, a "Crib." By this name it is known where it has been introduced into England and America, for our language never makes a name where it can borrow one. The Crèche is a place where the little children of working-women are received in the morning and cared for during the day. Froebel's idea was to make the amusements of children a source of discipline and instruction, systematized and based upon his own profound knowledge of child-nature.



NET-DRAWING: SYMMETRIC FIGURE.

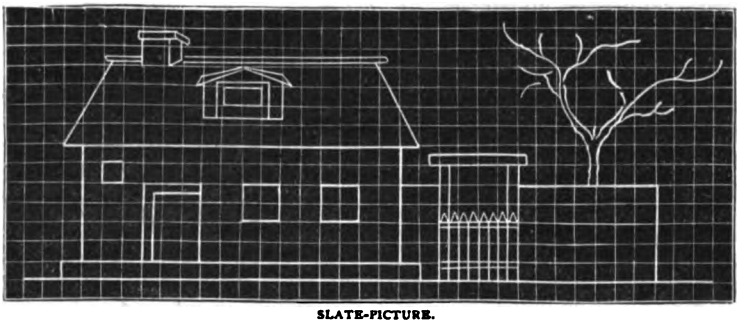
I come now to the great difficulty which lies before every writer of a popular article on the Kindergarten. If I merely describe the Kindergarten from the outside, it seems but a congeries of plays and occupations admirably adapted to interest and amuse a child, but having little of serious benefit in them. If I attempt to enter into the philosophy of it, I fear the reader will think me abstruse. For every art of the institution which Friedrich Froebel founded and called the "Child-Garden," was based upon principles deduced from the careful study of childhood. He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Pestalozzi's maxim: "We shall only invent the art of teaching after we have discovered the science of childhood."

Froebel wished to begin with the child in its mother's arms. He wrote "Mother's Cosseting Songs," little rhymes to be sung and accompanied with action. The idea was taken from such little child's plays as our own familiar

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man!
Bake me a cake as fast as you can!"

I hear you say: "What! inject instruction into the artless plays of a baby? What an outrage!" But does not a baby learn? Does he not learn to use his legs by kicking, his hands by grasping and clapping, his vocal organs by crying or crowing? When he is older he learns to walk, to observe, to name things. He is learning ceaselessly. Now, the outrage of a primary school is not that the child is not a-learning, but that he is put to learn things not suited to his years, and in ways that are in direct violation of the laws of his nature. Learn he must. One could inflict few punishments more grievous than to forbid a little child to learn. The question is, what shall he learn and how?

Trust him to nature? That means to leave him to chance. And if chance instruction, or the "teaching of nature," is so much better than wise guidance, why not make him a savage at once? If you show him the best road to his goal, why not show him the road when he is younger? The superstition that a child's mind should be neglected in its first learning, is a natural reaction from the rote-teaching of the primary school.



SLATE-PICTURE.

Froebel swept away, once for all, the use of books in teaching a child under seven years of age. The Kindergarten knows no alphabet but that of things. Letters and

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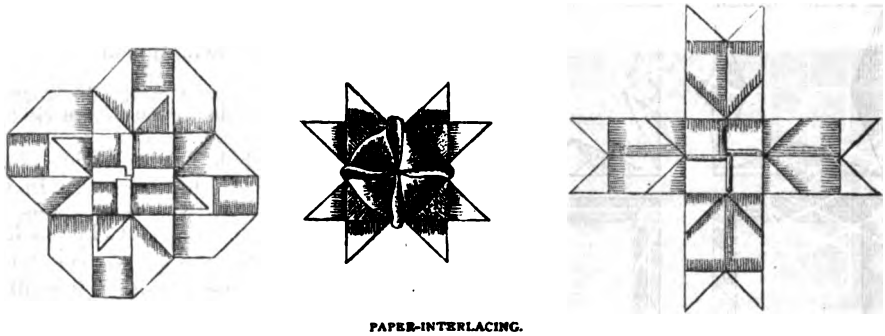
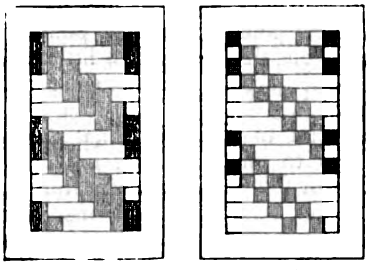
words are abstractions, and infancy can only reach the abstract by progressive steps.

A little child, said Froebel, loves activity. From its earliest moments motion is pleasant to it. So, Froebel never exacted quiet, but



PAPER-INTERLACING.

demanded of the child what it is his joy to give, action. Pestalozzi gave object lessons, by which he taught the child through his instinct of curiosity. It was a great ad-



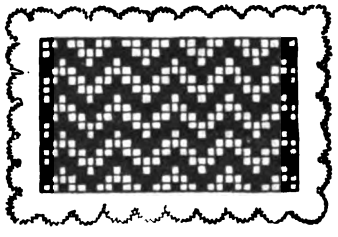
PAPER-WEAVING: SIMPLE FORMS.

vance upon the teaching that had gone before. Froebel gave, not object lessons, but *action*, lessons in which the child not only *saw*, but produced. In this, he was a whole age in advance of Pestalozzi. In that vein of mingled philosophy and poetry so characteristic of him, Froebel says: "The world is sick of thinking, the only cure is doing." A child who is stupid enough in school is bright and active at his plays, full of mental as well as of physical energy. The school, by its false method, benumbs his powers and makes the bright boy a lazy dunce. "Let us try," says Froebel, "to have the child embody all its perceptions in actions; only thus can laziness and inertness be overcome from the beginning."

The Kindergarten is not a primary school. Froebel called the schools for little children "Hot-house-forcing-institutions." He describes the purposes of the Kindergarten to be to "take the oversight of the child before he is ready for school, strengthening his physical powers, training his senses, and employing his mind; and to make him thoughtfully acquainted with nature and man, to guide his heart and soul aright, leading to the Origin of all life and to union with Him."

His whole method founded itself upon the child's nature. A child is social, therefore he must have companions and not be left to the solitude of his home. He is active and fond of making—keep him busy, and help him to produce things. He loves the earth—give him a garden patch. He is an artist—give him music, imitative action, and other appropriate means of expression. He is curious—teach him to think and discover. He is religious—lead him to trust in God. On this last he said: "God-trust, rock-firm God-trust, has died out of the world. The Kindergarten shall bring it back so that the next generation of children shall be God's children."

Here is work for a child, not against the grain, but with it; not in violation of God's law in the child's nature, but in loving obedience to it. Instead of punishing the lad who



PAPER-WEAVING.

makes pictures upon his slate, the loving Kindergarten master puts him to making pictures, and gently shows him how to produce with his fingers the pictures that float in his brains. Instead of rebuking his curiosity

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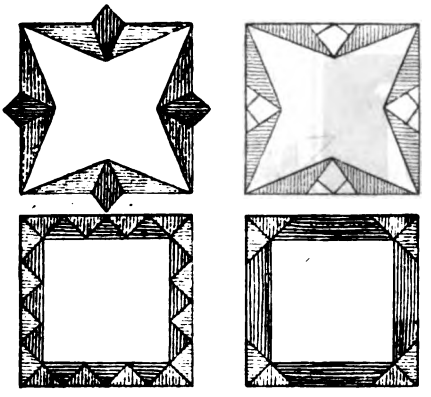
and constructiveness, the Keilhau schoolmaster yokes them to his purpose. Instead of checking the child's sweetest impulse—the impulse to play—he consecrates it. Jean



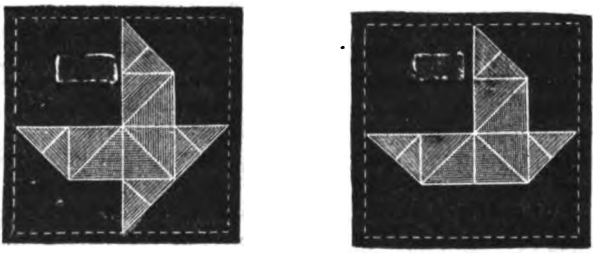
PAPER-FOLDING.

Paul has said: "Play is the child's first poetry." It was a wise and poetic saying of a poet. But Froebel was not a poet, but a schoolmaster and a philosopher. He went deeper, and said the supreme word about play when he called it "the first work of childhood." It is the child's chief business. Use play to serve the ends of education you may, but to do away with it is the unpardonable sin of the prevalent method of teaching.

It was not in theory alone, however, that Froebel advanced beyond his predecessors, but in the practical devices by which he realized his theory. I have spoken of the "Mother's Cosseting Songs"—songs accompanied by gestures. Let us come now to the entrance of the child into the Kindergarten at three years of age; for, since a child craves society, he must have fellows of his own age. Froebel rejected the idealism which insisted that a child must be taught only at home. Few mothers are qualified to teach children, few have the leisure, and no homes can satisfy the child's love of society.

The first "gift" which Froebel puts in the hands of a child is a ball, or rather six soft colored balls. A sphere is of uniform surface, without angles or anything else that can exact of the child the exercise of the faculty of distinguishing one from the other as applied to form. This simplicity is the true significance of the sphere in the child's education. I have no sympathy with the enthusiastic philosophizing of some of the ablest writers on the Kindergarten, who point out that the sphere is the fundamental form of nature in the cell and the final form in the worlds of the universe. Since the little child playing with colored balls does not and cannot know this, the fact goes for nothing in education, and the idealistic glamour which it throws over the Froebellian system is well calculated to prejudice practical people. In playing with his ball, the child readily considers it as a whole; its qualities of size, weight, color, and form, are taken in their simplicity. Besides, it is a plaything—he rolls, tosses, swings it; his imagination transforms it into living things, and the delightful mental activity produced by it is all but endless. And with the six colored balls, he learns to distinguish the primary and secondary colors.

After the ball, which is the A, B, C book of the Kindergarten, the child receives a sphere, a cylinder, and a cube made of wood. This is the second gift. He must now distinguish forms. "To complete the child's knowledge of the ball," says Miss Blow in language as clear as it is concise, "he must compare it with something else, and as his powers are too weak to discern slight divergences, he needs an object which presents to it the completest possible contrast. Instead of the unity of the ball, we have in the cube variety; instead of the simplicity of the ball, we have in the cube complexity; instead of the unvarying uniformity of the ball, we have in the cube an object which



PAPER-FOLDING.

changes with every modification of position, and every acceleration of movement; instead of the ready movableness of the ball, we have in the cube an object which, as it were, embodies the tendency to repose." The cylinder, again, is the connecting link between the sphere and the cube. With it the pupil is exercised in making yet nicer distinctions, in seeing likenesses to both the companion objects, and in pointing out differences.

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The third gift is a cube, divided into eight smaller cubes, pleasing the child's fancy, for taking to pieces and reconstructing in new forms, and restoring again the first form. Here the analytic faculty is exercised in the simplest way and upon a concrete object. The child plays and learns, and is developed at the same moment. The law of his nature is respected, and the child reaps the benefit. Step by step, the little feet climb up; each gift leads naturally on to its successor. The fourth, fifth, and sixth gifts are cubes divided into blocks of other and different forms, increasing the child's opportunity to distinguish, and his resources for creating new combinations of triangular and oblong blocks with cubes. The passage from the solid to the surface is approached in the oblong blocks into which the cube is divided. In the seventh gift the transition is made, and we have the embodied surface in a series of tablets. But the link of logical progress is never broken. The square tablet is the side of the cube with which the child is already familiar; a diagonal line through the square gives us our first form of the triangle, and every other step is alike carefully connected, and an easy and natural passage is made for the child's mind. The interlacing slats of the eighth gift are the stepping-stone from surface to line, and then sticks and wires are used until, in the "occupation" of pricking paper with a pin, the child reaches the point. From the solid, which is the concrete, he has traveled to the point, which is the abstract. It is the road to all philosophy. He has broken the first little foot-path of human thought. It will one day become a highway.

PAPER-CUTTING: SYMMETRIC LIFE-FORMS.

We have now got through with the "gifts," properly speaking, though the German writers call all the material used in the Kindergarten by this name. But Miss Blow, whose published lecture is perhaps the clearest brief statement of the philosophical basis of the Kindergarten that we have yet had in English, insists on drawing a broad line of philosophical distinction between the exercises on the "gifts" and the "occupations." The main purpose in the gifts has been to train the pupil to analyze, to pick to pieces and see the inside, to proceed in a child-like fashion by early steps from the concrete toward the abstract, from the solid toward the points. In the occupations, which we are about to consider, the main tendency is the other way; here the pupil is put to constructing,—traveling backward from point to line, from line to surface, from surface to solid, from the abstract to the concrete, from the part to the whole. But let us not deceive ourselves by our love of systematic thinking. It is only in the main currents that the two kinds of Kindergarten teaching set in opposite ways. For all through the exercises with the gifts the pupil has been turned back upon his own track. He has analyzed by separating into parts, but he has straightway built the parts into new creations. And more and more, as he approaches the line and point (in the slats and sticks), is he chiefly occupied with creation. And, again, though in the occupations his chief business becomes the making of things, yet at every step he turns and looks back, analyzing that which his hands have made. Thus the two great modes of thought become familiar and easy to him.

It is impossible to describe the occupations with any fullness in a brief and unscientific

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article such as this. I must therefore depend upon the graver's art to present to the eye things which are exceedingly difficult to describe. But neither by pen nor picture can I show, in these limits, the step-by-step progress of the little learner.

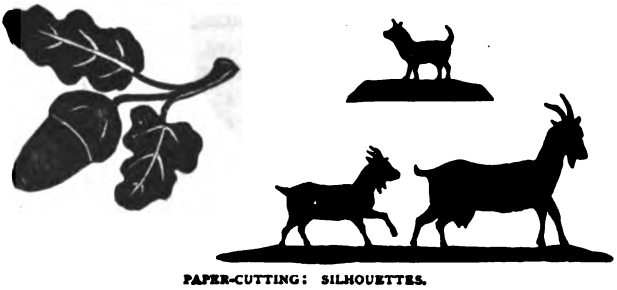
With the balls, the blocks, the tablets, the interlacing slats, the sticks and the wires, the pupil has learned to dissect, to rebuild, to count a little, to imitate, as his material will allow, visible objects; to be accurate in description, and careful and precise in handiwork. He has learned to use his eyes, his limbs, and his faculties in ways appropriate to his age, and satisfying to his instincts. He is now ready to begin the "occupations," technically so called.

PAPER-CUTTING: SILHOUETTES.

The gifts stop with the line in the sticks and wires. The process of abstraction cannot well be carried further until we pass over to the more synthetic occupations, though I have seen the laying of pebbles and shells in various forms introduced to complete the series. But there is danger of pushing theory and system too far. It seems to me that Froebel appreciated what some of us forget, that when analysis becomes complete it can go no further. Consequently the point can hardly come at all into the analytic series. The gifts leave off with the line. The occupations begin with the point. The child is given a perforating needle, set in a handle. With this he makes holes in bits of paper, producing here, as with the material of the gifts, a great variety of forms—forms of beauty, or symmetrical figures, forms of life, or imitations of objects, and mathematical forms, or geometric figures. At every step he is encouraged to invent figures of his own, and the free productions of tiny Kindergarteners are the most wonderful things I know. After the form has been produced by perforation, the pupil embroiders it with silk or worsted, or card-board. He is thus taught to think synthetically,—after the manner of a child—to make lines out of points.

Having arrived at the line in return from the point toward the solid, the pupil is ready to begin drawing. In the old schools how many a boy got beaten for "making pictures on his slate." In the Kindergarten this irrepressible instinct is encouraged to develop itself, and in its development it is made a powerful engine for the general training of the child. The chief difficulty with a little child is that it cannot "make anything," in all its struggles with a pencil. The figure as conceived in the child's mind mocks the clumsy achievement. But the gentle hand of Friedrich Froebel is stretched out to help the little fellow to do what he seeks to do. Already with block, and slats, and sticks, and wires, and perforating needles, he has produced pictures. He stands, pencil in hand, ready to work, and behold the practical help which the provident Froebel has put before him. His slate at first is grooved, and afterward his paper is ruled in lines crossing at right angles, Placing his slate pencil in the groove, the trembling and unskilled little fingers are guided. He succeeds from the first in making a straight line. For good, wise old Froebel is holding and guiding his hand. From straight marks one square in length he proceeds progressively. He is able to form triangles by a series of parallel lines, and then symmetric figures by combinations of triangles. At every step he is helped by devices which leave him still a great deal of freedom, and give him always a sense of power. He arrives at last at complicated figures.

PAPER-CUTTING: SILHOUETTE.



PAPER-CUTTING: SILHOUETTES.

Next comes the occupation of paper-weaving and interlacing. Our pupil has got

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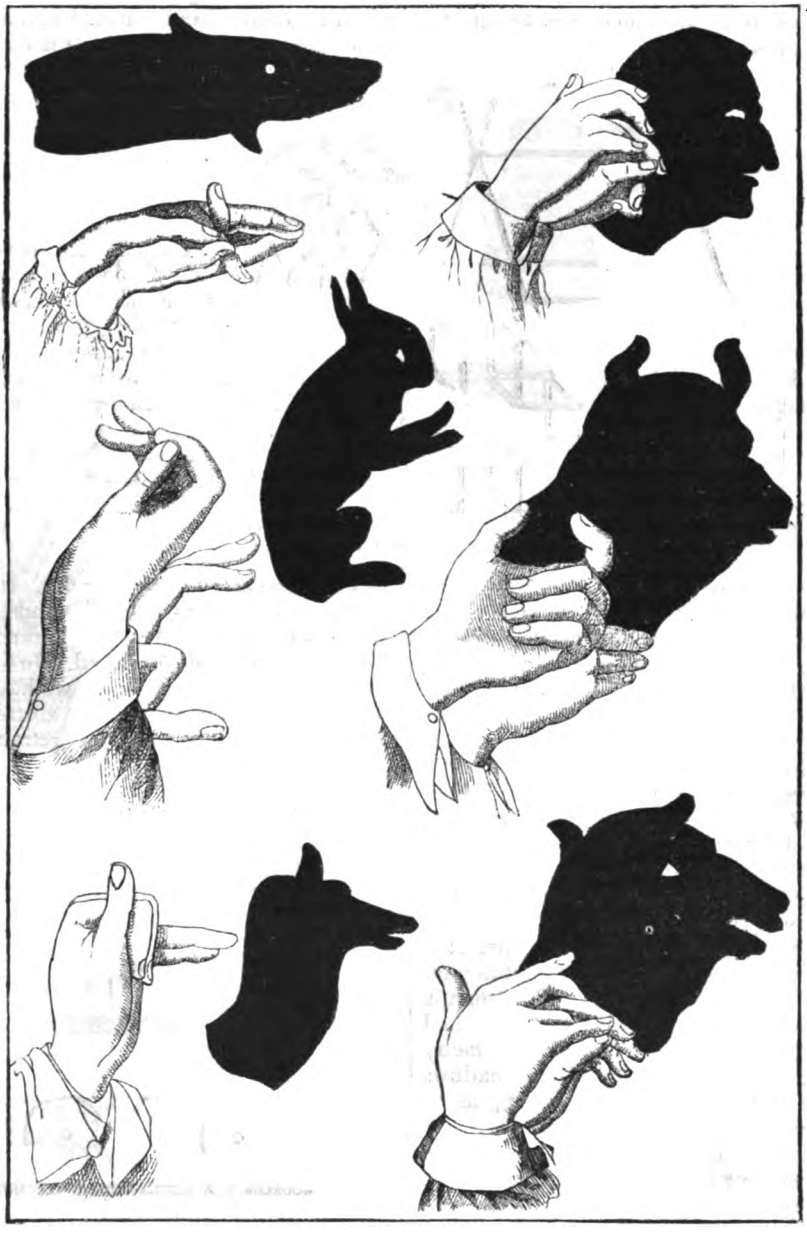
back from his journey so far as to be on the level of his old occupation of slat-interlacing. He is now recrossing the gap between line and surface. But this present occupation of weaving colored papers gives him a far larger field for the exercise of his faculties than he had in slat-interlacing. Mark what Froebel expects to accomplish here. He says that this occupation in particular meets the desire which girls have to use the needle, and the necessity they have to become expert in manipulation. Then, too, children love to give pleasure to parents and friends. The little mats produced in weaving are used for gifts, and thus the heart is enlarged. The paper-weaving exer-



KINDERGARTEN STUDIES OF FORM: SHADOW-PICTURES.

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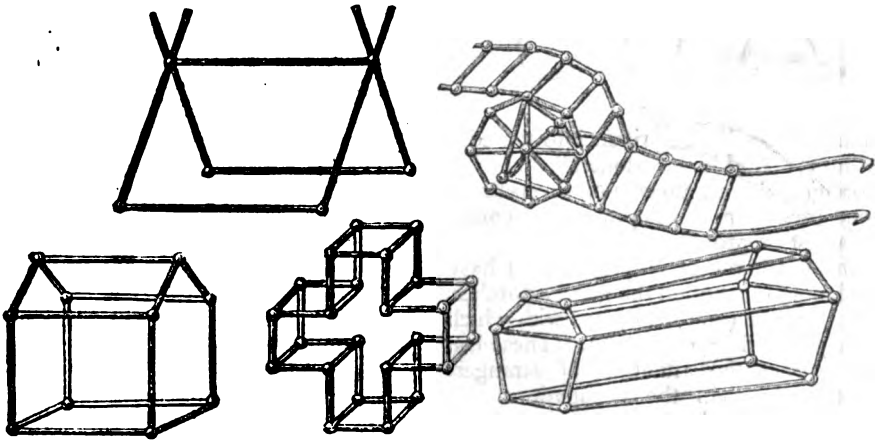
cises the intelligence also, for here the pupil is taught to count and to group; he learns to distinguish the contrasts of elementary designs, and to combine these contrasts in such fashion as to create, according to a fixed law, an immense variety of figures, progressing from the most simple to the most complex.



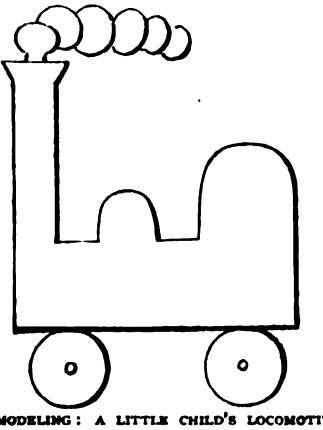
PEA-WORK: OUTLINES OF SOLIDS.

Returning now to the surface, we have the occupation of folding little squares of paper. Neither descriptions nor illustrations can give the reader any notion of the vast variety of uses to which this art is put. "The little square of paper which Froebel gives to the child," says Jacobs, "becomes for him a whole geometry and a book of art."

The resources of the paper as folded having at last been pretty well exhausted, the child is taught a world of new lessons by the cutting of the folded paper, which, after being cut out, is then opened, and thus made to produce a multitude of symmetric forms, which the pupil discusses and analyzes in the light of his past training. Forms of life are also made: half a man is cut in folded paper, which on being opened presents both sides, illustrating the symmetry of the human form, and lights and shadows are so produced in silhouette cutting as to give relief to the figures.

The next art is a very curious one. Peas are softened by soaking; into these sharpened wires or sticks are inserted, so as to produce many curious forms. On one side this occupation holds to the sticks which the child had for one of his last gifts. But on the other side it is more advanced, for here he is taught to form the outlines of solids—to reconstruct in skeleton the figures which were given him long ago in his dissected cube. Here, too, he imitates many forms of life, and studies now a new geometry.

From pea-work he passes to modeling with pasteboard. By cutting and joining this he has reproduced the surface of the solid. At last in clay modeling he is back again to the solid. But what a change! It is no longer the cube, the sphere, the cylinder. It is now a solid which is plastic in his hands, full of infinite possibilities. And a like transformation has taken place in his mind. He has traveled the road in two ways, as we have said. He has gone from concrete to abstract and back again, turning ever and retracing his



CLAY-MODELING: A LITTLE CHILD'S LOCOMOTIVE.

steps until the road is now familiar. But that is not all. He has made that other pilgrimage that every mind must make in education. By gentle steps he has proceeded from the simple to the complex—from one to many, from himself to God's

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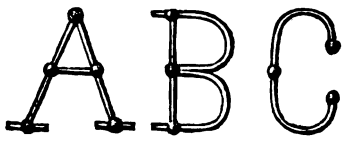
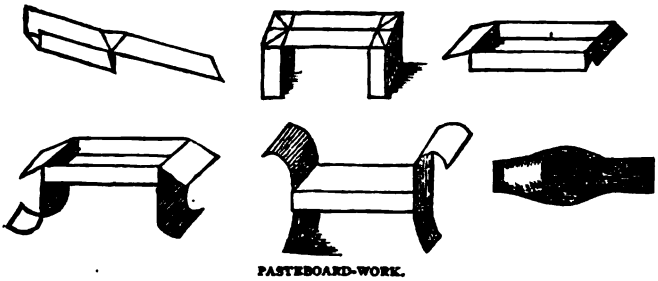
great universe of objects. Having acquired this discipline in the beginning, all the rest is possible to him. In learning to do he has learned to see, to distinguish, to think, to count, to imagine, to invent, to rely on himself—in a word, he has planted all the



PEA-WORK.

germinating seeds that ripen into the educated man. And he has done all this without forcing, without precocious over-study, without premature development and consequent arrest of growth.

In this catalogue of employments I have not had room to mention the garden patches, nor the charming musical plays with which each day's work is diversified. These last always attract the attention of strangers more strongly than the occupations. In these merry song-plays the artistic instinct finds healthy development, the child *acts* the most beautiful fancies. When you observe children playing "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow," "Drop the handkerchief," or other spontaneous games of the sort, you will see from what Froebel got his idea. The Kindergarten children, by concerted action set to music and poetry, mimic the grinding of a mill, the flying out of pigeons, the operations of the husbandman, the galloping of the horse, the hammering of the blacksmith, the gambols of animals, and a hundred other things. These plays are full of æsthetic education,—they are poetry and dramatic art for babes.



PASTEBOARD-WORK.

The Kindergarten has spread steadily since the death of Froebel. In Germany its chief promoter is the able and zealous Baroness Marenholtz-Bülow. Indeed, I might say that she is the apostle of Froebel's ideas for all Europe; in France, Italy, and England her influence is felt, as well as at home. Most of the very eminent teachers of educational methods, and many of the leading thinkers of Europe, have one by one given in their adhesion to the Froebellian method, and the practical work of founding Kindergartens and training-schools makes steady progress from year to year.

In this country the first propagator of the Kindergarten idea was the gifted and enthusiastic Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, of Boston, who began to cry in the wilderness of our evil methods more than a dozen years ago, while yet Froebel was an unknown name and the Kindergarten an unintelligible term. She has the qualities of a forerunning reformer, a contagious enthusiasm, and an over-hopefulness that nothing daunts, and a persistent energy that is not often found in one whose hairs are so white. With her the Kindergarten is a religion. She calls it "the noblest opportunity for coöperating with God."

There were one or two isolated Kindergartens started in this country many years ago, in the German language, but they did not succeed. When, in 1867, Mrs. Matilda Kriege, and her daughter Miss Alma Kriege, a graduate of the training-school of the Baroness Marenholtz, undertook the difficult task of opening a training-school in Boston, the cause was fairly planted in America—planted, as every good thing is, in years of anxiety, of self-denial, of pecuniary loss. To Mrs. Kriege and her daughter—persons of great intelligence and the most unselfish devotion to their great work—belongs the credit of founding the first successful reproductive Kindergarten in America, and the very first training-school ever attempted here. After training some of the best Kindergarteners we have, Mrs. and Miss Kriege, during an absence in Germany, intrusted their Boston institution to Miss Garland, who, with Miss Weston, still conducts it. The next successful training-school was founded by Miss Haines, the eminent principal of a young ladies' school in New York. She employed for her first teacher Miss Boelte, now Mrs. Kraus. On Mrs. Kraus's retirement Miss Haines brought from Germany again the original founders of the Kindergarten in this country, Mrs. Kriege and her daughter, who now have charge of Miss

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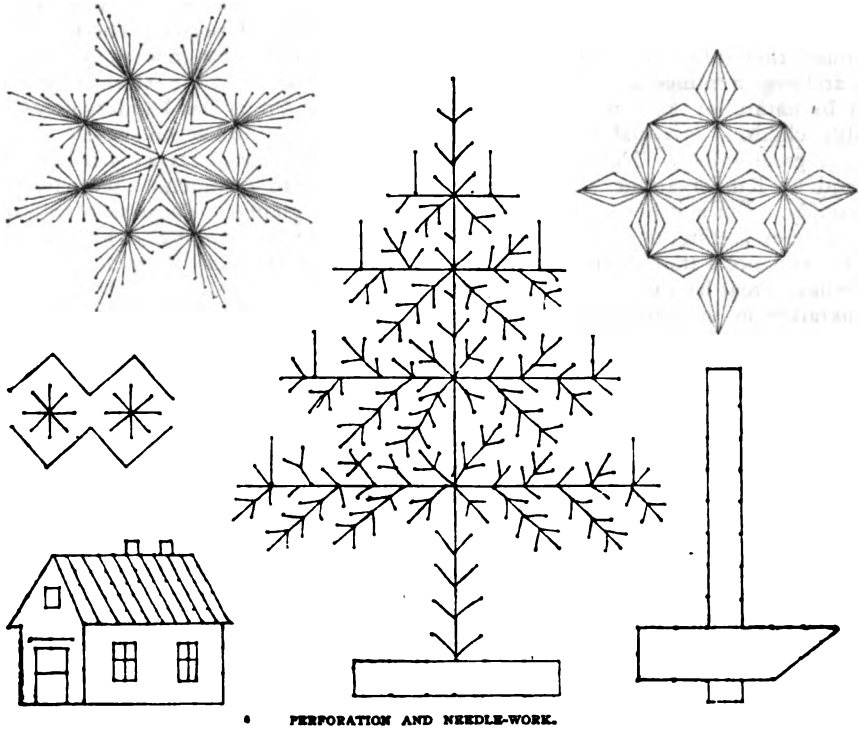
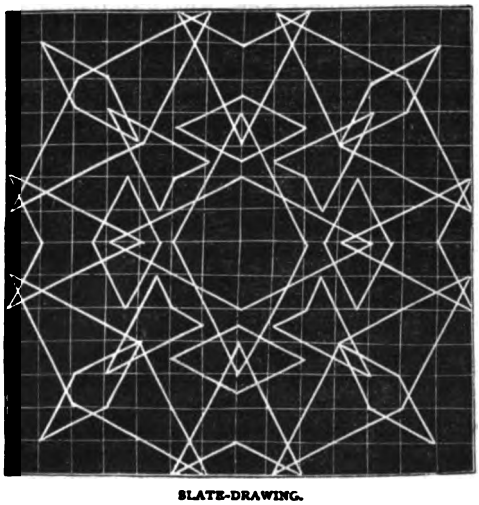
Haines's Kindergarten and training-school in Grammercy Park. Meantime the former teacher of this school, Mrs. Kraus-Boelte—



PERFORATION AND NEEDLE-WORK.

an able and experienced Kindergartener, also —has started further up town a Kindergarten of her own, with a training-school. Miss Blow, daughter of the late Hon. Henry T. Blow, of St. Louis, was a pupil of Mrs. Kraus-Boelte at Miss Haines's. After her graduation she returned to her own city and consecrated freely to the work of promoting the new education her time, her large intelligence, and her means. She succeeded very early in enlisting the ardent coöperation of Mr. Harris, the superintendent of the city schools, and to-day St. Louis is the foremost city of the country in the number of Kindergartens in connection with the public schools.

There are several difficulties which the promoters of Kindergarten work have to contend with. America is a land of dabblers. Everywhere there are people who pretend to have Kindergartens, without even knowing what a Kindergarten is. Quacks, both German and American, seek to make money out of the popularity of the name. There are people who claim to have improved on the method at which Froebel arrived after a life-time of study and experience, but who have never taken the trouble to understand the alphabet of his system. There are no genuine Kindergarteners except those who have the diploma of a training-school, and there are but five training-



SLATE-DRAWING.

schools recognized as competent to give certificates,—namely, that of Mrs. Kriege, in connection with Miss Haines's school in New

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York; that of Mrs. Kraus-Boelte, in New York; that of Misses Garland and Weston in Boston; that of Miss Blow, in St. Louis, and that of Miss Marwedel, in Washington.

There are a large number of trained Kindergarteners in active service in the country. Of course they differ widely in natural aptitude, and even a trained Kindergartener, not fitted by nature for the care and instruction of little children, is capable of doing the cause a great injury. There is a constant demand for Kindergarteners, far exceeding the supply. But it is not a work for a selfish, a money-getting, or an indolent person to do. It is not a trade, but a mission.

We have great lack of a good Kindergarten literature in the English language; but this lack is likely to be abundantly supplied, for here too there is an enthusiastic laborer, ready to do all that he can for the cause. Mr. E. Steiger, the German bookseller in Frankfort street, has made it his "mission" to import all the German, French, and English works, to publish such good American books on the subject as were offered, and to manufacture the material. The earliest publication in this country was Miss Peabody's "Kindergarten Guide," a book full of good thoughts, as is everything that Miss Peabody writes; but written before she was thoroughly acquainted with Froebel's system. Two of her lectures, recently published through the liberality of an enthusiastic Pittsburg clergyman, are much better. Miss Peabody issued for some years past a little monthly magazine, "The Kindergarten Messenger," now merged in the "New England Journal of Education." Very early in the history of the movement, Mr. Milton Bradley, of Springfield, Mass., a manufacturer of children's games, undertook, from disinterested motives, the publication of Wiebé's "Paradise of Childhood," a book chiefly valuable for its fine lithographic illustrations and some important matter transferred from the German works. The best statement of the fundamental principles of the Kindergarten, especially in its application to the smallest children, is to be found in Mrs. Kriege's "The Child," a free rendering of a German work by the Baroness Marenholtz. Of the German text-books, Köhler's "Praxis des Kindergartens" is one of the latest, amplest, and best. Karl Froebel's Kindergarten Drawing-books need no translator to commend themselves to the eye at a glance. Those who read no German, but who understand French, will find Jacobs' "Manuel Pratique des Jardins d'Enfants," a most serviceable manual. Ronge's "Practical Guide to the English Kindergarten," is a good London publication, but somewhat out of date. It may be well to say that no one can become a Kindergartener from books alone. The art can only be acquired in the training-school.

Like their founder himself, the teachers and promoters of the Froebellian reformation are all enthusiasts. To be interested in the Kindergarten is to be enthusiastic. The teachers, the lecturers, the writers, the very booksellers who handle the books, make a sort of religion out of it. The millennium to which they look is the day when the primary school for little children shall be no more, the day in which all little children shall learn according to God's law in their own natures. And of all the sayings of the great Apostle of Infancy, the favorite one is that watchword which is graven on his tombstone. For you must know that the tomb of Froebel is just the most appropriate in the world—it is a cube, a cylinder, and a sphere—the "second gift." And on the cube, which serves for pedestal, they have graven his own battle-cry: "Kommt, läszt uns unsern kindern leben." *Come, let us live for our children!*

MY FRIEND.

(AFTER THE GERMAN.)

THE friend who holds a mirror to my face,
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace
My faults, my smallest blemishes, within;
Who friendly warns, reproves me if I sin,—
Although it seem not so,—he is my friend.

But he who, ever flattering, gives me praise,
Who ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delays
To come with eagerness and grasp my hand,
And pardon me, ere pardon I demand,—
He is my enemy, although he seem my friend.

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BIFRÖST, THE RAINBOW BRIDGE.

A NORSE LEGEND.

WHEN the Immortals stood in light
First, on the archway of the skies,
The home of sevenfold glory bright,
All thrilling with a sweet surprise,

They triumphed in that shining place—
Balder the beautiful, and Frey,
And all of Asgard's stately race,
New-born, and radiant from on high.

But their strong brother, who had gone
Perforce, through storm and cloud, and wrath,
Before them, walked the bridge alone,
And proved his way the quicker path.

Thus there are those who lightly tread
Untired upon the rainbow bridge;
While airs of heaven play round the head
Serene they mount its fairy ridge.

Others there are who, lost and blind,
Struggle in mist, and maze, and dark;
And all they love and long for, find,
Without a path or guiding spark,

Yet sooner reach the gleaming goal
Than they who freely mount aloft,
Where color warms the happy soul,
In rays concentric, pulses soft.

Take courage, then, ye sons of strength,
Who fain must struggle night and day!
Conquering, ye gain your peace at length;
The dark way is the shorter way.

TRURO PARISH.

WHEN a corps of Sherman's Army, marching northward after the close of the Civil War, came to the vicinity of Mount Vernon, the soldiers were surprised at the sight of the village of Accotink, which in its appearance and inhabitants seemed to be a New England town. The white cottages with green window-blinds, the neatly kept yards, the Quaker meeting-house, and particularly the absence of the bar-room—that invariable feature of all the Southern towns—produced quite a home-like feeling on the heroes of the March to the Sea, and such as they had not expected to experience short of those distant homes where those who were left behind were doubtless singing "When Johnnie comes marching home."

This village was founded in 1850 by a settlement of New England Quakers; and under their auspices the country around recovered from that look of faded prosperity which it had worn for many decades previous to their coming. A century ago this district was called, under the régime of the English Church, Truro Parish,—a name bestowed by the family of Cockburn, who

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came from the town of Truro in Cornwall, England.

Old Pohick Church, as the parish church is called, stands on the old stage road, five miles from Mount Vernon, and the same distance from Gunston Hall, the mansion of Col. George Mason—known in history as "George Mason of '76," the author of the Bill of Rights and also of the Constitution of Virginia.

This "stately edifice" (as it has been called by some patriotic antiquarians who invested it with the grandeur of the Father of his Country as soon as they saw his illustrious name in gilt letters on one of the pew doors), was built in the most solid fashion, of imported brick, and up to 1861 had withstood decay and neglect. It had been left for years without any properly constituted guardian, and except on chance occasions its solemn echoes were not awakened by the voice of the preacher or the sound of anthems. Up to that time it had been preserved entire; but at the very commencement of hostilities it became a picket post, alternately held by the cavalry outposts of the opposing armies, and in 1865 but little of the interior remained; the capacious chancel on one side, and the high, elaborately carved pulpit on the other, had disappeared as completely as the wigs and queues of the Colonial gentry whose names were inscribed on the doors of the high-backed pews. The improvised cicerone, in the person of a rustic vagrant, told the writer that the door of General Washington's pew had served to stop the chink of a cabin,—the same ignoble end to which the dust of Cæsar may have been destined. The stone pavement of the aisles, dinted by the hoofs of the light Virginia thorough-bred and the heavy Pennsylvania charger, was all that remained of the interior; and but for the pious care of a wealthy gentleman of New York, who has partially restored the building, we might find to-day only the bare ruin of this ancient Colonial relic.

The first Pohick Church, built sometime during the governorship of Spotswood, stood some distance south of the present one, and on the bank of a creek which still retains its Indian name of Pohick. This is the extreme point reached by Captain John Smith in 1608 in his expedition in canoes, and the grave of one of his party, Lieut. Wm. Herris, a few miles below, marks the spot where that "Goode Stoute Soldiere" lost his life in a skirmish with "those tall and proper salvages," as the bold adventurer terms them in his history.

In the year 1769 this church became untenable, and Col. Washington and Col. Mason having selected the new location, the building was planned by the former, and erected under his immediate supervision. The drawings of the ground-plan and front elevation are still extant, and may serve to prove that, though the designer may have been "a poor young surveyor," he could not have been a poor architect.

The church was completed in 1773, and from a deed conveying a pew to Parson Massey we find that the Vestry at that date was composed as follows:

Geo. Washington, Geo. Mason, Daniel McCarty, Alexander Henderson, Thos. Ellzy, Thos. Withers Coffer, Martin Cockburn, Wm. Payne, Jr., Jno. Barry, Jno. Gunnell.

At that time, as we see from the originals of some of the accounts that have been preserved, the rector's salary was £650, independent of that of the clerk. And the assemblage at Pohick on a Sunday morning was so suggestive of wealth and prosperity that the traditional description of it might well have drawn a sigh from the breast of that representative individual, known by his familiar initials of F. F. V., when fifty years later he heard his grandsire tell the story, and tell also how the Virginia Leaf in those days brought eighty cents per pound in the markets of Liverpool and Bordeaux.

On this spot, where the hungry riders of Pleasonton and Stewart looked around in vain for "grub" and forage, where the last of the F. F. V.'s had stood and bewailed his desolate fields and fallen fortunes, the Mount Vernon coach, driving four, with liveried coachman and footman, and with the ancient arms of de Hertburn emblazoned on the panel, had drawn up amidst a crowd of powdered beaux, who always came to church early and were ever ready to vie with each other for the honor of handing Mrs. Washington from her coach. This carriage, which Barrington, or some other distinguished Irishman, would have called "a specimen of Gothic architecture on wheels," was built to order in London, and for a long period served as a model after which those old Colonial swells had their equipages made. The running gear and lower section of the body were cream color, with gilt moldings; the "top hamper" mahogany, with green Venetian blinds, and

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the interior finished in black leather; two great "head lights" on the box served at night to let the curious traveler know that "a person of quality" was on the road, and aided West Ford to keep his bearings on the dangerous highways not yet smoothed by the magic hand of McAdam. Our great prototype republican also had his coat-of-arms on the door panel, fully emblazoned and "tricked." As the crest is emblazoned on a ducal coronet, we may perhaps accept the story that these are the armorial bearings of William de Hertburn, a Norman baron, who was lord of the manor of Washington in the 13th century. On the four side panels were pictures representing the seasons. This coach came into the possession of Bishop Meade of Virginia, who, with one eye to business and the other to charity, had it cut up and sold in pieces at a church fair.

The Fairfaxes, Masons, Lewises, and others of the county drove similar turnouts whenever they "went abroad,"—a phrase which signified any place beyond the limits of their own domain.

Not the least important feature of the congregation of Pohick was the crowd of negro lackeys in liveries and great periwigs: much more consequential in their bearing than any of their masters.

In this iconoclastic age we may venture to say, without being profane, that the traditions of this neighborhood do not substantiate those authorities who dressed the character of The Great Republican for an audience much more severe than the one before which he actually performed. As we shall see by the characters of some of the rectors of Truro, the morals and manners of the time were far from being "in accord" with the habits and sentiments of an ascetic.

The dress in which Colonel Washington generally appeared at church was a laced hat, stone-colored coat with gilt buttons, blue surtout, buff knee-breeches, boots and gilt spurs. Being held the best horseman and boldest fox-hunter in Virginia, it was natural that he followed the fashion prevalent among the young gallants and came to church on horseback. He used a Pelham bit, and generally rode with holsters at his saddle-peak. The portrait by Peale, which is considered by his relatives the most correct one, represents him at the age of forty in the uniform of Colonel of the Twenty-second Virginia Militia. There is no trace of resemblance to the grand-motherly portrait by Stuart, even allowing for the difference of age. The former agrees in personal appearance with the character given him by neighborhood tradition,—a bold, dashing gallant, even after his marriage; rather foppish in dress, and safe, according as occasion offered, to win a lady's smile, or the fox's brush.

The business administration of this parish, though on the same plan, was perhaps more thorough than that of any of the other Colonial parishes. The two wardens, as executive officers of the vestry, kept a corps of weavers, cobblers, blacksmiths, and other mechanics, at work for the parish, the hands being either hired, apprenticed, or furnished by the county authorities from the paupers and persons condemned to hard labor for petty offenses. The assessments and voluntary contributions of the congregation were paid in tobacco, but all disbursements were in money. The tobacco on hand was sold according to special orders of the vestry. One of these orders, dated Colchester, August 22d, 1769, directs the sale of fifteen hogsheads at Pohick Warehouse; the designations are in the same method used in Virginia at the present day. In one of the vestry accounts of the same year we find the following items:

	£	S	D
By Cash Rec'd from Wm. Payne Sherif	743	5	7
By Jemima Grimsly for a base-born child	1	0	0
By Priscilla Hunt for Do	1	0	0

As the last *ditto* is repeated seven times in the same account, we might suppose that there was a corps of gay Lotharios in Truro Parish.

In Parson Massey's letter of resignation, two years after the commencement of hostilities, he states that his salary had been cut down to £150, and refers to the decline in the price of tobacco. We find here the secret of that decline in the agricultural wealth of the Old Dominion, about which her politicians have talked so much, and which has been so often attributed to the fostering of New England interests, to the prejudice of the Middle and Southern States. The price-current, published by Fenwick, Mason & Co., of Bordeaux, and another by Crosbies & Trafford of Liverpool,—two houses to which the planters on the Potomac shipped tobacco,—quote Virginia Leaf at thirty and sixty pence. This price held in France during the French Revolution; but after the close of our Revolution, with that exception, the price steadily declined. The

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heirs of the Colonial planters inherited the wealth of their fathers without their enterprise and industry, and while the price of the product declined, the lands, under a baneful system of labor and cultivation, were gradually being worn out.

While the morals of the Colonial society were much looser than ours, there was nevertheless a certain pretention and ceremony of religion maintained in all the relations of private life, and even carried into business transactions. In every household prayers were read morning and evening with a stiff and solemn formality, the negro servants standing in line at the back of the room; and the guest who absented himself would have been deemed a blackguard, although he would have been forgiven for being drunk in the presence of the ladies with whom he played cards for money.

Here is a bill of lading for four hogsheads of tobacco, shipped November 18, 1763, from the next plantation to Mount Vernon:

"*Shipp'd, by the Grace of God, in good Order, and well condition'd, by —— in and upon the good Ship call'd the Virginia, whereof is Master under God, for this present voyage, Henry McCabe, and now riding at anchor in the River Potomac, and by God's Grace bound for Liverpool, &c.* * * * *

"*And so God send the good Ship to her desir'd port in safety. Amen.*"

In Davis's "Four Years and a Half in America," a book published in 1803, and dedicated to Mr. Jefferson, we find the following description of the town of Colchester, and of the congregation at Pohick:

"On the side of the bridge stands a tavern where every luxury that money can purchase may be had at first summons, where the choicest viands cover the table, and where ice cools the Madeira which has been thrice across the ocean. Having slept one night at this tavern, I rose with the sun and journeyed to the mills, catching refreshment from a light air that stirred the leaves of the trees. About eight miles from Occoquan Mills is a house of worship called Pohick Church, a name it claims from a creek which flows near its walls. Thither I rode on Sunday, and joined the congregation of Parson Weems, a minister of the Episcopal Church, who was cheerful in his mien that he might win men to religion. A Virginian churchyard on a Sunday resembles rather a racecourse than a sepulchral ground. The ladies come to it in carriages, and the men, after dismounting from their horses, make them fast to the trees. But the steeples to the Virginian churches are designed, not for utility, but ornament, for the bell is always suspended to a tree a few yards from the church. It is observable that the gate is ever carefully locked by the sexton, who retires last. Wonder and ignorance are ever reciprocal. I was astounded on entering the church-yard at Pohick to hear

'Steed threaten steed with high and boastful neigh.'

Nor was I less stunned by the rattling of carriage-wheels, the cracking of whips, and the vociferations of the gentlemen to the negroes who accompanied them. But the discourse of Mr. Weems calmed every perturbation, for he preached the great doctrines of salvation as one who had felt their power."

The first rector of Truro, of whom we have any account, was the Rev. Chas. Green, who filled the rectorship for twenty-three years. It appears from some of General Washington's letters that he was an intimate at Mount Vernon, but tradition gives him the character of such a parson as we find in the old English novels, and of the pattern of the two which Thackeray presents to us in "The Virginians." He must have been equally versed in theology and cards, and as ready for the race-course as for the pulpit. If our modern ideas of clerical dignity are shocked by contemplating such a character, we must blame the morals and manners of the time, and not so much the individual. The Great Story-teller palliates the "slack twisted" morals of the Colonial society by throwing it into favorable comparison with the corresponding society in the mother country.

Parson Green died in 1763, and was succeeded by the Rev. Lee Massey. This individual is described as man of the highest education, of exalted character, and in person eminently handsome. Being a very different sort of person from the average parson of the time, it is likely that he kept a tighter rein on the flock,—at least if we may judge from one of his letters to the vestry, in which, after berating that convocation of worthies for exceeding their authority in some business concerns of the parish, he concludes: "And now, gentlemen, as for the knowing ones among you, and I admit that there are such, I have to say '*humanum est errare*,' and for the rest, '*ne sutor supra crepidam.*'"

Massey's sermons, though evincing talent and learning, were not of a kind to suit the straight-laced ideas of the next century, and

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some divines have pronounced them unsound in doctrine. He was married twice, and the first wife, who had been a noted shrew, but became a model wife, gave point to her husband's famous saying, which has been quoted much oftener than followed, viz.: "That a wife should always be taken down in her wedding slippers."

His letter of resignation, the original of which is before the writer, shows that in his clerical robes he had not forgotten the stiff forms of his first profession, which was the law, and which he gave up at the instance of Col. Washington, who had been his intimate from childhood:

"*In the name of God, Amen: I, Lee Massey, Rector and Incumbent of the Parish Church of Truro, in the County of Fairfax and Commonwealth of Virginia, for certain causes and considerations me hereunto especially moving to be exonerated from the Care and Burden of the Rectory and Parsonage of the said Parish, do by these presents expressly and absolutely renounce and resign into the hands of the present Vestry of the said Parish my Rectory and Parsonage aforesaid, together with all and singular its Rights, Members and Appurtenances, and all my Right and Title thereto and Possession thereof, and do leave the same vacant to all intents and purposes whatsoever.*

"*Witness my Hand and Seal this 25th day of June, A. D. 1778.*

"*Lee Massey.*"

The next incumbent, the Rev. Charles Kemp, distinguished himself more as a classical scholar and as a jolly companion than as a preacher.

In his later years he became a famous school-master,—commonly called a "Singin,"—and left a heritage of Latin and Greek to several legislators, who, like all those taught in the old school, retained to their dying day the classics which had been engrafted "*a posteriori*" by means of the birch—that enchanter's wand which could evoke with a dozen mystic strokes more Latin and Greek than the average boy of this degenerate age ever dreams of.

POHICK CHURCH, TRURO PARISH, VIRGINIA.

Parson Kemp's popularity, his jovial temper and his bright wit, became constant sources of temptation, and finally led to his disgrace. Mr. Richard C., a wealthy gentleman of the county, had acquired the reputation of an accomplished hypocrite, owing to his extra airs of piety in a community where such deportment was not by any means necessary to maintain the character of a respectable member of the English Church.

In private he was known to be fond of good cheer, and to devote himself particu-

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larly to that matchless wine, then called "Corn Madeira," because it was gotten in exchange for corn, but more properly denominated "Tinto." He was even accused of that species of gallantry technically called "flirting with a wench." He had long been known among his equals as St. Richard, and among the vulgar by the less euphonious, but not less expressive, sobriquet of Pious Dick. Now Parson Kemp took occasion on a certain Sunday to preach at St. Richard in such a scathing denunciation of all hypocrites and Pharisees, that there was no mistaking his aim, and he was universally extolled for "bringing him to the condign." St. Richard's own nephew, the most rollicking blade in the county, made a rhyme of thirty stanzas, celebrating certain surreptitious adventures of his pious uncle, and it was sung everywhere to the "Cruiskin Lawn." St. Richard stood all this with the air of a martyr; he was always seen in his pew on Sundays, and his responses could be heard above the whole congregation; but under this sanctimonious aspect he hid the fell purpose of a direful revenge.

It was in midsummer, when one Saturday evening Parson Kemp came riding by the high gate-way of Newington, the mansion of St. Richard, and whom should he see walking leisurely along the avenue but the proprietor himself. The good-hearted parson had long repented his severity, and only longed for an opportunity to repair the injury he had done; so he dismounted, and, offering his hand to his parishioner, made the most contrite apology. Never was recantation more dearly bought. A half hour later the two sat on the long portico overlooking the beautiful valley of the Accotink, on which the full moon shed all her splendor, while the breeze, which at the confluence of the creek with the Potomac always blows with the turn of the tide, wafted the odor of the hawthorn, and of that fragrant herb with which the Virginian from immemorial time has delighted to flavor his cup of welcome. The host made a julep for his guest with brandy said to have been smuggled by the famous Blackbeard, who, whatever may have been his terrible repute in other waters, in the Potomac has left in legendary story only the name of a beneficent trader in contraband goods and a secreter of treasure.* But the heart of the piratical purveyor of that liquor never harbored deeper treachery than did St. Richard's at the moment he pledged the parson to a renewal of their friendly relations. How late into the night their sitting continued is not told, but the parson related how the tempter entered his chamber the next morning, bearing in his hand a gigantic julep in a silver tankard. The parson knew the danger of these multitudinal potations, and stoutly protested; but the wily St. Richard, holding the tempting goblet under his nose with one hand, put the other round the parson's neck, and embraced him with as much tenderness as the fashion of the time allowed; and, what with that caressing voice for which he was noted, and the insidious odor of the mint, the parson's virtue gave way, even with his refusal on his lips, just as virtue of another kind is said to do at times. The cup which Mephisto drinks to the sound of diabolical music is not more potent for evil than that which the parson had imbibed. He nodded in a strange way that day while the service was read; but when he attempted to climb the spiral stair of the pulpit, in the quaint language of that time, "he tripped up his heels" and fell floundering to the floor, where the seeming generous and forgiving St. Richard was the foremost to pick him up. Though Parson Kemp suffered disgrace, it may be told to the honor of his former flock, that they accorded him ever afterward a warmer welcome than to his betrayer. He became a school-master, and, by a more lenient administration of the birch than had ever been known, won the hearts of the rising generation. Whenever he told the catastrophe of his life he dwelt sorrowfully on that treacherous embrace, "whereby," quoth the poor parson, "he did, Judas-like, betray me with a kiss."

Bishop Meade, in his book on the old churches of Virginia, tells the story of one of the Colonial rectors, who, however, belonged properly in Maryland, that, being accused of Toryism, he deemed it incumbent on him to vindicate his reputation on the so-called field of honor. The fact is referred to also in a letter from one of the vestrymen of Truro to Bryan Fairfax, afterward Rector of Christ Church in Alexandria. The spot where the "fighting parson" distinguished himself is still pointed out on the Dipple Farm, about eighteen miles below Pohick Church.

This individual's descendants have main-

* Captain Kidd, the pirate, was known by this name in those waters.

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tained such a high character, that if any disgrace was attached to the extraordinary action at the time of its performance, it has long since been wiped out and forgotten.

The last rector of Truro was the Rev. Mason L. Weems, long known to the public as the author of a Life of Washington which went through a hundred editions. He also wrote a Life of Marion, and a little temperance book called "The Drunkard's Looking-Glass." As he lived until 1825, it was his misfortune to carry into the present century a character which belonged essentially to the last.

As the other religious sects gained prominence and influence after the close of the Revolutionary struggle, the Episcopal Church assimilated itself to those stricter ideas and tenets which, in the Colonial period, would have been called simply Puritanical; and so Parson Weems, as a relic of the old time, found himself, so to speak, left out in the cold. He was actually called by some straight-laced people "The Fiddling Parson," in derision of that beautiful accomplishment which he professed, along with Thomas Jefferson and other distinguished personages, and on which he prided himself, second only to his intimacy with General Washington. Of a Saturday evening he would repair to the mansion nearest to the church, and as soon as the evening meal was over, and he had officiated with due clerical solemnity at prayers, which came directly after supper, he would produce his violin, and, according as the season permitted, in the parlor, the hall, or on the portico, would entrance the assembled auditory with a performance which long remained the delight of the story-teller, and a traditional model to all ambitious "fiddlers."

He was particularly pleased with the scores of sable listeners who crowded under the windows or in the hall, for he knew that the more they were delighted with his music the more certain they were to be at church the next day. There was nothing, from the choicest morceau of Cimarosa to the *minuet de la cour*, which was not familiar in his repertory. And we may imagine what a relief his fiddle must have afforded after some powdered beauty had sung at the harpsichord the doleful ballad of "Faithless Edward," or twenty stanzas of "Chevy Chase," for both of these were among the vocal inflictions that our great-grandmothers were proud of. As for that class of music known as the "Quick and Devilish," it is doubtful if there has ever been before or since a person who could be called his equal.

At the time of the French Revolution many gentlemen of this neighborhood cut off their queues; and Parson Weems, following the movement, first made the sacrifice of his locks to sympathy with the Republicans, and then managed to procure the music of the famous revolutionary refrain, "Ça ira," which he performed with great *éclat*; but so unforeseen and strange are the freaks of destiny that this historic song exists to-day in the rude minstrelsy of the cross-roads as a negro jig.

Parson Weems's sermons were generally replete with what he called "the milk of human kindness"—a species of charity to which he referred forgiveness of injuries, and on which he relied for a charitable construction of his own eccentricities.

The climax of his career was reached when he appeared in the character of a professional fiddler at a performance of Punch and Judy, at Colchester. The large audience, composed chiefly of his own parishioners, were being entranced by the music of a single violin which proceeded from behind a curtain. Many asserted that the performer was equal to "our parson," and some bold critics even declared that the unknown was the parson's superior; but what was the astonishment of all when some wicked wag caused the curtain to fall and disclosed to view the parson himself plying his bow with such enthusiasm, that it was only the uproar of applause which revealed to him his situation. There were some who trembled for his reputation; but such fears were utterly groundless, for, placing his instrument gracefully under his arm, he rose, and, after making a regular stage bow, stated that "the regular musician had been suddenly taken ill, and he deemed it his duty, out of human kindness, to supply his place, in order that his friends should not be disappointed of an innocent amusement."

One of the rectors of Truro delighted to trace Washington's descent, through Eleanor Hastings, from Beauchamp, Neville, and Plantagenet; and if, like a certain great writer, we were to conjure the stately Muse of History down off her stilts, we might find that the Prototype Republican was in private very much of an aristocrat. But, whether we look for "simple faith," or "Norman blood," tradition furnishes nothing in contradiction of his practical demonstration of the sentiment emblazoned on his ancient shield: EXITUS ACTA PROBAT.

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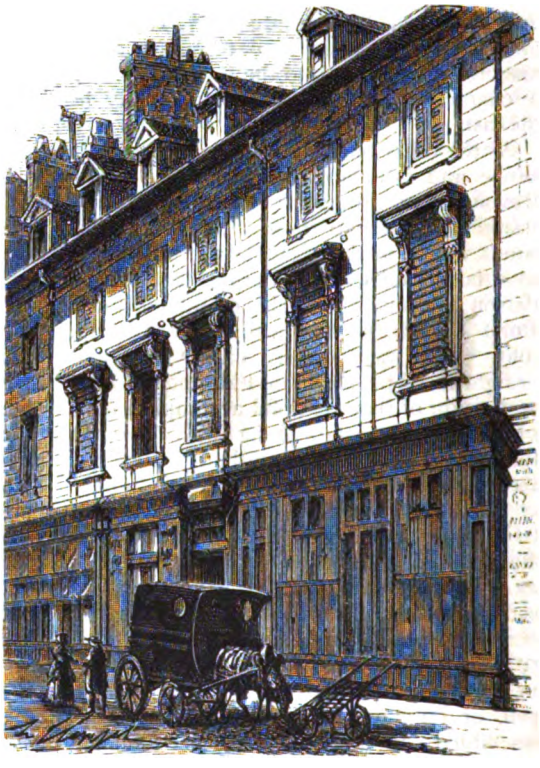
HONORÉ BALZAC.

THERE is no other instance in the history of literature of a man writing such books as Balzac did, who began with such poor ones. He struggled in mental gloom, not for one or two, but for more than a dozen of volumes, and the dawn did not break. As they fell before an indifferent public, their author was classed in the category of something lower than mediocrity. The morning came very slowly, and the horizon was still dim when the "Dernier des Chouans" appeared, the first result of eight years' hard study in story-writing, which made his presence known in a crowd of other men of letters, but did not take him out of it. The novel named was the first which he recognized and signed with his own name; to his experiments, several pseudonyms and an anagram of Honoré were affixed.

In "Louis Lambert" he paints his own school life at Vendôme, where he had a congestion of ideas and passed for a dull boy. He did not conquer the sympathy of his comrades, did not know how to play ball nor walk on stilts, and remained alone under a tree, ruminating and melancholy. In this school, which was under the control of an austere Order of Monks, the punishment for misbehavior and ill-learned lessons was imprisonment in a detached building overlooking a canal. It was here he gorged himself secretly with the literary food of the library of the institution, and lived an ideal, mystic life. His studies not being up to the requirements of his teachers, a great part of his time was passed in this prison. His vagueness and want of cheerfulness came from being overfull of books. In the end, his remarkable memory classified this varied knowledge in his mind for future use.

Certain circumstances tended much to the peculiar formation of Balzac's mind and forced it to its best production. At fourteen or fifteen he made predictions in reference to himself. "You will see," said he to his two sisters, "I shall one day be celebrated." This subjected him to no end of raillery from these young persons, who courtesied before him saying, "Salutation to the grand Balzac!" He was destined by his family to be a notary, and at twenty-one, when urged by his father to follow that profession,



THE HOUSE WHERE BALZAC WAS BORN.

he announced his irrevocable resolution to become a man of letters. "It seems that Monsieur has a taste for misery," said the mother. "There are people who have a vocation for dying in the hospital," said the father. But it was impossible to overcome his resolution. It was then decided to subject him to what is called in Paris the discipline of the *vache enragée*. Thus left to his own resources, he perched in the conventional garret, lived on a few sous a day, and wrote the usual five-act tragedy which it seems impossible for the French beginner to escape. It was called "Cromwell" in this case, and was read in presence of the family, and a professor of literature of a college, a friend of the Balzacs. The professor averred that the play exhibited no germ of talent. The father exhorted him to give up further

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trials in this direction. He allowed himself to be partially persuaded, and began the printing business in a small way, in which he failed, incurring debts that were ever afterward a source of trouble.

Thus, we find him at the age of twenty-five living in a scanty lodging, poor and in debt, and, more discouraging than all, with even the germ of literary talent denied him. During this period were made those early volumes, which, as he said in after years, he put together, in order to learn to write French. In his thirtieth year, after the "Dernier des Chouans," he wrote the "Physiologie du Mariage" and the "Peau de Chagrin," and this last drew him out of the crowd; when the "Médecin de Compagne" and "Père Goriot" appeared, he was placed in the front with that distinguished group composed of Victor Hugo, de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Sainte-Beuve, Prosper Mérimée, Alexandre Dumas, Lamartine, and Béranger.

He was the Christopher Columbus of a new world. Never in the history of literature was such an immense plan constructed for fiction as in the "Comédie Humaine." In the two or three scores of volumes, each is connected with the other, and forms part of the general plot. The particularity of each character and its relations is never lost sight of. To fix it, he was in the habit of writing out a synopsis of the history of each one—the epoch, date of birth, parents and principal relatives, physical and moral characteristics—which he put away in its allotted place. This was consulted, if necessary, when such an one re-appeared on the scene, which is often the case, and thus that harmony of character seen throughout his work was conserved. The types created have become fixed in the public mind, and men talk of Rastignac, Grandet, and de Marsay, as if they were historical. In conversation, the author himself referred to different people in the Human Comedy, as if they really existed. He said: "If Rastignac continues as he has begun, he will become minister." "Jacques Colin is the Cromwell of the galleys." He wrote: "I am going to Alençon and Grenoble, where Mademoiselle Cormon and Benassi live." Taine tells that one day Jules Sandeau, returning from a voyage, spoke of some family affair. Balzac listened to him some time, then said: "All that is well, my friend, but let us come back to the reality and talk of Eugénie Grandet."

The historian of the world which peoples the Human Comedy, did not allow his sympathies to become engaged to the detriment of his work. He kept guard over his enthusiasm, and took his place before the drama, which passed before him as an impartial and critical observer, and made a philosophical and accurate statement of what he saw. And here is one of the reasons of his power, in not writing from a stand-point within the circle of the drama, but outside of it. If the conduct of the Père Goriot is sublime, there is no expression of approval from the writer; if that of his two daughters is to the last degree ungrateful, they are not taken to task; if tears escape from the reader at the touching scenes between the French Lear and his offspring, the eyes of the author remain dry. His tears fell on the proof-sheets, but do not appear in the story. The signs of his feeling are in the first coloring, but, when the picture is finished, no trace of them exists.

Many of his characters would conquer affection, were it not for the black spot which the artist, always mindful of nature, puts here and there. Lucien de Rubempré, in the early part of his career, captures sympathy and interest; then he is mixed in ill-doing, and the image is destroyed, which was first exhibited to such advantage. There is no trifling here—no coquetting with prettiness; the lines are deep and the color is strong. The artist paints after nature—that is, after nature as he sees it. A dozen painters may paint the same landscape and none be alike. So Balzac gave to his pictures his particular *cachet*, which others have in vain endeavored to imitate.

There was logic in his creations. Given certain attributes, his characters were impelled to follow out the road to an inevitable destination. Lucien de Rubempré, young, handsome, brilliant, impressible, poetic, vain, and pleasure-loving, falling under the influence of the able and unscrupulous Jacques Colin, is doomed to an ignominious ending; and, as the history progresses, the writer proves, by favorite principles and maxims, why it is so. Thus the theory of human action, as well as the plot, is generally kept in sight.

There was a Shakespearean breadth in the man that embraced every phase of life, from the highest to the lowest. At the outset of his stories he assumes that it is of the highest importance that the reader should be made acquainted with all the facts which he is about to present, as if he were furnishing evidence for a court of justice or a contribution to history. The statement of details is

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put with such adroit reference to the drama that is about to begin, that the reader generally goes through it without fatigue. Sometimes, however, the minutiæ are dwelt upon to the extent of being almost as tiresome as the beginning of one of Walter Scott's novels; and this is perhaps the gravest fault with which he can be charged as a story-teller.

WHERE BALZAC WENT TO SCHOOL.

Literary expression was not a natural gift with Balzac, and the process was painful. His head was full of creation, but there was always the battle between the idea and the form. With extraordinary perseverance and literary conscientiousness, he at last found the suitable term for the act and the thing. He was not quick, nor at first clear. His mind was like a turbid and almost stagnant stream, which, as it flows, gathers strength and frees itself from impurities. The idea presented itself vaguely, clogged with irrelevant matter, and came into definite shape gradually. In this respect he was the opposite of a man like Byron, whose work was revealed to him by flashes, and who, according to his own account, seized his idea at the first bound. Balzac groped about for his with patience, but, when finally possessed, it was entirely his; then he saw it as in a stream of light, and he made his reader see it as with his own eyes.

With forces not entirely at his command, to work was to struggle. He had the power of concentration, the principal attribute of genius, but not in the form with which we are usually familiar. When genius sees its way clearly, as in the case of Poe, there is fascination and enjoyment to the author in the birth and development of a conception. This was partially denied to Balzac, and the child of his brain saw the day through mental pain. He could not arouse his forces into that activity necessary to embrace and absorb when he first employed them. They came to him in the beginning like unwilling recruits, but, in the end, the recalcitrants became enthusiastic volunteers. Patience and extraordinary industry whipped them

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forward, and behind these came a superb egotism which supported the whole. His opinion of his work was so high, that he attributed to it excellences which rested on a slender foundation. For instance, his style, which has been subjected to no little criticism, he thought was perfect. He once said, with a naïve, unblushing self-esteem, that there were only three men in France who could write French—Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, and himself; he admitted, in what he considered a liberal spirit of concession, that the style of Villemain was also good; but there was nothing under it.

After meditating his subject for some time, he wrote a rapid sketch and sent it to the printer. It was returned to him in proof-sheet with wide margins. It thus appeared to him in a somewhat impersonal form, and he exercised his critical faculties in changing, amending, and developing, until the whole proof was covered with lines and writing, the correction itself being sometimes erased and corrected anew. Often the wide margins did not suffice, and bands of paper were annexed with wafers and pins. The proof thus covered was sent to the printer, whence it was returned, after being set up and printed the next day, the author going to work on it as before. The proof was returned seven or eight, and even ten times, before the writer was satisfied—in one case, fourteen. The corrections of Balzac became traditional. The compositors of the printing-house made a stipulation with the publisher that they were not to work more than two hours a day on Balzac. We give on page 641 a fac-simile of part of a proof-sheet taken from the story of "Un Début dans la Vie." Much of the pecuniary profit of his work was lost in the charge made for corrections; for every time the type was set anew a charge was made therefor. He was never tired of correcting; after his work passed through a magazine, it was corrected again before publication in a volume. The proof-sheet, in a word, was the map of his battle-field, showing the fight between matter and mind.

He was a thorough artist in the preparation of his effects, usually reaching his climax with one of those epigrammatic sentences which the reader unconsciously repeats whenever he thinks of the story. As the action reaches this point, his style is free from verbiage, the words employed being only those necessary to carry the idea to the *dénouement*. The expression, simple and decisive, is sped home like a well-directed bullet. These crowning phrases are of intense interest, and are so fitted to the place that they may not be replaced by any others, and appear as the first natural expression of the author. He meditated these words, and changed them over and over again until they assumed the form which pleased him. One of these, by way of illustration, which thrill and remain in the memory, is spoken by Rastignac as he stands over the grave of Goriot and looks menacingly down on Paris—"*Maintenant, à nous deux!*" This is the apex of the pyramid.

If at times he is uninteresting, it is because of his universality. He was not satisfied to indicate the possession of technical knowledge in a character, but the character was made to express it. And this system gives an idea of the various kinds of studies which Balzac must have made. His physician appears such to physicians, his painter such to his like, and so on. Besides the external view of the actor usually given to the spectator, another is exhibited behind the scenes, of the most intimate character, in the midst of professional machinery. Madame Marneuf no longer has any secrets for us; Lousteau, Bixio, and Blondet take off their masks; at length we get thoroughly acquainted with the French Shylock, Gobseck.

He was full of poetic fancy, but could not write poetry. The few verses which he required in his novels were written for him by his friends. In his character of the comprehensive, universal man, he admired the poet, but in a lukewarm way, which leaves the inference that he did not rate him highly. It was rather the prose of Hugo that he liked. It is easy for the poet to drop into prose. Gautier modestly said: "We are birds, walking as well as flying, but we are not the lion,"—meaning Balzac. When the latter saw Gautier at the end of the table writing an article for his journal with facility, and little or no correction, he was surprised, but thought the writer would make it better if he would meditate, cut and develop his subject. In his novels he has two poets, Canalis and Lucien de Rubempré, neither of whom is an honor to the class he represents. The first is a metallic, ambitious, mundane poet, intriguing after position and pelf; and the second is a man with the faults and weakness of a pretty coquette.

His poor opinion of the journalists,—which he did not hesitate to express,—his pride and independence, turned most of the critics against him, as well as a number of those

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who were also authors. As an illustration of his indiscretion in uttering his opinions, he said of George Sand that "she was a writer of the neuter gender, that Nature had been *distraite* in her creation, and should have given her more trouser and less style." As is almost always the case, this drew the fire of the criticised, she retorting that Balzac was a great naïf infant, who only knew her sex from hearsay—a tender point with Frenchmen, as they usually plume themselves on understanding woman's heart from personal experience. To some of the journalists, Balzac was irritatingly contemptuous, and this naturally bore fruit. According to Philarète Chasles, he was an awkward imitator of Rétif de la Bretonne and of Ducray-Duminil. Jules Janin wrote that he turned incessantly in the same circle of vulgar and trivial adventures. It was the intention of this critic to "demolish" Balzac,—to use his technical word; and this furnishes a curious example of how little value is to be attached to the opinion of the professional critic when his personality is in question.

BALZAC.

Before the time of Balzac in literature, the beautiful and attractive heroine was usually 18 or 20 years of age, and never exceeded 25. He wrote the history of the woman of 30, made her the fashion, and her rehabilitation created many admirers for the author among women of that age, and somewhat

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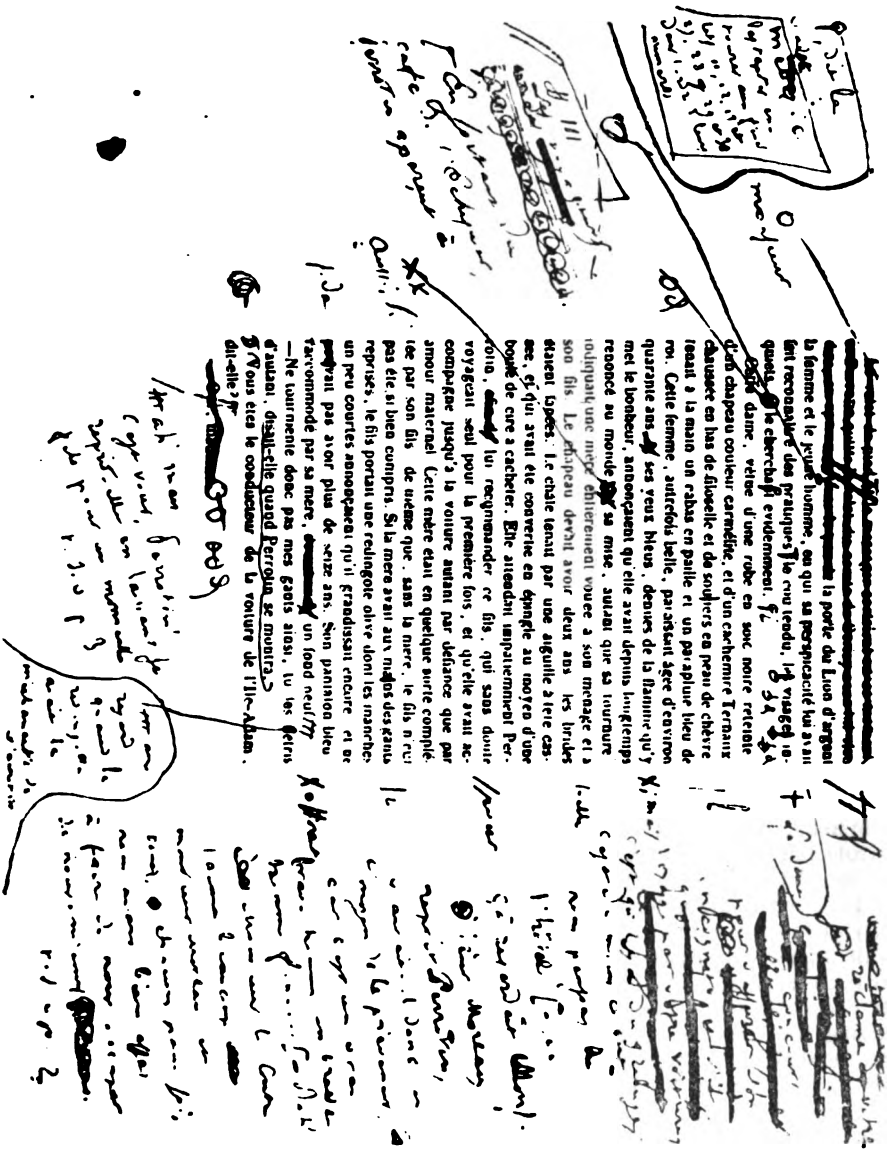
past it, from whom he received a number of souvenirs and many letters. The author told the woman of 30 her secrets, showed that he understood and appreciated her, and proved to her that she was more interesting and irresistible than her younger sister. Cane of Balzac." The head of the stick was hollow, and contained a tress of beautiful hair, which had been sent to him with a word, "L'Inconnue," and whose owner at a later day, according to common report, he came to know as his wife.



FAC-SIMILE OF ONE OF BALZAC'S PROOF-SHEETS.

The mementos which he received from grateful maturity, consisting in part of precious stones, he had set on the head of a great cane, which became as celebrated as its owner. Madame Delphine de Girardin consecrated a volume to it, entitled "The

It has been often said that his pictures of French life are not true, because they show a wickedness and a demoralization in a civilization which, except in its art feature, does not greatly differ from that of other countries. There is some ground for this criticism, for

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most of Balzac's characters are *charged*, and for dramatic purposes there seems to be a necessity for this. Shakespeare and Molière did the same in creating types representing some concentrated passion, such as jealousy in Othello, melancholy in Hamlet, avarice in Harpagon, and hypocrisy in Tartuffe. Yet it is seldom in real life that a real Othello or Tartuffe, or any of the others named, are met with, although incomplete characters of the kind are common. In the same way Balzac made profound studies of a dominant passion, and more particularly of a vice. Several of these have been done with remarkable power, such as Grandet the miser in "Eugénie Grandet," unscrupulous selfishness in Philip Brideau in the "Ménage de Garçon," illegal love in the Baron Hulot.

Happy people have no history, is an axiom generally accepted, and especially by the novelist. Dramatic requirements do not permit him to write a quiet, even history, or the book would be dull. A dramatic crisis does not perhaps occur more than once in the life of an ordinary man, and the novelist must take it up at this point, which makes of his story an exceptional state of things, for he paints one year of turbulence to perhaps forty-nine which are left blank. There must be love, difficulty, and despair, of an extreme form, for these pictures depend on the system of contrasts for their success. No man of this age has made such an analysis of these passions as Balzac—minute, thorough, and philosophical. Hawthorne did it, but his was a more restricted field. The working out of "The Scarlet Letter" is, according to the plan of Balzac, more poetic and superior in form to that which the French author usually wrote, but narrow. Balzac did not have the poetic grace of the American author, but he had a more robust understanding, greater fertility of invention and capacity for work, and an intensity of observation which has never been equaled.

He had, in developing passion, the faculty of seizing the dramatic situation, and with this a tendency to write the story of vice rather than of virtue, because he believed the dramatic elements more marked in wickedness than in virtue. Hence the virtuous people in his works are in a minority, but in such numbers as to make the necessary contrast and relieve the features of vice; as an artist, he could not do less. Besides, there were the representatives of what he considered the *juste milieu*, neither good nor bad; but the scale almost always descends on the side of the bad, and this gives color to the judgment pronounced against him, for he intended these characters to represent average men and women of the world.

His good man is often a victim, for he made him suffer to heighten the virtuous coloring. One of these sublime victims is the Père Goriot, who died that his daughter might live in a luxurious sphere; another is that woman who set up love's idol in an out-of-the-way province, and worshiped it in constancy and heroism, in spite of the bad clay of which it was made. Thus, vice as often triumphs in his books as virtue, and, in this, he observes the logic of human nature, which he was always studying. He put to himself the problem of a man with certain qualities and defects, and his consequent career. The deductions once made, he followed them out intrepidly to the end, though that end was suicide or the prison, without regard to the punishment of the guilty and the recompense of the guileless, usually meted out at the termination by the ordinary story-teller. There was no whip nor sugar-plum here. He did not write for children, but for intelligent men and women who appreciate a conscientious and powerful study. It is for this his books so often leave a painful impression; virtue frequently goes down before vice, chicanery overcomes knowledge, the heroic succumbs to the dastardly, but their defeat is turned into a monument which the sympathetic reader consecrates to their memories for all time.

"Are they moral?" is a question frequently asked in reference to his books, and it may be answered that they are, to people of cultivation and judgment, for no effort is made to gild vice and render it seductive,—for instance, after the manner of Bulwer, in his earlier novels. The philosophical rectitude of Balzac would never permit him to do this. The bad man and the bad cause are not extenuated, and he looks at them from the stand-point of a historian. To a matured and healthy mind, then, it may be declared there is no evil influence in his works. For the young and inexperienced, they may be objected to on account of that freedom of language permitted in French, which is hardly accepted in English,—at least, for family reading. Things are called by the names which express them most aptly; and this may not be done across the Channel and the Atlantic. Besides, there are certain subjects analyzed in all their details, which are not referred to in the lands of the English language, or are only approached

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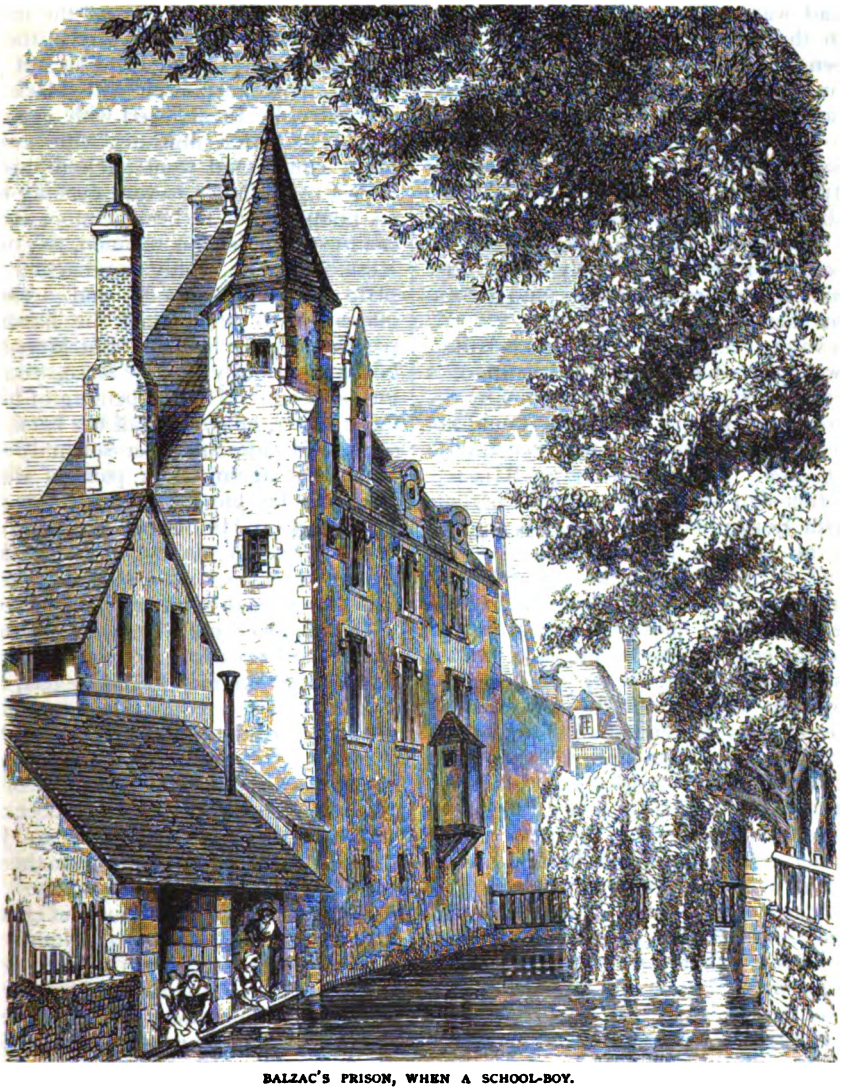
with periphrase. He studied these, and wrote about them as he would of a system of theology or government. He was like a painter drawing from the model, who does not see too, as belonging to his most profound studies.

Balzac had the zeal, assiduity, and almost the dress, of a monk of the middle ages.



BALZAC'S PRISON, WHEN A SCHOOL-BOY.

with carnal eyes, but only with those of the artist—painting everything in nature with pleasure, which presented itself in a complete form.

Still, a few of his books may be put into the hands of the young without fear, and two of these are "Eugénie Grandet" and "Ursule Mirouët," which French parents permit their children to read, as they contain nothing in form or subject to offend the immature mind. They may be regarded,

His working costume was a white flannel robe, thrown back at the throat, and tied with a cord at the waist. It was not stained with ink, as one might suppose,—he holding that the true man of letters should be clean at his work. He probably had an idea of symbolizing in this a cloistered life devoted to literature. He had a thick neck, white and smooth as a woman's, which was in striking contrast to a face highly colored. His lips were sensual and good-humored;

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the nose was square at the end, with well-cut nostrils. When he posed to David d'Angers for his bust, he called attention to this feature: "Pay attention to my nose, David; there is a world in my nose." The forehead was noble, with a perpendicular line in the middle, reaching to the space between the eyes. His hair was thrown back in confusion. The most striking feature was the eye, clear, handsome, and magnetic. According to Gautier, the habitual expression of the face was one of puissant hilarity, of Rabelaisian joy—the monk's robe probably giving birth to the idea. He had small white hands with tapering fingers, the rose-colored nails scrupulously cared for; his hand was one of his vanities, and a compliment thereon pleased him much.

His vanity was not confined to his hands, and was proverbial. On the sword of a statuette of Napoleon I., given him by the sculptor, was written: "What he could not achieve by the sword, I will accomplish with the pen. . . HONORÉ DE BALZAC."

Another sign of his vanity was the particle *de* which he put before his name, and to which he had no legitimate claim. He believed, or affected to believe, that he was descended from the de Balzacs d'Entragues, whose history goes back to the Crusade, and he had the coat-of-arms of the same placed on his plate and paper. When some one had the courage and candor to prove to him that he was not descended from the members of this family, he replied: "So much the worse for them." To be the gentilhomme was his most marked puerility, when his vogue as a writer began. Then he played the character of a modern Alcibiades, dressed himself in fashionable and conspicuous garments, carried the noted cane, frequented the *loge infernale* at the theater and several noted salons. But this existence did not last long, for it was unnatural, and Balzac soon retired from it, after enjoying his triumph in the character of lion, and gratifying his vanity with the parade.

When the idea of a book presented itself to him, he disappeared. He has been heard to say to himself: "To work, my friend, to work; cut loose from every lien which attaches you to gross humanity; isolate yourself from the world entire; a truce to reasons; roll up your sleeves, spit in your hands, en avant la besogne, dig like a nigger!" Then he shut his door to all the world, even his best friends, and worked eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. No letters were opened during the period of labor. He was cloistered in absolute solitude; the shutters and curtains were closed, and he wrote by the light of four candles, habited in his Dominican robe, as far away from the life of Paris as if he had been in the interior of Africa. From the middle of the night, till eleven or twelve in the morning, there was no interruption; if he felt sleepy, he woke himself with black coffee; at twelve, he breakfasted with eggs, bread, and cold water, finishing with a cup of black coffee, and went back to his table; after a light dinner, toward evening he slept six hours. When he became more exhausted than usual under this regimen, the rubicund Rose, his cook, softly approached with a plate of fragrant soup and tremblingly offered it to him, which he harshly and peremptorily declined. "But Monsieur will become seriously ill." "Rose, you annoy me—get out." Then, repenting of his treatment of her, he would call her back, eat the soup, and admonish her solemnly not to attempt it again under pain of dismissal. This was his life for four, six, or perhaps eight weeks. He disappeared fat, rosy, and came forth pale, flabby, with a black circle around his eyes, and a *chef-d'œuvre* in his hands. After this travail, he allowed himself a holiday license. He has been known on one of these occasions to consume at a single dinner, one hundred Ostend oysters, a dozen mutton chops, a young duck with turnips, a pair of roasted partridges, a sole normande, and several pears, the whole accompanied with copious libations of wine. Morally, his work had a good effect on him. The formidable studies of Jean Jacques Rousseau brought misanthropy in their wake, and those of Molière, melancholy. Balzac issued from his labors serene and cheerful.

Sometimes, in the small hours of the morning, when the brain refused its task, even under the inspiration of strong coffee, he went out into the night and took long walks. At his cottage—The Jardies—in the Ville d'Avray, in the neighborhood of Paris, a privileged few went occasionally to dine, when the host only appeared as the repast was served, and sometimes not at all. Without ceremony, he left his guests and retired to bed. Sometimes, he was so absorbed in his literary plans, his guests could get nothing from him but monosyllables; but, generally, he was a good *convive*, and entered into the conversation with that zest which characterized him in all he did.

He was a boy as long as he lived. He possessed that naïveté which often accom-

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panies genius, and was always hopeful and enthusiastic. When he played with his sister's children, he romped as if he were one of them. He wrote a book for them. Delphine Girardin enlisted him in acrobatic exercises of language, such as making puns and capping verses, neither of which could he do well, and he wrestled with ardor in these bouts. A contemporary has left a portrait of him engaged in this way in Madame Girardin's salon, "sitting on his shoulders," his white waistcoat pushed up negligently on his breast, his brow absorbed in thought.

According to the American average, he was something under the usual height; but, in France, he was of medium stature. Toward the latter part of his life, he was thick, fat, with large shoulders; the hair turning to gray, long, and ill combed; the face of a rubicund monk of the olden time; the mouth large and teeth solid; mustaches small, and the eyes bright and of strange attraction. His laugh is said to have been so loud and deep as to cause the crystal to vibrate on the table. This profound cachinnation was often the preliminary to the anecdotes which he told—bursting out in a way to cause surprise in those who did not know him. When, in a preoccupied mood, a Rabelaisian joke was told him, one saw it stealing into his face, which became radiant with mirth; his great breast heaved and his lungs sent out what is popularly called in English-speaking countries, a horse-laugh. This mighty risibility was so hearty and natural as to be contagious. He was far from being elegant; his clothes always seemed to fit him badly. He cared little for conventional forms; in reading a play at the foyer of the Odéon in presence of women, he opened his waistcoat and buckled up his braces two or three holes with what the feminine mind doubtless thought was the equanimity of a savage.

The persuasive powers of Balzac were so remarkable that he won his hearers over to his improbable projects and views. Something after the style of Poe's "Gold Bug," he pretended to have discovered the place where the treasure of Toussaint L'Ouverture was buried near Point-à-Pitre. He exercised such magnetism in his account of the hidden treasure that he persuaded Théophile Gautier and Jules Sandeau of its authenticity, each of whom was to receive one-quarter of the loot, he requiring the services of two trusty friends to aid him. They actually went so far as to look at some shovels and picks. It is hardly necessary to say that they never discovered the treasure; they had no money to pay their passage and the project was reluctantly abandoned. One of the trio made public confession of his participation in the scheme, begging his readers not to quiz him too much therefor, and throwing the blame on the irresistible magnetism of Balzac.

He has been known to interrupt himself in the middle of one of his accounts of how to become rich, accusing himself of idleness and *bavardage*. Every moment was precious, and, abruptly leaving his hearer, he locked himself in and wrought like a giant. The most active Yankee, with his proverb of "time is money," was prodigal of his minutes compared to Balzac. Loss of time was remorse. He loved his work, but he also loved the glory and riches which it was to bring, and in which his faith was absolute.

The acquisition of riches in some romantic and sudden fashion was the dream of his life. It was the pain of Tantalus,—for wealth always eluded him. In the early part of his career, he became convinced that there was still considerable silver in the silver mines abandoned by the Romans through their imperfect refining process, and he made a voyage to Sardinia to assure himself of it; but naïvely communicated his project to the captain of the ship on which he embarked at Marseilles, who availed himself of the idea and made a fortune.

In imagination he reveled in the possession of gold and precious stones, of sumptuous apartments and magnificent equipages. He lived in his characters, and especially in "Facino Cane," in which is painted the scene of tons of gold and piles of precious stones, hidden away in a Venetian vault. During this period he talked of nothing else than wonderful discoveries of this kind, and indeed, at all times, the power of money was one of his principal themes.

He could not keep money, and often spent it before he made it,—hence his debts. He was always surrounding himself, after his literary success, with objects of luxury beyond his means. The simple cord which girded his monachal robe was changed to a chain of Venetian gold, to which were attached a paper-cutter and a pair of scissors of the same metal. He was always discounting the prospective profits of his books, and his account was generally overdrawn with his publisher. He was always estimating in francs and centimes the value of his work, and believed in his future wealth as

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Napoleon believed in his star. Some day the fickle princess, unheeding other adorers making genuflexions before her, was to guide the wheel to the door of Balzac and pour out the horn of plenty before him. In moments of expansion, he gave a description of the contents of the cornucopia as if they were spread before him, and con-

TOMB OF BALZAC.

structed castles in Spain without number and of unparalleled magnificence.

His imagination always traveled ahead of actual results. If one of his volumes brought in good returns, they were to be ten times as great in the volume to follow—and he was ready to prove it to his listener with a torrent of eloquence which bore away obstacles as if they were feathers.

One of his singular plans for the attainment of the wealth which, for the time, absorbed him, was the cultivation of pine-apples at The Jardies, containing four or five acres, and he made it out that the growing of this fruit would produce him an immense revenue. He argued the matter with his friends and had an answer for every objection; he took Théophile Gautier with him along the Boulevard to look for a shop to rent for the sale of his pine-apples, but fortunately none were vacant. Eureka! There was no use worrying himself any more about money. The solution was found in pine-apples, and in ten days afterward pine-apples were never mentioned.

This was the history of most of his money-making projects. Once he walked in from The Jardies to Paris, several miles, at two o'clock in the morning, and woke up one of his friends, telling him to get up immediately and dress himself. What was the matter? Was his house on fire; had a calamity befallen his friends or relatives? No; he had invented a scheme for getting rich. There was no time to be lost; it was a question of millions—it was always a question of millions with Balzac—which were to be found in a mine of Corsica. On hearing this the friend, not a little annoyed, turned over, saying that he thought it would keep until the morrow. At the time the public gaming-houses existed, he explained to Jules Sandeau and his publisher, an infallible theory for winning enormous amounts of money, and waited at the corner of the street while one of them with 60 francs followed his instructions in a neighboring establishment. On his return the man of the theory demanded eagerly the result. Nothing. Whereupon Balzac, still hopeful, went into a jeweler's shop of the Palais Royal and borrowed 40 francs, with which the same person returned to give the theory a new trial, and came back, as before, with nothing. Balzac continued to explain his system, when Sandeau called his attention to the fact that in his calculation he had forgotten the double zero. This omission astonished Balzac greatly, and he added, after a pause, that without the unfortunate ciphers they would be millionaires. One of his companions, after tearing himself away from the fascination of his tongue and his eye, said to a friend that if he had not done so he would have become as crazy as Balzac himself. Afterward, when laughed at for his wild schemes, Balzac joined in the mirth as heartily as the rest, for he was good-hearted—in short a *bon enfant*.

He established a semi-weekly journal, which, like all his enterprises, was to be a great success, and got together a group of

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men of letters to write for it. He preached to them the hygiene of a true literary life; they were to cloister themselves away from the world, drink water, go to bed at six in the evening, rise at midnight and work till morning, employ the day in correcting what was done at night, and in making studies and notes for the ensuing nocturnal labor, avoid tobacco and dissipation. Balzac was so eloquent on this theme that he induced some of these Parisians to follow his regimen for a few days; but, naturally, they soon gave it up. Every Saturday at dinner there was a reunion of the writers of the "Chronique de Paris,"—the name of the journal,—the chief of whom were Théophile Gautier, Jules Sandeau, Léon Gozlan, Gustave Planche, and Alphonse Karr, besides Balzac. The last named presided at these banquets, and was always full of the journal. One or two of these Bohemians thought there was so much newspaper talk as to interfere with the eating, and especially the drinking. They were hardly seated before Balzac asked them respectively if they brought manuscript, to which they were generally constrained to answer in the negative. Thus they showed little punctuality in their work, but they could always be relied upon for dinner. They venerated the talent of their chief, but he was so naïvely vain as to subject himself to no little raillery, and he, such a shrewd observer when it was not a question of himself, did not see that he was quizzed. The mild, good-natured Gautier naturally was not one of the authors of this kind of play. The Bixio on these occasions was usually Alphonse Karr; and once he crowned Balzac with flowers, and hailed him as the great master. The master was like a child with a new bauble, and gave himself over to that Homeric laughter for which he was famed. After the repast there was an hour or two of smoking, although Balzac detested tobacco in every form. He told the smokers they would never be great writers; the practice took off the edge of their energy and finesse; their plans ended in smoke, etc. He especially tried to persuade the amiable Gautier to abandon the habit, but that Oriental of the Seine sighed, smiled sadly, and continued to smoke.

One of Balzac's ideas was that thirteen men of talent, firmly united, could arrive at the possession of power and wealth, and he endeavored to put it to practice. Through eloquence and conviction he, as usual, communicated his enthusiasm to several of his friends, among others Gautier, Sandeau, and Léon Gozlan, and organized them into an association under the name of the "Cheval Rouge." With that love of mystery which characterized Balzac, and which he pushed to a point that was infantile, he made his first appointment with his colleagues in an out-of-the-way tavern called the "Cheval Rouge" on the bank of the Seine, where they dined, each paying his quota. To insure the mystery of the association, the place of meeting was changed after each repast. If one of their number made a novel, its praises were to be sounded with tongue and written with pen by the rest of the "horses," for by this name they were known to each other. If another wrote a poem, a political article, or an archæological study, or what not, the same rules were to be observed. Thus, in this mutual admiration society, whatever a member did was to be proclaimed by a dozen voices as superb. They were to affect not to know each other, or very slightly, and Balzac illustrated this agreement in a drawing-room where he met Gautier and pretended not to be acquainted with him, although there were people present who were probably aware of their intimacy. At the first opportunity the naif "chief horse" sent a glance of intelligence to his fellow which plainly said: "Observe and admire—see how finely I am playing it." According to the astute leader, they were going to become deputies, peers, and ministers, and rule the country. Before these results were attained, however, the society was dead. Gautier thought the demise was principally owing to the inability of the "horses" to pay for their oats.

At last, when he had attained the age of fifty, the princess, with the cornucopia, for whom he had been looking all his life, really came. She proved to be an estimable and wealthy Russian woman of rank, to whom the author was married; but she came too late, and the victim, a short time after the union, succumbed, from the effects of his immoderate use of strong coffee and his extraordinary night-work.

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PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

INEZ HAS AN ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DRESSED DAY.

"A visit should be of three days length.
1. The Rest Day. 2. The Dressed Day.
3. The Pressed Day."

—MISS FERRIER.

THE respect due to a reception so courteous as that with which the Colonels Troviño and Rodriguez welcomed the party, compelled a stay in Nacogdoches over one full day. In truth Philip Nolan had advised a stay so long, and had told the ladies that he had a thousand ways of informing himself at what moment they should leave the Fort to proceed westward. The morning of the day after the arrival of the ladies was spent in a prolonged breakfast—in which the Señora did her best to show her guests that the resources of a military post were not contemptible. And indeed she succeeded. When she had made it certain that they were not too much fatigued by their five days' ride from the river, she took order to assemble at supper all the officers of the command and their wives, and the preparations for this little fête filled the Colonel's quarters with noisy bustle, quite unusual, through the morning.

In the midst of this domestic turmoil,—not so different, after all, from what Eunice and Inez had seen on the plantation, when Silas Perry had brought up an unexpected com-

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pany of guests,—a new turmoil broke out in the square, and called most of the occupants of the house out upon the arcade which fronted it. The Lady Troviño was not too dignified to join the groups of curious inquirers, and she did not return at once to her guests.

Ransom did come in, under the pretense of asking if they needed anything, but really because there was news to tell. He satisfied himself that in this dark inner room there were no eavesdroppers, and that those heavy stone walls had no ears; and then he indulged himself, though in a low tone, in the forbidden luxury of the vernacular.

"Pray what is it, Ransom?" asked Inez, speaking always in Spanish.

"All nonsense," said the old man,—"all nonsense—told 'em so myself, but they would not hear to me. Spanishers and niggers all on 'em, nothin' but greasers—don't know nothin', told 'em so—all nonsense."

Then after a pause:—

"White gal 'z old as you be, Een"—this was his short-hand way of saying "Miss Inez," when he was off guard.

"White gal dressed jest like them Injen women ye see down on the levy,—they catched her up here among the Injens, and brought her away,—she can't speak nothin' but Injen, and they don't know what she says. They brought her down from up there among the Injens where they catched her,—she's dressed jest like them Injen women ye see on the levy;—but she's a white gal—old as you be, Een."

Inez knew by long experience that when one of Ransom's speeches had thus balanced itself,—by repetition backward to the beginning, as a musical air returns to the key-note,—she might put in a question without disturbing him.

"Who found her, Ransom? Who brought her in?"

"Squad o' them soldiers;—call 'em soldiers, ain't soldiers, none on 'em; ain't one on 'em can stand the Choctaw Injens two minutes. Was ten on 'em goin' along, and had a priest with 'em,—'n' they met a lot o' Injens half-starved, they said. Men was clean lost; hadn't got no arrows, and couldn't git no game. Didn't b'long here—got down here 'n got lost; didn't know nothin'. Injens had this white gal, white as you be, Een,—'n' the priest said he wouldn't gin 'em nothin' ef they wouldn't let him have the white gal. They didn't want to, but he made 'em, he did;—said they should not have nothin' ef they wouldn't let him have the white gal. White as you be she is, Miss Eunice."

Inez was all excited by this time, and begged her aunt to join the party in the arcade,—which they did.

True enough, just under the gallery, was this tall wild girl,—of singularly clear brunette complexion, but of features utterly distinct from those of an Indian squaw. Eunice and Inez, indeed, both felt that the girl was not of Spanish, but of Anglo-Saxon or Scotch-Irish blood, though, in the unpopularity of their own lineage in Nacogdoches, neither of them thought it best to say so. Three or four of the Mexican women of the post were around the girl,—some of them examining her savage ornaments, some of them plying her with tortillas and fruit, and even milk,—under the impression that she must be hungry. The girl herself looked round, not without curiosity, and in a dozen pretty ways showed that she was not of the same phlegmatic habit as her recent possessors.

In a few moments the Señora Troviño returned, having given some orders for the poor girl's comfort, the results of which immediately appeared.

But when she called the girl to her, most kindly, and when she came under the arcade as she was beckoned, the ladies could make no progress in communicating with her. She seemed to have no knowledge of Spanish, nor yet of French. If she had been taken prisoner from either a Spanish or French settlement, it was when she was so young that she had forgotten their language.

Inez tried her with "madre" and "padre;" the Señora Troviño pointed reverently to a crucifix and a Madonna with folded hands. But the girl showed no other curiosity than for the other articles of taste or luxury—if such simple adornments can be called such.

"Still, Eunice," cried Inez, "I am sure she understood 'mamma.' Say 'ma' to her alone."

Meanwhile Madame Troviño called one and another woman and servant who had some smattering of Indian dialects; but the girl would smile good-naturedly, and could make nothing of what they said. But this suggested to Eunice that she might beckon to Blackburn, the hunter, who was lounging in the group in front, and in a whisper she bade him address the girl in the Choctaw dialect.

This language was wholly distinct from any of the dialects of the west of the Mis-

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sissippi—as these, indeed, changed completely, even between tribes whose hunting-grounds were almost the same.

Blackburn did as he was bidden, but without the least success. But in a moment he fell back on the gift of silence, and began in the wonderful pantomime, which the ladies had already seen so successful between Nolan and the Lipan chief.

The girl smiled most intelligently, nodded assent, and in the most vivid, rapid and active gesture entered on a long narration, if it may be called so, of her life with the Indians. Blackburn sometimes had to bid her be more slow, and repeat herself. But it was clear enough that they were both on what he would have called the right trail, and he was coming at a full history of her adventures.

But a new difficulty arose when Blackburn was to interpret what he had learned. He made a clumsy effort in a few words of bread-and-butter Spanish, such as all Western men picked up in the groceries and taverns at Natchez. But this language was very incompetent for what he had to tell. Still the good fellow knew that he must not speak English in the presence of these greasers, and he bravely struggled on in a Spanish, which was as unintelligible as his Choctaw.

In the midst of this confusion Ransom came to the front and addressed him boldly:

"Est-ce-que vous ne parlez Français bien, mon camarade. Then speak hog English, but I'll tell 'em it's Dutch. Say parlez vous at the beginning, and we monsieur at the end."

Then he turned to the Señora Troviño, and bowed with a smile, and told her that the man was a poor ignorant dog from Flanders, who had been in the woods as a hunter ever since he came abroad as a boy; that he spoke very little French, and that very badly, but that he, Ransom, had seen him so much that he could understand him.

Then he turned to Blackburn:

"N'oubliez pas, mon ami,—don't forget a word I tell you. Pepper it well, and don't git us hanged for nothin'. Ensuite—tout ensemble—oui, monsieur."

"Oui, monsieur, vraiment," said Blackburn bravely. "The gal don't remember when she did not live with the redskins. Sacrement! parbleu! mon Dieu!—but she does not remember her own mother, who died ten years ago. Parlez vous Francais, Saint Denis! Since then she has lived as they all live. Comment, monsieur. She says she wants to go to the East—that her mother bade her go there—morbleu! sacrement! oui, monsieur. She says the redskins wasn't kind to her, and wasn't hard on her, but didn't give her enough to eat, and made her walk when her feet was sore. Mère de Dieu, sacrement! Saint Denis—bon jour!"

It was clear enough that poor Blackburn's French had been mostly picked up among the voyagers on the river, and, alas! from their profane, rather than their ethical or æsthetic moments. It may be doubted whether to the Señora Troviño, the poor smattering would not have betrayed rather than helped the poor fellow, but that her sympathies were so wholly engrossed by the condition of the captive that she cared little by what means her story was interpreted.

In a moment more Ransom had explained it in voluble Spanish.

"Ask him for her name, Ransom; ask if she knew her mother's name; ask him how old she is," cried Inez eagerly.

"She says the Indians call her the White Hawk, but that her mother called her Mary, and bade her never forget," said the old man, really wiping his eyes. "She says she is sixteen summers old."

Inez seized the girl's hand and said "Marie"—of which she made nothing; but when the girl said squarely "Mary," "Mary"—and then said "Ma"—"Ma"—"Ma," the poor captive's face flushed for the first time; and she seized both Inez's hands, repeated all these syllables after her, and broke into a flood of tears.

"Ma–ry," said Eunice slowly to the Senora Troviño, "it is the way they pronounce Marie in the eastern provinces."

In a moment more appeared the portly and cheerful Father Andrés, who had by good fortune accompanied the foraging party which had brought in this waif from the forest. To his presence with the soldiers, indeed, it is probable that she owed her redemption.

Ransom's story was substantially correct. This was a little band of Apaches, who had by an accident been cut off from the principal company of their tribe, and by a series of misfortunes had lost their horses and most of their weapons. They were loath to throw themselves on Spanish hospitality, and well they might be. Still, when the troopers had struck their trail and overtaken them, the savages were in great destitution and well-nigh starving. They were out of their own region—were trying to return to it on foot, and were living as they might on

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such rabbits as they could snare, and such wild fruits as they could find. Father Andrés, with a broader humanity, had agreed to give a broken-down mule and a quarter of venison as a ransom for the girl, and both parties had been well satisfied with the exchange.

For the girl herself,—she was tall, graceful in movement, eminently handsome, with features of perfect regularity, eyes large and black, and with her head fairly burdened with the luxurious masses of hair, which were gathered up with some savage ornament, but insisted upon curling in a most un-Indian-like way. There was a singular unconsciousness in her demeanor, like that of an animal. Inez said she never knew that you were looking at her. Once and again, in this little first interview, she started to her feet, and stood erect and animated, with an eagerness which the Spanish women around her, or their Indian servants, never showed and could not understand. Perhaps she never seemed so attractive as in these animated pantomimes in which she answered their questions, or explained the detail of their past history.

Soon after the arrival of Father Andrés, Harrod returned from riding with the officers. He explained to Donna Isabella that he had acquired some knowledge of the Indian pantomime in his hunting expeditions. By striking out one superfluous interpreter from the chain, he gave simplicity and animation to the stranger's narrative.

She remembered perfectly well many things that her mother had told her, though she showed only the slightest knowledge of her mother's language. But, on this point, Harrod and the ladies from Orleans were determined to try her more fully when they were alone. The village, whatever it was, of her birthplace had been fortified against savages. But a powerful tribe had attacked it, and, after long fighting, the whites had surrendered. But what was surrender to such a horde? So soon as they had laid down their weapons the Indians had slaughtered every man, and every boy large enough to carry arms. Next they had killed, for convenience' sake, every child not big enough to travel with them in their rapid retreat. The women they had kept, and if any woman chose to keep her baby the whim was indulged. Such a baby was this "Ma-ry"—the White Hawk just now rescued. Her mother had clung to her in every trial. Long, long before the White Hawk could remember anything, she and her mother had been sold to some other tribe, which took them far from other captives of their own race. With this tribe—who were Apaches, of Western Texas—she had lived ever since she could remember. She had always heard of whites. She had always known she was one of them. But she had never seen a white man till yesterday.

"And now you are with us, you will stay with us," said Donna Isabella, eagerly.

The girl did not so much as notice her appeal. For she happened to be looking on one of the thousand marvels around her, so that she did not catch the eagerness of the Spanish lady's eye, and she understood not a syllable of her language. Harrod touched her gently, and repeated the appeal to her in a pantomime which the others could partly follow.

Then the White Hawk smiled,—oh! so prettily,—and replied in a pantomime which they could not follow; but she placed her hand in Donna Isabella's, in Eunice's, and in Inez's in rapid succession, just pausing long enough before each to give the assurance of loyalty.

"She says that she promised her mother every night, before she slept, that she would go to her own people,—the whites. Whenever she can go to the rising sun to find them, she must go. But she says she is sure you three will be true to her, and that she will be true to you. She says she must find her mother's brothers and sisters, and she says you must be her guides."

Inez's eyes were brimming with tears.

"Can we find them, Monsieur Philippe? How can we find them? Where was this massacre, and when?"

The Spanish officers shrugged their shoulders at this, and said that, alas, there was only too much of such cruelty all along the frontier. The story, Harrod said, was like that of the massacre at Fort Loudon, but that was too long ago. The truth was, that for seventy years, from the time when the Indians of Natchez sacrificed the French garrison there, down to that moment, such carnage had been everywhere. Harrod told the ladies afterward that in only seven years, about the time of which the White Hawk spoke, fifteen hundred of the people of Kentucky had been killed or taken prisoners, and as many more on the Ohio River above Kentucky. Which village of a hundred, therefore, was White Hawk's village, or which mother of a thousand was hers, it would be hard to tell.

But Eunice thought that in that eye and

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face she saw the distinct sign of that Scotch-Irish race, which carries with it wherever it emigrates such matchless beauty of color, whether for women or for men. But of this, to their Spanish friends she said nothing.

So unusual a ripple in the stagnant life of the garrison threw back the memory of the arrival of the ladies from Orleans quite in the distance. Still, when the evening came, and the Donna Isabella's guests gathered, it proved that the several ladies of the little "society" had not been unmindful of the duties they owed to fashion. Most of them were attired in the latest styles of Mexico and Madrid which were known to them. Others relied boldly on the advices they had received from their correspondents, and wore what they supposed the latest fashion of Europe outside of Spain. All came eager with curiosity to see what were the latest dates from Orleans and from Paris. With some difficulty, and in face of many protests from Ransom, Eunice and Inez were able to indulge them. It was necessary to open some packs which had been put up for San Antonio, and San Antonio only.

Ransom said this was impossible. Eunice said it must be done. Ransom said he would not do it. Eunice said that then she should have to do it herself. Ransom then knew that he had played his last card, went and opened the packs in question, brought them to the ladies, and declared that it was the easiest thing in life to do so, and that, in fact, they ought to be opened, because they needed the air. For such was Ransom's way when he was met face to face.

We ought to tell our fair readers how these two ladies were dressed on that October evening. Not so different in the effect at a distance from the costumes of to-day. But the waists of their frocks were very close under their arms, as if they were the babes of 1876 at the baptismal font. For the rest the skirts were scant, as Inez's diary tells me, and the trimming was their glory.

Would you like to see Madame Fantine's account of the dress which Inez wore that evening? It is "Coiffure à l' hirondelle. Robe à soie bleue à demi traine; la jupe garnie des paillettes." Now paillettes were little round steel spangles.

There! Is not that the loyal and frank way for the novelist of the nineteenth century when he has his heroine's costume to describe.

But Madame Fantine could not have described the White Hawk's dress—"Ma-ry's." And, after all, she was the belle of the evening. The Donna Isabella and Inez, principally Inez, had devoted themselves to her toilette through the afternoon. To dress her as a Christian woman had been Donna Isabella's first idea. But, to say truth, Donna Isabella's idea of Christianity was not unlike that of the missionaries in Africa, whose first great triumph was the persuading the natives to bury their dead in coffins. If the Donna Isabella could have seen the White Hawk in a mantilla and long silk wrapper, she would have been as well satisfied as Padre Andreas if he could place baptismal waters on her forehead. To such costume White Hawk herself objected. Could she have spoken Hebrew she would have said, with Jesse's son: "I have not proved them." And here our pretty Inez proved her loyal friend. How charming it was to see these lovely girls together! No! White Hawk had come to them in savage costume—and so it was best that she should come to the party. Only these feathers must be crisp and new. And the presidio was quite competent to furnish crisp new crane's feathers. This doeskin tunic—yes, it did have a bad smell—even Inez had to confess that. But the quartermaster produced a lovely new doeskin, at the sight of which those black eyes of White Hawk's flashed fire; and what with Inez's needle, and Eunice's, and the Mexican maid of Donna Isabella, and White Hawk's own nimble fingers, every pretty fringe, every feather, with every bead and every shell from the old wilderness-worn dress, were transferred in an hour to the new robe. As for hair, as Inez said, there was not a major's wife, nor a captain's, at the party, but envied White Hawk her magnificent coiffure.

For slippers—*alias* moccasins—they were fain to go to the store-house of the presidio again, and select one of the smallest pair they found there made ready for women's wear. They gave these to White Hawk, who laughed merrily. Before the "party" began they were embroidered with the brightest colors, discovered only White Hawk knew where or how.

Thus appareled, White Hawk certainly drew all eyes. Inez confessed that she paled her ineffectual fires. Her ivory fan, fresh from Paris, did not win the homage, she said, which White Hawk won by her crane's feathers.

"And what could you expect," said the enthusiastic girl, "when she has those wonderful cheeks, those blazing eyes, and that heavenly smile. Eunice, if you do not

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take her to Antonio with us, why Eunice, I shall die!"

The garrison, at its best, furnished twelve ladies—confessed as ladies—when there was any such occasion for festivity as this evening. Of gentlemen, as at all military posts, there was no lack. The frontier garrison towns of Mexico presented at that time a series of curious contrasts. Gentlemen of the best training of Europe, who had, perhaps, brought with them ladies of the highest culture—as Governor Herrara had at this very time—were stationed for years, in the discharge of the poor details of frontier duty, in the midst of the simplest and most ignorant people in Christendom. In the same garrison would be young Mexican gentlemen—in training for the same service—not deficient in the external marks of a gentleman, but without any other culture than training in the details of tactics. Between the wives was a broader contrast, perhaps, than between the husbands. Very few Mexican ladies of the Spanish blood, "Creoles," if we may take the expression of the day, were educated for any conversation with intelligent men, or expected to bear a share in it. But such a lady as Madame Herrara, with whom the persevering reader of these pages will meet, or the Señora Maria Caberairi, or the Señora Marguerite Valois, accustomed to the usages of Europe, lived as rational beings. That is, they received visits and discharged the duties of an elegant hospitality. Such a protest against the Oriental seclusion which, perhaps, the Moors introduced into Spanish life, whether in Old Spain or in New Spain, met with no favor from the handsome, indolent and passive ladies who made up the majority of garrison society. And the line was marked with perfect distinctness, on this occasion, between four on the one side and eight on the other, of the ladies who attended at Donna Maria's ball.

This contrast added greatly to the lively Inez's enjoyment of the evening. She had no lack of good partners, only eager to take her out to the minuet. The lively girl showed that she, at least, had no objection to talking to young officers, and that she had enough to say to them.

"Do not disgrace your duenna," said Eunice, laughing, as Inez left her on one of these campaigns of conquest. And Inez said:

"Dearest duenna, if I could only use a fan as well as you do."

Harrod said to Eunice that he should find his occupation gone, now that there was a little army of Dons and hidalgos only too eager to take charge of the ladies of his convoy. Indeed, in brilliancy of costume, the gentlemen of the party quite held their own in comparison with even the French and Spanish toilets of the ladies. The dragoons wore a short blue coat, with red cape and cuffs, with small-clothes of blue velvet, always open at the knee. Every gentleman brought with him a tall dress hat, such as the modern reader associates with banditti on the stage. It was etiquette to bring this even into the ball-room, because the ribbon of gay colors with which it was bound was supposed to be a lady's gift and a mark of gallantry. Many of the men were tall and handsome, and you would have said that dancing and cards were the only business of their lives.

Although Inez had spent her whole life in what was called a Spanish colony—in a town which thought much of itself—while Nacogdoches was but a garrison post, she had never seen, till now, any of the peculiar forms of Spanish society. Orleans held its head very high in the social way, but it was as a French city. The governors and their courts could make no head against the proud Gallicism of the people they found there, and French travelers said with pride that Spaniards were "*Francised*," but Frenchmen were not "Españoled" in Orleans.

The minuet was at that moment the property of the world. The fandango and the bolero were dances Inez had never seen before; nor would she have shed tears if she had been told she should never see them again. The White Hawk, who joined even merrily in the gayeties of the evening, seemed hurt and annoyed at the intimacies of the fandango, and showed that she was glad when it was over. None of the strangers indeed could take part in it, and they observed that a part of the ladies among their hosts would not take part in it. Naturally enough, the talk turned on National Dances, in a circle of such varied nationalities. The White Hawk frankly and simply performed an Apache *pas de seul* for the surprise and amusement of her hosts, so soon as she found they would take pleasure from it. And then, after a little conference between Donna Maria and her husband, and a word with Colonel Rodriguez the Commander of the Garrison, one of the band-men was sent out to bring in a party of dancers from the vulgar crowd

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without, who would show a pure Mexican dance to the visitors.

This was the dance of the Matachines,—which dates back even to the Court of Montezuma. A boy, gayly dressed, rushed in with his bride. These were Montezuma and Malinche. The girl's rattle took the place of the castanets of the fandango. In an instant more the other dancers, armed also with rattles, followed in two parallel rows, soon breaking into four, and a large man with a hideous mask,—the devil of the scene,—whip in hand, ruled the pageant. Nobody but Montezuma and Malinche escaped his blows.

At times the Emperor and his bride sat in chairs which were placed, for their thrones, and received from the other dancers the most humble protestations.

Friar Andrés said that the whole was typical of astronomical truths. Perhaps it was. I remember Margaret Fuller once told me, who write these words, what the quadrille called "Pantalon" typified. If I only remembered! That is the figure where the gentleman leaves his partner for a while in captivity on the other side.

Meanwhile all the men were not occupied in minuets, in fandangos, in boleros, or in fanning ladies. Parties of officers, not inconsiderable, sat at cards in the card-rooms, and if one could judge from their cries now and then, the play was exciting and high.

In such amusements the "dressed day" came to a close, and it stole an hour even from the day of departure.

CHAPTER IX.

TALKING AND WALKING.

"Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest I'll venture."—MILTON.

IT was decided in solemn assembly, the next morning, that the White Hawk should join the party of travelers for San Antonio. Donna Maria had seen too much of garrison life to wish to keep the girl longer than was necessary, at a post like Nacogdoches. Indeed, if she ever were to seek her birthplace, it must be from such a point as San Antonio, and not from a garrison town. Eunice and Inez gladly took the care of her,—and Colonel Troviño formally prepared a new passport which should describe her and her condition also.

"I have added your name, Monsieur Philippe," said the hospitable Colonel. "I see you joined the party after the Marquis's pass was filled. Ah me! the Marquis is growing a little drowsy after all!" And he laughed with that conceit with which a rival bureau always detects errors in the administration of the establishment "over the way."

And so, after every conceivable delay, innumerable adios and commendations to the Virgin, the little party started again. To the last, Blackburn, Richards, Adams and King were taken for granted as part of the party. They asked no questions,—and the Colonel, with all his formalities, never asked them where they joined or where they were to leave.

With no prospect of other detention before arriving at San Antonio, they all pushed out into what was very nearly desert country.

The afternoon was well advanced, when they made the halt which with an earlier start would have been made earlier,—for a rest from the saddle, and to give the beasts a chance for food. The ladies sat on their shawls a little away from the caravan proper, and Harrod, with some help from Ransom, improvised a screen from the wind by stretching his own blanket above some stakes driven into the ground.

The first care had been to send notes and messages to Capt. Nolan, who was supposed to be not far away. These were intrusted to Blackburn, and to old Cæsar, whom Blackburn had persuaded to join him for a few days. After their departure, the encampment took on an air of tranquil repose.

"We are as happy as Arabs," said Inez.

"As happy as Ma-ry here would be in your father's salon on the plantation," said Harrod. "Ask her if she sees anything piquant or strange in lunching *al fresco* here."

"Ask her," said Eunice, "what she makes of Ransom's Boston crackers; and whether she would rather have a rabbit *à la mesquit*."

"Ah well!" said Harrod, "the rarity of the thing is all very well, but when Miss Inez here has lunched twenty days more *al fresco* she will be glad to find herself in her aunt's inner chamber ———"

"As Ma-ry will after twenty days of the salon life,—to find herself on a mustang horse, riding after antelopes," said Inez,—this time sadly.

"Miss Inez, I do not believe a word of it."

"A word of what?"

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"Of what you are afraid of,—that this girl has become a child of the forest and is going to love mustangs and antelopes and mesquit bushes, and grilled rabbits, more than she will love books and guitars and the church and a Christian home. Blood is a good deal thicker than water, Miss Inez, and blood will tell!"

"Seventeen years go a good way," Mr. Harrod; "and she must be as old as I am," said Inez, as if she herself were the person of most experience in this world.

"But seventeen centuries go farther," said he, and I may say eighteen, lacking two months, I believe. Oh, Miss Inez, trust a man who has seen white skins, and black skins, and red skins, and olive skins, and skins so dirty that they had no color. Trust me who speak to you. If the sins of the fathers go to the children for the third and fourth generation,"—there was no banter in his tone now; but all this was in serious earnest—"shall not the virtues of the mothers, —and their loves and even their fancies, and their tastes? Shall not their faith and hope, shall not their prayer, have a hold deeper than a little calico or flannel? Does not your commandment say 'through all generations for those who love Him,' and do you not suppose that means something?"

It was the first time Harrod had spoken with quite this earnestness of feeling. To Eunice it was not unexpected, however. She had seen from his first salute at the encampment that he was every inch a man. To Inez there was all the satisfaction which comes to every girl of yesterday when some person of insight sees that she is a woman to-day. The change from boy to man takes years, and is marked by a thousand slow graduations. The change from girl to woman is well-nigh immediate. But the woman just born cannot scream out: "The world is all changed to me. Why will you talk to me, as if I were playing with my doll." All the same is she grateful to him or her who finds out this change. And so Inez was grateful to William Harrod now.

"You see," said Harrod, "I was born close to the frontier, and since I can remember I have been on it and of it. Dear old Daniel Boone—have you ever 'hearn tell' of him, Miss Perry? Dear old Daniel Boone—many is the time that he has spent the weeks of a winter-storm and clearing at my father's, and many is the tramp that I have taken with him and with his sons. I fired his rifle before I was ten years old. Yes! and I have seen this thing always. Why! when I was a little boy I have seen our dear Elder Brainerd take these savage boys, and be good to them and helpful, and let them cheat him and lie to him, and since then I have seen them go off like hawks when they smelt carrion. And I have seen—well I have seen Daniel Boone, who had slept under the sky as they sleep, had starved as they starve, had frozen as they freeze—and he would come to my dear mother's table as perfect and finished a gentleman as there is in Orleans or Paris. Dear Miss Perry, there is such a thing as race, and blood does tell!"

"And I hope it tells in something better than choice of places to lunch in," said Inez.

"Yes indeed," said the young fellow, who was on one of his hobbies now. "You shall see that your pretty Ma-ry will be a lady of the land, if you can once see her in her land. As for these *greasers*, I do not know that I rate them as of much more help to her than so many Caddoes or Apaches. Oh dear! how I hate them!" and he laughed heartily.

"Pray do not say so to Inez," said her aunt. "You do not guess yet how hard I find it to make her loyal to her sovereign."

"Most estimable of duennas," cried Inez, "pray do not say that again for a week. Let me mildly represent to your grace, that your unsuspected loyalty to the most gracious of masters, and to the loveliest of queens, has led you to make this protest daily since her Majesty's sacred birthday—blessed be her gracious life, and her sweet memory—recalled to your loveliness's recollection your duty to your honored sovereign. There, you darling old tease, can I not do it as well as you can? And do not the adjectives and compliments roll out rather more graciously in the language of Squam Bay than even in the glorious Castilian itself? Oh dear! I wish I could set Ransom to translate one of the Bishop's prelections on royalty into genuine Yankee."

"Do it yourself," said Harrod, who was rapidly gaining all Nolan's enthusiasm for the old man.

And Inez attempted a rapid imitation.

"There," said she, "it is the day of our Lady of the Sacred Torch, and by a miraculous coincidence, it happens also to be the day of the Santissima Luisa, the patron saint of my beloved, most honored, and never-to-be-forgotten queen and sovereign lady. And as the Bishop rides to the cathedral, by a great misfortune the wheels of the carriage of the most right-reverend and

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best-beloved Father come off in the fosse or ditch just in front of the palace of the Governor of my most gracious sovereign Charles the Fourth, and the holy Father is thrown forward into the mud."

"Inez, you shall not run on so."

"Dear duenna, hold your peace; I shall, and I will. And all shall be said decently and in order.

"Word is carried of the misfortune to the cathedral, where Ransom is waiting in the sacristy with a note from Miss Eunice Perry, heretic though she be, and fated to be burned when her time comes, inviting the most reverend and beloved Father to dinner. Ransom observes the dangers to the elect, should the prolocution in honor of my gracious and never-to-be-forgotten queen be omitted. By a happy instinct he slips off his white jacket and with grace and ease slips on the tunic, which seems to him most to resemble the Calvinistic gown of his childhood, and then, preceded by acolytes and followed by thurifers, he mounts to the pulpit just as the faithful are turning away disappointed, and says:

"'It's all nonsense, 'n I told the Biship so last time I see him. I says, says I, them hubs to the wheel of your coach ain't fit for nothin', they ain't, and ef you will ride in it you'll break down some day, an' good enough for you. 'N now he has broke down jest as I told him he would, 'n he can't preach the Queen's sermon. I tell you the Queen ain't much, but she's a sight better than you deserve, any on you. Ye ain't fit to have a Queen, none on ye; ye don't know nothin', 'n ye don't know what a real good Queen is. Ye'd git more'n ye've got any rights to ef ye had old George the Third, the beggar, 'n he's the wust King that ever wos or ever will be. The Queen's birthday is to-day, so they sez, but they's all liars, and don't know nothin', as how should they, seein' they's all Catholics and niggers together, and ain't learned nothin'. I tell the Biship they ain't no good preachin' to such a crew as you be, but becos he can't come himself I've come to tell ye all ye may go home.'"

"Inez, you shall not run on so," said Eunice, really provoked that the girl who had so much deep feeling in her, should sweep into such arrant nonsense.

"Dearest Aunt Eunice, you are afraid that I shall lose my reputation in the eyes of dear White Hawk and of Mr. Harrod. Would you, perhaps, be so kind as to preach the Queen's sermon yourself?"

"That is a way she has, Mr. Harrod, and I recommend it to you, if you are ever so fortunate as to have the education of a young lady of seventeen intrusted to you."

"This dear Aunt Eunice of mine, who is the loveliest and kindest duenna that ever was in this world—if I do say so—she will rebuke me for my sins, because I do not sin to please her, and then she will set the example of the way the thing ought to be done.

"For instance, suppose I am tempted by the spirit of evil to imitate the Donna Dulcinea del Tobago, I call her, because her husband, the Chief Justice, smokes all day long; suppose I am tempted to imitate her solo, accompanied by the harpsichord, I sit down at my piano-forte and I just begin,

'Oh happy souls, by death at length set free,'

when my dear aunt says, 'You shall not do so, Inez, it is very wrong.' And then I begin again, and she says, 'Inez, it is very improper.' And then if I begin a third time, she says, 'Inez, if you will do anything so absurd, pray do it correctly; let me sit there. I will show you how she sings it,' and then she makes the Donna Dulcinea ten times as absurd as I could, because she has heard her ten times as often. You are the dearest old aunt that ever was, and I am the worst tease that ever was born."

And she flung herself on the neck of her aunt and kissed her again and again.

Meanwhile, the White Hawk sat amused beyond expression, and mystified quite as much by what was to her only a pantomime, in which she could not make out one term in ten.

As Inez ceased her eulogy, she looked around upon the girl, and caught the roguish twinkle of her eye, and could not but turn to her and kiss her as eagerly as she had kissed her aunt, though from a sentiment wholly different.

For both these ladies watched the White Hawk with the feeling with which you would watch an infant, mingled with that with which you regard a woman. "What does she think? How does all this seem? What would she say if she could speak to us?"

The range of her pantomime and the spirit and truth of Harrod's interpretation of it, were enough to express things and to make them feel, just up to a certain point, that here was a woman closely tied to them, sympathizing with them, as they, indeed, with her. But where things stopped, and ideas began, just where they wanted language

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most, language stopped for them, and White Hawk seemed like a child of whose resources even they knew nothing. It was a comfort to Inez to overwhelm her with this storm of kisses, and a comfort to the other also.

"She must learn to speak to us. And while we are on the trail here, she shall learn her own language. We will not make her talk about 'your loftiness,' and 'your serenity,' Miss Eunice."

"Dear, dear Ma-ry," said the girl, turning to her again, and speaking very slowly, as if that would help, "do say something to me. Talk baby-talk, dear Ma-ry."

And then she tried her with "ma-ma." And, as before, it was very certain that "Ma-ry" knew what these syllables meant. And with a wild eagerness she would listen to what Inez said to her, and then would try to form words like Inez's words. Perhaps she had some lingering memory of what her mother had taught her, but the words would not come.

"Then, if I cannot teach you, you shall teach me, dear Ma-ry." And so the two girls began, with Harrod's aid, to work out the chief central signs of the language of pantomime. And when Inez found her chance, she would make "Ma-ry" repeat in English this word or that, which the girl caught quickly. The readiness of her organs for this speech was enough to show that she had had some training in it when she was yet very young.

In this double schooling the girls passed the afternoon, for many miles after they were all in the saddle again. Indeed, it became occupation and amusement for all the leaders of the party, for day after day, in their not very eventful journey. Their fortune did not differ from that of most travelers in such an expedition. The spirit and freshness of an open-air life lifted them well over the discomforts of a beginning, and when the bivouac, the trail, and the forest began to be an old story, the experience gained in a thousand details made compensation for the lack of novelty and consequent excitement. For some days from Nacogdoches the trail led them through woods, only occasionally broken by little prairies. A little Spanish post at the Trinity River, and once or twice the humble beginnings of some settler, on the trail, vary the yellow pages of poor little Inez's diary. But the party were beginning to grow reckless, in comparison with their caution at the outset—reckless merely because they had been so favored in the weather and in the monotonous safety of their march, when they were recalled, only too suddenly, to the sense of the danger which always hangs over such travelers in the wilderness.

Harrod had sent on his men in advance, as had come to be the custom, with directions to select the position for the camp, and have the ladies' tents ready before the caravan proper arrived. Adams and Richards found that a bayou known as the Little Brassos, was so swollen that the passage would be perhaps circuitous, and certainly difficult, and, with fit discretion, fixed their camp on high land above the water's edge, although by this location the party made a march shorter, by an hour, than was usual. Nobody complained, however, of the early release from the saddle, the two young people least of all. A few minutes were enough for them to refit themselves, and there was then half an hour left before the late dinner or early supper—now called by one name, and now by another—which always closed the day.

Harrod's directions were absolute, and Ransom's as well, that there should be no straggling, not the least, from the camp; and the girls were least inclined of any to disregard them. Certainly poor little Inez had no thought of disobedience, when she pointed out to Harrod a little knoll, hardly five rods from where they stood, and said to him that it must command a better view of the bayou than they had at the camp itself, and she would try once again if she could make any manner of sketch there, which would serve as a suggestion of the journey to her father. For both Eunice and Inez had cultivated some little talent they had in this way; and besides the fiddle-faddle in work on ivory which was a not unusual accomplishment for French ladies in their time, each of them had tried to train herself, and Eunice had, with some success, trained Inez in drawing, in the open air, from nature. In the close forest of the first few days from Nacogdoches, Inez had found few opportunities for her little sketch-book, and Harrod encouraged her in her proposal now, and promised to join her so soon as the horses were all unpacked and fitly tethered for the night.

Inez sat there for a minute, made the notes in her diary which in yellow ink on yellow paper still appear on that page, and then left the book open while she ran down to the edge of the bayou to fill the water-bottle of her paint-box. She was surprised and interested to see the variety of the foot-marks of the different beasts who had come to the same spot before her for

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drink. A large log of a fallen tree lay over the water, and the fearless girl, who was not without practice in such gymnastics in her plantation life, ran out upon it, to fill her little flask with water, as clear as she could find.

Here her view up and down the little lake—for lake it seemed—widened on each side. The sky was clouded so that Inez lost the lights of the afternoon sun, but still it was a scene of wonderful beauty. The dark shadows, crimson and scarlet, of the autumn foliage, the tall, clear-cut oak, whose lines were so sharp against the sky, were all perfectly reflected in the water, with a distinctness so vivid that she had only to bend her head and look under her arm to make the real heavens seem the deception, and the reflection the reality. From the distance her attention was gradually called to her own shore—a great water-snake poked his head above the water and really seemed to look at her for a moment, then with an angry flash broke the smooth surface for a moment and plunged out of sight. Great bunches of water-grapes hung near her, bright leaves of persimmon, red oak and red bay, swamp oak and tupelo were all around her, and tempted her to make a little bouquet for the supper-table. Her quarters in the branches of the fallen tree were not extensive. But the girl was active, and was diligently culling her various colors, when her eye caught sight in the water of a treasure she had coveted since she met the Caddo Indians, the great seed-vessels, namely, of the gigantic water-lily of those regions, the Nelumbo lutea, or sacred "bean of India."

Were they beyond reach? If they were, Ransom would come down for her in a minute in the morning, before they started. But, if she had not this provoking hat and shawl on, could she not clamber down to the water's edge among the small branches, and with a stick break them off so they could be floated in? It was worth the trial. And so the girl hung up the offending hat with the shawl, broke off the strongest bough she could manage, and descended to the water's edge again for her foraging.

It took longer than she meant, for the rattles were very provoking. Rattles, be it said, these great seed-vessels are, in the Indian economies, and it was for rattles in dancing that Miss Inez thought them so well worth collecting. But with much pulling and hauling, three of them consented to loosen themselves from their anchorage, and, to Inez's delight, began to float slowly across to the other side of her little cove. Now she had only to run around there and secure her prizes. But, as she turned to recover her hat and shawl, and to work shoreward with her not forgotten bouquet, looking out through the bushes upon the little opening in the shrubbery which had been her path, the girl saw what she knew in an instant must be the gigantic Texas panther, quietly walking down to the water, with two little cubs at its side. Inez was frightened; of that there is no doubt. And to herself she owned she was frightened. She would have been frightened had she met the beast on the traveled trail. But here the panther had her at disadvantage. She had, however, the presence of mind to utter no sound. If the panther had not made her out hidden in the shrubbery, she would not call his attention. Would he be good enough to lap his water and go his way, perhaps?

So she waited, her heart in her mouth, not daring to wink, as she looked through the little opening in the tupelo beside her. These, then, were the foot-marks which she had been wondering about, and had thought might be the prints of bears. Bears, indeed! Much did she know of bears! Would the creature never be done? What did she know about panthers? Did panthers drink enough for nine days, like camels? At last the panther had drunk enough—and the little panthers. But then another process began. They all had to make their ablutions. If Inez had not been wretched she could have laughed to see the giant beast lapping her paws, just as her dear old Florinda did at home, and purring its approval over the little wretches, as they did the same. But now she had rather cry than laugh. Should she have to stay here all night? Had she better stay all night, or risk everything by a cry that they could hear at camp? Would they hear her at the camp if she did cry?

There is no reason to suppose that the poor girl was left twenty minutes in her enforced silence, stiff with the posture in which she stood, and cold with fear and with the night mist which, even before the sun went down, began to creep up from the bayou. But it seemed to her twenty hours, and was it might. Still, it did not last forever. The cubs at last finished washing the last claw or the last leg, and the old lady panther, or old gentleman, whichever the sex may have been, seemed satisfied that here was no

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place for spending the night. Perhaps some rustle in the shrubbery gave sign of game. Anyway, without noise, the great beast turned on its tracks, paused a moment, and then made one great bound inland, followed by the little ones. Inez had some faith left in her in the power of the human voice, and she did her best to stimulate their flight by one piercing scream, which she changed into a war-whoop, according to the best directions which White Hawk had given her. A feminine war-whoop—a war-whoop of the soprano or treble variety—but still a war-whoop. As such it was received apparently by the panthers, who made no tarry, but were seen no more.

Inez hastened to avail herself of her victory. Hat and shawl were recovered. Firmly and quickly she extricated herself from the labyrinth of boughs of the fallen cotton-wood tree, and almost ran, in her nervous triumph, along its trunk to the shore. Up the beaten pathway she ran, marking now the fresh impression of the beasts' tracks before her. Once and again she cried aloud, hoping that she might be heard in the camp. She had left, and remembered she had left, her note-book and her sketch-book on the knoll. But they might go. For herself, the sight of the tents was all in all, and she turned from the path she followed as she came down, all the more willingly because she saw the panthers had followed it also, to run along the broader way, better marked, which kept upon the level to the beaten trail of travel.

"Broader way and better marked." Oh, Inez, Inez, broad is the way that leads to destruction, and how many simple wood-farers, nay, how many skilled in wood-craft, have remembered this text when it was too late to profit by it. Three minutes were enough to show the girl that this better-marked track did not lead to the traveled trail. It turned off just as it should not do, and it clung to the bayou. This would never do. They would miss her at the tents and be frightened. Panther or no panther, she would go up over the knoll. So she turned back on her steps and began to run now, because she knew how nervous her aunt would be. And again the girl shouted cheerily—called on the highest key, and sounded her newly learned war-whoop.

But, as she ran, the path confused her. Could she have passed that flaming sassafras without so much as noticing it? Anyway, she should recognize the great mass of bays where she had last noticed the panthers' tracks. She had seen them as she ran down, and as she came up. She hurried on, but she certainly had returned much farther than she went, when she came out on a strange log flung up in some freshet, which she knew she had not seen before. And there was no clump of bays. Was this being lost? Was she lost?

Why Inez had to confess to herself,—that she was lost just a little bit,—but nothing to be afraid of,—but still lost enough to talk about afterward, she certainly was.

Yet, as she said to herself again and again, she could not be a quarter of a mile, nor half a quarter of a mile, from camp. As soon as they missed her,—and by this time they had missed her,—they would be out to look for her. How provoking that she, of all the party, should make so much bother to the rest! They would watch her now like so many cats all the rest of the way! What a fool she was ever to leave the knoll?

So Inez stopped again, shouted again, and listened, and listened, to hear nothing but a swamp-owl.

If the sky had been clear, she would have had no cause for anxiety. In that case they would have light enough to find her in. She would have had the sunset glow to steer by, and she would have had no difficulty in finding them. But with this horrid gray over every thing, she dared not turn round, without fearing that she might lose the direction in which the theory of the moment told her she ought to be faring. And these openings which she had called trails, which were probably broken by wild horses and wild oxen as they came down to the bayou to drink, would not go in one direction for ten paces. They bent right and left,—this way and that; so that without some sure token of sun or star it was impossible, as Inez felt, to know which way she was walking.

And at last, as this perplexity increased, she was conscious that the sun must have set, and that the twilight, never long, was now fairly upon her. All the time there was this fearful silence, only broken by her own voice, and that hateful owl. Was she wise to keep on in her theories of this way or that way? She had never yet come back, either upon the fallen cotton-wood tree, or upon the bunch of bays which was her landmark, and it was doubtless her wisest determination to stay where she was. The chances that the larger party would find her were much greater than that she

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alone would find them. But by this time she was sure that if she kept on in any direction, there was an even chance that she was going farther and farther wrong.

But it was too cold for her to sit down, wrap herself never so closely in her shawl. The poor girl tried this. She must keep in motion. Back and forth she walked, fixing her march by signs which she could not mistake, even in the gathering darkness. How fast that darkness gathered! The wind seemed to rise too, as the night came on, and a fine rain that seemed as cold as snow to her, came to give the last drop to her wretchedness. If she were tempted for a moment to abandon her sentry beat, and try this wild experiment or that to the right or left, some odious fallen trunk, wet with moss and decay, lay just where she pressed into the shrubbery, as if placed there to reveal to her her absolute powerlessness. She was dead with cold, and even in all her wretchedness knew that she was hungry. How stupid to be hungry when she had so much else to trouble her! But at least she would make a system of her march. She would walk fifty times this way, to the stump, and fifty times that way,—then she would stop, and cry out and sound her war-whoop. Then she would take up her sentry march again. And so she did. This way, at least, time would not pass without her knowing whether it were near midnight or no.

"Hark! God be praised, there is a gun! and there is another! and there is another! They have come on the right track, and I am safe!" So she shouted again, and sounded her war-whoop again, and listened,—and then again, and listened again. One more gun! But then! No more! Poor Inez. Certainly they were all on one side of her. If only it were not so piteously dark! If she could only work half the distance in that direction which her fifty sentry beats made put together. But when she struggled that way through the tangle, and over one wet log and another, it was only to find her poor wet feet sinking down into mud and water! She did not dare keep on. All that was left for her was to find her tramping ground again, and this she did.

"Good God, take care of me! My poor dear father,—what would he say if he knew his child was dying close to her friends? Dear mamma, keep watch over your little girl."

(To be continued.)

THE OLD FOLKS' PARTY.

"AND now what shall we do next Wednesday evening?" said Jessie Hyde in a business-like tone. "It is your turn, Henry, to suggest."

Jessie was a practical, energetic young lady, whose blue eyes never relapsed into the dreaminess to which that color is subject. She furnished the go for the club. Especially she furnished the go for Henry Long, who had lots of ideas, but without her, to stir him up, was as dull as a flint without a steel.

There were six in the club, and all were present to-night in Jessie's parlor. The evening had been given to a little music, a little dancing, a little card-playing, and a good deal of talking. It was near the hour set by the club rule for the adjournment of its reunions, and the party had drawn their chairs together to consult upon the weekly recurring question, what should be done at the next meeting by way of special order of amusement. The programmes were alternately reading, singing, dancing, whist; varied with evenings of miscellaneous sociality like that which had just passed. The members took turns in suggesting recreations. To-night it was Henry Long's turn, and to him accordingly the eyes of the group turned at Jessie's question.

"Let's have an old folks' party" was his answer.

Considering that all of the club were yet at ages when they celebrated their birthdays with the figure printed on the cake, the suggestion seemed sufficiently irrelevant.

"In that case," said Frank Hays, "we shall have to stay at home."

Frank was an alert little fellow, with a jaunty air, to whom, by tacit consent, all the openings for jokes were left, as he had a taste that way.

"What do you mean, Henry?" inquired George Townsley, a thick-set, sedate young man, with an intelligent, but rather phlegmatic, look.

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"My idea is this," said Henry, leaning back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, and his long legs crossed before him. "Let us dress up to resemble what we expect to look like fifty years hence, and study up our demeanor to correspond with what we expect to be and feel like at that time, and just call on Mary next Wednesday evening to talk over old times, and recall what we can, if anything, of our vanished youth, and the days when we belonged to the social club at C——."

The others seemed rather puzzled in spite of the explanation. Jessie sat looking at Henry in a brown study as she traced out his meaning.

"You mean a sort of ghost party," said she finally; "ghosts of the future, instead of ghosts of the past."

"That's it exactly," answered he. "Ghosts of the future are the only sort worth heeding. Apparitions of things past are a very unpractical sort of demonology, in my opinion, compared with apparitions of things to come."

"How in the world did such an odd idea come into your head?" asked pretty Nellie Tyrrell, whose dancing black eyes were the most piquant of interrogation points, with which it was so delightful to be punctured, that people were generally slow to gratify her curiosity.

"I was beginning a journal this afternoon," said Henry, "and the idea of Henry Long, ætat. 70, looking over the leaves, and wondering about the youth who wrote them so long ago, came up to my mind."

Henry's suggestion had set them all thinking, and the vein was so unfamiliar that they did not at once find much to say.

"I should think," finally remarked George, "that such an old folks' party would afford a chance for some pretty careful study, and some rather good acting."

"Fifty years will make us all not far from seventy. What shall we look like then, I wonder?" musingly asked Mary Fellows.

She was the demurest, dreamiest of the three girls; the most of a woman, and the least of a talker. She had that poise and repose of manner which are necessary to make silence in company graceful.

"We may be sure of one thing, anyhow, and that is, that we shall not look and feel at all as we do now," said Frank. "I suppose," he added, "if, by a gift of second sight, we could see to-night, as in a glass, what we shall be at seventy, we should entirely fail to recognize ourselves, and should fall to disputing which was which."

"Yes, and we shall doubtless have changed as much in disposition as in appearance," added Henry. "Now, for one, I've no idea what sort of a fellow my old man will turn out. I don't believe people can generally tell much better what sort of old people will grow out of them than what characters their children will have. A little better perhaps, but not much. Just think how different sets of faculties and tastes develop and decay, come into prominence and retire into the background, as the years pass. A trait scarcely noticeable in youth tinges the whole man in age."

"What striking dramatic effects are lost because the drama of life is spun out so long instead of having the ends brought together," observed George. "The spectators lose the force of the contrasts because they forget the first part of every rôle before the latter part is reached. One fails in consequence to get a realizing sense of the sublime inconsistencies of every life-time."

"That difficulty is what we propose, in a small way, to remedy next Wednesday night," replied Henry.

Mary professed some scruples. It was so queer, she thought it must be wrong. It was like tempting Providence to take for granted issues in His hands, and masquerade with uncreated things like their own yet unborn selves. But Frank reminded her that the same objection would apply to any arrangement as to what they should do next week.

"Well, but," offered Jessie, "is it quite respectful to make sport of old folks, even if they are ourselves?"

"My conscience is clear on that point," said Frank. "It's the only way we can get even with them for the deprecating, contemptuous way in which they will allude to us over their snuff and tea, as callow and flighty youth, if indeed they deign to remember us at all, which isn't likely."

"I'm all tangled up in my mind," said Nellie with an air of perplexity, "between these old people you are talking about and ourselves. Which is which? It seems odd to talk of them in the third person, and of ourselves in the first. Aren't they ourselves too?"

"If they are, then certainly we are not," replied Henry. "You may take your choice."

"The fact is," he added, as she looked still more puzzled, "there are half a dozen of

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each one of us, or a dozen if you please, one in fact for each epoch of life, and each slightly or almost wholly different from the others. Each one of these epochs is foreign and inconceivable to the others, as ourselves at seventy now are to us. It's as hard to suppose ourselves old as to imagine swapping identities with another. And when we get old it will be just as hard to realize that we were ever young. So that the different periods of life are to all intents and purposes different persons, and the first person of grammar ought to be used only with the present tense. What we were, or shall be, or do, belongs strictly to the third person."

"You would make sad work of grammar with that notion," said Jessie, smiling.

"Grammar needs mending just there," replied Henry. "The three persons of grammar are really not enough. A fourth is needed to distinguish the ego of the past and future from the present ego, which is the only true one."

"Oh, you're getting altogether too deep for me," said Jessie. "Come, girls, what in the world are we going to get to wear next Wednesday?"

"Sure enough!" cried they with one accord, while the musing look in their eyes gave place to a vivacious and merry expression.

"My mother isn't near as old as we're going to be. Her things won't do," said Nellie.

"Nor mine," echoed Jessie; "but perhaps Mary's grandmother will let us have some of her things."

"In that case," suggested Frank, "it will be only civil to invite her to the party."

"To be sure, why not?" agreed Jessie. "It is to be an 'old folks' party, and her presence will give a reality to the thing."

"I don't believe she'll come," said George. "You see being old is dead earnest to her, and she won't see the joke."

But Mary said she would ask her anyway, and so that was settled.

"My father is much too large in the waist for his clothes to be of any service to me," said George lugubriously.

But Frank reminded him that this was a hint as to his get-up, and that he must stuff with pillows that the proverb might be fulfilled, "like father like son."

And then they were rather taken aback by Henry's obvious suggestion that there was no telling what the fashion in dress would be in A. D. 1925, "even if," he added, "the scientists leave us any A. D. by that time," though Frank remarked here that A. D. would answer just as well as *Anno Darwinis*, if worst came to worst. But it was decided that there was no use trying after prophetical accuracy in dress, since it was out of the question, and even if attainable would not suggest age to their own minds as would the elderly weeds which they were accustomed to see.

"It's rather odd, isn't it," said Jessie gravely, "that it didn't occur to anybody, that in all probability not over one or two of us at most will be alive fifty years hence."

"Let's draw lots for the two victims, and the rest of us will appear as ghosts," suggested Frank, grimly.

"Poor two," sighed Nellie. "I'm sorry for them. How lonely they will be. I'm glad I haven't got a very good constitution."

But Henry remarked that Jessie might have gone further and said just as truly that none of them would survive fifty years, or even ten.

"We may, some of us, escape the pang of dying as long as that," said he, "but that is but a trifle, and not a necessary incident of death. The essence of mortality is change, and we shall be changed. Ten years will see us very different persons. What though an old dotard calling himself Henry Long is stumping around fifty years hence, what is that to me? I shall have been dead a half century by that time."

"The old gentleman you speak so lightly of will probably think more tenderly of you than you do of him," said Jessie.

"I don't believe it," answered Henry. "In fact, if we were entirely true to nature next Wednesday, it would spoil the fun, for we probably should not, if actually of the age we pretend, think of our youth once a year, much less meet to talk it over."

"Oh, I don't think so," protested Nellie. "I'm sure all the story-books and poetry say that old folks are much given to reviewing their youth in a pensive, regretful sort of way."

"That's all very pretty, but it's all gammon in my opinion," responded Henry. "The poets are young people who know nothing of how old folks feel, and argue only from their theory of the romantic fitness of things. I believe that reminiscence takes up a very small part of old persons' time. It would furnish them little excitement, for they have lost the feelings by which their memories would have to be interpreted to become vivid. Remembering is dull business at best. I notice that most persons,

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even of eventful lives, prefer a good novel to the pleasures of recollection. It is really easier to sympathize with the people in a novel or drama than with our past selves. We lose a great source of recreation just because we can't recall the past more vividly."

"How shockingly Henry contradicts tonight," was the only reply Nellie deigned to this long speech.

"What shall we call each other next Wednesday?" asked Mary. "By our first names, as now?"

"Not if we are going to be prophetically accurate," said Henry. "Fifty years hence, in all probability, we shall, most of us, have altogether forgotten our present intimacies and formed others, quite inconceivable now. I can imagine Frank over there, scratching his bald head with his spectacle tips, and trying to recall me. 'Hen. Long, Hen. Long,—let me think; name sounds familiar, and yet I can't quite place him. Didn't I know him at C——, or was it at college? Bless me, how forgetful I'm growing.'"

They all laughed at Henry's bit of acting. Perhaps it was only sparkles of mirth, but it might have been glances of tender confidence that shot between certain pairs of eyes betokening something that feared not time. This is in no sort a love story, but such things can't be wholly prevented.

The girls, however, protested that this talk about growing so utterly away from each other was too dismal for anything, and they wouldn't believe it anyhow. The old-fashioned notions about eternal constancy were ever so much nicer. It gave them the cold shivers to hear Henry's *ante-mortem* dissection of their friendship, and that young man was finally forced to admit that the members of the club would probably prove exceptions to the general rule in such matters. It was agreed, therefore, that they should appear to know each other at the old folks' party.

"All you girls must, of course, be called 'Mrs.' instead of 'Miss,'" suggested Frank, "though you will have to keep your own names, that is unless you prefer to disclose any designs you may have upon other people's;" for which piece of impertinence Nellie, who sat next him, boxed his ears,—for the reader must know that these young people were on a footing of entire familiarity and long intimacy.

"Do you know what time it is?" asked Mary, who, by virtue of the sweet sedateness of her disposition, was rather the monitress of the company.

"It's twelve o'clock, an hour after the club's curfew."

"Well," remarked Henry, rousing from the fit of abstraction in which he had been pursuing the subject of their previous discussion, "it was to be expected we should get a little mixed as to chronology over such talk as this."

"With our watches set fifty years ahead, there'll be no danger of overstaying our time next Wednesday, anyhow," added Frank.

Soon the girls presented themselves in readiness for out-doors, and, in a pleasant gust of good-byes and parting jests, the party broke up.

"Good-bye for fifty years," Jessie called after them from the stoop as the merry couples walked away in the moonlight.

The following week was one of numerous consultations among the girls. Grandmother Fellows's wardrobe was pretty thoroughly rummaged under that good-natured old lady's superintendence, and many were the queer effects of old garments upon young figures which surprised the steady-going mirror in her quiet chamber.

"I'm afraid I can never depend on it again," said Mrs. Fellows.

She had promised to be at the party.

"She looked so grave when I first asked her," Mary explained to the girls, "that I was sorry I spoke of it. I was afraid she thought we wanted her only as a sort of convenience to help out our pantomime by the effect of her white hair. But in a minute she smiled in her cheery way, and said, as if she saw right through me: 'I suppose, my child, you think being old a sort of misfortune, like being hunchbacked or blind, and are afraid of hurting my feelings, but you needn't be. The good Lord has made it so that at whichever end of life we are, the other end looks pretty uninteresting, and if it won't hurt your feelings to have somebody in the party who has got through all the troubles you have yet before you I should be glad to come.' That was turning the tables for us pretty neatly, eh, girls?"

The young ladies would not have had the old lady guess it for worlds, but truth compels me to own that all that week they improved every opportunity furtively to study Mrs. Fellows's gait and manner, with a view to perfecting their parts.

Frank and George met a couple of times in Henry's room to smoke it over and settle details, and Henry called on Jessie to arrange several concerted features of the programme,

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and for some other reasons for aught I know.

As each one studied his or her part and strove in imagination to conceive how they would act and feel as old men and old women, they grew more interested, and more sensible of the mingled pathos and absurdity of the project, and its decided general effect of queerness. They all set themselves to make a study of old age in a manner that had never occurred to them before, and never does occur to most people at all. Never before had their elderly friends received so much attention at their hands.

In the prosecution of these observations they were impressed with the entire lack of interest generally felt by people in the habits and manners of persons in other epochs of life than their own. In respect of age, as in so many other respects, the world lives on flats, with equally little interest in or comprehension of the levels above or below them. And a surprising thing is that middle age is about as unable to recall and realize youth as to anticipate age. Experience seems to go for nothing in this matter.

They thought they noticed, too, that old people are more alike than middle-aged people. There is something of the same narrowness and similarity in the range of their tastes and feelings that is marked in children. The reason they thought to be that the interests of age have contracted to about the same scope as those of childhood before it has expanded into maturity. The skein of life is drawn together to a point at the two ends and spread out in the middle. Middle age is the period of most diversity, when individuality is most pronounced. The members of the club observed with astonishment that, however affectionately we may regard old persons, we no more think of becoming like them than of becoming negroes. If we catch ourselves observing their senile peculiarities, it is in a purely disinterested manner, with a complete and genuine lack of any personal concern as with a state to which we are coming.

They could not help wondering if Henry were not right about people never really growing old, but just changing from one personality to another. They found the strange inability of one epoch to understand or appreciate the others, hard to reconcile with the ordinary notion of a persistent identity.

Before the end of the week the occupation of their minds with the subject of old age produced a singular effect. They began to regard every event and feeling from a double stand-point, as present and as past, as it appeared to them and as it would appear to an old person.

Wednesday evening came at last, and a little before the hour of eight, five venerable figures, more or less shrouded, might have been seen making their way from different parts of the village toward the Fellows mansion. The families of the members of the club were necessarily in the secret, and watched their exit with considerable laughter from behind blinds. But to the rest of the villagers it has never ceased to be a puzzle who those elderly strangers were who appeared that evening and were never before or since visible. For once the Argus-eyed curiosity of a Yankee village, compared with which French or Austrian police are easy to baffle, was fairly eluded.

Eight o'clock was the hour at which the old folks' party began, and the reader will need a fresh introduction to the company which was assembled at that time in Mary Fellows's parlor. Mary sat by her grandmother, who from time to time regarded her in a half-puzzled manner, as if it required an effort of her reasoning powers to re-assure her that the effect she saw was an illusion. The girl's brown hair was gathered back under a lace cap, and all that appeared outside it was thickly powdered. She wore spectacles, and the warm tint of her cheeks had given place to the opaque saffron hue of age. She sat with her hands in her lap, their fresh color and dimpled contour concealed by black lace half-gloves. The fullness of her young bosom was carefully disguised by the arrangement of the severely simple black dress she wore, which was also in other respects studiously adapted to conceal, by its stiff and angular lines, the luxuriant contour of her figure. As she rose and advanced to welcome Henry and Jessie, who were the last to arrive, it was with a striking imitation of the tremulously precipitate step of age.

Jessie being rather taller than the others, had affected the stoop of age very successfully. She wore a black dress spotted with white, and her whitened hair was arranged with a high comb. She was the only one without spectacles or eye-glasses. Henry looked older and feebler than any of the company. His scant hair hung in thin and long white locks, and his tall, slender figure had gained a still more meager effect from his dress, while his shoulders were bowed in a marked stoop; his gait was rigid and jerky. He assisted himself with a gold-

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headed cane, and sat in his chair leaning forward upon it.

George, on the other hand, had followed the hint of his father's figure in his make up, and appeared as a rubicund old gentleman, large in the waist, bald, with an apoplectic tendency, a wheezy asthmatic voice and a full white beard.

Nellie wore her hair in a row of white curls on each side of her head, and in every detail of her dress and air affected the coquettish old lady to perfection, for which, of course, she looked none the younger. Her cheeks were rouged to go with that style.

Frank was the ideal of the sprightly little old gentleman. With his brisk air, natty eye-glasses, cane and gloves, and other items of dress in the most correct taste, he was quite the old beau. His white hair was crispy, brushed back, and his snowy mustache had rather a rakish effect.

Although the transformation in each case was complete, yet quite enough of the features, expression, or bearing, was apparent through the disguise to make the members of the party entirely recognizable to each other, though less intimate acquaintances would perhaps have been at first rather puzzled. At Henry's suggestion they had been photographed in their costumes, in order to compare the ideal with the actual when they should be really old.

"It isn't much trouble, and the old folks will enjoy it some day. We ought to consider them a little," Henry had said, meaning by "the old folks" their future selves.

It had been agreed that, in proper deference to the probabilities, one, at least, of the girls ought to illustrate the fat old lady. But they found it impossible to agree which should sacrifice herself, for no one of the three could, in her histrionic enthusiasm, quite forget her personal appearance. Nellie flatly refused to be made up fat, and Jessie as flatly, while both the girls had too much reverence for the sweet dignity of Mary Fellows's beauty to consent to her taking the part, and so the idea was given up.

It had been a happy thought of Mary's to get her two younger sisters, girls of eleven and sixteen, to be present, to enhance the venerable appearance of the party by the contrast of their bloom and freshness.

"Are these your little granddaughters?" inquired Henry, benevolently inspecting them over the tops of his spectacles as he patted the elder of the two on the head, a liberty she would by no means have allowed him in his proper character, but which she now seemed puzzled whether to resent or not.

"Yes," replied Mary, with an indulgent smile. "They wanted to see what an old folks' party was like, though I told them they wouldn't enjoy it much. I remember I thought old people rather dull when I was their age."

Henry made a little conversation with the girls, asking them the list of fatuous questions by which adults seem fated to illustrate the gulf between them and childhood in the effort to bridge it.

"Annie, dear, just put that ottoman at Mrs. Hyde's feet," said Mary to one of the little girls. "I'm so glad you felt able to come out this evening, Mrs. Hyde! I understood you had not enjoyed good health this summer."

"I have scarcely been out of my room since spring, until recently," replied Jessie. "Thank you, my dear," (to the little girl), "but Dr. Sanford has done wonders for me. How is your health now, Mrs. Fellows?"

"I have not been so well an entire summer in ten years. My daughter, Mrs. Tarbox, was saying the other day that she wished she had my strength. You know she is quite delicate," said Mary.

"Speaking of Dr. Sanford," said Henry, looking at Jessie, "he is really a remarkable man. My son has such confidence in him, that he seemed quite relieved when I had passed my grand climacteric and could get on his list. You know he takes no one under sixty-three. By the way, Governor," he added, turning around with some ado, so as to face George, "I heard he had been treating your rheumatism lately. Has he seemed to reach the difficulty?"

"Remarkably," replied George, tenderly stroking his right knee in an absent manner. "Why, don't you think I walked half the way home from my office the other day when my carriage was late?"

"I wonder you dared venture it," said Jessie with a shocked air. "What if you had met with some accident!"

"That's what my son said," answered George. "He made me promise never to try such a thing again; but I like to show them occasionally that I'm good for something yet."

He said this with a "he, he," of senile complacency, ending in an asthmatic cough, which caused some commotion in the company. Frank got up and slapped him on

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the back, and Mary sent Annie for a glass of water.

George being relieved, and quiet once more restored, Henry said to Frank:

"By the way, Doctor, I want to congratulate you on your son's last book. You must have helped him to the material for so truthful a picture of American manners in the days when we were young. I fear we have not improved much since then. There was a simplicity, a naturalness in society fifty years ago, that one looks in vain for now. There was, it seems to me, much less regard paid to money, and less of morbid social ambition. Don't you think so, Mrs. Tyrrell?"

"It's just what I was saying only the other day," replied Nellie. "I'm sure I don't know what we're coming to nowadays. Girls had some modesty when I was young," and she shook her head with its rows of white curls with an air of mingled reprobation and despair.

"Did you attend Prof. Merryweather's lecture last evening, Mrs. Hyde?" asked Frank, adjusting his eye-glasses and fixing Jessie with that intensity of look by which old persons have to make up for their failing eyesight. "The hall was so near your house, I didn't know but you would feel like venturing out."

"My daughters insisted on my taking advantage of the opportunity, it is so seldom I go anywhere of an evening," replied Jessie, "and I was very much interested, though I lost a good deal owing to the carrying on of a young couple in front of me. When I was a girl, young folks didn't do their courting in public."

Mary had not heard of the lecture, and Frank explained that it was one of the ter-semi-centennial course on American society and politics fifty years ago.

"By the way," remarked George, "did you observe what difficulty they are having in finding enough survivors of the civil war to make a respectable squad. The papers say that not over a dozen of both armies can probably be secured, and some of the cases are thought doubtful at that."

"Is it possible!" said Henry. "And yet, too, it must be so; but it sounds strangely to one who remembers as if it were yesterday, seeing the grand review of the Federal armies at Washington, just after the war. What a host of strong men was that, and now scarcely a dozen left. My friends, we are getting to be old people. We are almost through with it."

Henry sat gazing into vacancy over the tops of his spectacles, while the old ladies wiped theirs and sniffed and sighed a little. Finally, Jessie said:

"Those were heroic days. My little granddaughters never tire of hearing stories about them. They are strong partisans, too. Jessie is a fierce little rebel, and Sam is an uncompromising Unionist, only they both agree in denouncing slavery."

"That reminds me," said Frank, smiling, "that our little Frankie came to me yesterday with a black eye he got for telling Judge Benson's little boy that people of his complexion were once slaves. He had read it in his history, and appealed to me to know if it wasn't true."

"I'm not a bit surprised that the little Benson boy resented the imputation," said George. "I really don't believe that more than half the people would be certain that slavery ever existed here, and I'm sure that it rarely occurs to those who do know it. No doubt that company of old slaves at the centennial—that is, if they can find enough survivors, will be a valuable historical reminder to many."

"Dr. Hays," said Nellie, "will you settle a question between Mrs. Hyde and myself? Were you in C——, it was then only a village, along between 1870 and '80, about forty or fifty years ago?"

"No—and yet, come to think—let me see—when did you say?" replied Frank, doubtfully.

"Between 1870 and '80, as nearly as we can make out, probably about the middle of the decade," said Nellie.

"I think I was in C—— at about that time. I believe I was still living with my father's family."

"I told you so," said Nellie to Jessie, and, turning again to Frank, she asked:

"Do you remember anything about a social club there?"

"I do," replied Frank with some appearance of interest. "I recall something of the sort quite distinctly, though I suppose I haven't thought of it for twenty years. How did you ever hear of it, Mrs. Hyde?"

"Why, I was a member," replied she briskly, "and so was Mrs. Tyrrell. We were reminded of it the other day by a discovery Mrs. Tyrrell made in an old bureau drawer of a photograph of the members of the club in a group, taken probably all of fifty years ago, and yellow as you can imagine. There was one figure that resembled you, Doctor, as you might have looked then, and I

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thought too that I recalled you as one of the members; but Mrs. Tyrrell could not, and so we agreed to settle the matter by appealing to your own recollection."

"Yes, indeed," said Frank, "I now recall the club very perfectly, and it seems to me Governor Townsley was also in it."

"Yes, I think I was a member," assented George, "though my recollections are rather hazy."

Mary and Henry, being appealed to, failed to remember anything about the club, the latter suggesting that probably it flourished before he came to C——. Jessie was quite sure she recalled Henry, but the others could not do so with much positiveness.

"I will ask Mrs. Long when I get home," said Henry. "She has always lived at C——, and is great for remembering dates. Let's see; what time do you think it was?"

"Mrs. Tyrrell and I concluded it must have been between 1873 and 1877," said Jessie; adding slyly, "for she was married in 1877. Mrs. Tyrrell, did you bring that old photograph with you? It might amuse them to look at it."

Nellie produced a small picture, and, adjusting their spectacles and eye-glasses, they all came forward to see it. A group of six young people was represented, all in the very heyday of youth. The spectators were silent, looking first at the picture, and then at each other.

"Can it be," said Frank, "that these were ever our pictures? I hope, Mrs. Tyrrell, the originals had the forethought to put the names on the back, that we may be able to identify them."

"No," said she, "we must guess as best we can. First, who is that?" pointing to one of the figures.

"That must be Mrs. Hyde, for she is taller than the others," suggested Grandma Fellows.

"By the same token, that must be Mrs. Tyrrell, for she is shorter," said Jessie; "though, but for that, I don't see how we could have told them apart."

"How oddly they did dress in those days!" said Mary.

"Who can that be?" asked Frank, pointing to the finest-looking of the three young men. If that is one of us, there was more choice in our looks than there is now—eh, Townsley?"

"No doubt," said George, "fifty years ago somebody's eye scanned those features with a very keen sense of proprietorship. What a queer feeling it would have given those young things to have anticipated that we should ever puzzle over their identities in this way!"

They finally agreed on the identity of Jessie, Nellie, and Frank, and of George also, on his assuring them that he was once of slender figure. This left two figures which nobody could recognize, though Jessie insisted that the gentleman was Henry, and Mary thought the other young lady was a Miss Fellows, a girl of the village, who, she explained, had died young many, many years ago.

"Don't you remember her?" she asked them, and her voice trembled with a half-genuine sort of self-pity, as if, for a moment, she imagined herself her own ghost.

"I recall her well," said Frank; "tall, grave, sweet, I remember she used to realize to me the abstraction of moral beauty when we were studying Paley together."

"I don't know when I have thought so much of those days as since I received cards for your golden wedding, Judge," said Nellie to Henry, soon after. "How many of those who were present at your wedding will be present at your golden wedding do you suppose?"

"Not more than two or three," replied Henry, "and yet the whole village was at the wedding."

"Thank God," he said a moment after, "that our friends scatter before they die. Otherwise old people like us would do nothing but attend funerals during the last half of our lives. Parting is sad, but I prefer to part from my friends while they are yet alive, that I may feel it less when they die. One must manage his feelings or they will get the better of him."

"It is a singular sensation," said George, "to outlive one's generation. One has at times a guilty sense of having deserted his comrades. It seems natural enough to outlive any one contemporary, but unnatural to survive them as a mass,—a sort of risky thing, fraught with the various vague embarrassments and undefined perils threatening one who is out of his proper place. And yet one doesn't want to die though convinced he ought to, and that's the cowardly misery of it."

"Yes," said Henry, "I had that feeling pretty strongly when I attended the last reunion of our alumni, and found not one survivor within five classes of me. I was isolated. Death had got into my rear and cut me off. I felt ashamed and thoroughly miserable."

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Soon after, tea was served. Frank vindicated his character as an old beau by a tottering alacrity in serving the ladies, while George and Henry, by virtue of their more evident infirmity, sat still and allowed themselves to be served. One or two declined tea as not agreeing with them at that hour.

The loquacious herb gave a fresh impulse to the conversation, and the party fell to talking in a broken, interjectory way of youthful scenes and experiences, each contributing some reminiscence, and the others chiming in and adding scraps, or perhaps confessing their inability to recall the occurrences.

"What a refinement of cruelty it is," said Henry at last, "that makes even those experiences which were unpleasant or indifferent when passing, look so mockingly beautiful when hopelessly past."

"Oh, that's not the right way to look at it, Judge," broke in Grandma Fellows, with mild reproof. "Just think rather how dull life would be looking forward or backward if past or coming experiences seemed as uninteresting as they mostly are when right at hand."

"Sweet memories are like moonlight," said Jessie, musingly. "They make one melancholy, however pleasing they may be. I don't see why, any more than why moonlight is so sad spite of its beauty; but so it is."

The fragile tenure of the sense of personal identity is illustrated by the ease and completeness with which actors can put themselves in the place of the characters they assume, so that even their instinctive demeanor corresponds to the ideal, and their acting becomes nature. Such was the experience of the members of the club. The occupation of their mind during the week, with the study of their assumed characters, had produced an impression that had been deepened to an astonishing degree by the striking effect of the accessories of costume and manner. The long continued effort to project themselves mentally into the period of old age was assisted in a startling manner by the illusion of the senses produced by the decrepit figures, the sallow and wrinkled faces, and the white heads of the group.

Their acting had become spontaneous. They were perplexed and bewildered as to their identity and in a manner carried away by the illusion their own efforts had created. In some of the earlier conversation of the evening there had been occasional jests and personalities, but the talk had now become entirely serious. The pathos and melancholy of the retrospections in which they were indulging became real. All felt that if it was acting now, it was but the rehearsal of a coming reality. I think some of them were for a little while not clearly conscious that it was not already reality, and that their youth was not for ever vanished. The sense of age was weighing on them like a nightmare. In very self-pity voices began to tremble and bosoms heaved with suppressed sobs.

Mary rose and stepped to the piano. It indicated how fully she had realized her part, that, as she passed the mirror, no involuntary start testified to surprise at the aged figure it reflected. She played in a minor key an air to the words of Tennyson's matchless piece of pathos,

"The days that are no more,"

accompanying herself with a voice rich, strong, and sweet. By the time she had finished, the girls were all crying.

Suddenly Henry sprang to his feet, and, with the strained, uncertain voice of one waking himself from a nightmare, cried:

"Thank God, thank God, it is only a dream," and tore off the wig, letting the brown hair fall about his forehead. Instantly all followed his example, and in a moment the transformation was effected. Brown, black, and golden hair was flying free; rosy cheeks were shining through the powder where handkerchiefs had been hastily applied, and the bent and tottering figures of a moment ago had given place to broad-shouldered men and full-breasted girls. Henry caught Jessie around the waist, Frank Nellie, and George Mary, and with one of the little girls at the piano, up and down the room they dashed to the merriest of waltzes in the maddest round that ever was danced. There was a reckless abandon in their glee, as if the lust of life, the glow and fire of youth, its glorious freedom, and its sense of boundless wealth, suddenly set free, after long repression, had intoxicated them with its strong fumes. It was such a moment as their life-time would not bring again.

It was not till, flushed and panting, laughing and exhausted, they came to a pause, that they thought of Grandma Fellows. She was crying, and yet smiling through her tears.

"Oh, grandma," cried Mary, throwing her arms around her, and bursting into

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tears, "we can't take you back with us. Oh, dear."

And the other girls cried over her, and kissed her in a piteous, tender way, feeling as if their hearts would break for the pity of it. And the young men were conscious of moisture about the eyes as they stood looking on.

But Grandma Fellows smiled cheerily, and said:

"I'm a foolish old woman to cry, and you mustn't think it is because I want to be young again. It's only because I can't help it."

Perhaps she couldn't have explained it better.

LEVIATHAN.

BETWIXT the bleak rock and the barren shore
Rolled miles of hoary waves that hissed with frost,
And from the bitter north with sullen roar
Swept the wild wind, and the wild water tossed.

In the cold sky, hard, pitiless and drear,
The sun dropped down; but ere the world grew gray,
A sweet, reluctant rose-tint, sad and clear,
Stained icy crags and leagues of leaping spray.

Midway between the lone rock and the shore
A fountain fair sprang skyward suddenly,
And sudden fell, and yet again once more
The column rose, and sank into the sea.

Silent, ethereal, mystic, delicate,
Flushed with delicious glow of fading rose,
It grew and vanished, like some genie great,
Some wild, thin phantom, woven of winter snows.

'Twas the foam-fountain of the mighty whale,
Rising each time more far and faint and dim.
All his huge strength against the thundering gale
He set; no hurricane could hinder him!

There came to me a gladness in the sight,
A pleasure in the thought of life so strong,
Daring the elements, and making light
Of winter's wrathful power of wreck and wrong.

I gloried in his triumph o'er the vast
Blind rage of nature. All her awful force,
The terror of her tempest full she cast
Against him, yet he kept his ponderous course.

For her worst fury he nor stayed nor turned.
'Twas joy to think in such tremendous play
Through the sea's cruelty, all unconcerned,
Leviathan pursued his placid way!

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GABRIEL CONROY.*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. AND MRS. CONROY AT HOME.

THE manner in which One Horse Gulch received the news of Gabriel Conroy's marriage was characteristic of that frank and outspoken community. Without entering upon the question of his previous shameless flirtation with Mrs. Markle—the baleful extent of which was generally unknown to the camp—the nearer objections were based upon the fact that the bride was a stranger and consequently an object of suspicion, and that Gabriel's sphere of usefulness in a public philanthropic capacity would be seriously impaired and limited. His very brief courtship did not excite any surprise in a climate where the harvest so promptly followed the sowing, and the fact, now generally known, that it was he who saved the woman's life after the breaking of the dam at Black Cañon, was accepted as a sufficient reason for his success in that courtship. It may be remarked here that a certain grim disbelief in feminine coyness obtained at One Horse Gulch. That the conditions of life there were as near the perfect and original condition of mankind as could be found anywhere, and that the hollow shams of society and weak artifices of conventionalism could not exist in that sincere atmosphere, were two beliefs that One Horse Gulch never doubted.

Possibly there was also some little envy of Gabriel's success, an envy not based upon any evidence of his superior courage, skill, or strength, but only of the peculiar "luck," opportunity or providence, that had enabled him to turn certain qualities very common to One Horse Gulch to such favorable account.

"Toe think," said Jo. Briggs, "thet I was allowin'—only thet very afternoon—to go up that cañon arter game, and didn't go from some derned foolishness or other, and yer's Gabe, hevin' no call to go thar, jest comes along, accidental like, and, dern my skin! but he strikes onto a purty gal and a wife the first lick!"

"Thet's so," responded Barker, "it's all luck. Thar's thet Cy. Dudley, with plenty o' money and wantin' a wife bad, and ez is goin' to Sacramento to-morrow to prospect fur one, and he hez been up and down that cañon time outer mind, and no dam ever said 'break' to him! No, sir! Or take my own case; on'y last week when the Fiddletown coach went over the bank at Dry Creek, wasn't I the fust man thar ez cut the leaders adrift and bruk open the coach-door and helped out the passengers? And wot passengers? Six Chinymen by Jinks—and a blasted Greaser! Thet's my luck!"

There were few preliminaries to the marriage. The consent of Olly was easily gained. As an act of aggression and provocation toward Mrs. Markle, nothing could offer greater inducements. The superior gentility of the stranger, the fact of her being a stranger, and the expeditiousness of the courtship coming so hard upon Mrs. Markle's fickleness commended itself to the child's sense of justice and feminine retaliation. For herself, Olly hardly knew if she liked her prospective sister; she was gentle, she was kind, she seemed to love Gabriel—but Olly was often haunted by a vague instinct that Mrs. Markle would have been a better match—and with true feminine inconsistency she hated her the more for it. Possibly she tasted also something of the disappointment of the baffled match-maker in the depths of her childish consciousness.

It may be fairly presumed that the former Mrs. Devarges had confided to no one but her lawyer the secret of her assumption of the character of Grace Conroy. How far or how much more she had confided to that gentleman was known only to himself; he kept her secret whatever might have been its extent, and received the announcement of her intended marriage to Gabriel with the superior smile of one to whom all things are possible from the unprofessional sex.

"Now that you are about to enter into actual possession," said Mr. Maxwell, quietly buttoning up his pocket again, "I suppose you will not require my services immediately." It is said, upon what authority I

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know not, that Madame Devarges blushed slightly, heaved the least possible sigh as she shook her head and said "I hope not" with an evident sincerity that left her legal adviser in some slight astonishment.

How far her intended husband participated in this confidence I do not know. He was evidently proud of alluding to her in the few brief days of his courtship as the widow of the "great Doctor Devarges," and his knowledge of her former husband to some extent mitigated in the public mind the apparent want of premeditation in the courtship. "To think of the artfulness of that man," said Sal confidently to Mrs. Markle, "and he a-gittin' up sympathy about his sufferin's at Starvation Camp, and all the while a-carryin' on with the widder of one o' them onfortunets. No wonder that man was queer! Wot you allowed in the innocents o' yer heart was bashfulness was jest conscience. I never let on to ye, Mrs. Markle, but I allus noticed thet thet Gabe never could meet my eye."

The flippant mind might have suggested that as both of Miss Sarah's eyes were afflicted with a cast, there might have been a physical impediment to this exchange of frankness, but then the flippant mind never enjoyed the confidence of this powerful young woman.

It was a month after the wedding, and Mrs. Markle was sitting alone in her parlor, whither she had retired after the professional duties of supper were over, when the front door opened and Sal entered. It was Sunday evening, and Sal had been enjoying the brief recreation of gossip with the neighbors, and, as was alleged by the flippant mind before alluded to, some coquettish conversation and dalliance with certain youth of One Horse Gulch.

Mrs. Markle watched her handmaid slowly remove an immense straw "flat" trimmed with tropical flowers, and then proceed to fold away an enormous plaid shawl which represented quite another zone, and then her curiosity got the better of her prudence.

"Well, and how did ye find the young couple gettin' on, Sal?"

Sal too well understood the value of coyly-withheld information to answer at once, and with the instincts of a true artist she affected to misunderstand her mistress. When Mrs. Markle had repeated her question Sal replied with a sarcastic laugh:

"Axin yer pardin fur manners, but you let on about the *young* couple, and *she* forty if she's anythin'."

"Oh, no, Sal," remonstrated Mrs. Markle with reproachful accents, and yet a certain self-satisfaction; "you're mistaken, sure."

"Well," said Sal, breathlessly slapping her hands on her lap, "if pearl powder and another woman's har and fancy doin's beggiles folks it ain't Sal ez is among the folks fooled. No, Sue Markle. Ef I ain't lived long enough with a woman ez owns to thirty-three and hez—ef it wuz my last words and God is my jedge—the neck and arms of a gal of sixteen, not to know when a woman is trying to warm over the scraps of forty year with a kind o' hash o' twenty, then Sal Clark ain't got no eyes, thet's all."

Mrs. Markle blushed slightly under the direct flattery of Sal, and continued:

"Some folks says she's purty."

"Some men's meat is other men's pizen," responded Sal sententiously, unfastening an enormous black velvet zone, and apparently permitting her figure to fall into instant ruin.

"How did they look?" said Mrs. Markle after a pause, recommencing her darning, which she had put down.

"Well, purty much as I allowed they would from the first. Thar ain't any love wasted over thar. My opinion is thet he's sick of his barg'in. She runs the house and ev'ry thing that's in it. Jest look at the critter! She's just put that thar Gabe up to prospecting all along the ledge here, and that fool's left his diggin's and hez been running hither and yon, making ridiklus holes all over the hill jest to satisfy thet woman, and she ain't satisfied neither. Take my word for it, Sue Markle, thar's suthin' wrong thar. And then thar's thet Olly—"

Mrs. Markle raised her eyes quickly and put down her work. "Olly," she repeated with great animation—"poor little Olly! what's gone of her?"

"Well," said Sal, with an impatient toss of her head, "I never did see what thar wuz in that peart and sassy piece for any one to take to—leastwise a woman with a child of her own. The airs and graces thet thet Olly would put on wuz too much. Why, she hedn't been nigh us for a month, and the day afore the wedding what does that limb do but meet me and sez, sez she, 'Sal, ye kin tell Mrs. Markle as my brother Gabe ez goin' to marry a lady—a lady,' sez she. 'Thar ain't goin' to be enny Pikes about our cabin.' And thet child only eight

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years! Oh, git out thar! I ain't no patience!"

To the infinite credit of a much abused sex, be it recorded that Mrs. Markle overlooked the implied slur, and asked:

"But what about Olly?"

"I mean to say," said Sal, "thet thet child hain't no place in thet house, and thet Gabe is jest thet weak and mean spirited ez to let thet woman have her own way. No wonder thet the child was crying when I met her out in the woods yonder."

Mrs. Markle instantly flushed, and her black eyes snapped ominously. "I should jest like to ketch—" she began quickly, and then stopped and looked at her companion. "Sal," she said with swift vehemence, "I must see thet child."

"How?"

The word in Sal's dialect had a various, large, and catholic significance. Mrs. Markle understood it, and repeated briefly:

"Olly—I must see her—right off!"

"Which?" continued Sal.

"Here," replied Mrs. Markle; "anywhere. Fetch her when you kin."

"She won't come."

"Then I'll go to her," said Mrs. Markle, with a sudden and characteristic determination that closed the conversation, and sent Sal back viciously to her unwashed dishes.

Whatever might have been the truth of Sal's report, there was certainly no general external indication of the facts. The newly married couple were, to all appearances, as happy and contented, and as enviable to the masculine inhabitants of One Horse Gulch as any who had ever built a nest within its pastoral close. If a majority of Gabriel's visitors were gentlemen, it was easily attributed to the preponderance of males in the settlement. If these gentlemen were unanimously extravagant in their praise of Mrs. Conroy, it was as easily attributable to the same cause. That Gabriel should dig purposeless holes over the hill-side, that he should for the time abandon his regular occupation in his little modest claim in the cañon, was quite consistent with the ambition of a newly married man.

A few evenings after this, Gabriel Conroy was sitting alone by the hearth of that new house, which popular opinion and the tastes of Mrs. Conroy seemed to think was essential to his new condition. It was a larger, more ambitious, more expensive, and perhaps less comfortable dwelling than the one in which he has been introduced to the reader. It was projected upon that credit which a man of family was sure to obtain in One Horse Gulch, where the immigration and establishment of families and household centers were fostered even at pecuniary risks. It contained, besides the chambers, the gratuitous addition of a parlor, which at this moment was adorned and made attractive by the presence of Mrs. Conroy, who was entertaining a few visitors that, under her attractions, had prolonged their sitting until late. When the laugh had ceased and the door closed on the last lingering imbecile, Mrs. Conroy returned to the sitting-room. It was dark, for Gabriel had not lighted a candle yet, and he was occupying his favorite seat and attitude before the fire.

"Why! are *you* there?" said Mrs. Conroy gayly.

Gabriel looked up, and with that seriousness which was habitual to him, replied:

"Yes."

Mrs. Conroy approached her lord and master, and ran her thin, claw-like fingers through his hair with married audacity. He caught them, held them for a moment with a kindly, caressing, and yet slightly embarrassed air that the lady did not like. She withdrew them quickly.

"Why didn't you come into the parlor?" she said, examining him curiously.

"I didn't admire to to-night," returned Gabriel with grave simplicity, "and I reckoned you'd get on as well without me."

There was not the slightest trace of bitterness nor aggrieved sensitiveness in his tone or manner, and although Mrs. Conroy eyed him sharply for any latent spark of jealousy, she was forced to admit to herself that it did not exist in the quiet, serious man before her. Vaguely aware of some annoyance in his wife's face, Gabriel reached out his arm, and, lightly taking her around her waist, drew her to his knee. But the very act was so evidently a recognition of a certain kind of physical and moral weakness in the creature before him—so professional—so, as Mrs. Conroy put it to herself,—"like as if I were a sick man," that her irritation was not soothed. She rose quickly and seated herself on the other side of the fire-place. With the same implied toleration Gabriel had already displayed, he now made no attempt to restrain her.

Mrs. Conroy did not pout as another woman might have done. She only smiled a haggard smile that deepened the line of her nostril into her cheek and pinched her

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thin, straight nose. Then she said, looking at the fire:

"Ain't you well?"

"I reckon not—not overly well."

There was a silence, both looking at the fire.

"You don't get anything out of that hillside?" asked Mrs. Conroy at last, pettishly.

"No," said Gabriel.

"You have prospected all over the ridge?" continued the woman impatiently.

"All over!"

"And you don't find anything?"

"Nothin'," said Gabriel. "Nary. Thet is," he added with his usual cautious deliberation, "thet is—nothin' o' any account. The gold, ef there is any, lies lower down in the gulch, whar I used to dig. But I kept at it jest to satisfy your whim. You know, July, it *was* a whim of yours," he continued, with a certain gentle deprecatoriness of manner.

A terrible thought flashed suddenly upon Mrs. Conroy. Could Dr. Devarges have made a mistake? Might he not have been delirious or insane when he wrote of the treasure? Or had the Secretary deceived her as to its location? A swift and sickening sense that all she had gained, or was to gain, from her scheme, was the man before her—and that *he* did not love her as other men had—asserted itself through her trembling consciousness. Mrs. Conroy had already begun to fear that she loved this husband, and it was with a new sense of yearning and dependence that she in her turn looked deprecatingly and submissively into his face and said:

"It *was* only a whim, dear—I dare say a foolish one. It's gone now. Don't mind it!"

"I don't," said Gabriel simply.

Mrs. Conroy winced.

"I thought you looked disappointed," she said after a pause.

"It ain't thet I was thinkin' on, July; it's Olly," said Gabriel.

There is a limit even to a frightened woman's submission.

"Of course," she said sharply, "Olly, Olly again and always. I ought to have remembered that."

"Thet's so," said Gabriel with the same exasperating quiet. "I was reckonin' jest now, ez thar don't seem to be any likeliness of you and Olly's gettin' on together, you'd better separate. Thar ain't no sense goin' on this way, July—no sense et all. And the worst o' the hull thing ez thet Olly ain't gettin' no kinder good outer it—no way!"

Mrs. Conroy was very pale and dangerously quiet as Mr. Conroy went on.

"I've allers allowed to send that child to school, but she don't keer to go. She's thet foolish, thet Olly is, thet she doesn't like to leave me, and I reckon I'm thet foolish too thet I don't like to hev her go. The only way to put things square ez this—"

Mrs. Conroy turned and fixed her gray eyes upon her husband, but she did not speak.

"You'd better go away," continued Gabriel quietly, "for a while. I've heerd afore now that it's the reg'lar thing fur a bride to go away and visit her mother. You hain't got no mother," said Gabriel thoughtfully, "hev ye?—that's bad. But you was a sayin' the other day suthin' about some business you had down at 'Frisco. Now it would be about the nateral sort o' thing for ye to go thar fur two or three months, jest till things get round square with Olly and me."

It is probable that Gabriel was the only man from whom Mrs. Conroy could have received this humiliating proposition without interrupting him with a burst of indignation. Yet she only turned a rigid face toward the fire again with a hysterical laugh.

"Why limit my stay to two or three months?" she said.

"Well, it might be four," said Gabriel simply—"it would give me and Olly a longer time to get things in shape."

Mrs. Conroy rose and walked rigidly to her husband's side.

"What," she said huskily, "what if I were to refuse?"

Gabriel looked as if this suggestion would not have been startling or inconsistent as an abstract possibility in woman, but said nothing.

"What," continued Mrs. Conroy, more rapidly and huskily, "what if I were to tell *you* and that brat to go! What," she said, suddenly raising her voice to a thin, high soprano, "what if I were to turn you both out of this house—*my* house! off this land—*my* land! Eh? eh? eh?" she almost screamed, emphasizing each interrogatory with her thin hand on Gabriel's shoulder, in a desperate but impotent attempt to shake him.

"Certingly, certingly," said Gabriel calmly. "But thar's somebody at the door, July," he continued quietly as he rose slowly and walked into the hall.

His quick ear had detected a knocking

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without above the truculent pitch of Mrs. Conroy's voice. He threw open the door, and disclosed Olly and Sal standing upon the threshold.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Sal was first to recover the use of that noble organ the tongue.

"With chills and ager in every breath—it's an hour if it's five minutes that we've stood here," she began, "pounding at that door. 'You're interrupting the young couple, Sal,' sez I, 'comin' yer this time o' night, breakin' in, so to speak, on the holiest confidences,' sez I; 'but it's business, and onless you hev thet to back you, Sarah Clark,' I sez, 'and you ain't a woman ez ever turned her back on thet or them, you ain't no call there.' But I was to fetch this child home, Mrs. Conroy," continued Sal, pushing her way into the little sitting-room, "and ——"

She paused, for the room was vacant. Mrs. Conroy had disappeared.

"I thought I heerd ——" said Sal, completely taken aback.

"It was only Gabe," said Olly, with the ready mendacity of swift feminine tact. "I told you so. Thank you Sal for seeing me home. Good-night, Sal," and with a dexterity that smote Gabriel into awesome and admiring silence, she absolutely led the breathless Sal to the door and closed it upon her before that astonished female could recover her speech.

Then she returned quietly, took off her hat and shawl, and, taking the unresisting hand of her brother, led him back to his former seat by the fire. Drawing a low stool in front of him, she proceeded to nestle between his knees—an old trick of hers—and, once more taking his hand, stroked it between her brown fingers, looked up into his face, and said:

"Dear old Gabe!"

The sudden smile that irradiated Gabriel's serious face would have been even worse provocation to Mrs. Conroy than his previous conduct.

"What was the matter, Gabe?" said Olly—"what was she saying when we came in?"

Gabriel had not, since the entrance of his sister, thought of Mrs. Conroy's parting speech and manner. Even now its full significance did not appear to have reached him.

"I disremember, Olly," he replied, looking down into Olly's earnest eyes, "suthin' or other; she was techy, thet's all."

"But wot did she mean by saying that the house and lands was hers?" persisted the child.

"Married folks, Olly," said Gabriel, with the lazy, easy manner of vast matrimonial experience, "married folks hev little jokes and ways o' thar own. Bein' onmarried yourself, ye don't know. 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' thet's all—thet's what she meant, Olly. 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.' Did you hev a good time down there?"

"Yes," said Olly.

"You'll hev a nice time here soon, Olly," said Gabriel.

Olly looked incredulously across the hall toward the door of Mrs. Conroy's chamber.

"Thet's it, Olly," said Gabriel, "Mrs. Conroy's goin' to Frisco to see some friends. She's thet bent on goin' thet nothin' 'ill stop her. Ye see Olly, it's the fashion fur new married folks to kinder go way and visit absent and sufferin' friends. Thar's them little ways about the married state, that, bein' onmarried yourself, you don't sabe. But it's all right, she's goin'. Bein' a lady, and raised, so to speak, 'mong fashi'n'ble people, she's got to folly the fashi'n. She's goin' for three months, mebbe four. I disremember now wot's the fashi'n'ble time. But she'll do it, Olly."

Olly cast a penetrating look at her brother.

"She ain't goin' on my account, Gabe?"

"Lord love the child, no! Wot put thet into your head, Olly? Why—" said Gabriel with cheerful mendacity, "she's been takin' a shine to ye o' late. On'y to-night, she was wonderin' whar you be."

As if to give credence to his words, and much to his inward astonishment, the door of Mrs. Conroy's room opened, and the lady herself, with a gracious smile on her lips and a brightly beaming eye, albeit somewhat reddened around the lids, crossed the hall, and, going up to Olly, kissed her round cheek.

"I thought it was your voice, and, although I was just going to bed," she added gayly with a slightly apologetic look at her charming dishabille, "I had to come in and be sure it was you. And where have you been, you naughty girl? Do you know I shall be dreadfully jealous of this Mrs. Markle. Come and tell me all about her. Come. You shall stay with me to-night, and we won't let brother Gabe hear our little secrets—shall we? Come!"

And before the awe-struck Gabriel could

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believe his own senses she had actually whisked the half-pleased, half-frightened child into her own room, and he was left standing alone. Nor was he the less amazed, although relieved of a certain undefined anxiety for the child, when, a moment later, Olly herself, thrust her curly head out of the door, and, calling out, "Good-night, old Gabe," with a mischievous accent, shut and locked the door in his face. For a moment Gabriel stood petrified on his own hearthstone. Was he mistaken, and had Mrs. Conroy's anger actually been nothing but a joke? Was Olly really sincere in her dislike of his wife? There was but one apparent solution to these various and perplexing problems, and that was the general incomprehensibility of the sex.

"The ways o' women is awful onsartin," said Gabriel, as he sought the solitary little room which had been set apart for Olly, "and somehow I ain't the man ez hez the gift o' findin' them out."

And with these reflections he went apologetically, yet, to a certain extent, contentedly, as was his usual habit, to bed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH THE TREASURE IS FOUND—AND LOST.

As no word has been handed down of the conversation that night between Olly and her sister-in-law, I fear the masculine reader must view their subsequent conduct in the light of Gabriel's abstract proposition. The feminine reader—to whose well known sense of justice and readiness to acknowledge a characteristic weakness, I chiefly commend these pages—will of course require no further explanation, and will be quite ready to believe that the next morning Olly and Mrs. Conroy were apparently firm friends, and that Gabriel was incontinently snubbed by both of these ladies as he deserved.

"You don't treat July right," said Olly one morning to Gabriel, during five minutes that she had snatched from the inseparable company of Mrs. Conroy.

Gabriel opened his eyes in wonder. "I hain't been 'round the house much, because I allowed you and July didn't want my kempany," he began apologetically, "and ef it's shortness of provisions, I've fooled away so much time, Olly, in prospectin' that ledge that I had no time to clar up and get any dust. I reckon, may be, the pork bar'l *is* low. But I'll fix thet straight soon, Olly, soon."

"But it ain't thet, Gabe—it ain't provisions—it's—it's—O! you ain't got no sabe ez a husband—thar!" burst out the direct Olly, at last.

Without the least sign of resentment, Gabriel looked thoughtfully at his sister.

"Thet's so—I reckon thet *is* the thing. Not hevin' been married afore, and bein', so to speak, strange and green-handed, like as not I don't exactly come up to the views of a woman ez hez hed thet experience. And her husband a savang! a savang! Olly, and a larned man."

"You're as good as him!" ejaculated Olly, hastily, whose parts of speech were less accurately placed than her feelings, "and I reckon she loves you a heap better, Gabe. But you ain't quite lovin' enough," she added as Gabriel started. "Why thar was thet young couple thet came up from Simpson's last week and stayed over at Mrs. Markle's. Thar was no end of the attentions thet thet man paid to thet thar woman—fixin' her shawl, histin' the winder and puttin' it down, and askin' after her health every five minnits—and they'd sit and sit, just like this"—here Olly, in the interests of domestic felicity, improvised the favorite attitude of the bridegroom as far as the great girth of Gabriel's waist and chest could be "clipped" by her small arms.

"Wot! afore folks?" asked Gabriel, looking down a little shamefully on the twining arms of his sister.

"Yes—in course—afore folks. Why, they want it to be known that they're married."

"Olly," broke out Gabriel desperately, "your sister-in-law ain't thet kind of a woman. She'd reckon thet kind o' thing was low."

But Olly only replied by casting a mischievous look at her brother, shaking her curls, and with the mysterious admonition "Try it!" left him, and went back to Mrs. Conroy.

Happily for Gabriel, Mrs. Conroy did not offer an opportunity for the exhibition of any tenderness on Gabriel's part. Although she did not make any allusion to the past, and even utterly ignored any previous quarrel, she still preserved a certain coy demeanor toward him, that, while it relieved him of an onerous duty, very greatly weakened his faith in the infallibility of Olly's judgment. When, out of respect to that judgment, he went so far as to throw his arms ostentatiously around his wife's waist, one Sunday,

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while perambulating the single long public street of One Horse Gulch, and that lady, with great decision, quietly slipped out of his embrace, he doubted still more.

"I did it on account o' wot you said, Olly, and darn my skin if she seemed to like it at all, and even the boys hangin' around seemed to think it was queer. Jo Hobson snickered right out."

"When was it?" said Olly.

"Sunday."

Olly (sharply): "Where?"

Gabriel: "On Main street."

Olly (apostrophizing heaven with her blue eyes): "Ef thar ever was a God-forsaken blunderin' mule, Gabe, it's YOU!"

Gabriel (mildly and thoughtfully): "Thet's so."

Howbeit, some kind of a hollow truce was patched up between these three belligerents, and Mrs. Conroy did not go to San Francisco on business. It is presumed that the urgency of her affairs there was relieved by correspondence, for during the next two weeks she expressed much anxiety on the arrival of the regular tri-weekly mails. And one day it brought her not only a letter, but an individual of some importance in this history.

He got down from the Wingdam coach amid considerable local enthusiasm. Apart from the fact that it was well known that he was a rich San Francisco banker and capitalist, his brusque, sharp energy, his easy, skeptical familiarity and general contempt for and ignoring of everything but the practical and material,—and, above all, his reputation for success, which seemed to make that success a wholesome business principle rather than good fortune,—had already fascinated the passengers who had listened to his curt speech, and half oracular axioms. They had forgiven dogmatisms voiced in such a hearty manner, and emphasized, possibly, with a slap on the back of the listener. He had already converted them to his broad materialism,—less, perhaps, by his curt rhetoric than by the logic of his habitual business success, and the respectability that it commanded. It was easy to accept skepticism from a man who evidently had not suffered by it. Radicalism and democracy are much more fascinating to us when the apostle is in comfortable case and easy circumstances, than when he is clad in fustian, and consistently out of a situation. Human nature thirsts for the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, but would prefer to receive it from the happy owner of a latch-key to the Garden of Eden, than the pilferer who had just been ejected bo the premises.

It is probable, however, that the possess of these admirable qualities had more th that fine scorn for a mankind accessible this weakness, which at present fills the bre of the writer, and, I trust, the reader of the pages. If he had, I doubt if he would ha been successful. Like a true hero, he w quite unconscious of the quality of his he ism, and utterly unable to analyze it. S that, without any previous calculations, pre-arranged plan, he managed to ge rid of his admirers, and apply himself t the business he had in hand without eith willfully misleading the public of One Hor Gulch, or giving the slightest intimatio of what that real business was. That th general interests of One Horse Gulch ha attracted the attention of this powerful ca italist—that he intended to erect a new Hotel or "start" an independent line of stage coaches from Sacramento, were among the accepted theories. Everybody offered him vast and gratuitous information, and out o the various facts and theories submitted t him, he gained the particular knowledge he required without asking for it. Given h reputation for business shrewdness and om nipresence in any one individual, and th world will speedily place him beyond the necessity of using them.

And so in a casual, general way, th stranger was shown over the Length an Breadth and Thickness and Present an Future of One Horse Gulch. When he ha reached the further extremity of the Gul he turned to his escort—"I'll make th inquiry you ask now."

"How?"

"By telegraph—if you'll take it."

He tore a leaf from a memorandum-book and wrote a few lines.

"And you?"

"Oh, I'll look around here—I suppose there's not much beyond this?"

"No, the next claim is Gabriel Conroy's."

"Not much account, I reckon?"

"No? it pays him grub!"

"Well—dine with me at three o'clock, when and where you choose—you know best. Invite whom you like. Good-bye!" and the great man's escort, thus dismissed, de parted, lost in admiration of the decisive promptitude and liberality of his guest.

Left to himself, the stranger turned his footsteps in the direction of Gabriel Conroy's claim. Had he been an admirer of Nature,

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or accessible to any of those influences which a contemplation of wild scenery is apt to produce in weaker humanity, he would have been awed by the gradual transition of a pastoral landscape to one of uncouth heroics. In a few minutes he had left the belt of sheltering pines and entered upon the ascent of a shadowless, scorched and blistered mountain, that here and there in places of vegetation had put on the excrescences of scoria, or a singular eruption of crust, that, breaking beneath his feet in slippery gray powder, made his footing difficult and uncertain. Had he been possessed of a scientific eye, he would have noted here and there the evidences of volcanic action, in the sudden depressions, the abrupt elevations, the marks of disruption and upheaval, and the river-like flow of débris that protruded a black tongue into the valley below. But I am constrained to believe that the stranger's dominant impression was simply one of heat. Half-way up the ascent he took off his coat and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. Nevertheless, certain peculiarities in his modes of progression showed him to be not unfamiliar with mountain travel. Two or three times during the ascent he stopped, and, facing about, carefully re-surveyed the path beneath him. Slight as was the action, it was the unfailing sign of the mountaineer, who recognized that the other side of a mountain was as yet an un-determined quantity, and was prepared to retrace his steps if necessary. At the summit he paused and looked around him.

Immediately at his feet the Gulch which gave its name to the settlement, and from which the golden harvest was gathered, broadened into a thickly wooded valley. Its quivering depths were suffused by the incense of odorous gums and balms liberated by the fierce heat of the noonday sun that rose to his face in soft, tremulous waves and filled the air with its heated spices. Through a gap in the cañon to the west, a faint, scarcely distinguishable line of cloud indicated the Coast Range. North and south, higher hills arose, heavily terraced with straight colonnades of pines, that made the vast black monolith on which he stood appear blacker and barer by contrast. Higher hills to the east—one or two peaks—and between them in the sunlight odd-looking, indistinct, vacant intervals—blanks in the landscape as yet not filled in with color or expression. Yet the stranger knew them to be snow, and for a few moments seemed fascinated—gazing at them with a fixed eye and rigid mouth, until, with an effort, he tore himself away.

Scattered over the summit were numerous holes that appeared to have been recently sunk. In one of them the stranger picked up a fragment of the crumbled rock and examined it carelessly. Then he slowly descended the gentler slope toward the west, in a direction of a claim wherein his quick eye had discovered a man at work. A walk of a few moments brought him to the bank of red clay, the heap of tailings, the wooden sluice-box, and the pan and shovel which constituted the appurtenances of an ordinary claim. As he approached nearer, the workman rose from the bank over which he was bending, and, leaning on his pick, turned his face to the new-comer. His broad, athletic figure, his heavy blonde beard, and serious, perplexed eyes, were unmistakable. It was Gabriel Conroy.

"How are ye?" said the stranger, briskly extending a hand which Gabriel took mechanically. "You're looking well! Recollect *you*, but you don't recollect me. Eh?" He laughed curtly, in a fashion as short and business-like as his speech, and then fixed his eyes rather impatiently on the hesitating Gabriel.

Gabriel could only stare, and struggle with a tide of thick-coming remembrances. He looked around him; the sun was beating down on the old familiar objects, everything was unchanged—and yet this face, this voice—

"I'm here on a matter of business," continued the stranger briskly, dismissing the question of recognition as one unessential to the business on hand—"and—what have you got to propose?" He leaned lightly against the bank and supported himself by thrusting Gabriel's pickaxe against the bank, as he waited a reply.

"It's Peter Dumphy," said Gabriel in an awe-stricken voice.

"Yes. You recollect me now! Thought you would. It's five years and over—ain't it! Rough times them, Gabriel—warn't they? Eh! But *you're* lookin' well—doin' well, too. Hey? Well—what do you propose to do about this claim? Haven't made up your mind—hey? Come then—I'll make a proposition. First—I suppose your title's all right, hey?"

It was so evident from Gabriel's dazed manner, that, apart from his astonishment at meeting Peter Dumphy, he did not know what he was talking about, that Dumphy paused.

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"It's about those specimens," he added, eying Gabriel keenly, "the specimens you sent me."

"Wot specimens?" said Gabriel vaguely, still lost in the past.

"The ones your wife sent me,—all the same thing, you know."

"But it ain't," said Gabriel with his old truthful directness. "You better talk to her 'bout thet. Thet's her look-out. I reckon now she *did* say suthin'," continued Gabriel, meditatively, "about sendin' rock to Frisco to be tested, but I didn't somehow get to take an interest in it. Leastways it's her funeral. You'd better see her."

It was Mr. Dumphy's turn to be perplexed. In his perfect misapprehension of the character of the man before him, he saw only skillful business evasion under the guise of simplicity. He remembered, moreover, that in the earlier days of his prosperity as Dumphy & Jenkins, Commission Merchants, he was himself in the habit of referring customers with whom he was not ready to treat, to Jenkins, very much as he had just now been referred to Mrs. Conroy.

"Of course," he said briskly; "only I thought I'd save time, which is short with me to-day, by coming directly to you. May not have time to see her. But you can write."

"Thet's so," said Gabriel, "p'r'aps its just as well in the long run. Ef ye don't see her, she'll know it ain't your fault. I'll let on that much to her." And having disposed of this unimportant feature of the interview, he continued, "Ye haven't heard naught o' Grace—ye mind Grace? Dumphy!—a purty little girl ez was with me up thar. Ye ain't heerd anything o' her—nor seen her, may be—hev you?"

Of course this question at such a moment was to Mr. Dumphy susceptible of only one meaning. It was that Mrs. Conroy had confessed everything to Gabriel, and that he wished to use Dumphy's complicity in the deceit as a lever in future business transactions. Mr. Dumphy felt he had to deal with two consummate actors—one of whom was a natural hypocrite. For the first time in his life he was impatient of evil. We never admire truth and sincerity so highly as when we find it wanting in an adversary.

"Ran off with some fellow, didn't she? Yes, I remember. You won't see her again. It's just as well for you! I'd call her dead, anyway."

Although Dumphy was convinced that Gabriel's interest in the fate of his sister was hypocritical, he was not above a Christian hope that this might wound a brother's feelings. He turned to go.

"Can't you come back this way and hev a little talk about ol' times?" said Gabriel, warming toward Dumphy under the magic of old associations, and ignoring with provoking unconsciousness the sting of his last speech. "There's Olly ez 'ud jest admire to see ye. Ye mind Olly?—the baby, Grace's little sister, growed a fine likely gal now. See yer," continued Gabriel with sudden energy, putting down his pick and shovel, "I'll jess go over thar with ye now."

"No! no!" said Dumphy quickly. "Busy! Can't! 'Nother time! Good-day; see you again some time. So long!" and he hurriedly departed, retracing his steps until the claim and its possessor were lost in the intervening foliage.

Then he paused, hesitated, and then, striking across the summit of the hill, made his way boldly to Gabriel's cottage.

Either Mrs. Conroy was expecting him, or had detected him coming through the woods, for she opened the door to him and took him into her little parlor with a graciousness of demeanor and an elaboration of toilet that would have been dangerous to any other man. But, like most men with a deservedly bad reputation among women, Mr. Dumphy always rigidly separated any weakness of gallantry from his business.

"Here only for a few moments. Sorry can't stay longer. You're looking well!" said Mr. Dumphy.

Mrs. Conroy said she had not expected the pleasure of a personal interview; Mr. Dumphy must be *so* busy always.

"Yes. But I like to bring good news myself. The specimens you sent have been assayed by first-class, reliable men. They'll do. No gold—but eighty per cent. silver. Hey! P'r'aps you expected it."

But Mr. Dumphy could see plainly from Mrs. Conroy's eager face that she had not expected it.

"Silver," she gasped—"eighty per cent!"

He was mystified, but relieved. It was evident that she had not consulted anybody else, and that he was first on the ground. So he said curtly:

"What do you propose?"

"I don't know," began the lady. "I haven't thought——"

"Exactly," interrupted Dumphy. "Haven't got any proposition. Excuse me—but" (taking out his watch) "time's nearly up. Look here. Eighty per cent.'s big thing!

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But Silver mine takes Gold mine to run it. All expense first—no profit till you get down. Works, smelting—cost twenty per cent. Here's my proposition. Put whole thing in joint-stock company. 100 shares. Five millions capital. You take 50 shares. I'll take 25—dispose of other twenty-five as I can. How's that? Hey? You can't say? Well—think of it!"

But all Mrs. Conroy could think of was two and a half millions! It stared at her, stretching in gigantic ciphers across the room. It blazed in golden letters on checks—it rose on glittering piles of silver coin to the ceiling of the parlor. Yet she turned to him with a haggard face and said:

"But this—this money—is only in prospective."

"Cash your draft for the sum ten minutes after the stock's issued. That's business."

With this certainty Mrs. Conroy recovered herself.

"I will talk—with—my husband," she said.

Mr. Dumphy smiled—palpably, openly, and shamelessly. Mrs. Conroy colored quickly, but not from the consciousness Mr. Dumphy attributed to her, of detected cunning. She had begun to be ashamed of the position she believed she occupied in this man's eyes, and fearful that he should have discovered her husband's indifference to her.

"I've already seen him," said Mr. Dumphy quietly.

The color dropped from Mrs. Conroy's cheeks.

"He knows nothing of this," she said faintly.

"Of course," said Dumphy, half contemptuously, "he said so; referred to you. That's all right. That's business."

"You did not tell him——you dared not——" she said excitedly.

Mr. Dumphy looked curiously at her for a moment. Then he rose and shut the door.

"Look here," he said, facing Mrs. Conroy in a hard matter-of-fact way, "do you mean to say that what that man—your husband—said, was true? That he knows nothing of you; of the circumstances under which you came here?"

"He does not—I swear to God he does not," she said passionately.

It was inexplicable, but Mr. Dumphy believed her.

"But how will you explain this to him? You can do nothing without him."

"Why should *he* know more? If he has discovered this mine, it is *his*—free of any gift of mine—as independent of any claim of mine as if we were strangers. The law makes him the owner of the mine that he discovers, no matter on whose land it may be found. In personating his sister, I only claimed a grant to the land. He has made the discovery which gives it its value! Even that sister," she added with a sudden flash in her eyes—"even that sister, were she living, could not take it from him now!"

It was true! This woman, with whose weakness he had played, had outwitted them all, and slipped through their fingers, almost without stain or blemish. And in a way so simple! Duped as he had been, he could hardly restrain his admiration, and said, quite frankly and heartily:

"Good—that's business."

And then—ah me! this clever creature—this sharp adventuress, this Anonyma Victrix began to cry and to beg him not to tell *her husband!*

At this familiar sign of the universal feminine weakness Dumphy pricked up his ears and arts again.

"Where's your proof that your husband is the first discoverer?" he said curtly, but not unkindly. "Won't that paper that Dr. Devarges gave his sister show that the Doctor was really the discoverer of this lead?"

"Yes, but Dr. Devarges is dead, and I hold the paper."

"Good!" He took out his watch. "I've five minutes more. Now look here. I'm not going to say that you haven't managed this thing well—d—d well—you have!—and that you can, if you like, get along without me!—you can! See! I'm not going to say that I went into this thing without the prospect of making something out of it myself. I have! That's business. The thing for you to consider now is this: understanding each other as we do, couldn't you push this thing through better with my help—and helping me—than to go elsewhere? Understand me! You could find a dozen men in San Francisco who would make you as good an offer and better! But it wouldn't be to their interest to keep down any unpleasant reminders of the past as it would be mine. You understand?"

Mrs. Conroy replied by extending her hand.

"To keep my secret from every one—from *him*," she said earnestly.

"Certainly—*that's* business!"

Then these two artful ones shook hands with a heartfelt and loyal admiration and

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belief for each other that I fear more honest folks might have profited by, and Mr. Dumphy went off to dine.

As Mrs. Conroy closed the front door Olly came running in from the back piazza. Mrs. Conroy caught her in her arms and discharged her pent-up feelings, and, let us hope, her penitence, in a joyful and passionate embrace. But Olly struggled to extricate herself. When at last she got her head free, she said angrily:

"Let me go. I want to see him."

"Who—Mr. Dumphy?" asked Mrs. Conroy, still holding the child, with a half-hysterical laugh.

"Yes. Gabe said he was here. Let me go, I say!"

"What do you want with him?" asked her captor with shrill gayety.

"Gabe says—Gabe says—let me go, will you? Gabe says he knew——"

"Whom?"

"My dear, dear sister Grace! There! I didn't mean to hurt you—but I must go!"

And she did, leaving the prospective possessor of Two and a Half Millions, vexed, suspicious, and alone.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. DUMPHY MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

PETER DUMPHY was true to his client. A few days after he had returned to San Francisco he dispatched a note to Victor, asking an interview. He had reasoned that, although Victor was vanquished and helpless regarding the late discovery at One Horse Gulch, yet his complicity with Mrs. Conroy's earlier deceit might make it advisable that his recollection of that event should be effaced. He was waiting a reply when a card was brought to him by a clerk. Mr. Dumphy glanced at it impatiently, and read the name of "Arthur Poinsett." Autocrat as Dumphy was in his own counting-house and business circle, the name was one of such recognized power in California that he could not ignore its claims to his attention. More than that, it represented a certain respectability and social elevation, which Dumphy, with all his skepticism and democratic assertion, could not with characteristic shrewdness afford to undervalue. He said, "Show him in," without lifting his head from the papers that lay upon his desk.

The door opened again to an elegant-looking young man, who lounged carelessly into the awful presence without any of that awe with which the habitual business visitors approached Peter Dumphy. Indeed it was possible that never before had Mr. Dumphy's door opened to one who was less affected by the great capitalist's reputation. Nevertheless, with the natural ease of good breeding, after depositing his hat on the table, he walked quietly to the fire-place, and stood with his back toward it with courteous, but perhaps too indifferent patience. Mr. Dumphy was at last obliged to look up.

"Busy, I see," yawned Poinsett, with languid politeness. "Don't let me disturb you. I thought your man said you were disengaged. Must have made a mistake."

Mr. Dumphy was forced to lay aside his pen and rise, inwardly protesting.

"You don't know me by my card. I have the advantage, I think," continued the young man, with a smile, "even in the mere memory of faces. The last time I saw you was—let me see—five years ago. Yes! you were chewing a scrap of buffalo hide to keep yourself from starving."

"Philip Ashley," said Mr. Dumphy in a low voice, looking hastily around, and drawing nearer the stranger.

"Precisely," returned Poinsett, somewhat impatiently raising his own voice. "That was my *nom de guerre*. But Dumphy seems to have been *your* real name after all."

If Dumphy had conceived any idea of embarrassing Poinsett by the suggestion of an *alias*, in his case, he could have dismissed it after this half-contemptuous recognition of his own proper cognomen. But he had no such idea. In spite of his utmost effort he felt himself gradually falling into the same relative position—the same humble subordination he had accepted five years before. It was useless to think of his wealth, of his power, of his surroundings. Here in his own bank parlor he was submissively waiting the will and pleasure of this stranger. He made one more desperate attempt to regain his lost prestige.

"You have some business with me, eh? Poinsett!" He commenced the sentence with a dignity and ended it with a familiarity equally inefficacious.

"Of course," said Poinsett carelessly, shifting his legs before the fire. "Shouldn't have called otherwise on a man of such affairs, at such a time. You are interested, I hear, in a mine recently discovered at One Horse Gulch on the Rancho of The Blessed Innocents. One of my clients holds a grant, not yet confirmed, to the Rancho."

"Who?" said Mr. Dumphy, quickly.

"I believe that is not important nor

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essential for you to know until we make a formal claim," returned Arthur quietly, "but I don't mind satisfying your curiosity. It's Miss Dolores Salvatierra."

Mr. Dumphy felt relieved, and began with gathering courage and brusqueness, "That don't affect—"

"Your mining claim; not in the least," interrupted Arthur quietly. "I am not here to press or urge any rights that we may have. We may not even submit the grant for patent. But my client would like to know something of the present tenants, or, if you will, owners. You represent them, I think? A man and wife. The woman appears first as a spinster, assuming to be a Miss Grace Conroy, to whom an alleged transfer of an alleged grant was given. She next appears as the wife of one Gabriel Conroy, who is, I believe, an alleged brother of the alleged Miss Grace Conroy. You'll admit, I think, it's a pretty mixed business, and would make a pretty bad showing in court. But this adjudicature we are not yet prepared to demand. What we want to know is this—and I came to you, Dumphy, as the man most able to tell us. Is the sister or the brother real—or are they both impostors? Is there a legal marriage? Of course *your* legal interest is not jeopardized in any event."

Mr. Dumphy partly regained his audacity.

"*You* ought to know—*you* ran away with the real Grace Conroy," he said, putting his hands in his pockets.

"Did I? then this is not she, if I understand you. Thanks! And the brother—"

"Is Gabriel Conroy, if I know the man," said Dumphy, shortly, feeling that he had been entrapped into a tacit admission. "But why don't you satisfy yourself?"

"You have been good enough to render it unnecessary," said Arthur, with a smile. "I do not doubt your word. I am, I trust, too much of a lawyer to doubt the witness I myself have summoned. But who is this woman?"

"The widow of Dr. Devarges."

"The *real* thing?"

"Yes, unless Grace Conroy should lay claim to that title and privilege. The old man seems to have been pretty much divided in his property and affections."

The shaft did not apparently reach Arthur, for whom it was probably intended. He only said, "Have you legal evidence that she *is* the widow? If it were a fact, and a case of ill-treatment or hardship, why it might abate the claim of my client, who is a rich woman, and whose sympathies are of course in favor of the real brother and real sister. By the way, there is another sister, isn't there?"

"Yes, a mere child."

"That's all. Thank you, I sha'n't trespass further upon your time. Good day."

He had taken up his hat and was moving toward the door. Mr. Dumphy, who felt that whatever might have been Poinsett's motives in this interview, he, Dumphy, had certainly gained nothing, determined to retrieve himself, if possible, by a stroke of audacity.

"One moment," he said, as Poinsett was carefully settling his hat over his curls. "You know whether this girl is living or not. What has become of her?"

"But I don't," returned Poinsett, calmly, "or I shouldn't come to *you*."

There was something about Poinsett's manner that prevented Dumphy from putting him in the category of "all men," that both in his haste and his deliberation Mr. Dumphy was apt to say "were liars."

"When and where did you see her last?" he asked, less curtly.

"I left her at a hunter's cabin near the North Fork while I went back for help. I was too late. A relief party from the valley had already discovered the other dead. When I returned for Grace she was gone—possibly with the relief party. I always supposed it was the expedition that succored you."

There was a pause, in which these two scamps looked at each other. It will be remembered that both had deceived the relief party in reference to their connections with the unfortunate dead. Neither believed, however, that the other was aware of the fact. But the inferior scamp was afraid to ask another question that might disclose his own falsehood; and the question which might have been an embarrassing one to Arthur, and have changed his attitude toward Dumphy, remained unasked. Not knowing the reason of Dumphy's hesitation, Arthur was satisfied of his ignorance, and was still left the master. He nodded carelessly to Dumphy and withdrew.

As he left the room he brushed against a short, thick-set man, who was entering at the same moment. Some instinct of mutual repulsion caused the two men to look at each other. Poinsett beheld a sallow face, that, in spite of its belonging to a square figure, seemed to have a consumptive look; a face whose jaw was narrow and whose lips were always half-parted over white,

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large and protruding teeth; a mouth that apparently was always breathless—a mouth that Mr. Poinsett remembered as the distinguishing and unpleasant feature of some one vaguely known to him professionally. As the mouth gasped and parted further in recognition, Poinsett nodded carelessly in return, and, attributing his repulsion to that extraordinary feature, thought no more about it.

Not so the new-comer. He glanced suspiciously after Arthur and then at Mr. Dumphy. The latter, who had recovered his presence of mind and his old audacity, turned them instantly upon him.

"Well! What have you got to propose?" he said, with his usual curt formula.

"It is you have something to say; you sent for *me*," said his visitor.

"Yes. You left me to find out that there was another grant to that mine. What does all this mean, Ramirez?"

Victor raised his eyes and yellow fringes to the ceiling, and said, with a shrug,

"*Quien sabe?* there are grants—and grants!"

"So it seems. But I suppose you know that we have a title now better than any grant—a mineral discovery!"

Victor bowed and answered with his teeth, "*We*, eh?"

"Yes, I am getting up a company for her husband."

"Her husband—good!"

Dumphy looked at his accomplice keenly. There was something in Victor's manner that was vaguely suspicious. Dumphy, who was one of those men to whose courage the habit of success in all things was essential, had been a little shaken by his signal defeat in his interview with Poinsett, and now became irritable.

"Yes—her husband. What have you got to propose about it, eh? Nothing? Well, look here. I sent for you to say that as everything now is legal and square, you might as well dry up in regard to her former relations or your first scheme. You sabe?" Dumphy became slangy as he lost his self-control. "You are to know nothing about Miss Grace Conroy."

"And there is no more any sister, eh—only a wife?"

"Exactly."

"So."

"You will of course get something for these preliminary steps of yours, although you understand they have been useless, and that your claim is virtually dead. You are in fact in no way connected with her present success. Unless—unless," added Dumphy, with a gratuitous malice that defeat had engendered, "unless you expect something for having been the means of making a match between her and Gabriel."

Victor turned a little more yellow in the thin line over his teeth. "Ha! ha! good—a joke," he laughed. "No, I make no charge to you from that; not even to you. No—ha! ha!" At the same moment had Mr. Dumphy known what was passing in his mind he would have probably moved a little nearer the door of his counting-room.

"There's nothing we can pay you for but silence. We may as well understand each other regarding that. That's your interest; it's ours only so far as Mrs. Conroy's social standing is concerned, for I warn you that exposure might seriously compromise you in a business way, while it would not hurt us. I could get the value of Gabriel's claim to the mine advanced to-morrow, if the whole story were known to-night. If you remember, the only evidence of a previous discovery exists in a paper in our possession. Perhaps we pay you for that. Consider it so, if you like. Consider also that any attempt to get hold of it legally or otherwise would end in its destruction. Well, what do you say? All right. When the stock is issued I'll write you a check; or perhaps you'd take a share of stock?"

"I would prefer the money," said Victor, with a peculiar laugh.

Dumphy affected to take no notice of the sarcasm. "Your head is level, Victor," he said, returning to his papers. "Don't meddle with stocks. Good day!"

Victor moved toward the door. "By the way, Victor," said Dumphy, looking up calmly, "if you know the owner of this lately discovered grant, you might intimate that any litigation wouldn't pay. That's what I told their counsel a moment ago."

"Poinsett?" asked Victor, pausing, with his hand on the door.

"Yes! But as he also happens to be Philip Ashley—the chap who ran off with Grace Conroy, you had better go and see him. Perhaps he can help you better than I. Good day."

And, turning from the petrified Victor, Mr. Dumphy, conscious that he had fully regained his prestige, rang his bell to admit the next visitor.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. JACK HAMLIN TAKES A HOLIDAY.

For some weeks Mr. Hamlin had not been well, or, as he more happily expressed it, had been "off color." The celebrated Dr. Duchesne, an ex-army surgeon, after a careful diagnosis, had made several inquiries of Jack, in a frank way that delighted Mr. Hamlin, and then had said very quietly,

"You are not doing justice to your profession, Jack. Your pulse is 75, and that won't do for a man who habitually deals faro. Been doing pretty well lately, and having a good time, eh? I thought so! You've been running too fast, and under too high pressure. You must take these weights off the safety valve, Jack—better take the blower down altogether. Bank your fires and run on half steam. For the next two months I shall run you. You must live like a Christian." Noticing the horror of Jack's face, he added, hastily, "I mean, go to bed before midnight, get up before you want to, eat more and drink less, don't play to win, bore yourself thoroughly, and by that time I'll be able to put you back at that table as strong and cool as ever. You used to sing, Jack; sit down at the piano and give me a taste of your quality. * * * There, that'll do; I thought so! You're out of practice and voice. Do that every day, for a week, and it will come easier. I haven't seen you stop and talk to a child for a month. What's become of that little bootblack that you used to bedevil? I've a devilish good mind to send you to a foundling hospital for the good of the babies and yourself. Find out some poor ranchero with a dozen children, and teach 'em singing. Don't mind what you eat, as long as you eat regularly. I'd have more hopes of you, Jack, if I'd dragged you out of Starvation Camp, in the Sierras, as I did a poor fellow, six years ago, than finding you here in these luxurious quarters. Come! Do as I say, and I'll stop that weariness, dissipate that giddiness, get rid of that pain, lower that pulse, and put you back where you were. I don't like your looks, Jack, at all. I'd buck against any bank you ran, all night."

From which the intelligent reader will, I hope and trust, perceive that this popular doctor's ideas of propriety resided wholly in his intentions. With the abstract morality of Hamlin's profession as a gambler he did not meddle; with his competency to practice that profession only was he concerned. Indeed so frank was he in his expression, that a few days later he remarked to a popular clergyman, "I must put you under the same treatment as I did Jack Hamlin—do you know him?—a gambler and a capital fellow; you remind me of him. Same kind of trouble—cured him as I will you." And he did.

The result of which advice was that in two weeks Mr. Jack Hamlin found himself dreadfully bored and *ennuyé*, but loyal to his trust with his physician, wandering in the lower coast counties. At San Luis Rey, he attended a bull-fight, and was sorely tempted to back the bull heavily, and even conceived the idea of introducing a grizzly bear, taking all the odds himself, but remembered his promise and fled the fascination. And so the next day, in a queer old-fashioned diligence, he crossed the coast range, and drifted into the quiet Mission of San Antonio. Here he was so done up and bored with the journey and the unpromising aspect of the town, that he quietly yielded his usual profane badinage of the landlord to his loyal henchman and negro body-servant "Pete," and went to bed at the solitary "Fonda," in the usual flea-infested bedroom of the Spanish California inn.

"What does she look like, Pete?" said Jack, languidly.

Pete, who was familiar with his master's peculiarities of speech, knew that the feminine pronoun referred to the town, and responded with great gravity:

"De fac' is, Mahs Jack, dah don't peah to be much show heah foh you. Deys playin' three-card monte in the bah room, but 'tain't no squar game. It 'ud do you no good, it might jess rile you. Deys a fass pinto hoss hitched to a poss in de yard—a hoss dat de owner don't seem to understand nohow. If you was right smart agin, I might let you go down dar and get a bet outer some o'dem Greasers. But 'twon't do nohow. Deys a kind o' school—Sunday-school, I reckon—nex doah. Lots o' little children saying prayers, singin' and praisin' de Lord, sah."

"What day is this?" asked Jack, with sudden trepidation.

"Sunday, sah."

Jack uttered a plaintive groan and rolled over.

"Give one of those children a quarter, and tell him there's another quarter waiting for him up here."

"You won't get no child to fool wid dis day, Mahs Jack, shuah. Deys bound to get licked when dey goes. Folks is mighty

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hard on dem boys, Sunday, sah; and it's de Lord's day, Mahs Jack."

Partly for the sake of horrifying his attendant, who, notwithstanding his evil associations, was very devout, Jack gave way to violent denunciation of any system of theology that withheld children from romping with him any day he might select.

"Open that window," he groaned, finally, "and shove the bed alongside of it. That'll do. Hand me that novel. You needn't read to me to-day; you can finish that 'Volney's Ruins' another time."

It may be remarked here that it had been Jack's invalid habit to get Pete to read to him. As he had provided himself with such books as were objectionable to Pete, as they were always utterly incomprehensible when filtered through his dialect, and as he always made the reader repeat the more difficult words, he extracted from this diversion a delicious enjoyment, which Pete never suspected.

"You can go now," he said, when Pete had arranged him comfortably. "I sha'n't want you this afternoon. Take some money. I reckon you won't find any church of your kind here, but if anybody interferes with you, jest lambaste him! If you can't do it, jest spot him, and *I* will! (Mr. Hamlin never allowed anybody but himself to object to his follower's religious tendencies.) Have a good time, Pete! Don't tangle yourself up if you can help it. The liquor about here is jest pizen."

With this parting adjuration Mr. Hamlin turned over and tried to devote himself to his book. But after reading a few lines the letters somehow got blurred and indistinct, and he was obliged to put the book down with a much graver recollection of the doctor's warning than he had ever had before. He was obliged to confess to a singular weariness and lassitude that had become habitual, and to admit that he had more pain at times than—as he put it—"a man ought to have." The idea of his becoming blind or paralyzed dawned upon him gradually, at first humorously; wondering if he couldn't deal faro as well without the use of his legs, for instance, which were of no account to a man under the table; if there could not be raised cards for the blind as well as raised letters. The idea of feeling a "pair" or a "flush" amused him greatly, and then he remembered more gravely poor Gordon, who, becoming gradually paralyzed, blew his brains out. "The best thing he could do," he soliloquized seriously. The reflection, however, had left such a depressing effect upon his mind that the exaltation of liquor for a moment seemed to be the proper thing for him; but the next moment, remembering his promise to the doctor, he changed his mind, and—with an effort—his reflections.

For relief he turned his paling face to the window. It gave upon a dusty court-yard, the soil of which was pulverized by the pawing of countless hoofs during the long, dry summer; upon a tiled roof that rose above an adobe wall, over which again rose the two square whitewashed towers of the Mission church. Between these towers he caught a glimpse of dark green foliage, and beyond this the shining sea.

It was very hot and dry. Scarcely a wave of air stirred the curtains of the window. That afternoon the trade-winds which usually harried and bullied the little Mission of San Antonio did not blow, and a writhing weeping willow near the window, that whipped itself into trifling hysterics on the slightest pretext, was surprised into a stony silence. Even the sea beyond glittered and was breathless. It reminded Jack of the mouth of the man he met in Sacramento at the hotel, and again had quarreled with in San Francisco. And there, absolutely, was the man, the very man, gazing up at the hotel from the shadows of the court-yard. Jack was instantly and illogically furious. Had Pete been there he would at once have sent an insulting message; but, while he was looking at him, a sound rose upon the air which more pleasantly arrested his attention.

It was an organ. Not a very fine instrument, nor skillfully played. But an instrument that Jack was passionately fond of. I forgot to say that he had once occupied the position of organist in the Second Presbyterian Church of Sacramento, until a growing and more healthy public sentiment detected an incongruity between his secular and Sunday occupations, and a prominent deacon, a successful liquor-dealer, demanded his resignation. Although he afterward changed his attentions to a piano, he never entirely lost his old affections. To become the possessor of a large organ, to introduce it gradually, educating the public taste, as a special feature of a first-class gambling saloon, had always been one of Jack's wildest ambitions. So he raised himself upon his elbow and listened. He could see also that the adjacent building was really a recent addition to the old Mission church, and that what appeared to be a recess in

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the wall was only a deeply embrasured window. Presently a choir of fresh young voices joined the organ. Mr. Hamlin listened more attentively; it was one of Mozart's masses with which he was familiar.

For a few moments he forgot his pain and lassitude, and lying there hummed in unison. And then, like a true enthusiast, unmindful of his surroundings, he lifted his voice—a very touching tenor, well known among his friends—and joined in, drowning, I fear, the feebler pipe of the little acolytes within. Indeed, it was a fine sight to see this sentimental scamp, lying sick nigh unto dissolution through a dissipated life and infamous profession, down upon his back in the dingy *cuarto* of a cheap Spanish inn, voicing the litanies of Madame the Virgin. Howbeit, once started in he sang it through, and only paused when the antiphonal voices and organ ceased. Then he lifted his head, and, leaning on his elbow, looked across the court-yard. He had hoped for the appearance of some of the little singers, and had all ready a handful of coin to throw to them, and a few of those ingenious epithets and persuasive arguments by which he had always been successful with the young. But he was disappointed. "I reckon school ain't out yet," he said to himself, and was about to lie down again, when a face suddenly appeared at the grating of the narrow window.

Mr. Hamlin as suddenly became breathless, and the color rose to his pale face. He was very susceptible to female beauty, and the face that appeared at the grating was that of a very beautiful Indian girl. He thought, and was ready to swear, that he had never seen anything half so lovely. Framed in the recess of the embrasure as a shrine, it might have been a shadowed devotional image, but that the face was not so angelically beautiful as it was femininely fascinating, and that the large deeply fringed eyes had an expression of bright impatience and human curiosity. From his secure vantage behind the curtain Mr. Hamlin knew that he could not be seen, and so lay and absorbed this lovely bronze apparition which his voice seemed to have evoked from the cold bronze adobe wall. And then, as suddenly, she was gone, and the staring sunlight and glittering sea beyond seemed to Mr. Hamlin to have gone too.

When Pete returned at sunset, he was amazed and alarmed to find his master dressed and sitting by the window. There was a certain brightness in his eye and an unwonted color in his cheek that alarmed him still more.

"You ain't bin and gone done nuffin ag'in de doctor's orders, Mahs' Jack?" he began.

"You'll find the whisky flask all right, unless you've been dippin' into it, you infernal old hypocrite," responded Jack cheerfully, accepting the implied suspicion of his servant. "I've dressed myself because I'm goin' to church to-night, to find out where you get your liquor. I'm happy because I'm virtuous. Trot out that 'Volney's Ruins' and wade in. You're gettin' out o' practice, Pete. Stop. Because you're religious, blank you, do you expect me to starve? Go and order supper first! Stop. Where in blank are you going? Here you've been gone three hours on an errand for me, and blank me if you ain't runnin' off without a word about it."

"Gone on an errand foh you, sah?" gasped the astonished Pete.

"Yes! Didn't I tell you to go round and see what was the kind of religious dispensation here?" continued Jack with an unmoved face. "Didn't I charge you particularly to observe if the Catholic Church was such as a professing Christian and the former organist of the Second Presbyterian Church of Sacramento could attend? And now I suppose I've got to find out myself. I'd bet ten to one you ain't been there at all, blank you!"

In sheer embarrassment Pete began to brush his master's clothes with ostentatious and apologetic diligence, and said:

"I'se no Papist, Mahs Jack, but if I'd thought—"

"Do you suppose, blank you, I'm going to sit here without my supper while you abuse the Catholic Church—the only church, blank me, that a gentleman—" but the frightened Pete was gone.

The Angelus bell had just rung, and it lacked a full half hour yet before vespers, when Mr. Hamlin lounged into the old Mission church. Only a few figures knelt here and there—mere vague, black shadows in the gloom. Aided, perhaps, more by intuition than the light of the dim candles on the high altar, he knew that the figure he looked for was not among them; and seeking the shadow of a column he calmly waited its approach. It seemed a long time. A heavy-looking woman, redolent of garlic, came in and knelt nearly opposite. A yellow vaquero, whom Mr. Hamlin recalled at once as one he had met on the road hither,—a man whose Spanish profanity,

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incited by unruly cattle, had excited Jack's amused admiration,—dropped on his knees, and with equally characteristic volubility began a supplication to the Virgin. Then two or three men, whom Jack recognized as the monte-players of the "Fonda," began, as it seemed to Jack, to bewail their losses in lachrymose accents. And then Mr. Hamlin, highly excited, with a pulse that would have awakened the greatest concern of his doctor, became nervously and magnetically aware that some one else was apparently waiting and anxious as himself, and had turned *his* head at the entrance of each one of the congregation. It was a figure Jack had at first overlooked. Safe in the shadow of the column, he could watch it without being seen himself. Even in the gloom he could see the teeth and eyes of the man he had observed that afternoon—his old antagonist at Sacramento.

Had it been anywhere else, Jack would have indulged his general and abstract detestation of Victor by instantly picking a quarrel with him. As it was, he determined upon following him when he left the church—of venting on him any possible chagrin or disappointment he might then have, as an excitement to mitigate the unsupportable dreariness of the Mission. The passions are not so exclusive as moralists imagine, for Mr. Hamlin was beginning to have his breast filled with wrath against Victor, in proportion as his doubts of the appearance of the beautiful stranger grew stronger in his mind, when two figures momentarily darkened the church porch, and a rustle of silk stole upon his ear. A faint odor of spice penetrated through the incense. Jack looked up, and his heart stopped beating.

It was she. As she reached the stall nearly opposite she put aside her black veil, and disclosed the same calm, nymph-like face he had seen at the window. It was doubly beautiful now. Even the strange complexion had for Jack a bewildering charm. She looked around, hesitated for a moment, and then knelt between the two monte players. With an almost instinctive movement Jack started forward, as if to warn her of the contaminating contact. And then he stopped, his own face crimsoned with shame. For the first time he had doubted the morality of his profession.

The organ pealed out; the incense swam; the monotonous voice of the priest rose upon the close, sluggish air, and Mr. Jack Hamlin dreamed a dream. He had dispossessed the cold, mechanical organist, and seating himself at the instrument, had summoned all the powers of reed and voice to sing the pæans—ah, me! I fear not of any abstract Being, but of incarnate flesh and blood. He heard her pure, young voice lifted beside his; even in that cold, passionless commingling there was joy unspeakable, and he knew himself exalted. Yet he was conscious even in his dream, from his own hurried breathing, and something that seemed to swell in his throat, that he could not have sung a note. And then he came back to his senses, and a close examination of the figure before him. He looked at the graceful shining head, the rich lace veil, the quiet elegance of attire, even to the small satin slipper that stole from beneath her silken robe—all united with a refinement and an air of jealous seclusion, that somehow removed him to an immeasurable distance.

The anthem ceased, the last notes of the organ died away, and the lady rose. Half an hour before, Jack would have gladly stepped forward to have challenged even a passing glance from the beautiful eyes of the stranger; now a timidity and distrust new to the man took possession of him. He even drew back closer in the shadow as she stepped toward the pillar, which supported on its face a font of holy water. She had already slipped off her glove, and now she leaned forward—so near he could almost feel her warm breath—and dipped her long, slim fingers into the water. As she crossed herself with the liquid symbol Jack gave a slight start. One or two drops of holy water thrown from her little fingers had fallen on his face.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VICTOR MAKES A DISCOVERY.

HAPPILY for Mr. Hamlin, the young girl noticed neither the effect of her unconscious baptismal act, nor its object, but moved away slowly to the door. As she did so, Jack stepped from the shadow of the column and followed her with eyes of respectful awe and yearning. She had barely reached the porch, when she suddenly and swiftly turned and walked hurriedly back, almost brushing against Mr. Hamlin. Her beautiful eyes were startled and embarrassed, her scarlet lips parted and paling rapidly, her whole figure and manner agitated and discomposed. Without noticing him she turned toward the column, and under the pretext of using the holy water took hold of the

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font and leaned against it, as if for support, with her face averted from the light. Jack could see her hands tighten nervously on the stone, and fancied that her whole figure trembled as she stood there.

He hesitated for a moment and then moved to her side; not audaciously and confident, as was his wont with women, but with a boyish color in his face, and a timid, half embarrassed manner.

"Can I do anything for you, Miss?" he said falteringly. "You don't seem to be well. I mean, you look tired. Sha'n't I bring you a chair? It's the heat of this blasted hole—I mean it's so warm here. Sha'n't I go for a glass of water, a carriage?"

Here she suddenly lifted her eyes to his, and his voice and presence of mind utterly abandoned him.

"It is nothing," she said, with a dignified calm, as sudden and as alarming to Jack as her previous agitation—"nothing," she added, fixing her clear eyes on his, with a look so frank, so open, and withal, as it seemed to Jack, so cold and indifferent, that his own usually bold glance fell beneath it, "nothing but the heat and closeness; I am better now."

"Shall I—" began Jack awkwardly.

"I want nothing, thank you."

Seeming to think that her conduct required some explanation, she added hastily:

"There was a crowd at the door as I was going out, and in the press I felt giddy. I thought some one—some man—pushed me rudely. I dare say I was mistaken."

She glanced at the porch against which a man was still leaning.

The suggestion of her look and speech—if it were a suggestion—was caught instantly by Jack. Without waiting for her to finish the sentence, he strode to the door. To his wrathful surprise the lounger was Victor. Mr. Hamlin did not stop for explanatory speech. With a single expressive word, and a single dexterous movement of his arm and foot, he tumbled the astonished Victor down the steps at one side, and then turned toward his late companion. But she had been equally prompt. With a celerity quite inconsistent with her previous faintness, she seized the moment that Victor disappeared to dart by him and gain her carriage, which stood in waiting at the porch. But as it swiftly rode away, Mr. Hamlin caught one grateful glance from those wonderful eyes, one smile from those perfect lips, and was happy. What matters that he had an explanation—possibly a quarrel on his hands? Ah me! I fear this added zest to the rascal's satisfaction.

A hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned and saw the face of the furious Victor, with every tooth at a white heat, and panting with passion. Mr. Hamlin smiled pleasantly.

"Why, I want to know!" he ejaculated, with an affectation of rustic simplicity—"if it ain't you, Johnny. Why, darn my skin! And this is your house? You and St. Anthony in partnership, eh? Well, that gets me! And here I tumbled you off your own stoop, didn't I? I might have known it was you by the way you stood there. Mightn't I, Johnny?"

"My name is not Johnny—*Carámba!*" gasped Victor, almost beside himself with impatient fury.

"Oh, it's that, is it? Any relation to the *Carámbas* of Dutch Flat? It ain't a pretty name. I like Johnny better. And I wouldn't make a row here now. Not to-day, Johnny; it's Sunday. I'd go home. I'd go quietly home, and I'd beat some woman or child to keep myself in training. But I'd go home first. I wouldn't draw that knife, neither, for it might cut your fingers, and frighten the folks around town. I'd go home quietly, like a good nice little man. And in the morning I'd come round to the hotel on the next square, and I'd ask for Mr. Hamlin, Mr. Jack Hamlin, Room No. 29; and I'd go right up to his room, and I'd have such a time with him—such a high old time; I'd just make that hotel swim with blood."

Two or three of the monte-players had gathered around Victor, and seemed inclined to take the part of their countryman. Victor was not slow to improve this moment of adhesion and support.

"Is it dogs that we are, my compatriots?" he said to them bitterly—"and he—this one—a man infamous!"

Mr. Hamlin, who had a quick ear for abusive and interjaculatory Spanish, overheard him. There was a swift chorus of "*Carámba!*" from the allies, albeit wholesomely restrained by something in Mr. Hamlin's eye which was visible, and probably a suspicion of something in Mr. Hamlin's pocket which was not visible. But the remaining portion of Mr. Hamlin was ironically gracious.

"Friends of yours, I suppose?" he inquired affably. "'*Carámbas*' all of them, too! Perhaps they'll call with you? May be they haven't time and are in a hurry now?

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If my room isn't large enough, and they can't wait, there's a handy lot o' ground beyond on the next square—*Plaza del Toros*, eh? What did you say? I'm a little deaf in this ear."

Under the pretense of hearing more distinctly, Jack Hamlin approached the nearest man, who, I grieve to say, instantly, and somewhat undignifiedly, retreated. Mr. Hamlin laughed. But already a crowd of loungers had gathered, and he felt it was time to end this badinage, grateful as it was to his sense of humor. So he lifted his hat gravely to Victor and his friends, replaced it perhaps aggressively tilted a trifle over his straight nose, and lounged slowly back to his hotel, leaving his late adversaries in secure but unsatisfactory and dishonorable possession of the field. Once in his own quarters, he roused the sleeping Pete, and insisted upon opening a religious discussion, in which, to Pete's great horror, he warmly espoused the Catholic Church, averring, with several strong expletives, that it was the only religion fit for a white man, and ending somewhat irrelevantly by inquiring into the condition of the pistols.

Meanwhile Victor had also taken leave of his friends.

"He has fled—this most infamous!" he said; "he dared not remain and face us! Thou didst observe his fear, Tiburcio? It was thy great heart that did it!"

"Rather he recognized thee, my Victor, and his heart was that of the coyote."

"It was the Mexican nation, ever responsive to the appeal of manhood and liberty, that made his liver as blanched as that of the chicken," returned the gentleman who had retreated from Jack. "Let us then celebrate this triumph with a little glass."

And Victor, who was anxious to get away from his friends, and saw in the prospective *aguardiente* a chance for escape, generously led the way to the first wine-shop.

It chanced to be the principal one of the town. It had the generic quality—that is, was dirty, dingy, ill-smelling, and yellow with cigarette smoke. Its walls were adorned by various prints—one or two French in origin, excellent in art, and defective in moral sentiment, and several of Spanish origin, infamous in art, and admirable in religious feeling. It had a portrait of Santa Anna, and another of the latest successful revolutionary general. It had an allegorical picture representing the Genius of Liberty descending with all the celestial machinery upon the Mexican Confederacy. Moved apparently by the same taste for poetry and personification, the proprietor had added to his artistic collection a highly colored American handbill representing the Angel of Healing presenting a stricken family with a bottle of somebody's Panacea. At the further extremity of the low room a dozen players sat at a green baize table absorbed in monte. Beyond them, leaning against the wall, a harp-player twanged the strings of his instrument, in a lugubrious air, with that singular stickiness of touch and reluctancy of finger peculiar to itinerant performers on that instrument. The card-players were profoundly indifferent to both music and performer.

The face of one of the players attracted Victor's attention. It was that of the odd English translator—the irascible stranger upon whom he had intruded that night of his memorable visit to Don José. Victor had no difficulty in recognizing him, although his slovenly and negligent working-dress had been changed to his holiday antique black suit. He did not lift his eyes from the game until he had lost the few silver coins placed in a pile before him, when he rose grimly, and, nodding brusquely to the other players, without speaking left the room.

"He has lost five half-dollars—his regular limit—no more, no less," said Victor to his friend. "He will not play again to-night!"

"You know of him?" asked Vincente in admiration of his companion's superior knowledge.

"Si!" said Victor. "He is a jackal, a dog of the Americanos," he added, vaguely intending to revenge himself on the stranger's former brusqueness by this depreciation. "He affects to know our history—our language. Is it a question of the fine meaning of a word?—the shade of a technical expression?—it is him they ask, not us! It is thus they treat us, these heretics! *Carámba!*"

"*Carámba!*" echoed Vincente, with a vague patriotism superinduced by *aguardiente*. But Victor had calculated to unloose Vincente's tongue for his private service.

"It is the world, my friend," he said sententiously. "These Americanos—come they here often?"

"You know the great American advocate—our friend—Don Arturo Poinsett?"

"Yes," said Victor impatiently. "Comes he?"

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"Christ! does he not!" laughed Vincente. "Always. Ever. Eternally. He has a client —a widow, young, handsome, rich, eh?—one of his own race."

"Ah! you are wise, Vincente!"

Vincente laughed a weak spirituous laugh.

"Ah, God! it is a transparent fact. Truly —of a verity. Believe me!"

"And this fair client—who is she?"

"Donna Maria Sepulvida!" said Vincente in a drunken whisper.

"How is this? You said she was of his own race."

"Truly, I did. She is *Americana*. But it is years ago. She was very young. When the Americans first came, she was of the first. She taught the child of the widower Don José Sepulvida, herself almost a child, you understand? It was the old story. She was pretty, and poor, and young; the Don grizzled, and old, and rich. It was fire and tow. Eh? Ha! Ha! The Don meant to be kind, you understand, and made a rich wife of the little *Americana*. He was kinder than he meant, and in two years *Carámba!* made a richer widow of the Donna."

If Vincente had not been quite thrown by his potations, he would have seen an undue eagerness in Victor's mouth and eyes.

"And she is pretty—tall and slender like the Americans, eh?—large eyes, a sweet mouth?"

"An angel. Ravishing!"

"And Don Arturo—from legal adviser turns a lover!"

"It is said," responded Vincente with drunken cunning and exceeding archness; "but thou and I, Victor, know better. Love comes not with a brief! Eh? Look, it is an old flame, believe me. It is said it is not two months that he first came here, and she fell in love with him at the first glance. *Absurdo! Disparátado!* Hear me, Victor; it was an old flame; an old quarrel made up. Thou and I have heard the romance before. Two lovers not rich, eh? Good! Separation; despair. The Señorita marries the rich man, eh?"

Victor was too completely carried away by the suggestion of his friend's speech, to conceal his satisfaction. Here was the secret at last. Here was not only a clew, but absolutely the missing Grace Conroy herself. In this young *Americana*—this—widow—this client of her former lover, Philip Ashley, he held the secret of three lives. In his joy he slapped Vincente on the back and swore roundly that he was the wisest of men.

"I should have seen her—the heroine of this romance—my friend. Possibly, she was at mass?"

"Possibly not. She is Catholic, but Don Arturo is not. She does not often attend when he is here."

"As to-day?"

"As to-day."

"You are wrong, friend Vincente," said Victor, a little impatiently. "I was there; I saw her."

Vincente shrugged his shoulders and shook his head with drunken gravity.

"It is impossible, Señor Victor, believe me."

"I tell you, I saw her," said Victor excitedly. "*Borrachon!* She was there! By the pillar. As she went out she partook of *agua bendita*. I saw her; large eyes, an oval face, a black dress and mantle."

Vincente, who, happily for Victor, had not heard the epithet of his friend, shook his head and laughed a conceited drunken laugh.

"Tell me not this, friend Victor. It was not her thou didst see. Believe me, I am wise. It was the Donna Dolores who partook of *agua bendita* and alone. For there is none, thou knowest, that has a right to offer it to her. Look you, foolish Victor, she has large eyes, a small mouth, an oval face. And dark—ah, she is dark!"

"'In the dark all are as the devil,'" quoted Victor impatiently, "how should I know? Who then *is* she?" he demanded almost fiercely, as if struggling with a rising fear. "Who is this Donna Dolores?"

"Thou art a stranger, friend Victor. Hark ye. It is the half-breed *bastardo* of the old Commander of San Ysabel. Yet such is the foolishness of old men she is his heiress! She is rich, and lately she has come into possession of a great grant, very valuable. Thou dost understand, friend Victor? Well, why dost thou stare? She is a recluse. Marriage is not for her; love, love! the tender, the subduing, the delicious, is not for her. She is of the church, my Victor. And to think! thou didst mistake this ascetic, this nun, this little brown novice, this Donna Dolores Salvatierra for the little American coquette. Ha! Ha! It is worth the fee of another bottle! Eh? Victor, my friend! Thou dost not listen. Eh? Thou wouldst fly, traitor. Eh? what's that thou sayest? Bobo! Dupe thyself!"

For Victor stood before him, dumb, but for that single epithet. Was he not a dupe? Had he not been cheated again, and this

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time by a blunder in his own malice? If he had really, as he believed, identified Grace Conroy in this dark-faced devotee whose name he now learned for the first time, by what diabolical mischance had he deliberately put her in possession of the forged grant, and so blindly restored her the missing property? Could Don Pedro have been treacherous? Could he have known, could they all—Arthur Poinsett, Dumphy, and Julie Devarges—have known this fact of which he alone was ignorant? Were they not laughing at him now? The thought was madness.

With a vague impression of being shaken rudely off by a passionate hand, and a drunken vision of a ghastly and passionate face before him uttering words of impotent rage and baffled despair, Vincente, the wise and valiant, came slowly and amazedly to himself lying over a table. But his late companion was gone.

(To be continued.)

WILSON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

VERY few of the men whose force of character has raised them from obscurity to eminence have had to make their way by the aid of slenderer qualifications, or in the face of more insuperable obstacles, than were the lot of the pioneer of American ornithology.

Born at Paisley, in the West of Scotland, in 1766, a younger child of a poor distiller, Alexander Wilson had little education beyond that afforded by the indifferent local school. When he was not yet ten years old he lost his mother, and the introduction of a stepmother into the household led to his removal to the neighboring home of his eldest sister as an apprentice to her husband, William Duncan, a weaver. Thus, at the age of twelve or thirteen, he left school to learn a means of livelihood, which, in more than one emergency of his after-life, stood him in excellent stead. Through three years of apprenticeship, and four others, during which he worked at intervals as a journeyman, the youth stuck to his weaving, though hating it with a cordiality to which he gave utterance in a poem entitled "Groans from the Loom." Throughout this period he addicted himself to those efforts in patriotic verse-making which the success of Burns had made universal among the young Scots of that day. Encouraged by the flattery of his townsmen to devote himself to literature, he determined, when he had reached the age of eighteen, to fly the imprisonment of the loom and gratify his longing for freedom and rural scenes by taking up the calling of a peddler. So far as regarded the enjoyment of nature in the wildness and beauty of Scottish scenery, his enterprise was successful. "These are pleasures," he rhapsodizes in his journal of this time, "which the groveling sons of interest and the grubs of this world know as little of as the miserable spirits doomed to everlasting darkness know of the glorious regions and eternal delights of Paradise." But, as might be expected, no very large gains were in store for a trader whose path was determined less by commercial considerations than by interest in scenes notable for their own romantic beauty or their associations with poets and heroes of tradition. Two successive peddling trips, during which he vainly sought subscribers for his intended publication, left him empty of pocket, but unshaken in resolve. So, in July, 1790, fallaciously trusting to their sale to indemnify his printer, he published his "Poems, Humorous, Satirical, and Serious,"—poems of such quality that his admirers have been content to let them sink out of sight, while the poet in after days resented mention of them.

In his mortification at his failure, Wilson left his own town and resumed weaving and solitary study in the seclusion of a neighboring village. From this retirement he was presently enticed by the intelligence that a debating society in Edinburgh was about to discuss the question whether Robert Fergusson or Allan Ramsay had most honored Scottish poetry. He had never read Fergusson's poems, and but a few days remained before that fixed for the debate; but he borrowed the book from a friend, decided the question in his own mind, embodied the result in a poem, did enough over-work at weaving to provide means for the journey, and walked to Edinburgh, where he arrived just in time to take his part in the contest. In the poem which he recited,—"The Laurel Disputed, or the Merits of Robert Ferguson and Allan Ramsay Contrasted,"—Wilson espoused the losing side, that of

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Ferguson; but his production gained him the applause which he craved, as well as opportunities for publicly reciting two others of his poems before leaving the capital.

These successes, together with the acquaintanceships thus procured with Edinburgh men of letters, and especially with Burns, led him into periodical writing and a meddling with politics that involved him in serious troubles. He had long been infected by that enthusiasm for liberty and reform which filled the minds of men during the earlier days of the French Revolution; and when the storm broke, and the manufacturing interests of Great Britain began to be deranged, he was impelled to give utterance to the faith that was in him by the distresses which fell with peculiar severity upon the artisans of Paisley. In that industrial center, upon the decline of business, there had grown up a bitter feud between the weavers and the capitalists and manufacturers, and among the latter was one who had risen from a low origin to great wealth and influence by dint, it was currently believed, of a long course of avarice and extortion. Upon this obnoxious individual, Wilson, as champion of the weavers, proceeded to wreak vengeance in a galling satire, "The Shark, or Long Mills Detected," in which he exhausted the fertility of the Scottish dialect in epithets of reproach. The artisans were delighted, and the victim proportionately incensed by the severity of this lampoon, which circulated largely, and was generally attributed to Wilson, though evidences of the authorship had been sedulously concealed. He was, however, waylaid by spies as he returned by night from the printer's; papers were found upon him which established his offense; he was tried before the sheriff, and convicted, and was sentenced to undergo a short imprisonment, and with his own hand to burn the libel at the town cross of Paisley—a sentence which he fulfilled on February 6, 1793, surrounded by enthusiastic crowds of his townsmen, who regarded him as a martyr in their cause. This incident, probably, together with the suspicion with which he was thenceforth regarded by those in authority, his own discontent at the oppressions he saw going on about him, and his experience of the small hope of bettering his condition in his own land, led him to dream of seeking political and pecuniary independence beyond the Atlantic. Learning from a newspaper that on the 1st of May in the following year an American ship would sail from Belfast with passengers for Philadelphia, he confidentially enlisted his nephew, William Duncan, a boy of sixteen, as the companion of his voyage. He formed the plan of qualifying himself for mercantile employment in America by attending the school of a friend—an attempt which he abandoned after one day's experiment. He provided himself with passage-money by incessant application at the loom, and an economy so rigid, that for four months his expenses of every kind were less than a shilling a week; and, at the appointed time, he bade adieu to the friends and scenes he was never to revisit. The two emigrants set out on foot for Port Patrick, and sailed thence for Belfast, which they reached at so late a day that the ship had already her full complement of passengers; but they elected rather to sleep on the deck during the whole voyage than to turn back; and on the 14th of July, 1794, they arrived at New Castle, Delaware.

Wilson's impatience to set foot on the promised land was such that he chose to disembark at New Castle and proceed thence on foot to Philadelphia, a distance of thirty-three miles. He began life in the New World without a friend to whose hospitality he could appeal, or of whom he could seek advice how to find employment; he had not even a letter of introduction; and he would have been absolutely penniless but for the loan of a few shillings from a fellow-passenger. His first walk was marked by an incident which after events made noteworthy. As he advanced, gun in hand, the pedestrian had scarcely entered the Delaware forests before his attention was arrested by the strange birds, especially by one, whose rich plumage and active habits make it perhaps the most attractive inhabitant of our northern woods, the red-headed woodpecker. This he shot, and years after dwelt with fervor upon his sensations at finding himself possessor of "the most beautiful bird he had ever beheld,"—a judgment which the glowing hues that represent it in the plates of his "Ornithology" fully justify. Arrived in the city, his want of means made it imperatively necessary for him to find immediate occupation; and he applied, with success, to a countryman, a copper-plate printer, who provided him with work for some weeks until he formed a more permanent engagement at his own trade of weaving with a Mr. Joshua Sullivan, a few miles out of Philadelphia. Soon revolting, as usual, against the bondage of the loom, and persuaded by representations of the

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excellent field Virginia offered to colonists, he made his way on foot to Sheppardstown, in the part of the State then known as New Virginia,—a locality in which his ideal of Virginia life was so thoroughly dispelled, that he turned back to Sullivan and weaving, with a maledictory tribute to Virginia, whose felicities of meter, syntax, and rhetoric go far to explain the habitual miscarriage of his muse:

"Farewell to Virginia, to Berkeley adieu,
Where, like Jacob, our days have been evil and few!
So few—they seemed really but one lengthened curse;
And so bad—that the devil only could have sent worse."

One more season of perfunctory application to the loom was followed by another peddler's excursion; this time, through the northern parts of New Jersey, in which Wilson spent the autumn of 1795, finding not merely success in the way of trade, but leisure to commit to his journal some shrewd observations on the manners of the people, as well as careful accounts of the natural productions of the region, and of its birds and quadrupeds, that foreshadow the great talent for this kind of description he was ultimately to develop. His tour in New Jersey seems at least to have effaced the impressions of his Virginia experience, since, at this time, he sent home hopeful reports of the country of his adoption, though, if we are to credit the charitable view of his Scottish biographer, "he did this on the principle of the fox who had lost his tail."

Driven from out-of-door employment by the approach of winter, Wilson, now thirty years of age, entered upon what may be considered the second stage of his life and the time of preparation for his life-work, by becoming the master of a village school. At first, he taught near the town of Frankford, which has since become, through the growth of Philadelphia, one of the northern suburbs of that city; then, finding a better situation at Milestown, Pa., he remained there for several years, laboring diligently out of school hours, at once to qualify himself for the instruction of his pupils and to remedy those defects in his own early education of which he was painfully sensible. Among the studies to which he applied himself with most zeal was that of mathematics, at which he soon obtained sufficient practical knowledge to make him the recognized surveyor of the neighborhood, while he in time acquired a considerable proficiency in mathematical science. But scarcely had Wilson thus become settled to a definite pursuit, when he was called upon to meet a constant and exhaustive drain upon his slender resources. Poverty and misfortune had come upon that sister with whose husband he had learned weaving; and she had been driven, with her family of small children, to follow her brother and son across the sea. To provide her with an asylum, Wilson had procured a loan from his employer, Sullivan, and had joined William Duncan in the purchase of a farm near the town of Ovid, in Cayuga County, N. Y., and for many years his modest income was forwarded as soon as received, or was even forestalled, in remittances for the relief of his kindred. But all his sacrifices constitute a less impressive evidence of the man's generosity and worth, than the courage with which he sought to inspirit his nephews at times when he was himself almost borne down by penury, and by the despondency to which he was constitutionally prone. To William Duncan, the oldest of his nephews, and whom he treats as the head of the colony, he writes in deprecation of their discouragement with farming and plan of relinquishing the farm to seek employment at their trade: "Were my strength but equal to my spirit, I would abandon my school for ever for such an employment. * * * In the month of March next, I shall, if well, be able to command two hundred dollars cash *once more*. Nothing stands between me and this but health, and that I hope will continue at least till then. * * * I shall keep night-school this winter, and retain every farthing but what necessity requires—depend upon me." To a younger nephew, Alexander Duncan, who appears still more disposed than his brother to break away from farm labor, Wilson addresses similar encouragement. "I have laughed on every perusal of your letter," he writes; "I have now deciphered the whole, except the blots; but I fancy they are only by the way of *half mourning* for your doleful captivity in the backwoods, where there is nothing but wheat and butter, eggs and gammon, for *hagging* down trees. Deplorable! what must be done? * * * A farm of such land, in good cultivation, is highly valuable; it will repay all the labor bestowed upon it a hundred-fold, and contains within it all the powers of plenty and independence. These it only requires industry to bring forth, and a small stock of money to begin with. The money I doubt not of being

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able to procure next summer, for a year or two, on interest, independent of two hundred dollars of my own, which I hope to possess on or before the middle of March next." Yet, at the time when, in the goodness of his heart, he was writing in this almost jovial strain to those whom his fraternal affection had made his dependents, Wilson himself was in such a state of depression at the little hope of advancement a teacher's life afforded, and from the deprivations to which he subjected himself in order to increase his savings, that his friends about him were in dread lest his mental health should give way.

While these burdens were weighing upon him, Wilson had moved from his school at Milestown to one in the village of Bloomfield, N. J. Here, however, he learned that a more agreeable situation might be had in the Union School of Kingsessing, near Gray's Ferry, on the Schuylkill River, and but a short distance out of Philadelphia. He solicited an engagement from the trustees, and obtained it; and thus, in 1802, he took the step which fixed his residence thenceforth in the same region that had already inspired Audubon's mind with ornithological enthusiasm, and which immediately brought him under influences that shaped his own future labors. Among Wilson's neighbors at Gray's Ferry, were two, whom congeniality of tastes soon transformed into his intimate friends and life-long allies and counselors—Alexander Lawson, an eminent engraver, and William Bartram, whose whole life had been that of a naturalist, and who, until the advent of Wilson, had probably a larger acquaintance with birds than any other person on the continent. The latter was the son of that John Bartram whom Linnæus had pronounced "the greatest self-taught botanist in the world;" he had inherited his father's tastes and his collections, together with his celebrated Botanic Garden, on the western bank of the Schuylkill, and within easy reach of Wilson's school and lodgings. Under the guidance of this friend, who took unaffected pleasure in directing a mind in such perfect sympathy with his own, our schoolmaster now—now, at last, when but ten years of life remained to him—entered upon the study of subjects which he had always regarded with interest, but with the unenlightened interest of one wholly destitute of scientific knowledge. Bartram's library was limited in the department of Ornithology, containing little beyond the works of Catesby and Edwards;* but Wilson studied these attentively, and soon found that even the casual observation which he had given to the habits of birds enabled him to detect manifold errors and absurdities to which his authors had been content to give currency upon merely hearsay evidence. To one of his disposition it was inevitable that this discovery should suggest the idea of observing and correcting for himself—a design which Bartram both encouraged and assisted in; so that it is probable that the very lack of elementary books, by driving him to field-study, instead of tempting him to labors in the closet, was, on the whole, in Wilson's favor, notwithstanding the drawbacks under which he labored, by reason of his small scientific knowledge.

While he was thus taking his first steps as a naturalist, a wholly independent train of circumstances drew Wilson into the acquisition of another equally essential qualification for his great work. Already depressed by his own poverty and the burdens of his sister's family, he began to betray the effects of confinement in the close air of his school, and of the nervous worry of its wearisome routine, and labored under such constant dejection of spirit as seems to have alarmed his neighbor Lawson for his health, if not for his reason. Very judiciously, this friend counseled him to abjure poetry and the flute,—with which, on the plea of solacing his gloom, he was wont to intensify it,—and in their stead to take up an amusement which must give new direction to his thoughts, that of drawing. Wilson assented, and set himself with diligence to the copying of the landscapes and figures with which his artist-friend provided him, but with such poor success that he was on the point of giving up in despair, when Bartram, in a happy moment, bethought him of suggesting a trial at the delineation of birds, and offered copies from the portfolio his own skillful hand had filled. The new experiment succeeded, to the surprise alike of Wilson and of his friends, and had a fascination, especially after he began drawing from the life,

* "The library of Wilson occupied but a small space. On casting my eyes, after his decease, over the ten or a dozen volumes of which it was composed, I was grieved to find that he had been the owner of only *one* work on Ornithology, and that was Bewick's 'British Birds.' For the use of the first volume of Turton's 'Linnæus,' he was indebted to the friendship of Mr. Thomas Say; the Philadelphia Library supplied him with 'Latham.'"—*Ord's "Life of Wilson."*

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which kept him working at his desk by candle-light through the hours he had been used to spend in social relaxation. One of his letters at this time to Bartram, written in March, 1804, reveals the extent of one of the difficulties he had to contend with in pursuing the task upon which he had already unconsciously entered: "Be pleased," he asked in it, "to mark on the drawings, with a pencil, the names of each bird, as, except three or four, I do not know them." Undaunted, however, by his ignorance, he had already conceived the plan of making a complete collection of the birds of the surrounding region; for, as he proceeded with these recreations in natural history, he perceived the expediency of limiting his inquiries to the subject of ornithology, and there gradually dawned upon him a desire to interest his fellow-citizens in a study which seemed to him inexplicably neglected. After long pondering and much examination of the strength of his mind and his resources, he at last ventured upon stating his plan to his two friends. Bartram had no doubt of the abilities and perseverance of his pupil, but dreaded lest his zeal should lead him into embarrassments from which he could not be extricated, and accordingly he dwelt upon the lack of mechanical resources in this country for the production of such a work as Wilson proposed, and of adequate patronage when it should have been produced. Lawson was similarly cautious, and detailed the difficulties which his professional experience enabled him to foresee must beset the enterprise —objections which Wilson, in his ardor, pronounced "the offspring of a cold, calculating, selfish philosophy." He seems at once to have adhered to his scheme, and to have dreaded his friends' alienation through his disregard of their advice, for, on March 12, 1804, he wrote to Lawson: "I dare say you begin to think me very ungenerous and unfriendly in not seeing you for so long a time. * * Six days in one week I have no more time than just to swallow my meals, and to return to my *sanctum sanctorum*. Five days of the following week are occupied in the same routine of *pedagoguing* matters; and the other two are sacrificed to that itch for drawing which I caught from your honorable self. * * I am most earnestly bent on pursuing my plan of making a collection of all the birds in this part of North America. Now, I don't want you to throw cold water, as Shakespeare says, on this notion, Quixotic as it may appear." Nevertheless, in sending some of his drawings of birds for Bartram's criticism, a month later, he says: "These are the last I shall draw for some time, as the employment consumes every leisure moment, leaving nothing for friendship or those rural recreations which I so much delight in." This resolve, apparently, was in consequence of a determination to emancipate himself, if possible, from the bondage of the school by the use of his pen. Poetical contributions of his begin from this time to appear in Charles Brockden Brown's "Literary Magazine"; but he received for them no more substantial return than the thanks of the publisher and some gratifying laudations; and he apparently persisted from the hope—which, indeed, seems ultimately to have been justified—that the reputation thus to be acquired might lead to some such advancement as should facilitate the production of the work he was already brooding upon.

In the autumn of this year of experiments, Wilson made a trial of his strength for the fatigues his project must involve, by setting out, with two companions, upon a pedestrian excursion to the Falls of Niagara. With the Falls and the surrounding country he was enraptured; but the pilgrimage had not been commenced until October, altogether too late in the season for wanderings through so desolate a region as that they traversed, and winter overtook them in the Genesee country, obliging them to make their way through snow nearly mid-leg deep. One of the party, William Duncan, fell off at Cayuga Lake, remaining among his friends; Wilson's remaining companion, after dragging himself in the track of his leader, through snow and mud, until he was completely worn out, took to a boat descending the Mohawk River, soon after they had passed Utica; so that the persevering tourist was left to trudge alone, gun and baggage on his back, to Schenectady, whence, rejoined by his companion, he proceeded by stage to Albany, and by schooner to New York. "My boots," he says in the letter recounting to Duncan the conclusion of the trip, "were now reduced to legs and upper leathers; and my pantaloons in a sad plight. Twelve dollars were expended on these two articles. * * On Friday, the 7th December, I reached Gray's Ferry, having walked forty-seven miles that day. I was absent two months on this journey, and I traversed in that time upward of twelve hundred miles. The evening of my arrival I went to L***h's, whose wife had

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got twins, a boy and a girl. The boy was called after me; this honor took six dollars more from me. After paying for a cord of wood, I was left with only *three quarters of a dollar*." Yet, nothing daunted either by this foretaste of the labors he was proposing to himself, or by the imminence of financial collapse, he had scarcely settled himself at home before he was projecting new wanderings. Just a week after his return, he writes to Bartram: "I feel more eager than ever to commence some more extensive expedition, where scenes and subjects entirely new, and generally unknown, might reward my curiosity; and when perhaps my humble acquisitions might add something to the stores of knowledge. * * I have at present a real design of becoming a traveler. But," he goes on, with a confession which is almost pathetic, "I am miserably deficient in many acquirements absolutely necessary for such a character. Botany, mineralogy, and drawing, I most ardently wish to be instructed in, and with these I should fear nothing. Can I yet make any progress in botany, sufficient to enable me to be useful, and what would be the most proper way to proceed?" Preliminary to any new excursions was the necessity of replenishing his wasted exchequer through the irksome instrumentality of the school. But the school had now become at best a precarious dependence. The winter of 1804-'5 was an extraordinarily severe one, and the suffering and want throughout the country were so universal that few had means of paying for their children's tuition. In his first letter to William Duncan, after his return, Wilson wrote: "This quarter will do little more than defray my board and fire-wood. Comfortable intelligence truly, methinks I hear you say; but no matter." Toward the close of March, he reverts to the subject: "I told you in my last of the thinness of my school: it produced in the last quarter only twenty-six scholars; and the sum of *fifteen* dollars was all the money I could raise from them at the end of the term. I immediately called the trustees together, and, stating the affair to them, proposed giving up the school. Two of them on the spot offered to subscribe between them one hundred dollars a year, rather than permit me to go; and it was agreed to call a meeting of the people; the result was honorable to me, for forty-eight scholars were instantly subscribed for; so that the ensuing six months my school will be worth pretty near two hundred dollars." The mere co-existence of such ambitions as Wilson's, with an income of less than four hundred dollars a year, would be melancholy enough; but it must further be remembered that during all this time the support of the Duncan family hung like an incubus upon him. In May of this same year, in writing to William Duncan concerning a proposed sale of the farm and the obligations he had incurred on account of it, he observes: "I am living a mere hermit, not spending one farthing, to see if I can possibly reimburse * * * *, who I can see is not so courteous and affable as formerly. I hope to be able to pay him one hundred dollars, with interest, next October, and the remainder in the spring; we shall then be clear of the world; and I don't care how many privations I suffer to effect that."

Meanwhile Wilson had not lost sight of his design to make his name known in literature. After his return from Niagara, except for drawings of two birds of his own discovery which he sent to President Jefferson, he appears to have devoted all his leisure hours for many weeks to the composition of "The Foresters," a poem descriptive of his recent tour, which grew to a length of two thousand two hundred and eighteen lines, and was published with illustrations on steel in the "Port Folio." But, as the return of spring brought back the birds, he was absorbed more intently than ever in his ornithological and artistic pursuits. Learning about this time that the plates illustrating Edwards's work on natural history had been etched by the hand of its author, Wilson examined them carefully and remained persuaded that, with some instruction and practice in etching, he could produce figures more accurate in their delineation and greatly superior in spirit and life. At once he applied for Lawson's assistance, provided himself with copper, and took his first lesson under the supervision of the engraver. On the very next day the latter, according to his own story, was astounded by his pupil's "bouncing" into his room, shouting, "I have finished my plate! Let us bite it in with aquafortis at once, for I must have a proof before I leave town." The prints did not equal his expectations; and, after completing a second plate, which was finished about the close of the year, he was reluctantly convinced that nothing but the accuracy of the graver could give his illustrations the elegance he desired.* Of the art of

* These two plates, the only ones which Wilson himself executed, stand at the commencement of the illustrations of the "Ornithology."

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engraving he knew nothing, and its acquisition was too laborious an undertaking for even Wilson's enthusiasm, while the means of paying for the illustrations of a single volume on the scale he designed were wholly beyond his reach. In this emergency, and as the only solution of his dilemma, he proposed to Lawson to unite with him in the production of the work as a joint undertaking; but the latter could not in prudence see his way to assume the risk, and the indomitable naturalist, baffled but not disheartened, declared his intention to go on with the publication alone. "I shall, at least," he said, "leave a small beacon to point out where I perished." He began, accordingly, early in 1806, to plan for the journeys necessary to complete his researches, when he learned through the newspapers that President Jefferson purposed fitting out expeditions during the ensuing summer for the scientific exploration of the tributaries of the Mississippi. Bartram's relations with Jefferson, as a correspondent of many years' standing, and his own recent self-introduction in the affair of the bird-pictures, might serve, he thought, to bring about his employment upon one of these surveying parties; so, early in February, seconded by Bartram's attestation of his capacity and acquirements, he addressed an application to the President, stating the nature of his own design, and requesting his attachment to any of the exploring parties. For some reason which has never been explained, Jefferson took no notice of this application, a circumstance which Wilson's Scottish biographer finds demonstrative of the indifference of republics to science, and which Wilson, with more justice, treats as a great "unpoliteness" on the part of the President, adding that "no hurry of business could excuse it." As weeks passed without bringing him a response, Wilson seems to have yielded so far to this disappointment and to the exigencies of the Duncans, as to have given up his trip for this year. At the end of February he writes to William Duncan: "If I should not be engaged by Mr. Jefferson, a journey by myself and at my own expense, at a time, too, when we are just getting our heads above water, as one may say, would not be altogether good policy. Perhaps in another year we might be able, without so much injury, to make a tour together through part of the South-west countries, which would double all the pleasures of the journey to me. I will proceed in the affair as you may think best, notwithstanding my eager wishes and the disagreeableness of my present situation." But, at this darkest hour of his fortunes, when the future seemed to have nothing in store for him, an opening presented itself for the accomplishment of all his ambitions.

A Philadelphia bookseller, Samuel F. Bradford, who was about bringing out a new edition of "Rees's Cyclopedia," heard of Wilson as a person qualified to superintend the work, and engaged his services at what the half-paid school-master considered "a generous salary," the articles of agreement being dated April 20, 1806. The arrangement proved mutually satisfactory, and it was not long before Wilson had laid the plan of his projected "Ornithology" before his employer, who promptly agreed to become its publisher and to provide the cost of its production. For a year Wilson now labored with an assiduity that filled him with pity for himself, "immured among dusty books," as he wrote to Bartram, "and compelled to forego the harmony of the woods for the everlasting din of the city." As the result of his diligence, Wilson was able to inform Duncan, early in 1807, that his drawings were already in the hands of Lawson, who was just on the point of completing his first plate, and that the prospectus of the work was in the press, and would be circulated through the newspapers and by agents "in every town in the Union." In September, 1808, the first volume was published. Thus, after forty-two years of privation and struggle, our indomitable naturalist was rewarded with the first tangible evidence of success in the work to which he had dedicated his life—a life to which only forty-seven years were allotted.

Almost the moment the book was published—on September 21st, 1808—Wilson writes from Philadelphia to Bartram: "In a few minutes I set out for the Eastern States, through Boston to Maine, and back through the State of Vermont, in search of birds and subscribers." Very much in the manner of the poetico-peddling excursions through Scotland years before, he now voyaged eastwardly, purposing to visit each town of importance along his route. His first halt was made at Princeton, for the purpose of submitting his book to the "reverend doctors of the college," of whom Dr. Smith, the President, and Dr. McLean, Professor of Natural History, were the only members of the Faculty he found at home. They received him with hospitality and

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ALEXANDER WILSON.

great interest, and—as, indeed, did all who inspected the work, or as one must do even now who turns for the first time the pages of the original edition—professed amazement that a work so elegant in every detail could have come from an American press. The Princeton Professor of Natural History, on his part, had a surprise in store for Wilson. "I expected," the latter wrote, "to receive some valuable information from McLean on the ornithology of the country, but I soon found, to my astonishment, that he scarcely knew a sparrow from a woodpecker. At his particular request I left a specimen of the plates with him, and from what passed between us I have hopes that he will pay more attention to this department of his profession than he has hitherto done." This first indication of the lack of intelligent appreciation for his labors, even among the presumably learned, was to be succeeded by abounding evidences of the worse than Bœotian impenetrability of the popular mind upon a subject whose practical utility was not obvious; and our naturalist was not long in discovering that he must create the very taste upon which the encouragement of his labors depended.*

* To this exigency, doubtless, is to be attributed the pains which Wilson is at, throughout his work, to enlist the interest of the public in the birds themselves and the study of their habits. He argues, for instance, that many which are really men's benefactors have been most basely requited, and that legislative bounty has even been offered for the extermination of species which, when it had become too late, the farmers would gladly have recalled. To

BARTRAM'S HOUSE IN BOTANIC GARDENS, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

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From Princeton he proceeded by way of New Brunswick, Elizabeth, and Newark, to New York, receiving, he says, wherever he stopped, "the most extravagant compliments, which I would have very willingly exchanged for a few simple *subscriptions*." In New York, as elsewhere, Wilson found more admirers than patrons, the latter including Tom Paine, the author of "The Rights of Man," already moribund and living in seclusion. "I spent the whole of this week," he wrote, "traversing the streets, from one particular house to another, till, I believe, I became almost as well known as the public crier or the clerk of the market, for I could frequently perceive gentlemen point me out to others as I passed with my book under my arm." From here he went by schooner to New Haven, and thence by Middletown, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester, to Boston, visiting the colleges of Yale and Harvard, and receiving subscriptions from their presidents, as he did afterward from that of Dartmouth. In the general condition of New England he seems to have been miserably disappointed. "There is scarcely any currency in this country but paper," he writes from Boston, "and I solemnly declare that I do not recollect having seen one hard dollar since I left New York. Bills even of twenty-five cents, of a hundred different banks, whose very names one has never heard of before, are continually in circulation. I say nothing of the jargon which prevails in the country. * * * * Except a few neat academies," he further specified, after having traversed the New England States westwardly and emerged at Albany, "I found their school-houses equally ruinous and deserted with ours; fields covered with stones; stone fences, scrubby oaks and pine-trees; wretched orchards; scarcely one grain-field in twenty miles; the taverns along the road dirty and filled with loungers brawling about lawsuits and politics; the people snappish and extortioners, lazy, and two hundred years behind the Pennsylvanians in agricultural improvements." The Eastern limit of his journey was at Portland, Maine, where he remained three days, and, in consequence of the Supreme Court being then in session, "had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with people from the remotest boundaries of the United States in this quarter, and received much interesting information from them with regard to the birds that frequent these northern regions." Turning back at this point, he made his way "through regions where nature and art have done infinitely less to make it a fit residence for man than any country I ever traversed, to Albany, where the Legislature was assembled, and where his canvassing tour ended. At this place the ornithologist met with a characteristic discouragement on the occasion of his visit to the Governor of New York, who "turned over a few pages, looked at a picture or two, asked me my price, and, while in the act of closing the book, added: 'I would not give a hundred dollars for all the birds you intend to describe, even had I them alive.'"* As a summary of his labors, Wilson writes: "I

the "vulgar prejudice" against the woodpecker he returns again and again. He argues that "it is neither from motives of mischief nor amusement that he slices off the bark or digs his way into the trunks;" that "the sound and healthy tree is not in the least the object of his attention;" that "the diseased, infested with insects and hastening to putrefaction, are his favorites; there the deadly crawling enemy have found a lodgment, between the bark and tender wood, to drink up the very vital part of the tree. * * * * And yet," he concludes, "ignorance and prejudice stubbornly persist in directing their indignation against the bird now before us, the constant and mortal enemy of these very vermin." The ignorance of the populace was less disgusting to Wilson than that of the naturalists. He protests strenuously against "the abject and degraded character which the Count de Buffon, with equal eloquence and absurdity, has drawn of the whole tribe of woodpeckers;" and he refers triumphantly to the habits of the birds, and to his own delineations of them, to dispel the notion that "the whole family of woodpeckers must look sad, sour, and be miserable, to satisfy the caprice of a whimsical philosopher, who takes it into his head that they are and ought to be so." He is especially exasperated at Buffon's eternal reference of every species in the new world to one of the old, which, he says, leaves an impression that American katydids are merely European nightingales, degenerated in voice by residence in this country, a theory really advanced by the Count to explain the voicelessness of the woodthrush, which is, in reality, a beautiful singer. Latham also sinned in this affirmation: "Bluebirds are never seen in the trees, though they make their nests in the holes of them;" to which Wilson added, as a parallel generalization, "the Americans are never seen in the streets, though they build their houses by the sides of them."

* Wilson's biographers have exercised an unmerited forbearance in suppressing the name of this enlightened ruler, which was Daniel D. Tompkins. Another ornithological anecdote which Wilson recounts, at the expense of the New York Legislature, is worthy of preservation. The pinnated grouse was at this time in a fair way to be exterminated, and some sportsmen had introduced a bill for its protection, calling the bird by its popular name of "heath-hen." The title of the bill, accordingly, was read by the chairman of the Assembly, as "An Act for the Preservation of the Heathen," which impressed the members with a momentary belief that some philanthropist was incomprehensibly intent upon preserving the Indians.

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have labored with the zeal of a knight-errant in exhibiting this book of mine wherever I went, traveling with it, like a beggar with his bantling, from town to town, and from one country to another. I have been loaded with praises—with compliments and kindnesses; shaken almost to pieces in stage-coaches; have wandered among strangers, hearing the same *Oh's* and *Ah's*, and telling the same story a thousand times over—and for what? Ay, that's it! You are very anxious to know, and you *shall* know the whole when I reach Philadelphia." His total return, in short, for his long and expensive Eastern tour, was the obtaining of *forty-one* subscribers, even the most vociferous of his admirers having stood aloof when the author came to name $120 as the price of the projected nine volumes, thus justifying his misgiving that he had published "a work too good for the country." The trip had, however, not been wholly unproductive, since Wilson had bestirred himself in "fixing correspondents in every corner of these northern regions, like so many pickets and outposts, so that scarcely a *wren* or *tit* shall be able to pass along from York to Canada, but I shall get intelligence of it."

Undeterred by the limited success of his first trip, after spending but a few days in Philadelphia, Wilson sallied forth anew, in midwinter and alone, for a tour through the South. His first stop was at Baltimore, where he remained a week "with tolerable success, having procured sixteen subscribers there." Thence he went to Annapolis, and "*passed* my book through both houses of the Legislature. The wise men of Maryland stared and gaped from bench to bench; but having never heard of such a thing as one hundred and twenty dollars for a *book*, the *ayes* for subscribing were *none*, and so it was unanimously determined in the *negative*." From Annapolis he journeyed "through the tobacco-fields, sloughs, and swamps of this illiterate corner of the State,"—opening, he records, fifty-five gates in a distance of thirty-eight miles, each of which obliged him to descend into the mud,—and reached Washington in the last week of December. With the capital itself he was naturally disgusted; but President Jefferson received him "very kindly," and furnished him with letters to persons having ornithological tastes. South of Washington, especially after passing from Virginia into North Carolina, the difficulties of travel became very great. The route lay "through solitary pine woods, perpetually interrupted by swamps, that covered the road with water two and three feet deep, frequently half a mile at a time, looking like a long river or pond. These in the afternoon were surmountable; but the weather, being ex-

WILSON'S SCHOOL-HOUSE AT KINGSESSING.

ceedingly severe, they were covered every morning with a sheet of ice, from half an inch to an inch thick, that cut my horse's legs and breast. After passing a bridge, I had many times to wade, and twice to swim my horse to get to the shore. * * * * The taverns are the most desolate and beggarly imaginable. Bare, bleak, and dirty walls, one or two old broken chairs and a bench form all the furniture. * * * * At supper you sit down to a meal, the very sight of which is sufficient to deaden the most eager appetite; and you are surrounded by half a dozen dirty, half-naked blacks, male and female, whom any man of common scent might smell a quarter of a mile off."

Through all these difficulties Wilson made his way with an impunity that astounded the natives, whose one specific for avoiding the ague was immoderate brandy-drinking, whereas he never relaxed his rigid abstemiousness. Of Charleston, which he reached in the latter part of February, 1809, he subsequently reported, "I found greater difficulties to surmount there than I had thought of. I solicited several people for a list of names, but that abject and disgraceful listlessness and want of energy which have unnerved the whites of all descriptions in these States put me off from time to time, till at last I was obliged to walk the streets and pick out those houses which, from their appearance, indicated wealth and taste in the occupants, and introduce myself." Nevertheless, he found patrons enough to bring up the number of

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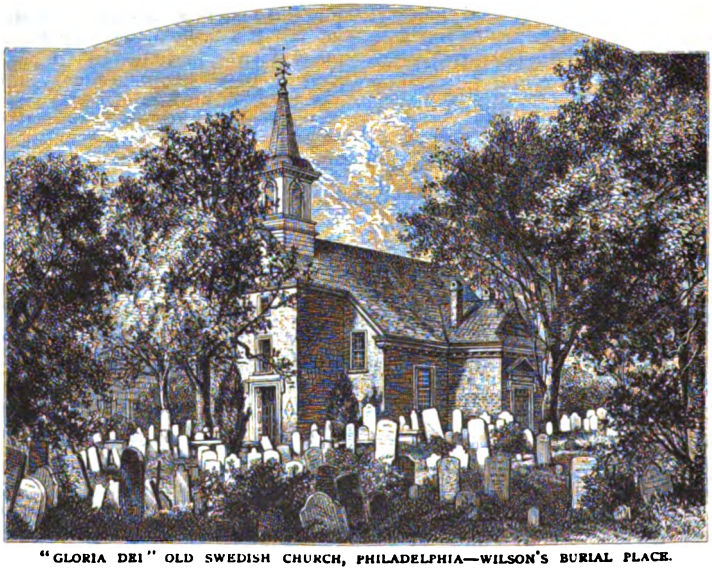
subscriptions collected since leaving home to one hundred and twenty-five. Proceeding from Charleston to Savannah, he stayed his travels at this city, being prevented by the low state of his funds from visiting Augusta, where he was assured ten or a dozen subscribers might be procured. "Here I close the list of my subscriptions," he wrote, "obtained at a price worth more than five times their amount. * * * * This has been the most arduous, expensive, and fatiguing expedition I ever undertook. I have, however, gained my point in procuring two hundred and fifty subscribers in all for my 'Ornithology,' and a great mass of information respecting the birds that winter in the Southern States, and some that never visit the Middle States; and this information was forced at this time to confess to Bartram, "This undertaking has involved me in many difficulties and expenses which I never dreamt of, and I have not yet received one cent from it." That he was not tempted by the absence of returns, however, to slight his work, appears from one of his notes to Lawson concerning a plate the latter had in hand: "I hope you go on courageously with the eagle; let no expense deter you from giving it the freest and most masterly touches of your graver. I think we shall be able to offer it as a competitor with the best that this country or Europe can produce." How cordially the engraver responded to his friend's enthusiasm is established by his own computation that the time expended upon the plates was remunerated at the rate



"GLORIA DEI" OLD SWEDISH CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA—WILSON'S BURIAL PLACE.

I have derived personally, and can therefore the more certainly depend upon it. * * * This journey will be of much use to me, as I have formed acquaintance in almost every place who are able to transmit me information." From Savannah he returned by sea to New York, reaching home before the end of March, 1809.

With so little loss of time did he apply himself to working up the materials for his second volume, that, on the 4th of August, he wrote to Bartram, announcing it as "nearly ready to go to press, and the plates in considerable forwardness." The success which had thus far befallen the enterprise justified the publisher in increasing the two hundred impressions, of which the original edition consisted, to five hundred; but still Wilson of no more than fifty cents a day. In January, 1810, the second volume was published; and by the close of the month, Wilson, according to his custom, had started for Pittsburgh on a trip to the West and South, which was to terminate at New Orleans. At the outset of this expedition, at Lancaster, he was encouraged by the Governor of Pennsylvania, who "passed some good-natured compliments on the volumes, and readily added his name to my list"; but, on seeking patrons among the Legislature, he found them "such a pitiful, squabbling, political mob, so split up and justling about the mere formalities of legislation, without knowing anything of its realities, that I abandoned them in disgust." A still more displeasing experience awaited

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him a little farther on,—at Hanover,—where "a certain Judge took upon himself to say that such a book as mine *ought not to be encouraged, as it was not within the reach of the commonalty, and therefore inconsistent with our republican institutions!*"—a mode of reasoning which the ornithologist followed out by admitting the principle involved, and inveighing against the Judge's gross infraction of republican institutions in living in a large and elegant house, wholly beyond the reach of the commonalty; and, after establishing this position, he went on, "pointing out to him the great influence of science on a young, rising nation like ours till he began to show such symptoms of *intellect* as to seem ashamed of what he had said." At Pittsburgh,—where he succeeded beyond expectation in getting subscribers,—he learned that at that season the obstacles in the way of his further journey by land were insuperable by reason of the freshets; so, buying a skiff, which he named the "Ornithologist," and, turning a deaf ear to cautious advisers, who discouraged his attempting such a voyage alone, he waited only for the ice to leave a passage down the Ohio River, and, on February 23d, set out on his solitary row of more than five hundred miles to Cincinnati. This place, then a town of a few hundred houses, he reached in the second week in March, and, according to his diary, "visited a number of the literati and wealthy of Cincinnati, who all told me that they would think of it, viz., of subscribing; they are a very thoughtful people." Continuing his boat-journey, with several halts for excursions inland to points of interest, or of possible profit, beguiling the time by composing a poetical narration of his expedition, which he entitled "The Pilgrim," and encountering some prolonged rain-storms which obliged him to put off his coat that he might wrap it about the skins of the birds he had shot, he came at last to Louisville, where he shouldered his baggage and sold the "Ornithologist" for exactly half her cost to a man who was curious to know after what old Indian chief she had been named. Here occurred his first meeting with John James Audubon, then a merchant at Louisville, and unknown in science—a meeting so noteworthy as to justify an extract from Audubon's "Ornithological Biography":

"One fair morning I was surprised by the sudden entrance into our counting-room, at Louisville, of Mr. Alexander Wilson, the celebrated author of the 'American Ornithology,' of whose existence I had never until that moment been apprised. This happened in March, 1810. How well do I remember him, as then he walked up to me! His long, rather hooked nose, the keenness of his eyes, and his prominent cheek-bones, stamped his countenance with a peculiar character. His dress, too, was of a kind not usually seen in that part of the country; a short coat, trowsers, and a waistcoat of gray cloth. His stature was not above the middle size. He had two volumes under his arm; and, as he approached the table at which I was working, I discovered something like astonishment in his countenance. * * I felt surprised and gratified at the sight of his volumes, turned over a few of his plates, and had already taken a pen to write my name in his favor, when my partner rather abruptly said to me in French, 'My dear Audubon, what induces you to subscribe to this work? Your drawings are certainly far better; and again, you must know as much of the habits of American birds as this gentleman.' Whether Mr. Wilson understood French or not, or if the suddenness with which I paused disappointed him, I cannot tell; but I clearly perceived that he was not pleased. Vanity, and the encomiums of my friend, prevented me from subscribing. Mr. Wilson asked me if I had many drawings of birds. I rose, took down a large portfolio, laid it on the table and showed him,—as I would show you, kind reader, or any other person fond of such subjects,—the whole of the contents, with the same patience with which he had shown me his engravings. His surprise appeared great, as he told me he never had the most distant idea that any other individual than himself had been engaged in forming such a collection. He asked me if it was my intention to publish, and when I answered in the negative, his surprise seemed to increase. * * We hunted together, and obtained birds, which he had never before seen; but, reader, I did not subscribe to his work, for even at that time, my collection was greater than his. Thinking that perhaps he might be pleased to publish the results of my researches, I offered them to him, merely on condition that what I had drawn, or might afterward draw and send to him, should be mentioned in his works as coming from my pencil. At the same time I offered to open a correspondence with him, which I thought might prove beneficial to us both. He made no reply to either proposal, and before many days had elapsed left Louisville on his way to New Orleans, little knowing how much his talents were appreciated in our little town, at least by myself and my friends.

"Some time elapsed, during which I never heard of him or his works. At length, having occasion to go to Philadelphia, I inquired for him, and paid him a visit. Mr. Wilson spoke not of birds or drawings. Feeling, as I was forced to do, that my company was not agreeable, I parted from him; and later that I never saw him again. But, judge of my astonishment, some time after, when, on reading the thirty-ninth page of the ninth volume of his 'American Ornithology,' I found in it the following paragraph:

"'March 23d, 1810: I bade adieu to Louisville, to which place I had four letters of recommendation, and was taught to expect much of everything there; but neither received one act of civility from those to whom I was recommended, one subscriber, nor one new bird; though I delivered my letters, ransacked the woods repeatedly, and visited all the characters likely to subscribe. Science or literature had not one friend in this place.'"

From Louisville Wilson proceeded on foot through the cave-region of Kentucky—

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the wet weather rendering the consistency of the ground like that of soft soap—toward Lexington and Nashville, making several halts by the way for purposes of exploration, and one of eight days' duration at Nashville. During this last, as the result of every moment of leisure and convenience he could obtain, he committed to paper portraitures of all the birds he had procured, and forwarded them to Lawson; but the parcel was lost in the mails, and never more heard of. Dismal stories were now told him of the route through the wilderness to Natchez, his next objective point. "I was advised by many not to attempt it alone; that the Indians were dangerous, the swamps and rivers almost impassable without assistance, and a thousand other hobgoblins were conjured up to dissuade me from going *alone*." On the 4th of May, nevertheless, he set out on horseback, armed to the teeth, and though he found that the difficulties of the road had scarcely been exaggerated, the Indians, who were Chickasaws, proved to be friendly and inoffensive. But the exposures he had undergone had so affected his system that he broke down under the alternations of drenching rains and excessive heat which he now encountered. "The water in these cave-swamps is little better than poison," he wrote; "and under the heat of a burning sun, and the fatigues of traveling, it is difficult to repress the urgent calls of thirst." He was so weakened by an attack of dysentery that he was scarcely able to keep in the saddle; yet, on May 17th, he completed his ride of nearly five hundred miles to Natchez. Thence he proceeded to New Orleans, reaching it early in June, just at the advent of the sickly season, which, in his present condition, he did not dare to encounter. Hastening his business there, he sailed, on the 24th, for New York, where he arrived on the 30th of July, bearing with him a copious stock of materials for future volumes —the result of six months' wanderings, the whole expense of which his rigid economy had brought within the limit of $455.

Immediately upon his return, Wilson set to work upon the preparation of his third volume, the labor of which was very much increased by the necessity of reproducing the lost drawings which he had committed to the mail at Nashville. This ground made up, and the third volume given to the public, he withdrew to the rural retirement of his friend Bartram's Botanic Garden, and here, during the years 1811 and 1812, he worked up the materials he had already amassed, into his fourth and fifth volumes. Yet, even here, his difficulties and worries continued. The persons employed in coloring his plates proved so negligent and incompetent, that it became necessary for him to take charge of this process himself; and, indeed, for a time this mere drudgery furnished his only resource for his support, as he was absolutely without other income. In the preface of the fifth volume, published in the year 1812, we read: "The author's only reward *hitherto* has been the favorable opinion of his fellow-citizens, and the pleasure of the pursuit." During the preparation of this fifth volume, Wilson suffered punishment for his protracted sedentary labors in repeated attacks of palpitation of the heart; and on its completion, in the autumn of 1812, he sought relaxation, such as it was, in another tour through New England. On his return, he worked so unremittingly and with such disregard of the necessary hours of sleep, in order to hasten the appearance of his sixth and seventh volumes, that his friends anxiously represented to him the inevitable result of this destructive application—remonstrances which he used to parry with the rejoinder: "Life is short, and without exertion nothing can be performed." In April, 1813, he published the seventh, the last of the volumes he was himself to give to the public. Immediately, he set out with George Ord, his friend and biographer, upon a few weeks' exploration of the Atlantic coast about Great Egg Harbor, N. J., in order to complete his data respecting water fowls, to which the eighth volume was to be devoted. By August the letter-press and a portion of the plates were completed, but the author could go no further. Broken down by his excessive toil and by mental anxieties, he succumbed to the effects of a wetting he got in swimming a stream in pursuit of a bird he wished to possess; his old malady, the dysentery, returned upon him, and was not to be shaken off by his debilitated frame, and, after ten days' sickness, he died, August 23, 1813. His remains were laid in the grave-yard of the Old Swedes' Church in Philadelphia, and a monument was raised over them by the lady whom he was to have married.

Thus closed a life and a work which, it is no exaggeration to say, are without a parallel. When Wilson's deprivations are borne in mind,—that his early instruction was scant and contemptible; that, as a boy, he was put at an uncongenial occupation, which

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formed his means of livelihood through nearly half his days; that his was a life-long struggle with difficulties, which only the sheer indomitable resolution of a man never cheerful or sanguine enabled him to surmount; that he was thirty years of age when, in a strange land, he effected his own education by becoming the instructor of others; that he was thirty-three when he began the study of ornithology, with scarcely any resources beyond his own powers of observation, and the practice of drawing without any previously suspected aptitude; that he was forty years old before an opportunity disclosed itself for the commencement of his work, forty-two when he first accomplished publication, and only forty-seven when his life was closed,—it must be admitted that few careers so brief have been equally productive. His labors were not merely in a field in which he had to open a new path, but where the steps that had been taken were false and misleading, and in which there were but few fellow-travelers. His journeys, largely performed on foot, exceeded ten thousand miles. His work was unappreciated by those to whom he had the clearest right to appeal, and patronage was withheld by almost every incumbent of exalted position. Nevertheless, though discouraged by neglect, and hampered not merely by poverty, but by the necessity of succoring those in still deeper need than himself, he both laid the foundation for the study of natural history on this continent and bequeathed to his successors the outlines for its subsequent development; and he described the habits of American birds with fidelity to truth, graphic vigor, and a poetical realization of the beauties of nature. The exigencies under which he wrote, and his premature death, left his work fragmentary and disjointed to this extent—that, being compelled to publish as rapidly as he could procure materials, he was forced to picture his birds without regard to scientific classification, to put in juxtaposition the most dissimilar genera, and even to separate the male and female of the same species. But the re-arrangement which he would, if spared, himself have effected, has been made by his friend Ord, who published his materials in posthumous volumes, and by subsequent editions; and the work was made complete by the four supplementary volumes of Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon. The casual imperfections in his great work—almost miraculously slight, if we fairly consider the cause of them—in no wise lessen the example of heroic endurance bequeathed to us by Alexander Wilson.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

THE SECRET OF THE ISLAND.

(Condensed from Jules Verne.)

CHAPTER I.

IT was now two years and a half since the castaways from the balloon had been thrown on Lincoln Island, and during that period there had been no communication between them and their fellow-creatures. Now, suddenly, on this day, the 17th of October, other men had unexpectedly appeared in sight of the island!

From time to time Pencroff took the glass and rested himself at the window, from which he very attentively examined the vessel as it drew nearer. He could see that she was of between three and four hundred tons, admirably built, and must be a very rapid sailer. But to what nation did she belong? Suddenly the breeze blew out the flag. Ayrton, seizing the telescope, put it to his eye, and in a hoarse voice exclaimed:

"The black flag!"

"My friends," said Cyrus Smith, "perhaps this vessel only wishes to survey the coast of the island. Perhaps her crew will not land. But we ought to do everything we can to hide our presence here. The windmill on Prospect Heights is too easily seen. Let Ayrton and Neb go and take down the sails. We must also conceal the windows of Granite House with thick branches. All the fires must be extinguished."

"And our vessel?" said Harbert.

"Oh," answered Pencroff, "she is sheltered in Port Balloon, and I defy any of those rascals there to find her!"

Was the brig about to penetrate far into the bay? Would she not content herself with only surveying the coast, and stand out to sea again without landing?

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"Well! who knows?" said Pencroff. "Perhaps that cursed craft will stand off during the night, and we shall see nothing of her at daybreak."

AYRTON BOARDS THE PIRATE.

As if in reply to the sailor's observation, a bright light flashed in the darkness, and a cannon shot was heard. The vessel was still there and had guns on board. Some six seconds elapsed between the flash and the report. Therefore the brig was about a mile and a quarter from the coast. At the same time, the chains were heard rattling through the hawse-holes. The vessel had just anchored in sight of Granite House!

CHAPTER II.

THERE was no longer any doubt as to the pirates' intentions. They had dropped anchor at a short distance from the island, and it was evident that the next day, by means of their boats, they intended to land.

Cyrus Smith and his companions were ready to act, but, determined though they were, they must not forget to be prudent. Perhaps their presence might still be concealed in the event of the pirates contenting themselves with landing on the shore without examining the interior of the island.

Smith knew now that the vessel was well armed. And what had the colonists of Lincoln Island to reply to the pirates' guns? A few muskets only.

"Captain Smith," said Ayrton suddenly, "will you give me leave to go to that vessel to find out the strength of her crew?"

"Will you go to the ship in the boat?"

"No, sir, but I will swim. A boat would be seen where a man may glide between wind and water."

"Do you know that the brig is a mile and a quarter from the shore?"

"I am a good swimmer."

"It is risking your life," said the engineer.

"That is no matter," answered Ayrton.

Permission was given, and it was arranged that Pencroff was to take him in the boat to the islet, and there await his return from the vessel.

Ayrton, swimming with a vigorous stroke, glided through the sheet of water without producing the slightest ripple. His head just emerged above it, and his eyes were fixed on the dark hull of the brig, from which the lights were reflected in the water. The current bore him along, and he rapidly receded from the shore.

Half an hour afterward, Ayrton, without having been either seen or heard, arrived at the ship and caught hold of the main-chains.

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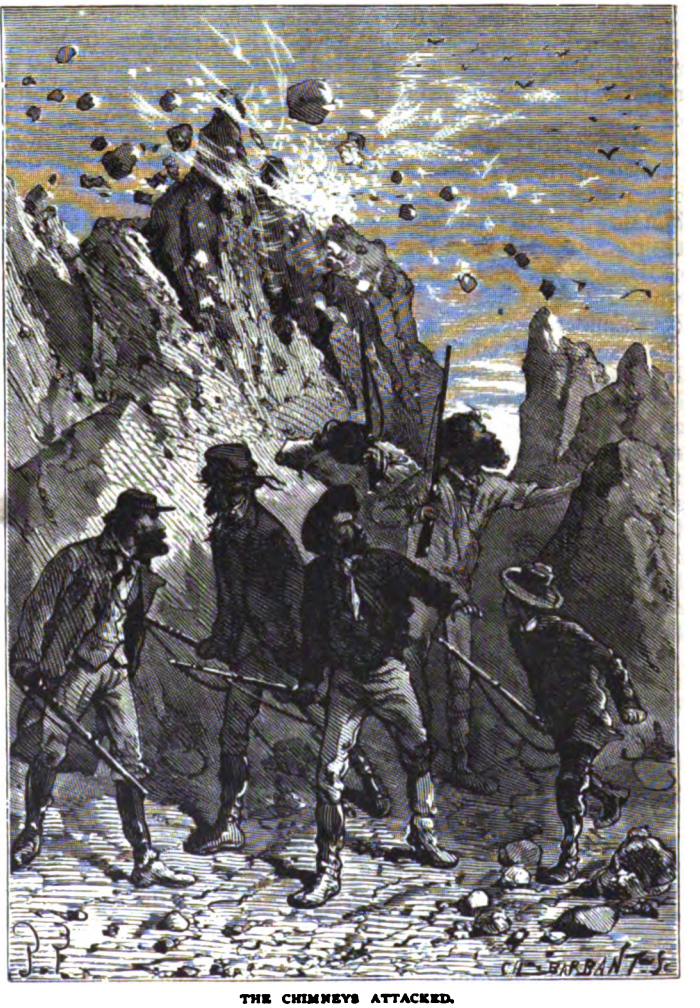
He took breath; then, hoisting himself up, he managed to reach the extremity of the cutwater. There were drying several pairs of sailors' trowsers. He put on a pair. Then, settling himself firmly, he listened. On board the brig they were drinking, talking, singing, laughing.

From their conversation, Ayrton learned that the name of the vessel was the "Speedy;" that the captain was Bob Harvey, a convict whom he had formerly known, and that the crew was composed of about fifty English prisoners, escaped from Norfolk Island. They had seized the brig "Speedy," anchored in sight of Norfolk Island; the crew had been massacred; and for a year this ship had scoured the Pacific as a pirate. Ayrton learned that chance alone had brought the "Speedy" in sight of Lincoln Island; Bob Harvey had never yet set foot on it; but, as Cyrus Smith had conjectured, finding this unknown land in his course, its position being marked on no chart, he had formed the project of visiting it, and, if he found it suitable, of making it the brig's headquarters.

Ayrton resolved to learn more of the enemy's armament. He hoisted himself upon the cutwater, and by the bowsprit arrived at the forecastle. Then, gliding among the convicts stretched here and there, he made the round of the ship, and found that the "Speedy" carried four guns, which would throw shot of from eight to ten pounds in weight. He found also, on touching them, that these guns were breech-loaders. They were, therefore, of terrible effect. To this man, rescued from a life of degradation, there came an heroic thought. This was to sacrifice his own life, to save the island and the colonists, who evidently could not resist fifty ruffians, all well armed. He was seized with an irresistible desire to blow up the brig, and with her, all whom she had on board. He would perish in the explosion, but he would have done his duty. Ayrton did not hesitate. He stole carefully along the between-decks, strewn with numerous sleepers, overcome more by drunkenness than sleep. A lantern was lighted at the foot of the mainmast, round which was hung a gun-rack, furnished with weapons of all sorts.

Ayrton took a revolver from the rack, and assured himself that it was loaded and primed.



THE CHIMNEYS ATTACKED.

Nothing more was needed to accomplish the work of destruction. He then glided toward the stern, so as to arrive under the brig's poop at the powder magazine.

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It was difficult to proceed along the dimly lighted deck without stumbling over some half-sleeping convict, who retorted by oaths and kicks. Ayrton was, therefore, more than once obliged to halt. But at last he arrived at the partition dividing the after-cabin, and found the door opening into the magazine itself. Under his vigorous hand the padlock broke, and the door was open. At that moment a hand was laid on Ayrton's shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" asked a tall man in a harsh voice, who, standing in the shadow, quickly threw the light of a lantern on Ayrton's face.

Without replying, Ayrton wrenched himself from his grasp, and attempted to rush into the magazine. A shot fired into the midst of the powder-casks, and all would be over!

"Help, lads!" shouted Bob Harvey.

Two or three pirates awoke, jumped up, and, rushing on Ayrton, endeavored to throw him down. He soon extricated himself from their grasp. He fired his revolver, and two of the convicts fell; but a blow from a knife which he could not ward off made a gash in his shoulder.

Ayrton perceived that he could no longer hope to carry out his project. Bob Harvey had reclosed the door of the powder-magazine, and a movement on the deck indicated a general awakening of the pirates. He rushed on deck in two bounds, and three seconds later, having discharged his last barrel in the face of a pirate who was about to seize him by the throat, he leaped over the bulwarks into the sea. He had not made six strokes before shots were splashing around him like hail.

What were Pencroff's feelings, sheltered under a rock on the islet! What were those of Smith, the reporter, Harbert, and Neb, crouched in the Chimneys, when they heard the reports on board the brig! They rushed out upon the beach, and, their guns shouldered, stood ready to repel any attack.

At last, toward half-past twelve, a boat, carrying two men, touched the beach. It was Ayrton, slightly wounded in the shoulder, and Pencroff, safe and sound.

CHAPTER III.

THE night passed without incident. The colonists were on the *qui vive*, and did not leave their post at the Chimneys. The pirates, on their side, did not appear to have made any attempt to land, and when day began to dawn, the settlers could see a confused mass through the morning mist. It was the "Speedy."

"These, my friends," said the engineer, "are the arrangements which appear to me best to make before the fog completely clears away. It hides us from the eyes of the pirates, and we can act without attracting their attention. The most important thing is, that the convicts should believe that the inhabitants of the island are numerous, and consequently capable of resisting them. I therefore propose that we divide into three parties, the first of which shall be posted at the Chimneys, the second at the mouth of the Mercy. As to the third, I think it would be best to place it on the islet, so as to prevent, or at all events delay, any attempt at landing. We have the use of two rifles and four muskets. Each of us will be armed, and, as we are amply provided with powder and shot, we need not spare our fire. What is to be feared is the necessity of meeting hand-to-hand, since the convicts have numbers on their side. We must, therefore, try to prevent them from landing, but without revealing ourselves. Therefore, do not economize the ammunition. Fire often, but with a sure aim. We have each eight or ten enemies to kill, and they must be killed!"

The others acquiesced, and the posts were arranged in the following manner:

Cyrus Smith and Harbert remained in ambush at the Chimneys, thus commanding the shore to the foot of Granite House.

Gideon Spilett and Neb crouched among the rocks at the mouth of the Mercy, from which the draw-bridges had been raised, so as to prevent any one from crossing in a boat or landing on the opposite shore.

As to Ayrton and Pencroff, they shoved off in the boat, and prepared to cross the channel and to take up two separate stations on the islet. In this way, shots being fired from four different points at once, the convicts would be led to believe that the island was both largely peopled and strongly defended.

In the event of a landing being effected without their having been able to prevent it, and also if they saw that they were on the point of being cut off by the brig's boat, Ayrton and Pencroff were to return in their boat to the shore and proceed toward the threatened spot.

At eight o'clock a boat was lowered from the "Speedy," and seven men jumped into her. They were armed with muskets: one took the yoke-lines, four others the oars, and

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the two others, kneeling in the bows, ready to fire, reconnoitered the island.

Pencroff and Ayrton, each hidden in a narrow cleft of the rock, saw them coming directly toward them, and waited till they were within range.

The boat advanced with extreme caution. The oars dipped into the water only at long intervals. It could now be seen that one of the convicts held a lead-line in his hand. The boat was not more than two cable-lengths off the islet when she stopped. The man at the tiller stood up and looked for the best place to land.

At that moment two shots were heard. Smoke curled up from among the rocks of the islet. The man at the helm and the man with the lead-line fell backward into the boat. Ayrton's and Pencroff's balls had struck them both at the same moment.

Almost immediately a louder report was heard, a cloud of smoke issued from the brig's side, and a ball, striking the summit of the rock which sheltered Ayrton and Pencroff, made it fly into splinters, but the two marksmen remained unhurt. Instead of returning on board, as might have been expected, the boat coasted along the islet, so as to round its southern point. The pirates pulled vigorously at their oars that they might get out of range of the bullets, and proceeded toward the mouth of the Mercy. Their evident intention was to cut off the colonists posted on the islet.

But, suddenly, as they were passing within good range of the mouth of the Mercy, two balls saluted them, and two more of their number were laid in the bottom of the boat. Neb and Spilett had not missed their aim.

The brig immediately sent a second ball on the post betrayed by the smoke, but without any other result than that of splintering the rock.

The boat now contained only three able men, who pulled rapidly to the brig.

About a dozen other convicts now threw themselves into the boat. A second boat was also lowered, in which eight men took their places, and whilst the first pulled straight for the islet, to dislodge the colonists there, the second maneuvered so as to force the entrance of the Mercy.

The situation was evidently becoming very dangerous for Pencroff and Ayrton, and they saw that they must regain the mainland.

However, they waited till the first boat was within range, when two well-directed balls threw its crew into disorder. Then, Pencroff and Ayrton, abandoning their posts, under fire from the dozen muskets, ran across the islet at full speed, jumped into their boat, crossed the channel at the moment the second boat reached the southern end, and ran to hide in the Chimneys.

They had scarcely rejoined Cyrus Smith and Harbert, before the islet was overrun with pirates in every direction. Almost at the same moment, fresh reports resounded from the Mercy station, which the second boat was rapidly approaching. Two out of the eight men who manned her were mortally wounded by Gideon Spilett and Neb, and the boat herself, carried irresistibly upon the reefs, was stove in at the mouth of the Mercy. But the six survivors, holding their muskets above their heads to preserve them from contact with the water, managed to land on the right bank of the river. Then, finding they were exposed to the fire of the ambush there, they fled in the direction of Flotsam Point, out of range of the balls.

The actual situation was this: on the islet were a dozen convicts, of whom some were no doubt wounded, but who had still a boat at their disposal; on the island were six, who could not by any possibility reach Granite House, as they could not cross the river, all the bridges being raised.

The "Speedy," it was now seen, was beginning to weigh her anchor, and her intention was evidently to approach the islet. The tide would be rising for an hour and a half, and the ebb current being already weakened, it would be easy for the brig to advance. But as to entering the channel, Pencroff, contrary to Ayrton's opinion, could not believe that she would dare attempt it.

In the meanwhile, the pirates who occupied the islet had exposed themselves, and their number had been lessened by two.

Then there was a general helter-skelter. The ten others, not even stopping to pick up their dead or wounded companions, fled to the other side of the islet, tumbled into the boat which had brought them, and pulled away with all their strength.

The pirate's design was now only too evident: he wished to bring her broadside to bear on the Chimneys.

"The scoundrels! they are coming!" said Pencroff.

At that moment, Cyrus Smith, Ayrton, the sailor, and Harbert were rejoined by Neb and Gideon Spilett.

The reporter and his companion had

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judged it best to abandon the post at the Mercy, from which they could do nothing against the ship, and they had acted wisely. It was better that the colonists should be together at the moment when they were about to engage in a decisive action. Gideon Spilett and Neb had arrived by dodging behind the rocks, though not without attracting a shower of bullets, which had not, however, reached them.

There was not a moment to be lost. The colonists left the Chimneys and soon reached Granite House. A bend of the cliff prevented them from being seen by those in the brig; but two or three reports, and the crash of bullets on the rock told them that the "Speedy" was near.

It was quite time; for the settlers, through the branches, could see the "Speedy," surrounded with smoke, gliding up the channel. The firing was incessant, and shot from the four guns struck blindly, both on the Mercy post, and on the Chimneys. However, they were hoping that Granite House would be spared, thanks to Smith's precaution of concealing the windows, when a shot, piercing the door, penetrated into the passage.

The colonists had not, perhaps, been seen; but it was certain that Bob Harvey had thought proper to send a ball through the suspected foliage which concealed that part of the cliff. Soon he redoubled his attack. Another ball, having torn away the leafy screen, disclosed a gaping aperture in the granite.

All at once a deep roar was heard, followed by frightful cries! Cyrus Smith and his companions rushed to one of the windows. The brig, irresistibly raised on a sort of water-spout, had just split in two, and in less than ten seconds she was swallowed up with all her criminal crew!

CHAPTER IV.

NOTHING could be seen of the brig, not even her masts. After having been raised by the water-spout, she had fallen on her side, and had sunk in that position, doubtless in consequence of some enormous leak. But as in that place the channel was not more than twenty feet in depth, it was certain that the sides of the submerged brig would reappear at low water. A few things from the wreck floated on the surface of the water.

Ayrton and Pencroff jumped into the boat with the intention of towing the pieces of wreck either to the beach or to the islet. But just as they were shoving off, Gideon Spilett said:

"What about those six convicts who disembarked on the right bank of the Mercy?"

In fact, it would not do to forget that the six men whose boat had gone to pieces on the rocks, had landed at Flotsam Point.

They looked in that direction. None of the fugitives were visible. It was probable that, having seen their vessel engulfed in the channel, they had fled into the interior of the island.

"We will deal with them later," said Smith. "As they are armed, they will still be dangerous; but, as it is six against six, the chances are equal. To the most pressing business first."

Ayrton and Pencroff pulled vigorously toward the wreck.

They were able to fasten the masts and spars by means of ropes, the ends of which were carried to the beach. Then the boat picked up all that was floating, coops, barrels, and boxes, which were immediately carried to the Chimneys.

For two hours, Cyrus Smith and his companions were solely occupied in hauling up the spars on the sand, and then in spreading the sails, which were perfectly uninjured, to dry.

When their treasures had been safely conveyed on shore, Smith and his companions agreed to devote some minutes to breakfast. They were almost famished; fortunately, the larder was not far off, and Neb was noted for being an expeditious cook. They breakfasted, therefore, near the Chimneys, and during their repast, as may be supposed, nothing was talked of but the unexpected event which had so miraculously saved the colony.

Harbert thought the ship had foundered, while Pencroff laughed at the suggestion that there were rocks in the channel, and the matter was left unsettled.

Toward half-past one, the colonists embarked in the boat to visit the wreck.

The hull of the "Speedy" was just beginning to issue from the water. The brig was lying right over on her side, for her masts being broken, pressed down by the weight of the ballast displaced by the shock, the keel was visible along her whole length.

Toward the bows, on both sides of the keel, seven or eight feet from the beginning of the stem, the sides of the brig were frightfully torn. Over a length of at least twenty feet there opened two large leaks, which it

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would be impossible to stop up. From the entire length of the hull to the stern the false keel had been separated with unaccountable violence, and the keel itself, torn from the carline in several places, was split in all its length.

Entrance to the interior of the brig was now easy. The tide was still going down, and the deck was now accessible.

The settlers saw at once, with extreme satisfaction, that the brig possessed a very varied cargo—an assortment of all sorts of articles, utensils, manufactured goods, and tools—such as the ships which make the great coasting-trade of Polynesia are usually laden with. It was probable that they would find a little of everything, and they agreed that it was exactly what was necessary for the colony of Lincoln Island.

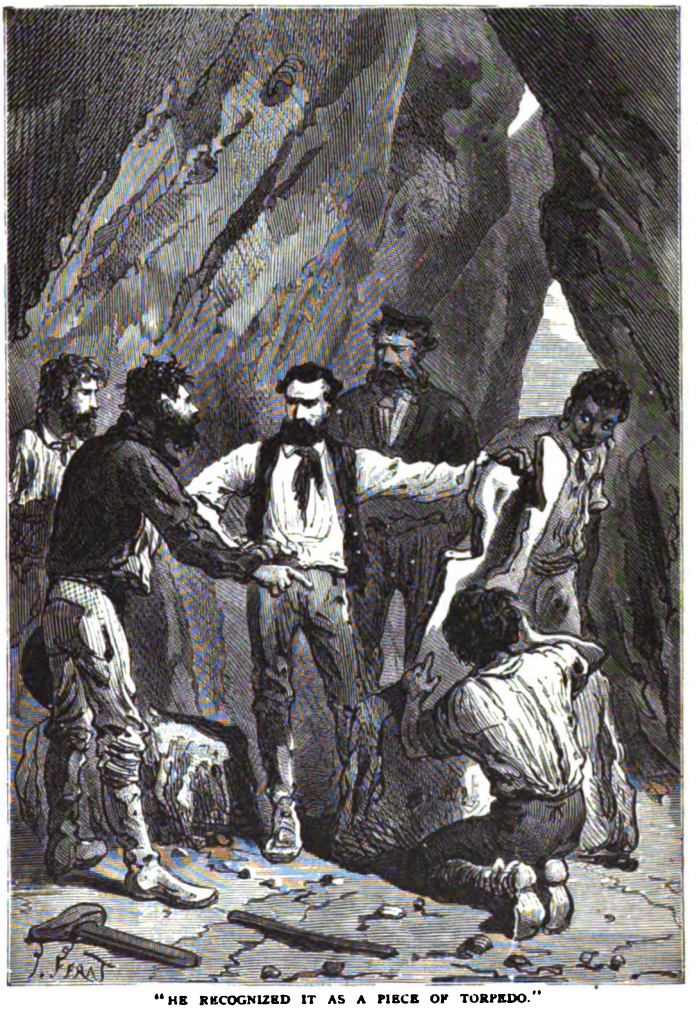
The colonists could easily go fore and aft, after having removed the cases as they were extricated. They were not heavy bales, which would have been difficult to remove, but simple packages, of which the stowage, besides, was no longer recognizable.

The powder-magazine was found untouched. They extricated from amongst a large number of shot twenty barrels, the insides of which were lined with copper. Pencroff was convinced by the evidence of his own eyes that the destruction of the "Speedy" could not be attributed to an explosion. That part of the hull in which the magazine was situated was, moreover, that which had suffered least.

"It may be so," said the obstinate sailor; "but as to a rock, there is not one in the channel!"

It was now five o'clock in the evening. It had been a hard day's work for the men. They ate with good appetite, and, notwithstanding their fatigue, they could not resist, after dinner, their desire of inspecting the cases which composed the cargo of the "Speedy."

Most of them contained clothes, which, as may be believed, were well received. There were enough to clothe a whole colony—linen for every one's use, shoes for every one's feet. There were gunpowder, fire-arms and side-arms, bales of cotton, implements of husbandry, carpenter's, joiner's, and blacksmith's tools, and boxes of all kinds of seeds, not in the least injured by their short sojourn in the water.



"HE RECOGNIZED IT AS A PIECE OF TORPEDO."

The three following days—the 19th, 20th, and 21st of October—were employed in saving everything of value, either from the cargo or rigging. At low tide they over-

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hauled the hold—at high tide they stowed away the rescued articles. A great part of the copper sheathing had been torn from the hull, which every day sank lower. But before the sand had swallowed the heavy things which had fallen through the bottom, Ayrton and Pencroff, diving to the bed of the channel, recovered the chains and anchors of the brig, the iron of her ballast, and even four guns, which, floated by means of empty casks, were brought to shore.

In fact, on the night of the 23d, the hull entirely broke up, and some of the wreck was cast up on the beach.

However, the mystery which enveloped its strange destruction would doubtless never have been cleared away if, on the 30th of November, Neb, strolling on the beach, had not found a piece of a thick iron cylinder, bearing traces of explosion. The edges of this cylinder were twisted and broken, as if they had been subjected to the action of some explosive substance. As soon as the engineer saw it, he recognized it as a piece of a torpedo!

CHAPTER V.

As to the guns obtained from the brig, they were pretty pieces of ordnance, which, at Pencroff's entreaty, were hoisted by means of tackle and pulleys, right up into Granite House; embrasures were made between the windows, and the shining muzzles of the guns could soon be seen through the granite cliff. From this height they commanded all Union Bay.

Their behavior toward the pirates was next agreed upon. They were not to attack them, but were to be on their guard. After all, the island was large and fertile. If any sentiment of honesty yet remained in the bottom of their hearts, these wretches might perhaps be reclaimed.

On the 9th of November Ayrton departed to do some work at the corral, taking the cart drawn by one onaga, and two hours after, the electric wire announced that he had found all in order at the corral.

On the evening of the 11th a telegram was sent to Ayrton, requesting him to bring from the corral a couple of goats, which Neb wished to acclimatize to the plateau. Singularly enough, Ayrton did not acknowledge the receipt of the dispatch, as he was accustomed to do. This could not but astonish the engineer. But it might be that Ayrton was not at that moment in the corral, or even that he was on his way back to Granite House. In fact, two days had already passed since his departure, and it had been decided that on the evening of the tenth, or at the latest the morning of the eleventh, he should return. The colonists waited, therefore, for Ayrton to appear on Prospect Heights. Neb and Harbert even watched at the bridge, so as to be ready to lower it the moment their companion presented himself.

Dispatches were sent during the night, but no reply was received. It was then agreed that Cyrus Smith, Spilett, Harbert, and Pencroff were to repair to the corral, and if they did not find Ayrton, to search the neighboring woods. Neb was to be left in charge at Granite House, and, in the event of the pirates presenting themselves and attempting to force the passage, he was to endeavor to stop them by firing on them, and, as a last resource, he was to take refuge in Granite House.

The colonists followed the wire along the road which connected the corral with Granite House. After walking for nearly two miles, Harbert, who was in advance, stopped, exclaiming:

"The wire is broken!"

His companions hurried forward and arrived at the spot where the lad was standing. The post was rooted up and lying across the path. The wire had been snapped, and the ends were lying close to the ground. The unexpected explanation of the difficulty was here, and it was evident that the dispatches from Granite House had not been received at the corral, nor those from the corral at Granite House.

The colonists were now half way between Granite House and the corral, having still two miles and a half to go. They pressed forward with redoubled speed.

Soon they arrived at the place where the road led along the side of the little stream which flowed from the Red Creek and watered the meadows of the corral. They then moderated their pace, so that they should not be out of breath at the moment when a struggle might be necessary.

At last the palisade appeared through the trees. No trace of any damage could be seen. The gate was shut as usual. Deep silence reigned in the corral.

Cyrus Smith raised the inner latch of the gate, and was about to push it back, when Top barked loudly. A report sounded, and was responded to by a cry of pain.

Harbert, struck by a bullet, lay stretched on the ground.

The engineer ran round the left corner of

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the palisade. There he found a convict, who, aiming at him, sent a ball through his hat. In a few seconds, before he had even time to fire his second barrel, he fell, struck to the heart by Cyrus Smith's dagger, more sure even than his gun.

During this time, Gideon Spilett and the sailor hoisted themselves over the palisade, leaped into the inclosure, threw down the props which supported the inner door, ran into the empty house, and soon poor Harbert was lying on Ayrton's bed. In a few moments Cyrus Smith was by his side.

Harbert was deadly pale, and his pulse so feeble that Spilett only felt it beat at long intervals. His chest was laid bare, and, the blood having been stanched with handkerchiefs, was bathed with cold water. The contusion, or rather the contused wound, appeared,—an oval below the chest between the third and fourth ribs.

Cyrus Smith and Gideon Spilett then turned the poor boy over; as they did so, he uttered a moan so feeble that they almost thought it was his last sign.

Harbert's back was covered with blood from another contused wound, where the ball had immediately escaped.

From day to day the colonists bestowed all their attention upon the poor boy. His wounds were bathed in cold water and compresses of linen were applied. Through hours of watching and of anxiety they were ever at his side with all the resources that their experience and intelligence could supply.

An examination of the corral revealed no trace of Ayrton.

The corral itself had not suffered any damage, nor could they see traces of any struggle, any devastation, either in the hut or in the palisade. Only the ammunition with which Ayrton had been supplied had disappeared with him.

They now bethought themselves of Neb. How should they communicate with him? The five villains were doubtless watching the corral. All at once the engineer, calling

"THE POST WAS ROOTED UP AND LYING ACROSS THE PATH."

Top, tore a leaf from his note-book, and wrote these words:

"Harbert wounded. We are at the corral. Be on your guard. Do not leave Granite House. Have the convicts appeared in the neighborhood? Reply by Top."

This was folded and fastened to Top's collar in a conspicuous position, and when the gate was opened he disappeared in the forest.

"Top, my dog," said the engineer, caressing the animal, "Neb, Top! Neb! Go, go!"

Top bounded at these words. The road

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to the corral was familiar to him. In less than an hour he could clear it, and it might be hoped that where neither Cyrus Smith nor the reporter could have ventured without danger, Top, running along the grass or in the wood, would pass unperceived.

The engineer went to the gate of the corral and opened it.

"Neb, Top! Neb!" repeated he, again pointing in the direction of Granite House.

Top sprang forward, and almost immediately disappeared.

"He will get there," said the reporter.

"Yes; and he will come back, the faithful animal."

"What o'clock is it?" asked Gideon Spilett.

"Ten."

"In an hour he may be here. We will watch for his return."

The gate of the corral was closed. The engineer and the reporter re-entered the house. Harbert was still in a sleep. Pencroff kept the compresser always wet. Spilett, seeing there was nothing he could do at that moment, busied himself in preparing some nourishment.

Two hours later Top bounded into the corral, and the gate was quickly shut. Fastened to his neck was a note, which read:

"No pirates in the neighborhood of Granite House. I will not stir. Poor Mr. Harbert!"

(To be concluded next month.)

REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS.

THIRD PAPER: MAJOR-GENERAL ARTEMAS WARD AND OTHERS.

ARTEMAS WARD.

ARTEMAS WARD, the first Major-General in the American army, though less has come down to us concerning him than others of inferior rank, played no unworthy part in our infant struggle for liberty. True it is, that for one who held so superior a position at the opening of the war, his labors thereafter were not of a sort tempting to the biographer, or peculiarly interesting to the reader. His military service was useful rather than remarkable, and was of short duration. He seems to have been a good old-fashioned man of the quiet, solid order, rather than a brilliant officer, or an ardent statesman. By no means behind his comrades in appreciating the situation, or lacking in resoluteness and patriotism to confront it, he nevertheless fails to inspire us with that heroic fire so characteristic of his time. He was no enthusiast; was loyal rather than an inciter to loyalty; ready rather than ambitious. A plain man, a solid citizen, upright and conscientious, one who did his duty modestly and effectively, his life offers little to fascinate and much to respect. The writer is indebted for certain facts, not elsewhere found, to the genealogy of the Ward family, prepared by Andrew Henshaw Ward.

Major-General Artemas Ward, who, like Colonel Joseph Ward, was a descendant of William of Sudbury, was a native of Massachusetts and a resident of Shrewsbury. He graduated at Harvard about the time of his majority; did not study a profession. In 1750 he married Sarah Trowbridge, daughter of Rev. Caleb Trowbridge of Groton; and little more than this is known of him till '55, when he was commissioned a Major in the Third Regiment of Militia for the Counties of Middlesex and Worcester. The prospect of active service offered itself in '58, when

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he found himself a Major in the regiment of foot commanded by William Williams, and destined for the invasion of Canada.

The result of the war against the French thus far was indeed disheartening to the English. Little or nothing had been gained during the last three campaigns, and much had been lost. The Indian had pushed in from the frontier, and was doing bloody work in the interior settlements. Young Ward shared the perils of the border struggles at the North, which, though disastrous in themselves, were most useful to the colonists as an apprenticeship to the rude trade of war. He went out as Major, when General Abercrombie led his ill-starred troops against Ticonderoga in 1758, and returned a Lieutenant-Colonel.

Our opening remarks upon the character of General Ward are not to mislead one into the belief that he was without those qualities which inspired genuine admiration among his countrymen. He was a favorite throughout New England, both in his military and legislative capacity. Early chosen to represent his native town in the General Court, he was an active and efficient participant in that stormy resistance of the Colonial Governors which preceded the Revolution. His biographer, in the private work before mentioned, may be justly quoted:

"Fearless in speech, and resolute in manner, he boldly denounced such Parliamentary measures as encroached on the rights of the colonies, and which the Governors, if they did not recommend, at least sought to enforce in offensive language and by arbitrary means. The country was roused, and militia trainings became frequent, some of whose officers gave political as well as military instruction to the troops under their command. Such was Colonel Ward's practice, which occasioned the following letter:

BOSTON, June 30, 1766.

TO ARTEMAS WARD, ESQUIRE.

SIR: I am ordered by the Governor to signify to you that he has thought fit to supersede your commission of Col. in the Regt. of Militia, lying in part in the County of Worcester and partly in the County of Middlesex. And your said commission is superseded accordingly.

I am, sir, your most obt. and humble servt.,
JOHN COTTON, Dep'y Sec'y.

This letter was forwarded by express, and the messenger, as directed, delivered it himself to Colonel Ward, and then waited until he had opened and read it, as if to ascertain and report how it was received. As the messenger was in full military costume, and mounted on a foaming steed, he attracted the attention of many citizens who were present, and who inquired of Colonel Ward if he had important news; whereupon he read the letter aloud, and then, turning to the messenger, said: 'Give my compliments to the Governor, and say to him, I consider myself *twice* honored, but more in being superseded than in having been commissioned; and that I thank him for this (holding up the letter), since the motive that dictated it is evidence that I *am*, what *he is not, a friend to my country*.' In losing the confidence of the Governor, he shared more largely in that of the public. In 1768 the House of Representatives, being disposed to surround the Governor with a Council composed of men approved for their patriotism and fidelity, elected him as one of the members of that body. The Governor negatived the choice; some others shared the same fate. The people sustained their representatives, and, for so doing, were threatened with subjection by military force. The country was alarmed. Submission or resistance was the only alternative. Conventions were held, and through them the people, as with one voice, proclaimed resistance and their determination to repel force by force. Preparations for that purpose commenced, and on the 27th of October, 1774, the Provincial Congress, then sitting at Cambridge, elected Frederick Preble, Artemas Ward, and Seth Pomroy, General Officers, to take rank in the order above stated."

This succinct narration is a welcome complement to the brief sketches in those histories with which the student is familiar. Massachusetts led the van in the great struggle for independence, and among the very first upon the ground was Major Ward. Moving in and out among the confused and eager patriots who hurried to Boston in April, 1775, he was destined to command, and on the 20th he received his commission, signed by Joseph Warren, and authorized by the Congress of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay.

This commission gave him command of the forces raised in the colony of Massachusetts Bay only. Later, when it became the duty of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia to appoint a Commander-in-Chief of the entire army, many a mind turned toward General Ward, who had been holding the British so securely in Boston. Personally or politically considered, while there was a Washington, he was not the

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man for that position; but his claims were such as to demand solemn consideration. Certain delegates gave him the preference. "Mr. Paine," says John Adams, "expressed a great opinion of General Ward." Adams himself declared in emphatic language that he should rank next Washington; and rank there he did, the first Major-General of the Continental Army. It is not surprising that Major-General Lee could not appreciate this order of men and things; nor is it any less strange that he should put upon record one of the few statements derogatory to his superior officer. "A fat old gentleman who had been a popular churchwarden, but had no acquaintance whatever with military affairs," was General Lee's compliment. General Washington also makes a thrust at his chief subordinate commanding in Boston. Among "The Lee Papers" appears a letter from Washington to Lee, dated New York, May 9, 1776, from which the following is a quotation:

"General Ward, upon the evacuation of Boston, and finding that there was a possibility of his removing from the smoke of his own chimney, applied to me, and wrote to Congress for leave to resign. A few days afterward some of the officers, as he says, getting *uneasy* at the prospect of his leaving them, he applied for his letter of resignation, which had been committed to my care; but, behold! it had been carefully forwarded to Congress, and, as I have since learned, judged so reasonable (*want of health* being the plea), that it was instantly complied with." The Father of his Country is quite irritable throughout this letter, and strikes even closer to poor Brigadier Fry, who, he says, did all his fighting inside his house, and drew his pay for it. It is a little curious to observe, in this connection, that it was by Washington's own request that General Ward remained in the service till the close of 1776, the evacuation of Boston having taken place on March 17th of that year. There is no doubt as to the genuineness of General Ward's reason for asking the acceptance of his resignation. Even were General Ward's word to be questioned, the correspondence of Colonel Joseph Ward, who was his secretary up to the time of his resignation, and for whose interest it was that his superior should continue in the service, establishes the General's ill-health. He whose life we are contemplating was by no means idle after his retirement from the army. His civil were far more protracted, and no less severe than his military labors. For sixteen years he represented his town in the Legislature, and in 1785 was Speaker of the House. In 1777 he was elected to the Executive Council of his State, and was afterward President of that body.

In 1779 he was appointed to the Continental Congress, but continued ill-health prevented his assuming such a responsibility. The next year, however, he took his seat as member of Congress, and served till 1781. He was a representative in Congress under the Constitution, from 1791–95.

General Ward was not by birth a letter-writer; he deals with facts, using no embroidery. The few letters here offered may possess an interest, not alone because of the scarcity of the author's writings now extant, but also for their relation to the more prominent of our early naval engagements, the Penobscot Expedition. The first of them, dated September 2, 1777, was written during the critical period of the war. General Burgoyne's descent from Canada to the Hudson had just ended in a happy failure. By Captain Hector, General Ward evidently means Captain Hector McNeil of the "Boston," who, with Captain John Manley of the "Hancock," encountered the "Rainbow," under command of Sir George Collier. As Manley prepared for the attack McNeil deserted him, and he lost his vessel. Manley was tried for this loss and acquitted; McNeil was dismissed the service. Why the General should find the Massachusetts militia honored above others at the battle of Bennington is not easy to discover.

BOSTON, Sept. 2d, 1777.

SIR: The twenty-fifth ultimo your favour of the fourth was duly received. Am glad to hear of your welfare, and the favorable intelligence you was pleased to give me respecting the army, our public affairs, and other matters. Capt. Hector is returned from his cruize; is coldly rec'd on account of his behaviour whilst out, which some say was the cause of M——y being taken. I am in doubt whether the examination you mention will be such as will give universal satisfaction, unless time is allowed, and notice given for persons that have anything to alledge against them to appear. If they are restored to their former stations, I fear it will be attended with fatal consequences; the disgust has taken such hold of many. General Gates being appointed to the command in the Northern Department gives general satisfaction. This moment I have rec'd certain intelligence that Capt. Fisk, in the "Massachusetts," a State brig, has taken and sent in a prize valued at six or seven thousand pounds, lawful money, mounting twelve six pounders; the last war she was a twenty-gun ship. He was left in pursuite of another vessel, which I expect to have in in a few

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days. Before this reaches you, you'll have the account of Brigadeer Stark's action near Bennington, on the sixteenth ultimo, which, I think, does honor to him and the militia of some of the New England States, and to this in particular. I have inclosed yesterday's paper, to which I beg leave to refer you for further news. Capt. Ward is at fort Stanwicks. Tommy is at Bennington, a volunteer with his militia. The Duke and Dutchess are well.

I am, sir, with great respect and esteem,

Your humble servant,

COLONEL WARD. W.

Between the time of the above writing and the date of the next letter, July, 1779, our young navy had made no little commotion upon the high seas. In the late spring of 1778, John Paul Jones ran into European waters with his tiny "Ranger" of only eighteen guns, and by his daring exploits made his name terrible along the English coast. The French and newly added Spanish fleet, also, were ranging the British seas. The following letter opens an account of the Penobscot Expedition, which, though a diminutive enterprise to the looker-on of these days, resulted in a disaster serious indeed to the colonists, following immediately upon the only genuine success of the year, the recapture of Stony Point by Mad Anthony Wayne.

The war, during this and the following year, was chiefly confined by the British to the Southern States; but Massachusetts, spying General McLean with a body of six hundred British at a post on the east side of the Penobscot River, determined to have a little affair of her own—to drive off the intruders without any assistance from the General Government. Accordingly, she sent thither a flotilla carrying about three hundred guns and attended by twenty-four transports, having on board a thousand men. "Slight as this preparation was," says the historian, "so large an American armament had never put to sea. A noble public spirit roused all the towns on the coast, and they spared no sacrifice to insure a victory." But to General Ward's version of the enterprise:

BOSTON, July 22d, 1779.

SIR: Your favours of the fourteenth ult. and the tenth current came duly to hand. Am much obliged to you for the intelligence you were pleased to give me. I now congratulate you on the success of the American armies at Stony Point, the news of which came to town two days since. This success I view as a peculiar smile of Heaven, and hope it will prove a damper to the enemy and a stimulus to the Americans. About the twentieth of June last, the General Court received intelligence that the enemy, under the command of Brigadeer-General McLean, had taken post at Penobscot, in the eastern parts of this State, and were fortifying a point of land between the river Penobscot and the river Bagwaydoce, and that they had six or eight armed vessels there, beside a number of transports; that they had issued a proclamation calling on the inhabitants to come in and submit themselves to the British Government, and take the oath of allegiance to the King of Great Britain. The Assembly thought it indispensably necessary for the safety of the United States to endeavour to dislodge them, and therefore took order for the raising of fifteen hundred men from the militia, and detailing one hundred men from the train of artillery in the service and pay of this State, and put them under the command of Brigadeer General Lovell for the purpose aforesaid. They took into pay twelve private armed vessels, to sail in company with the Continental vessels and the vessels belonging to this State, the whole under the command of Dudley Saltonstall, Esq., Captain of the frigate "Warren," a list of which vessels you have inclosed. The fleet sailed out of Nantasket road last Monday morning in high health and good spirits, bound for Penobscott, having been detained a number of days by contrary winds. I hope in my next, through the Divine Blessing, to be able to give an account of the success of this enterprise. Your old friend Wadsworth is appointed —— General in this Expedition and Principal Engineer, and is gone —— command.

I am, with sentiments of esteem,

Sir, your humble servant,

A. WARD.

The two blanks in the closing sentence are put in the place of words torn from the original, and which the reader can easily supply.

Three days after the above letter was written the fleet entered Penobscot Bay. The engagement which followed has received considerable attention at the hands of historians, all of whom arrive at one result—a failure on the part of the Americans by land and sea, leaving the British in control of the country east of the river. As to the responsibility for the failure there is great difference of opinion. Bancroft sums it up in few words: "The troops were commanded by an unskillful militia general; the chief naval officer was self-willed and incapable." Cooper, who treats more in detail, accounts for the disaster as follows: "Captain Saltonstall has been much, and in some respects perhaps justly, censured for this disaster, though it is to be feared that it arose more from that habit of publicity which is peculiar to all countries much influenced by popular feeling, than from any other cause. Had a due regard been paid to secrecy, time might have been gained, in that remote region, to

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effect the object before a sufficient force could be collected to go against the assailants." It will be seen in his next letter that General Ward reserves his censure for the Commodore. The General gave the matter as much, if not more attention than another, and was qualified for his work. His name appears at every step of the proceedings in House and Council, from the time of the initiation of the inquiry to its consummation. His name stands first upon the report of the committee, a copy of which lies before us, the same mentioned hereafter by General Ward, and by him transmitted to the Colonel. The proceedings of the Committee of Inquiry are to be found in the archives of Massachusetts, collected in pamphlet form. The writer is informed that the letter here given from the pen of the gallant Wadsworth—though it had, upon the authority of General Ward, great weight with the committee—does not appear in their report.

It is, therefore, but reasonable to believe that this letter, accompanied by those of General Ward now laid before the reader, is a valuable contribution to the history of this unfortunate enterprise. The reader will discover in the first of them a somewhat surprising episode in the career of the artist-fighter, Paul Revere.

BOSTON, Sept. 8, 1779.

SIR: Your two letters of the tenth and nineteenth ult., duly came to hand. Was in hopes when I wrote you last, should have been able the next time I wrote, to do it in the congratulatory stile, on account of our expedition to Penobscot. But alass, I am totally deprived of that pleasure, and am under the disagreeable necessity of acquainting you that the siege was raised, and the whole fleet destroyed or taken, excepting the Pallas of sixteen guns, who made her escape. The most authentick account yet received of that sad catastrophe, is contained in a letter from Brigadeer Wadsworth to the Council; a copy of which you have inclosed, some parts of which I am of opinion ought not to be told in Gath. I have the pleasure to inform you that our friend Wadsworth's conduct is spoken of with universal applause, as judicious and brave. Brigadeer Lovell is well spoken of, that he did everything in his power.

The commander of the fleet is cursed, bell, book, and candle, by many; how justly I must at present omit saying. I have been told by one who fell into the enemies hands, and since deceased, that Britains spoke highly in praise of the commander of the land forces as being judicious, &c., in their movements; but that the commander of the fleet they would hang for a coward, if they could catch him. Lieut.-Col. Paul Revere is now under an arrest for disobedience of orders, and unsoldierlike behavior tending to cowardice, &c. As soon as the siege was raised, he made the best of his way to Boston, leaving his men to get along as they could (as it's said). I hope the matter will be thoroughly enquired into, and justice done to every individual officer. I have been told that it has been said by some one in the army, that we wanted advice in planning the expedition, and insinuating thereby that that was the reason why the enterprize failed. They had better spare their reflections, and re-examine their own conduct in all its parts. I think it was well done, and there was as great a prospect of success till the moment the reinforcements arrived, as we could rationally expect. I have no doubt but it will eventually turn out to our advantage, and that we shall soon see it. It is of great importance to the United States to have the enemy removed from that post and Nova Scotia; for, by their holding these posts, they command the most ground, and will wrest the fishery from the States, which are objects of importance not only to the United States, but to our illustrious ally. Captain Goodale's matter I shall attend to with pleasure when he applies, and hope shall be able to accomplish the same agreeable to your wishes.

I am, sir,
With sentiments of esteem,
Your humble servant,
ARTEMAS WARD.

COL. WARD.

THOMASTON, 19th Aug., 1779.

HON'D SIR: Being uncertain whether you have yet been informed of the sad catastrophe of your armament against the enemy at Majorbagwaduce, am under the disagreeable necessity of informing your Hon'r (by information which I depend upon) the destruction of your Fleet was compleated on the forenoon of the 16th inst., and that the army, five comp'ys excepted, are dispersed to their several homes. Your Hon'r is doubtless informed by the return of your express to Gen'l Lovell, who left us on the 14th inst., of the evacuation of the Heights of Majorbagwaduce, by your troops on the morn'g of that day, on the approach of a Fleet up the sound, the morning before; and that our Fleet was under way up Penobscot River, and that the enemy were in pursuit. The wind being very faint and much against us, prevented our getting far up the river, on the tide of flood, till the coming in of the sea-breeze in the afternoon, which bro't in the enemy's Fleet along with it; and the tide of ebb taking us the stronger as we advanced up the river, bro't their foremost ships up with our rear, and cut off the Hampden, Hunter, and one Brig's below Fort point; and our transports not being able to stem the current to prevent drifting down to the enemy, chiefly shot into the eddy on the westerly side the river, and ran ashore about two miles below the narrows, whilst our ships of war, by the help of much sail and boats, reached a little farther up the river whilst this was doing. I had been up a little past our foremost ship, just at the narrows, to find a place for landing and hawling up our cannon to check the enemy's progress, having given orders for their readiness beforehand; but, on returning, to great surprise, found many of our transports on fire, all deserted, and our troops scattered in the

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—— in the utmost confusion. It was dusk, and the enemy's ships at anchor farther below our cluster of transports; our vessels of war and a few transports still endeavouring to stem the current. No pains was spared to collect the troops to save the stores and ordnance on board the transports then on fire; but neither men or officers were under the least controul; and it was with the utmost difficulty, with the help of a few individuals, that a small quantity of provisions only were saved from the confligration, in the midst of fire, smoke, and shott. By whose order the transports were fired, is uncertain. Gen'l Lovell, 'tis said, has gone up the river in the Hazzard, which was then the headmost vessel. Our army by this time was thoroughly dispersed in the wood; and our ships of war not able to hold their ground, began to blaze. Three of them were burnt the forepart of the night; the first of which was the Sky Rocket. The rest on the turn of tide, towed up the river, and passed the narrows. The enemy's shipping in the morning remained in the same place as in the evening before —it being calm and foggy—and were said to be the Reasonable of 64 guns, a 50, a 40, the Blond, and several smaller ships. Early in the morning, I endeavoured to rally our scattered troops on the high ground, near where we ran ashore, that we might receive the Gen'l's orders, but to no purpose; for, in general, both men and officers had dismissed themselves and marched off the parade faster than they could be bro't on. When most of the forenoon had been spent in this fruitless attempt, not being able to get intelligence from the Gen'l for four or five miles up the river, and unable to retain a man on the ground, I swung my pack and marched directly for Cambden (directing the course of all I overtook to the same place, there to halt), where I arrived on the 17th inst. Some of the malitia had passed before I came up, others had sheared off to prevent being stopped, and the rest, although much fatigued, had not lost their eagerness for returning home; and, in spite of every order and precaution, after drawing provisions, skulked off except five comp'ys, or rather part of five comp'ys who were retained by the influence of good officers. These, this afternoon, have been ordered to take their separate posts at Belfast, Cambden, W. S. W. Gigg, St. Georges, and Townsend, in order to protect the inhabitants from the incursions of the Tories and small parties of the enemy; and to encourage them to save their crops and not to fly from their habitations, which would have been the case of very many families, had nothing been done for their encouragement. This distribution I have ventured to make without the order of the Gen'l, not having seen him since the morning of the Evacuation; but think it is most probable that he passed from the head of the river into Kennebeck, and has gone down the river. In which case, I hope your Hon'r has had earlier, and a more intelligible account of facts than is here contained, from the Gen'l himself. I would, however, beg leave to suggest to your Honor, the great importance of keeping a small force of three or four hundred men under the direction of the Brigadier of the County, stationed along the sea-coast to prevent the sudden incursions of the enemy, to check the spirit of Toryism within, and to strengthen and encourage the wavering, and to prevent many families on the sea-coast from flying from their estates and leaving them to be plundered by the enemy. Convinced of the necessity of such a measure, I have wrote to Brig'r Cushing, desiring him to send from the inland part of the County, five Comp'ys of Militia who lately dismissed themselves from Penobscot, or some others, to relieve the Comp'ys now on the ground (as four of them belong to the County of Cumberland, and all live on or near the shore, and cannot be better disposed of for the public good, than by being dismissed and returning home), and to continue till orders from the Gen'l or the Hon'l Council can be obtained. Should it be tho't proper to continue such a force on the sea-coast till the enemy could be driven from this quarter, should think it best that they should be under the direction of the Brigadier of the County, who will be likely to make a better disposition of them than any other officer. The Companies on the ground have about twenty-five rounds per man. They are fed with fresh beef, rye-meal, and potatoes, which, I suppose, can be procured here for the present. Your Hon'r need not be informed that a supply of both ammunition and provisions is necessary immediately, if it should appear expedient to keep the troops on the sea-coast; and, indeed, some ammunition will be necessary for the inhabitants, in case no troops should be kept up. I have not heard of the supplies which the Gen'l was expecting before the Evacuation; and fear lest they have fallen into the hands of the enemy. An express from your Hon'r, I am informed, turned back the day before I arrived at Cambden, on hearing of our disaster. I was not acquainted with his business. Have this moment an account by L't Little of the Hazzard, that Gen'l Lovell, after every possible exertion to save the Fleet, and after seeing the last of them on fire, much against his opinion, had crossed over from the head of Penobscot to Kennebeck River; in which case, I think it most likely that Capt. Lovett who goes express with this, will meet him either at the crossing the river, or on the way. I shall, therefore, inclose this to the Gen'l, who will send it forward to your Hon'r or not, as he thinks best. I shall remain in this quarter till I receive orders from the Gen'l, or from your Hon'r, when I hope to have leave to return. In the meantime, I have the honour to be,

Hon'd sir,
Your very hum'le serv't,
PELEG WADSWORTH, B. Gen'l.

HON. PRES. OF COUNCIL.

(Copy.)

BOSTON, Octo'r 18, 1779.

SIR: I am now to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the twenty-sixth ult. on the sixteenth instant. I now congratulate you on the arrival of the Count at the Southward, and hope, before this reaches you, he will arrive at New

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State have ordered two thousand men to be detached from the militia thereof in consequence of a requisition from his Excellency, General Washington, which men I expect will all be on their way this week to Cloverick, the place of randezvous pointed out by General Washington. I wish they had all been laid on the three upper Counties; in my opinion it would have promoted the service much, if the men are wanted, as I conclude they are, or they would not have been requested.

Brigadeer General Fellows is appointed to take the command of the aforesaid men. I hope the next letter I am favoured with from you will contain intelligence of the total reduction of New York and its dependencies. Three Continental frigates now in this harbour are under sailing orders; their destination not publickly known. I have inclosed a copy of the report of the Committee of Enquiry appointed to enquire into the Reasons of the failure of the Penobscott Expedition. It's ordered to be published as soon as the Court-martial is over that was appointed for the trial of Captain Saltinstall. It is also ordered to be forwarded to Congress to let them know what a fine commander he was. I have nothing of news to write you at this time, saving this, that it is a general time of health, and your friends partake of the same blessing.

* * * * * *

I am, sir, with sentiments
of esteem,
your obedient, humble
servant, in haste,
ARTEMAS WARD.

COL. WARD.

Before we leave the Penobscot Expedition, another word from the pen of the famous Boston preacher, Charles Chauncy. His name is familiar to those who have kept pace with the religious developments of our country, as the opponent of Whitefield and the successful disputant with Dr. Chandler concerning Episcopacy. He was a descendant of President Chauncy of Harvard, and fully sustained the honor of his name. A zealous advocate of civil and religious liberty, an unrelenting Whig during the war, plain-spoken as he was conscientious, the reader will identify him in this short epistle, the only one to be found in our collection:

BOSTON, Aug. 24, 1779.

DEAR SIR: I received your's some time since, and thank you for it. It was a long time after your being carried to New York by the enemy before I heard of your return from captivity. I rejoice in your deliverance, and pray God you may be preserved in safety during the war, and may have the happiness to see these States settled in the enjoyment of independent peace and full liberty. You will probably hear, before this reaches you, of our sad defeat at Penobscot, with the loss of all our ships, both armed ones and transports. There has been strange mismanagement in the conduct of that affair. We dont know as yet the particulars. 'Tis a pity there is no resolution of Congress subjecting those by whose ill conduct the States are bro't into greatly distressing circumstances, to death by the halter. Things will never go on well till more severity is used upon those who are villains or cowards, and act as such in their capacity as state officers. A merely defensive war will ruin us. Unless we are, or can be, in circumstances to go offensively against the enemy, we shall soon become bankrupts. As the prices of things now are, and will be for a good while to come, notwithstanding all efforts to prevent it, 'twill be impossible to carry on the war much longer. The news we have of the junction of Spain with France may be depended on; and, in consequence of it, we may soon expect grand news from Europe, I trust to our advantage. I should be glad to hear from you as convenient opportunities present, and to know the situation and number of our army, and whether anything is like to be done by the same to purpose. 'Tis disgraceful that our grand army should lie by, while the enemy are active and vigorous in doing us all the hurt they can. I am weary of the present state of things, and shall be intirely ruined if it is continued much longer. I have been cheated by sharpers, monopolism, and lovers of this world, out of almost I have, and shall soon be reduced to nothing if there is not an alteration in our affairs. I shall only add that I am,

with all respect,
your friend & humble servant,
CHARLES CHAUNCY.

COL. JOSEPH WARD.

N. B. I wrote you by one of the Continental Chaplains some time before your captivity. I know not whether you ever received that letter.

This effusion of the stanch parson is very much of the tenor of the following remarkable letter addressed to Colonel Ward about a year later by General Knox.

In 1780 matters looked very dark at the South. Even the dauntless Knox must speak with apprehension for the future. A portion of this letter was once published in a little volume which few have seen. It is now offered to the public for the first time in full. It is written on large-size parchment in the General's bold hand, and its very look suggests a sound, wholesome, and vigorous manhood. As we run our eye over the broad pages, the full form of that solid specimen of Irish and Scotch Presbyterian stock rises before us. Now we see him in uniform, standing stoutly on his legs (a little bowed from constant service in the saddle), waiting for his horse that shall swiftly bear him to the place of need. Then we catch a glimpse of him swinging along in rural shades with

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his heavy cane and his hat resting on his arm, while above his warm, round face, the hair, cut short in front, stands straight up, powdered and queued.

Something attracts us toward him. We should have known him. Twice, it is recorded, the Commander-in-Chief embraced him publicly. How they crowded to his splendid mansion at Thomaston! One hundred beds made daily under that great roof; an ox and twenty sheep slain every Monday morning to feed those who slept in them. We avoid more than a mention of the desecration that has since visited that splendid home. Glorious Henry Knox! To think that a chicken-bone should be allowed to send such a man out of the world! It will not be forgotten that our hero began his military exploits with General Ward. He was volunteer aid to the General at Bunker Hill, reconnoitering all movements between the heights and headquarters.

Such confidence did the Commander put in the young volunteer's reports, that upon them he issued his orders.

CAMP PRECANESS, NEW JERSEY.

July 28, 1780.

DEAR SIR: It is with the greatest pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of three of your favors, the last of which was dated on the 4th instant. A constant hurry of business, in consequence of the enemy's incursion into this State, and the arrival of the fleet and troops of our ally, have prevented my obeying the dictates of my heart untill the present moment. And now, my omission has so much the appearance of following the supercilious example of some of our official people, that, were I Roman Catholic, I should impose some confounded severe penance on myself for suffering *anything* but the immediate fire of the enemy to protract a duty which I think indispensable to the character of a man of business, and a gentleman. I am sorry you did not obtain the appointment you wished, but I hope that you will be settled in a manner that will be perfectly agreeable to you. The employment which you say you exercise at present, viz., that of endeavoring to revive the spirit of '74 & '75, tho' not very lucrative to you, yet is very important to your country. If the old spirit revive not, we die, politically die. It must radically be re-animated. A sudden flash now and then will not answer. Indeed it is not a good symptom; but, like the flashes of an expiring taper, indicates dissolution. Think me not capricious, my dear sir, when I assure you, as my serious sentiments, that there must be a material alteration of sentiment and of political constitution to carry on this war successfully.

Great God! Is it possible that a people possessing the least spark of knowledge and virtue should be so inattentive to their most important concerns as to suffer them, through supineness, to be on the verge of ruin? And yet, is not this the case? Have we not been dreaming for more than two years past, and suffered our enemy to retain their old conquests, and make new ones? Not because they were strong and irresistable, but because we were the most inert beings on earth. The army, the only cogent argument to oppose to an unreasonable enemy, have been permitted, nay, stimulated to decay. No attention has been paid to its re-establishment, except in the temporary expedient of six months' men; and this so tardily done as to induce a ready belief that the mass of America have taken a monstrous deal of opium. It is true the Eastern States and New York have done something in this instance, but no others. Propogate this truth (for I have reason to think you believe it), that Congress in time of war must have the sole powers of peace and war, and legislative powers to assign to each State its proportion of men and supplies, with a coercive power to punish those which shall be delinquent,—that there *must* be an army for the war, and that it must be *fed*, *paid*, and *cloathed*.

Except these things are done, American independence totters, and probably will fall. Everything short of this will be patch-work, and will deceive our expectations most wretchedly. The enemy are making some demonstrations of an intention of attacking the land-troops at Rhode Island. If so, all New England must turn out to save our allies and our honor. We have been in this camp for nearly three weeks making the necessary arrangements for the campaign; but we shall move from it in a day or two towards the North River. Much might have been expected from this campaign had proportionable and reasonable preparations been made. At present, I know not what to say—time, which matures all things, will at last discover.

I beg the favor that you will write to me frequently. I do assure you that I will answer them as often as circumstances and opportunity will permit.

I am, Dear Sir, With Respect,
Your Hble. Servant,
H. KNOX.

COLONEL WARD.

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THE TOUCH OF THE UNSEEN.

As feel the flowers the sun in heaven,
  But sky and sunlight never see;
So feel I Thee, O God, my God,
  Thy dateless noontide hid from me.

As touch the buds the blessed rain,
  But rain and rainbow never see;
So touch I God in bliss or pain,
  His far, vast rainbow veiled from me.

Orion, moon and sun and bow
  Amaze a Sky unseen by me;
God's wheeling heaven is there I know,
  Although its arch I cannot see.

In low estate, I, as the flower,
  Have nerves to feel, not eyes to see;
The subtlest in the conscience is
  Thyself and that which toucheth Thee.

Forever it may be that I
  More yet shall feel but shall not see;
Above my soul, Thy wholeness roll,
  Not visibly, but tangibly.

But flaming heart to rain and ray,
  Turn I in meekest loyalty;
I breathe, and move, and live in Thee,
  And drink the ray I cannot see.

CONCERNING CHARLES LAMB.

I THINK it will interest those who with me are the friends of Charles Lamb, to hear the particulars of my visit to his grave, and some things that I was so fortunate as to learn about him, during a recent short trip abroad.

The latter to be sure are not very important; but I believe they are new,—at least they were so to me,—and I feel rather in duty bound to communicate them.

My first endeavors to find his memorials in London were not prospered. Of course, I initiated the pious search by looking for the old India House, in Leadenhall street. I wanted to see that desk—the object of such exquisite malediction—whose wood (so full of sap for the rest of us), he wrote to Bernard Barton, had "entered into his soul;"—also, if possibly it were still extant, the high stool from which he made that amazing spiral descent upon the youth De Quincey, who had passed up a letter of introduction.

But that hope was rudely annihilated by the discovery, not made till I had almost arrived on the ground, that the India House was demolished and gone forever.

Then I turned to Inner Temple Lane, where Charles and Mary used to confess they saw their happiest days. And there, sure enough, just beyond the Knight Templars' Church, stood an ancient building inscribed "No. 4 Lamb Court." The number was right, and conspired with the name to convince me that this time I was not to be disappointed. As it was a rainy afternoon, I did not stay to meditate outside, but asked a well-dressed gentleman, setting up his umbrella on the steps, if he would

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direct me to Charles Lamb's old rooms. He thought a minute, and answered,

"I don't remember that any one of that name has been here since *I* have;" and seeing my surprise, added, "however, the janitor, up in the top story, can tell you."

The narrow and unlighted stairway somewhat embarrassed my ascent, but that was as it should be, I remembered, and as I climbed flight after flight I seemed to catch now and then the glimpse of a slight, stooping figure going before, till it vanished at a threshold where I would have paused to listen, could I have told just where it was.

The janitor, who proved to be a woman, met my inquiry with kindness, and tried hard to recollect (I wondered if I was the *only* one who had made a pilgrimage to the spot), but had to give it up. She could not, at that moment, think where Mr. Lamb's apartments had been.

"Do you remember Mr. Lamb?" I asked.

"N-n-no, sir. Really, sir, I cannot say that I do, sir," she replied. "But [encouragingly] Mr. ———, the surveyor, whose office is there [pointing to a door], *he'll* know, for he's been here twenty year, sir, and a very nice gentleman he is, sir."

I am under lasting obligation to the surveyor, who, indeed, *was* a gentleman, for one of the gentlest falls I ever experienced. Alas, this was not 4 Inner Temple Lane at all. It, too, had gone the way of all the earth. But he showed such an instant appreciation of my quest and of the naturalness of my mistake, and drew me so entirely away from the thought of it by a copious discourse (illustrated with maps) upon the modern architectural changes of the precinct, that I had no opportunity at all to feel sold; but, after half an hour, took my leave, and groped my way down the disenchanted passage, actually congratulating myself upon my good luck.

The contract of surveying all the London lots I may hereafter own, is irrevocably awarded to that gentleman. None others need apply.

Disappointed with respect to the living haunts of Charles Lamb which I had most affection for, and the fate of which, had I chosen, I might have much more easily ascertained, my mind reverted to the grave at Edmonton.

I had, indeed, entertained the idea of trying to see the venerable Procter, but learning that he was in feeble health, and fearing that the visit of a stranger, even if permitted, would be a burden to him, I dismissed it.

It was one of the pleasantest mornings I saw in England, when I mounted the roof of the Edmonton omnibus which starts from the Green Man Inn, corner of Oxford and Argyll streets, and, receiving a seat beside the driver, set out on the sacred excursion upon which I was now bent.

Precisely where our route struck the track of John Gilpin's Ride, the driver, upon reflection, could not tell, though he distinctly recalled the event, and named acquaintances of his who had been eye-witnesses of it.

At any rate, we passed through "merry Islington," with "all Birmingham" still glittering in its shop windows, and thence onward certainly our way coincided with Gilpin's famous career. As we lumbered along, I kept a sharp look-out for Colebrook Row, but owing to the disappearance of New River, which I had relied on as, so to speak, a landmark, I missed it. The stream that "having no name besides that unmeaning assumption of *eternal novity*," Elia, in "Amicus Redivivus," suspects of a plot to drown his dear G. D. "hoping henceforth to be termed the Stream Dyerian," is now wholly covered in the interest of pure water for London, and I crossed it unawares, —though the driver, had I spoken in season, could have indicated its hidden locality, and, for that matter, could have pointed out the residence of Mr. Lamb, who often, and once a week always, rode down to London with him on the very seat I was occupying.

I began to doubt whether this man, notwithstanding his British aspect and speech, had not been born in the United States. But a cautious investigation developed nothing more to sustain the hypothesis, than that he had been a Southern sympathizer during the war.

Leaving Islington, the thoroughfare, along which we jogged at fair omnibus speed, grew less thronged, and I had leisure to enjoy the cultivated grounds, and the occasional glimpses of open country, which now for the first time the journey afforded to view, till, soon after passing two huge decaying posts standing on either side, in which I felt at liberty,—a liberty which the driver freely sanctioned,—to behold the relics of the turnpike gate that was thrown open to Gilpin, we came

"Unto The Bell at Edmonton."

The Bell is properly a somewhat effete-looking hostelry (yet, as the driver intima-

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ted, still yielding most delicious refection), and holds the advance position toward London in a numerous line of such philanthropic establishments that grace the village street beyond.

Its front, otherwise modest, exhibits a venerable painting, much ravaged by the tooth of time, and, at first sight, discouragingly obscure. But it rewards a careful inspection by the discovery that it presents a classic subject, viz.: the Gilpin family surveying, from the balcony of The Bell, the unaccountable equestrian vagary of its respected Head, in the street below. The balcony is represented as of about the shape and size of a barrel; and, what with the flaunting ornaments of Mrs. Gilpin's and her daughters' hats, and several pairs of gesticulating arms extended in the endeavor to arrest the hapless citizen's progress, the group (if first, the theory that it intends a scene of torture be rejected) makes the general impression of a large bouquet crowded into a small vase. I forget if our hero also appeared on the canvas (or board), though I think he once had.

A quarter of a mile further on was The Angel (alas, lately renovated)—and there the Edmonton I had come to see began. A few minutes more, and, turning sharply to the left, we reached our terminus and pulled up at The Rose and Crown in Church street,—the very street.

The open gate of the old church-yard was in sight. I did not hasten to it. For some reason—I can hardly explain what—I did not care to have even the driver know why I was there. So I waited about till he had handed his team over to a groom and disappeared; then strolled toward it, and, after pausing before it a moment, as if undecided, passed in. It brought me into a large inclosure filled with innumerable monuments, in the midst of which stood the ancient ivy-clad church.

I had previously thought that I should look up the grave myself; but, seeing that it might prove a long, and possibly a fruitless, search, I soon relinquished the idea. A little way off, sitting on a tomb, eating his dinner, I spied a working man in his shirt sleeves; whom, supposing him to be an attaché of the place, I asked if he could direct me to the grave of Charles Lamb. "I can," he replied, "for it's only last week that I fixed it up." I then saw from the tools lying at hand, and from an unfinished job close by, that he was actually of the same guild with Old Mortality. He led the way to quite another part of the ground, abridging the distance by sundry short cuts which I should never have thought of, but which he made with unconscious professional irreverence, and came to a halt before a plain white stone,—one glance showed me that it was *the* one,—where, having first called my attention to his recent handiwork upon it, and upon the mound behind it, he left me.

The stone, as I have said, was plain, and owing to the repairs just made it looked quite new. It stood precisely erect; the lettering was freshly painted; and the mound was trim and clean. But my guide said that before he took it in hand, it had been in an exceedingly neglected condition.

The inscription, which I copied with the utmost care, was, *verbatim et punctatim*, as follows:

TO THE MEMORY
of
CHARLES LAMB,

Died 27th Decr. 1834, aged 59.

Farewell, dear friend: That smile that harmless mirth
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
That rising tear with pain forbid to flow
Better than words, no more assuage our woe;
That hand outstretched, from small but well-earned store
Yield succour to the destitute no more.
Yet art thou not all lost; thro' many an age
With sterling sense and humour shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee
This for our earth, and if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there.

ALSO, MARY ANNE LAMB,
Sister of the above,
Born 3rd Decr. 1767 Died 20th May 1847.

The foot-stone was marked thus:

C. L. 1834.
M. A. L. 1847.

Who composed this inscription, I would like to find out; also, how it came to be adopted. It is evident that Wordsworth had hoped that the first part of his memorial poem would fulfill the office, for he says so distinctly in the poem itself. Why these verses were used instead, I cannot guess. For while they evince a true and tender appreciation of their subject, they strike me as very inferior to Wordsworth's in every way, but particularly in point of clearness. The obscurity of the third and fourth lines led me to a minute examination to see if the restorer's pencil had not, by some slip or oversight, changed the original punctuation. But not so. However, probably the reason

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for the choice was sufficient, and I accepted it, in that faith, cheerfully.

"Win many an *English* bosom———"

ah, but I added something to that!

The hour I staid there—is it not all confessed so far as it could be set down, in the letter I wrote home from my London lodgings that night? But I cannot tell it aloud.

As I lingered, I dreamed that I stood among the group gathered on the spot that wintry day, forty years gone by. It was the spot, you remember, which he himself had pointed out to Mary as the place where he wished to lie. I saw their faces, and heard their sad, low whispers, and their stillness; and when I turned to go, it was as still in their company. Very present indeed it all seemed: it brought our friend very near; and as well, that other true heart, scarcely less beloved, there moldering upon his.

Reluctant to break the charm, I did not deliberate my departure, but wandered away from the place by degrees, keeping it in sight, and returning occasionally: so accomplishing a gradual release.

As I was seeking my way out, there burst forth upon me, from a low building that occupied a corner of the church-yard, a noisy irruption of boys and girls,—the parish school, I suppose,—that in the two or three minutes their racket lasted (for by that time not a rag was in sight) effectually recalled me to the present. Yet I thought how often Lamb must have witnessed the same thing, and wondered how it used to affect him.

The path down which the happy mob disappeared brought me to the gate again. In the very act of exit, obeying an impulse which I am sure all will understand, I suddenly turned and went straight back to the grave, walked around it, read both head and foot-stone over again, and as abruptly quitted it.

Just outside the gate stood the cottage of the sexton. The sight of an elderly woman in the door suggested the thought that perhaps the present incumbent had been in office while Lamb lived; in which case it was more than likely he had known him, or would, at least, remember his burial. It proved, however, that the woman was the widow of the former sexton, who had died several years since, and was now succeeded by his son. But she had seen Mr. Lamb a great many times, she said; he and her husband had been on very friendly terms. "There was where he lived," she added, pointing to a white house a little way down the street, on the other side.

In the snug coffee-room of the Rose and Crown, whither I repaired for lunch, I found, sitting at a table, three gentlemen who attracted my attention. They were a singular party. One of them was a person of huge stature, and of absolutely the most venerable aspect I ever beheld.

The second, who impressed me as being of the traditional fox-hunter type, was talking by fits and starts in a queer, excited strain, which the others seemed not to mind. These two were quite old.

The third was a ruddy, thick-set man of about fifty. Whatever else they were, they were not teetotalers, for they "laughed and quaffed" in equal measure, ordering fresh drinks, or "quarterns," as they called them, with surprising frequency.

Seeing their age and mellow humor, and judging it not improbable they were old citizens of Edmonton, I fancied they might have something to tell about their fellow-townsman, if I could only get them at it. The courteous offer of a newspaper by one of them afforded an opening, and I had soon revealed the object of my visit.

My communication appeared to affect the fox-hunter unfavorably, for he instantly bolted. The large man received it with impressive solemnity, and said nothing. But the other showed every sign of interest. He had not resided long enough in Edmonton to have seen Mr. Lamb (nor had any of them), but he knew all about him, and had heard a great many things related that he said and did.

"His favorite inn," said he, "was The Angel, but he used to come here and smoke his pipe and drink his half-and-half a great deal too, especially when bad weather made it convenient." He then went on to give a number of the incidents of Lamb's life at Edmonton, but nothing that was new, except it were some detail,—such, for example, as the *name* of that neighbor and literary admirer, who, when Lamb died, found that, owing to a bit of pleasantry on Talfourd's part, he had been saluting him almost daily on the street as "Mr. Fawkes," never once suspecting who he really was.

But while he added little to my previous stock, the fact that he drew his account from local tradition, and not from books (though he exhibited knowledge of Lamb's writings), gave it a freshness that answered very well for novelty.

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Of all the stories he repeated, none seemed to have such relish to him as that concerning Christopher North's mistake about the order for beer at The Angel. Who Lamb's distinguished visitor had been, he could not say,—he was some Scotchman, he believed; but he roared with fun at the idea of his calling out, "Bring me one too!" under the circumstances.

Of Mary Lamb, he said that so long as she lived there she was in the habit of walking out a great deal, but that, as she was reported to be insane, the people never spoke to her, and the children were afraid of her. It was a pathetic item; for she must have perceived the avoidance, and understood the cause of it.

When I was ready to go, my entertainer spoke to his friend, who during the whole conversation had sat absorbing additional "quarterns" in silence, and said with a good-natured air of authority, "Won't you walk with this gentleman as far as The Bell? Show him Mr. Lamb's house, and the Keats house,—and don't forget the place where Lamb got his fall;" all of which the large man, as good-naturedly undertook to do. I marveled, but accepted his services; yet with humility, for when he had resumed his hat and cane, he looked fairly majestic.

As soon as we were well out of earshot of the Rose and Crown, I indulged my Yankee passion and questioned him about his fellow-convivialists.

Respecting himself, I did not venture, by any method, to solicit information. He might have been a duke or a bishop, though, if the truth must be told, a little disguised on this occasion. But who was the fox-hunter? Sure enough, he *was* a fox-hunter, and of the wildest sort. He had run through a couple of estates, and led a tally-ho life generally, till now, at the age of seventy-two, he was pretty much decayed in fortune, and a little crazy withal. "Besides," he added, confidentially and with severe gravity, "he drinks; which is bad for him." The other—he with whom I had talked in the coffee-room—was a fixture of the inn in the capacity of uncle to the proprietor, and was locally renowned as a great reader.

The house where Charles Lamb died is a plain, two story, wooden building, set a few yards back from the street, with wide parlor windows reaching to the floor. It looked modest, and neat, and snug, and every way fit to have been his and Mary's home. Certain of its present tenants were so observant of my motions, and apparently so mystified thereby, that having concluded not to go in, I cut my inspection short, though wishing to tarry.

Three or four doors beyond, on the same side of the street, is the house where John Keats once lived. It was the residence of his uncle, a physician, of whose family he was at that time a member, and with whom, I think it was said, he studied medicine awhile.

Just after we turned out of Church street into the main village thoroughfare, I was pointed to the exact spot on the left sidewalk where Lamb, returning from his daily ramble, stumbled against a stove and in falling received the slight injury that occasioned his death. Here, then, ended his last walk; and since it *was* the last, how fitting that it had been toward his beloved London.

The Angel seemed to be so bustling an establishment, that, judging it had no kindness for shadows or shadow hunters, I passed it by, and went on to the quieter Bell. I found that the antique work of art upon its front, herein before mentioned, was supplemented within by a large modern engraving of the same subject suspended over the bar, regarding which the bar-maid, noting my study of it, volunteered the testimony that it was "perfectly correct."

At this point, my august conductor, whose company, however valuable, had been somewhat embarrassing,—though he had more than once or twice told me that he never drank, *i.e.* anything to speak of,—till at and after dinner,—took leave of me; and, hailing a passing 'bus, I started back for London.

It had been a golden day—full of memorable impressions. As I reviewed it and reflected upon it, I felt almost as if I had seen Charles Lamb.

But my satisfaction was marred by one keen regret, viz., that it had not been my privilege to minister those repairs to the grave of our friend, to which I have referred. It might have been mine, and, as it was, I had missed it but narrowly. For the man in the church-yard told me that it was a pilgrim like me, the young editor of a provincial English newspaper (I did not learn his name, but I like the fellow and would not grudge him his great good fortune), who, moved by the sight of so unseemly a neglect, ordered him to do what he had done, and paid the cost—thirty shillings—out of his own, I dare say not over-full pocket. No doubt, if I had happened there at the same time, he would have let me, at least, share the

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expense with him. Should I have thought of it otherwise? Possibly not; yet I think I should, especially as there was other work of the kind going on there to suggest it. Anyhow, no opportunity lost ever affected me with a sharper disappointment. I could not get over it, and cannot yet. What a luxury it would have been! What a life-long comfort!

But still better things than my day in Edmonton afforded were in store.

A fortnight later I was in the closely packed compartment of a railway carriage, *en route* from Boulogne to Paris. In the midst of a very animated general conversation about the Chicago Fire, the news of which was not yet three days old, an elderly gentleman in the corner of the seat beside me,—or rather *behind* me, for we were so crowded that I was partly sitting upon him,—said to me,

"Was not Chicago one of your principal pork cities?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then," said he, "the fire probably roasted some pigs after what, according to Charles Lamb, was the original style."

Whereat I smiled, and presently offered—over my shoulder—some slight remark, I don't remember what, upon the "Roast Pig" essay, to which he assented, adding,

"But you would enjoy it much more if you had known Lamb himself."

"Did *you* know him?" I demanded.

"I did very well indeed: I was clerk in the same room in the India House with him for ten years," was his reply.

I held hard and restrained myself, for I did not want to scare the man; but after twisting my neck around to get a look at him, and seeing that he was a person of an altogether respectable appearance, I managed, with considerable difficulty, to turn myself so as at the same time to face him, and, in a manner, fence him off from the rest of the company. Thence all the way to Paris I had him to myself.

It soon transpired that his name was Ogilvie. He did not, at first, open up very freely; but by and by, under my stimulation, his memory began to warm and flow, and I was soon devouring a feast that the din of the Chicago talk around us had no power to disturb.

I was not a little amused to see that to Mr. Ogilvie's mind, a proper estimate of Charles Lamb should prominently include his capacity and character *as a clerk*. The very first observation he made was with regard to his handwriting. This was entirely natural, for he (Ogilvie), as he told me, had,—a few years of school-teaching excepted,—never been anything but a clerk; and though he seemed a most worthy and sensible man, his genius had evidently not been so superior to his circumstances as was that of his "co-brother of the quill" under discussion.

Lamb's handwriting, he said, was for commercial purposes (alas!) faulty: he was neither a neat nor an accurate accountant; he made frequent errors, which he was in the habit of wiping out with his little finger. (All of which Mr. Ogilvie illustrated with a pencil on the margin of a newspaper.)

In fact, the testimony of my prize of a fellow-passenger on these points verified what is substantially confessed in "The Superannuated Man."

He further stated that for all Lamb so ruefully bewails, in his letter, the hardship of his India House task, he hardly ever used to do what could be called a full day's work: he very often came late (we know for certain he did once), and generally stood around and talked a good deal.

"However," remarked Mr. Ogilvie, making light of the matter, "they [the Directors, I suppose] didn't appear to care, for they all liked him."

These entertaining criticisms betrayed not the least particle of malice, for not only was it plain to see that the critic was a kindly soul, but his whole manner revealed an affectionateness toward Lamb's memory that quite won my heart.

All that he said about Lamb's personal appearance confirmed the received account; he never varied the style of his dress, but adhered fondly to bygone fashions, and used frequently to boast that his thin short legs had never worn trousers, or "crossed" a horse. Speaking of his dress, he related the following incident.

At the time George Dyer was fished out of New River in front of Lamb's house at Islington, after he was resuscitated, Mary brought him a suit of Charles's clothes to put on while his own were drying. Inasmuch as he was a giant of a man, and Lamb undersized; inasmuch, moreover, as Lamb's wardrobe afforded only knee breeches for the nether limbs (Dyer's were colossal), the spectacle he presented when the clothes were on—or as much on as they could be—was vastly ludicrous, and the total effect was immensely heightened by the circumstance that, owing to the quantity of strong drink

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that had been administered to him, to which, being a teetotaler, he was unaccustomed, Dyer was in a state of wild inebriation.

The current portraits of Lamb, Mr. Ogilvie said, are all very unsatisfactory. The only one ever published that looked like him was prefixed to an early edition of one of his books. From the description he gave of it, I think, may be, it re-appears on the title-page of the late memoir by Barry Cornwall.

Upon the sweetness and happiness of Lamb's temper he dwelt at length. He was as full of mirth and play as a boy; his humor never flagged; he was always making fun of some sort. His stuttering helped his wit, and when he started to get off anything, the laugh would often begin before he had uttered a word. Jokes and jests, great and small, were his constant pastime, and every one around him came in for a share. "For instance," said Mr. Ogilvie, "when I first entered the India House and was introduced to him, he seized my hand, and exclaimed with an air, 'Ah, Lord Oglesby! Welcome, Lord Oglesby! Glad to see you! Proud of the honor!'—and he never called me anything else, and that got to be my name among the clerks, and is yet, when I meet any of the few that are left."

To sport with the *names* of his fellows, indeed, appeared to have been a characteristic amusement with him. Mr. Ogilvie gave these specimens.

There was a clerk named Wawd, distinguished for his stupidity, whom he hit off in this couplet:

> "What Wawd knows, God knows;
> But God knows *what* Wawd knows!"

Another named Dodwell he celebrated in a charade, of which the first two lines ran thus:

> "My first is that which infants call their Maker,
> My second is that which best is let alone——"

The rest of it referred to Dodwell's politics, and the point was not intelligible to me;—but that first line,—isn't it unmistakably genuine?

Other like quips were repeated, but none that I remember well enough to quote. They were generally founded on some personal peculiarity or foible, and though never harsh, might sometimes, I should judge, if coming from another source, have been a little trying.

Yet, in spite of his pleasantries of all sorts, his popularity with his fellow-clerks was unbounded. He allowed the same familiarity that he practiced, and they all called him "Charley."

As to his kindness and practical benevolence, Mr. Ogilvie declared that it could not be overstated. His sympathies were so easily won that he was often imposed upon, yet he never learned to be suspicious. He had been known to wear a coat six months longer, that he might spare a little money to some needy acquaintance. There was hardly ever a time when he did not have somebody living upon him. If he was freed from one client, another would soon arise to take his place. A poor literary aspirant, or vagabond, especially, he could not resist, and he regularly had one or more on his hands. He would even take them to his house, and let them stay there weeks and months together.

Everybody knew that it was for his sister's sake that he remained single; and it was commonly referred to as a sacrifice which would cost few men as much as it cost him, for he was, to a rare degree, by nature and disposition a man who would have liked to marry.

With Mary Lamb, Mr. Ogilvie had been quite well acquainted: he had often visited her and had been on several occasions, an evening guest at Colebrook Cottage in Islington.

He said that while she was a most amiable, sweet-tempered, womanly woman, she had great force of will, and remarkable power of personal influence. No one had such control over Charles as she had. She sometimes even commanded him, and he obeyed her. And it was evident that the sentiment with which he regarded her combined the traits of both fraternal and filial respect.

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CAFÉ DES EXILÉS.

THAT which in 1835—I think he said thirty-five—was a reality in the rue Burgundy—I think he said Burgundy—is now but a reminiscence. Yet so vividly was its story told me, that at this moment the old Café des Exilés appears before my eye, floating in the clouds of reverie, and I doubt not I see it just as it was in the old times.

An antiquated story-and-a-half Creole cottage sitting right down on the banquette, as do the Choctaw squaws who sell bay and sassafras and life-everlasting, with a high, close board fence shutting out of view the diminutive garden on the southern side. An ancient willow droops over the roof of round tiles and partly hides the discolored stucco, which keeps dropping off into the garden as though the old café was stripping for the plunge into oblivion—disrobing for its execution. I see, well up in the angle of the broad side gable, shaded by its rude awning of clap-boards, as the eyes of an old dame are shaded by her wrinkled hand, the window of Pauline. Oh, for the image of the maiden, were it but for one moment, leaning out of the casement to hang her mocking-bird and looking down into the garden,—where, above the barrier of old boards, I see the top of the fig-tree, the pale green clump of bananas, the tall palmetto with its jagged crown, Pauline's own two orange-trees holding up their hands toward the window, heavy with the promises of autumn; the broad, crimson mass of the many-stemmed oleander, and the crisp boughs of the pomegranate loaded with freckled apples, and with here and there a lingering scarlet blossom!

The Café des Exilés, to use a figure, flowered, bore fruit, and dropped it long ago—or rather Time and Fate, like some uncursed Adam and Eve, came side by side and cut away its clusters, as we sever the golden burden of the banana from its stem; then, like a banana which has borne its fruit, it was razed to the ground and made way for a newer, brighter growth. I believe it would set every tooth on edge should I go by there now—now that I have heard the story, and see the old site covered by the "Shoo-fly Coffee-house." Pleasanter far to close my eyes and call to view the unpretentious portals of the old café, with her children—for such those exiles seem to me—dragging their rocking-chairs out, and sitting in their wonted group under the long, outreaching eaves which shaded the banquette of the rue Burgundy.

It was in 1835 that the Café des Exilés was, as one might say, in full blossom. Old M. D'Hemecourt, father of Pauline and host of the café, himself a refugee from San Domingo, was the cause—at least the human cause—of its opening. As its white-curtained, glazed doors expanded, emitting a little puff of his own cigarette smoke, it was like the bursting of catalpa blossoms, and the exiles came like bees, pushing into the tiny room to sip its rich variety of tropical syrups, its lemonades, its orangeades, its orgeats, its barley-waters and its outlandish wines, while they talked of dear home—that is to say, of Barbadoes, of Martinique, of San Domingo, and of Cuba.

There were Pedro and Benigro, and Fernandez and Francisco, and Benito. Benito was a tall, swarthy man, with immense gray moustachios, and hair as harsh as tropical grass and gray as ashes. When he could spare his cigarette from his lips, he would tell you in a cavernous voice, and with a wrinkled smile, that he was "a-t-thorty-seveng."

There was Martinez of San Domingo, yellow as a canary, always sitting with one leg curled under him, and holding the back of his head in his knitted fingers against the back of his rocking-chair. Father, mother, brother, sisters, all, had been massacred in the struggle of '21 and '22; he alone was left to tell the tale, and told it often, with that strange, infantile insensibility to the solemnity of his bereavement so peculiar to Latin people.

But, besides these, and many who need no mention, there were two in particular, around whom all the story of the Café des Exilés, of old M. D'Hemecourt and of Pauline, turns as on a double center. First, Manuel Mazaro, whose small, restless eyes were as black and bright as those of a mouse; whose light talk became his dark girlish face, and whose redundant locks curled so prettily and so wonderfully black under the fine white brim of his jaunty Panama. He had the hands of a woman, save that the nails were stained with the smoke of cigarettes. He could play the guitar delightfully, and wore his knife down behind his coat collar.

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The second was "Major" Galahad Shaughnessy. I imagine I can see him, in his white duck, brass-buttoned roundabout, with his saberless belt peeping out beneath, all his boyishness in his sea-blue eyes, leaning lightly against the door-post of the Café des Exilés as a child leans against his mother, running his fingers over a basketful of fragrant limes, and watching his chance to strike some solemn Creole under the fifth rib with a good old Irish joke.

Old D'Hemecourt drew him close to his bosom. The Spanish Creoles were, as the old man termed it, both cold and hot, but never warm. Major Shaughnessy was warm, and it was no uncommon thing to find those two apart from the others, talking in an undertone, and playing at *confidantes* like two school girls. The kind old man was at this time drifting close up to his sixtieth year. There was much he could tell of San Domingo, whither he had been carried from Martinique in his childhood, whence he had become a refugee to Cuba, and thence to New Orleans in the flight of 1809.

It fell one day to Manuel Mazaro's lot to discover that to Galahad Shaughnessy only, of all the children of the Café des Exilés, the good host spoke long and confidentially concerning his daughter. The words, half heard and magnified like objects seen in a fog, meaning Manuel Mazaro knew not what, but made portentous by his suspicious nature, were but the old man's recital of the grinding he had got between the millstones of his poverty and his pride, in trying so long to sustain, for little Pauline's sake, that attitude before society which earns respect from a surface-viewing world. While he was telling this, Manuel Mazaro drew near; the old man paused in an embarrassed way; the major, sitting sidewise in his chair, lifted his cheek from its resting place on his elbow; and Mazaro, after standing an awkward moment, turned away with such an inward feeling as one may guess would arise in a heart full of Cuban blood, not unmixed with Indian.

As he moved off, M. D'Hemecourt resumed: that in a last extremity he had opened, partly from dire want, partly for very love to homeless souls, the Café des Exilés. He had hoped that, as strong drink and high words were to be alike unknown to it, it might not prejudice sensible people; but it had. He had no doubt they said among themselves, "she is an excellent and beautiful girl and deserving all respect," but their respects they never came to pay.

"A café is a café," said the old gentleman. "It is nod possib' to ezcape hm, aldough de Café des Exilés is differen' from de rez."

"It's different from the Café des Réfugiés," suggested the Irishman.

"Differen' as possib'," replied M. D'Hemecourt. He looked about upon the walls. The shelves were luscious with ranks of cooling syrups which he alone knew how to make. The expression of his face changed from sadness to a gentle pride, which spoke without words, saying—and let our story pause a moment to hear it say:

"If any poor exile, from any island where guavas or mangoes or plantains grow, wants a draught which will make him see his home among the cocoa-palms, behold the Café des Exilés ready to take the poor child up and give him the breast! And if gold or silver he has them not, why Heaven and Santa Maria, and Saint Christopher bless him! It makes no difference. Here is a rocking-chair, here a cigarette, and here a light from the host's own tinder. He will pay when he can."

As this easily pardoned pride said, so it often occurred; and if the newly come exile said his father was a Spaniard—"Come!" old M. D'Hemecourt would cry; "another glass; it is an innocent drink; my mother was a Castilian." But, if the exile said his mother was a Frenchwoman, the glasses would be forthcoming all the same, for "My father," the old man would say, "was a Frenchman of Martinique, with blood as pure as that wine and a heart as sweet as this honey; come, a glass of orgeat;" and he would bring it himself in a quart tumbler.

Now, there are jealousies and jealousies. There are people who rise up quickly and kill, and there are others who turn their hot thoughts over silently in their minds as a brooding bird turns her eggs in the nest. Thus did Manuel Mazaro, and took it ill that Galahad should see a vision in the temple while he and all the brethren tarried without. Pauline had been to the Café des Exilés in some degree what the image of the Virgin was to their churches at home, and for her father to whisper her name to one and not to another was, it seemed to Mazaro, as if the old man, were he a sacristan, should say to some single worshiper, "Here, you may have this madonna; I make it a present to you." Or, if such was not the handsome young Cuban's feeling, such, at

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least, was the disguise his jealousy put on. If Pauline was to be handed down from her niche, why, then, farewell Café des Exilés. She was its preserving influence, she made the place holy; she was the burning candles on the altar. Surely the reader will pardon the pen that lingers in the mention of her.

And yet I know not how to describe the forbearing, unspoken tenderness with which all these exiles regarded the maiden. In the balmy afternoons, as I have said, they gathered about their mother's knee, that is to say, upon the banquette outside the door. There, lolling back in their rocking-chairs, they would pass the evening hours with oft-repeated tales of home; and the moon would come out and glide among the clouds like a silver barge among islands wrapped in mist, and they loved the silently gliding orb with a sort of worship, because from her soaring height she looked down at the same moment upon them and upon their homes in the far Antilles. It was somewhat thus that they looked upon Pauline as she seemed to them held up half way to heaven, they knew not how. Ah! those who have been pilgrims; who have wandered out beyond harbor and light; whom fate hath led in lonely paths strewn with thorns and briers not of their own sowing; who, homeless in a land of homes, see windows gleaming and doors ajar, but not for them,—it is they who well understand what the worship is that cries to any daughter of our dear mother Eve whose footsteps chance may draw across the path, the silent, beseeching cry, "Stay a little instant that I may look upon you. O, woman, beautifier of the earth! Stay till I recall the face of my sister; stay yet a moment while I look from afar, with helpless-hanging hands, upon the softness of thy cheek, upon the folded coils of thy shining hair; and my spirit shall fall down and say those prayers which I may never again—God knoweth—say at home."

She was seldom seen; but sometimes, when the lounging exiles would be sitting in their afternoon circle under the eaves, and some old man would tell his tale of fire and blood and capture and escape, and the heads would lean forward from the chair-backs and a great stillness would follow the ending of the story, old M. D'Hemecourt would all at once speak up and say, laying his hands upon the narrator's knee, "Comrade, your throat is dry, here are fresh limes; let my dear child herself come and mix you a lemonade." Then the neighbors, sitting about their doors, would by and by softly say, "See, see! there is Pauline!" and all the exiles would rise from their rocking-chairs, take off their hats and stand as men stand in church, while Pauline came out like the moon from a cloud, descended the three steps of the café door, and stood with waiter and glass, like Rebecca with her pitcher, before the swarthy wanderer.

What tales that would have been tear-compelling, nay, heart-rending, had they not been palpable inventions, the pretty, womanish Mazaro from time to time poured forth, in the ever ungratified hope that the goddess might come down with a draught of nectar for him, it profiteth not to recount; but I should fail to show a family feature of the Café des Exilés did I omit to say that these make-believe adventures were heard with every mark of respect and credence; while, on the other hand, they were never attempted in the presence of the Irishman. He would have moved an eyebrow, or made some barely audible sound, or dropped some seemingly innocent word, and the whole company, spite of themselves, would have smiled. Wherefore, it may be doubted whether at any time the curly-haired young Cuban had that playful affection for his Celtic comrade, which a habit of giving little velvet taps to Galahad's cheek made a show of.

Such was the Café des Exilés, such its inmates, such its guests, when certain apparently trivial events began to fall around it like germs of blight upon corn, and to bring about that end which cometh to all things.

The little seed of jealousy dropped into the heart of Manuel Mazaro we have already taken into account. Galahad Shaughnessy began to be specially active in organizing a society of Spanish Americans, the design of which, as set forth in its manuscript constitution, was to provide proper funeral honors to such of their membership as might be overtaken by death; and, whenever it was practicable, to send their ashes to their native land. Next to Galahad in this movement was an elegant old Mexican physician, Dr. ——, —his name escapes me—whom the Café des Exilés sometimes took upon her lap—that is to say door-step—but whose favorite resort was the old Café des Réfugiés in the rue Royale (Royal street, as it was beginning to be called). Manuel Mazaro was made secretary.

It was for some reason thought judicious for the society to hold its meetings in various places, now here, now there; but the most frequent rendezvous was the Café des Exilés; it was quiet; those Spanish Creoles,

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however they may afterward cackle, like to lay their plans noiselessly, like a hen in a barn. There was a very general confidence in this old institution, a kind of inward assurance that "mother wouldn't tell;" though, after all, there could not be any great secrets connected with a mere burial society.

Before the hour of meeting, the Café des Exilés always sent away her children and closed her door. Presently they would commence returning, one by one, as a flock of wild fowl will do, that has been startled up from its accustomed haunt. Frequenters of the Café des Réfugiés also would appear. A small gate in the close garden fence let them into a room behind the café proper, and by and by the apartment would be full of dark-visaged men conversing in the low, courteous tone common to their race. The shutters of doors and windows were closed and the chinks stopped with cotton; those people are so jealous of observation.

On a certain night after one of these meetings had dispersed in its peculiar way, the members retiring two by two at intervals, Manuel Mazaro and M. D'Hemecourt were left alone, sitting close together in the dimly lighted room, the former speaking, the other, with no pleasant countenance, attending. It seemed to the young Cuban a proper precaution—he was made of precautions—to speak in English. His voice was barely audible.

"—— sayce to me, 'Manuel, she t-theeng I want-n to marry hore.' Señor, you shouth 'ave see' him laugh!"

M. D'Hemecourt lifted up his head, and laid his hand upon the young man's arm.

"Manuel Mazaro," he began, "iv dad w'ad you say is nod ——"

The Cuban interrupted.

"If is no' t-thrue you will keel Manuel Mazaro?—a' r-r-right-a!"

"No," said the tender old man, "no, bud h-I am positeef dad de Madjor will shood you."

Mazaro nodded, and lifted one finger for attention.

"—— sayce to me, 'Manuel, you goin' tell-a Señor D'Hemecourt I fin'-a you some nigh' an' cut-a you' heart ou'.' An I sayce to heem-a, 'boat-a if Señor D'Hemecourt he fin'-in' ou' frone Pauline ——"

"*Silence!*" fiercely cried the old man. "My God! 'Sieur Mazaro, neider you, neider somebody helse s'all h-use de nem of me daughter. It is nod possib' dad you s'all spick him! I cannot pearmid thad."

While the old man was speaking these vehement words, the Cuban was emphatically nodding approval.

"Co-rect-a, co-rect-a, Señor," he replied. "Señór, you' r-r-right-a; escuse-a me, Señor, escuse-a me. Señor D'Hemecourt, Mayor Shaughness', when he talkin' wi' me he usin' hore-a name o the t-thime-a!"

"My fren'," said M. D'Hemecourt, rising and speaking with labored control, "I muz tell you good nighd. You 'ave sooprise me a verry gred deal. I s'all *in*vestigade doze ting; an', Manuel Mazaro, h-I am a hole man; bud I will requez you, iv dad wad you say is nod de true, my God! nót to h-ever ritturn again ad de Café des Exilés."

Mazaro smiled and nodded. His host opened the door into the garden, and, as the young man stepped out, noticed even then how handsome was his face and figure. The odor of the night jessamine filled the air with an almost insupportable sweetness. The Cuban paused a moment, as if to speak, but checked himself, lifted his girlish face, and looked up to where the daggers of the palmetto tree were crossed upon the face of the moon, dropped his glance, touched his Panama, and silently followed by the bare-headed old man, drew open the little garden gate, looked cautiously out, said good-night, and stepped into the street.

As M. D'Hemecourt returned to the door through which he had come, he uttered an ejaculation of astonishment. Pauline stood before him. She spoke hurriedly in French.

"Papa, papa, it is not true."

"No, my child," he responded, "I am sure it is not true; I am sure it is all false; but why do I find you out of bed so late, little bird? The night is nearly gone."

He laid his hand upon her cheek.

"Ah, papa, I cannot deceive you. I thought Manuel would tell you something of this kind, and I listened."

The father's face immediately betrayed a new and deeper distress.

"Pauline, my child," he said with tremulous voice, "if Manuel's story is all false, in the name of Heaven how could you think he was going to tell it?"

He unconsciously clasped his hands. The good child had one trait which she could not have inherited from her father; she was quick-witted and discerning; yet now she stood confounded.

"Speak, my child," cried the alarmed old man; "speak! let me live, and not die."

"Oh, papa," she cried, "I do not know!"

The old man groaned.

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"Papa, papa," she cried again, "I felt it; I know not how; something told me."

"Alas!" exclaimed the old man, "it was your conscience!"

"No, no, no, papa," cried Pauline, "but I was afraid of Manuel Mazaro, and I think he hates him—and I think he will hurt him in any way he can—and I *know* he will even try to kill him. Oh! my God!"

She struck her hands together above her head, and burst into a flood of tears. Her father looked upon her with such sad sternness as his tender nature was capable of. He laid hold of one of her arms to draw a hand from the face whither both hands had gone.

"You know something else," he said; "you know that the Major loves you, or you think so; is it not true?"

She dropped both hands, and, lifting her streaming eyes that had nothing to hide straight to his, suddenly said:

"I would give worlds to think so!" and sunk upon the floor.

He was melted and convinced in one instant.

"O, my child, my child," he cried, trying to lift her. "O, my poor little Pauline, your papa is not angry. Rise, my little one; so; kiss me; Heaven bless thee! Pauline, treasure, what shall I do with thee? Where shall I hide thee?"

"You have my counsel already, papa."

"Yes, my child, and you were right. The Café des Exilés never should have been opened. It is no place for you; no place at all."

"Let us leave it," said Pauline.

"Ah! Pauline, I would close it to-morrow if I could, but now it is too late; I cannot."

"Why?" asked Pauline pleadingly.

She had cast an arm about his neck. Her tears sparkled with a smile.

"My daughter, I cannot tell you; you must go now to bed; good-night—or good-morning; God keep you!"

"Well, then, papa," she said, "have no fear; you need not hide me; I have my prayer-book, and my altar, and my garden, and my window; my garden is my fenced city, and my window my watch-tower; do you see?"

"Ah! Pauline," responded the father, "I have been letting the enemy in and out at pleasure."

"Good-night," she answered, and kissed him three times on either cheek; "the blessed Virgin will take care of us; good-night; *he* never said those things; not he; good-night."

The next evening Galahad Shaughnessy and Manuel Mazaro met at that "very different" place, the Café des Réfugiés. There was much free talk going on about Texan annexation, about chances of war with Mexico, about San Domingan affairs, about Cuba and many et-cæteras. Galahad was in his usual gay mood. He strode about among a mixed company of Louisianais, Cubans, and Américains, keeping them in a great laugh with his account of one of Ole Bull's concerts, and how he had there extorted an invitation from M. and Mme. Devoti to attend one of their famous children's fancy dress balls.

"Halloo!" said he as Mazaro approached, "heer's the etheerial Angelica herself. Look out heer, sissy, why ar'n't ye in the maternal arms of the Café des Exilés?"

Mazaro smiled amiably and sat down. A moment after, the Irishman, stepping away from his companions, stood before the young Cuban, and asked, with a quiet business air:

"D'ye want to see me, Mazaro?"

The Cuban nodded, and they went aside. Mazaro, in a few quick words, looking at his pretty foot the while, told the other on no account to go near the Café des Exilés, as there were two men hanging about there, evidently watching for him, and ——

"Wut's the use o' that?" asked Galahad; "I say, wut's the use o' that?"

Major Shaughnessy's habit of repeating part of his words arose from another, of interrupting any person who might be speaking.

"They must know—I say they must know that whenever I'm nowhurs else I'm heer. What do they want?"

Mazaro made a gesture, signifying caution and secrecy, and smiled, as if to say "you ought to know."

"Aha!" said the Irishman softly. "Why don't they come here?"

"Z-afrai'," said Mazaro; "d'they frai' to do an'teen een d-these-a crowth."

"That's so," said the Irishman; "I say, that's so. If I don't feel very much like go-un, I'll not go; I say, I'll not go. We've no business to-night, eh, Mazaro?"

"No, Señor."

A second evening was much the same, Mazaro repeating his warning. But when, on the third evening, the Irishman again repeated his willingness to stay away from the Café des Exilés unless he should feel strongly impelled to go, it was with the

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mental reservation that he did feel very much in that humor, and, unknown to Mazaro, should thither repair, if only to see whether some of those deep old fellows were not contriving a practical joke.

"Mazaro," said he, "I want ye to wait heer till I come back. I say I want ye to wait heer till I come back; I'll be gone about three-quarters of an hour."

Mazaro assented. He saw with satisfaction the Irishman start in a direction opposite that in which lay the Café des Exilés, tarried fifteen or twenty minutes, and then, thinking he could step around to the Café des Exilés and return before the expiration of the allotted time, hurried out.

Meanwhile the Café des Exilés sat in the moonlight with her children about her feet. The company outside the door was somewhat thinner than common. M. D'Hemecourt was not among them, but was sitting in the room behind the café. The long table which the burial society used at their meetings extended across the apartment, and a lamp had been placed upon it. M. D'Hemecourt sat by the lamp. Opposite him was a chair, which seemed awaiting an expected occupant. Beside the old man sat Pauline. They were talking in cautious undertones, and in French.

"No," she seemed to insist; "we do not know that he refuses to come. We only know that Manuel says so."

The father shook his head sadly. "When has he ever stayed away three nights together before?" he asked. "No, my child; it is intentional. Manuel urges him to come, but he only sends poor excuses."

"But," said the girl, shading her face from the lamp and speaking with some suddenness, "why have you not sent word to him by some other person?"

M. D'Hemecourt looked up at his daughter a moment, and then smiled at his own simplicity.

"Ah!" he said. "Certainly; and that is what I will—run, Pauline. There is Manuel, now, ahead of time!"

A step was heard inside the café. The maiden, though she knew the step was not Mazaro's, rose hastily, opened the nearest door, and disappeared. She had barely closed it behind her when Galahad Shaughnessy entered the apartment.

M. D'Hemecourt rose up, both surprised and confused.

"Good-evening, Munsher D'Himecourt," said the Irishman. "Munsher D'Himecourt, I know it's against rules—I say I know it's against rules to come in here, but—" smiling, "I want to have a private wurd with ye. I say, I want to have a private wurd with ye."

In the closet of bottles the maiden smiled triumphantly. She also wiped the dew from her forehead, for the place was very close and warm.

With her father was no triumph. In him sadness and doubt were so mingled with anger that he dared not lift his eyes, but gazed at a knot in the wood of the table, which looked like a caterpillar curled up. Mazaro, he concluded, had really asked the Major to come.

"Mazaro tol' you?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the Irishman. "Mazaro told me I was watched, and asked—"

"Madjor," unluckily interrupted the old man, suddenly looking up and speaking with subdued fervor. "For w'y—iv Mazaro tol' you—for w'y you din come more sooner? Dad is one 'eavy charge again' you."

"Didn't Mazaro tell ye why I didn't come?" asked the other, beginning to be puzzled at his host's meaning.

"Yez," replied M. D'Hemecourt, "bud one brev zhenteman should not be afraid of—"

The young man stopped him with a quiet laugh.

"Munsher D'Himecourt," said he, "I'm nor afraid of any two men living—I say I'm nor afraid of any two men living, and certainly not of the two that's bean a-watchin' me lately."

M. D'Hemecourt flushed in a way quite incomprehensible to the speaker, but he continued:

"It was the charges," he said, with some slyness in his smile. "They're heavy, as ye say, and that's the very reason—I say that's the very reason why I stayed away, ye see, eh? I say that's the very reason I stayed away."

Then, indeed, there was a dew for the maiden to wipe from her brow. The old man was agitated.

"Bud, sir," he began, shaking his head and lifting his hand:

"Bless yer soul, Munsher D'Himecourt," interrupted the Irishman. "Wut's the use o' grapplin' two cut-throats, when—"

"Madjor Shaughnessy!" cried M. D'Hemecourt, losing all self-control. "H-I am nod a cud-troad, Madjor Shaughnessy, h-an I 'ave a r-r-righd to wadge you."

The Major rose from his chair.

"What d'ye mean?" he asked vacantly,

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and then: "Look-ut here, Munsher D'Himecourt, one of uz is crazy. I say one—"

"No, sar-r-r!" cried the other, rising and clenching his trembling fist. "H-I am nod crezzy. I 'ave de righd to wadge dad man wad mague rim-ark aboud me dotter."

"I never did no such a thing."

"You did."

"I never did no such a thing."

"Bud you 'ave jus hacknowledge'."

"I never did no such a *thing*, I tell ye, and the man that's told ye so is a liur."

"Ah-h-h-h!" said the old man, wagging his finger. "Ah-h-h-h! You call Manuel Mazaro one liar?"

The Irishman laughed out.

"Well, I should say so!"

He motioned the old man into his chair, and both sat down again.

"Why, Munsher D'Himecourt, Mazaro's been keepin' me away from heer with a yarn about two Spaniards watchin' for me. That's what I came in to ask ye about. My dear sur, do ye s'pose I wud talk about the goddess—I mean, yer daughter—to the likes o' Mazaro—I say to the likes o' Mazaro?"

To say the old man was at sea would be too feeble an expression—he was in the trough of the sea, with a hurricane of doubts and fears whirling around him. Somebody had told a lie, and he, having struck upon its sunken surface, was dazed and stunned. He opened his lips to say he knew not what, when his ear caught the voice of Manuel Mazaro, replying to the greeting of some of his comrades outside the front door.

"He is comin'!" cried the old man. "Mague you'sev hide, Madjor; do not led 'im kedge you, Mon Dieu!"

The Irishman smiled.

"The little yellow wretch!" said he quietly, his blue eyes dancing. "I'm goin' to catch him."

A certain hidden hearer instantly made up her mind to rush out between the two young men and be a heroine.

"*Non, non!*" exclaimed M. D'Hemecourt excitedly. "Nod in de Café des Exilés—nod now, Madjor. Go in dad door, hif you pliz, Madjor. You will heer 'im w'at he 'ave to say. Mague you'sev de troub'. Nod dad door—diz one."

The Major laughed again and started toward the door indicated, but in an instant stopped.

"I can't go in theyre," he said. "That's yer daughter's room."

"*Oui, oui, mais!*" cried the other softly, but Mazaro's step was near.

"I'll just slip in heer," said the amused Shaughnessy, tripped lightly to the closet door, drew it open in spite of a momentary resistance from within which he had no time to notice, stepped into a small recess full of shelves and bottles, shut the door, and stood face to face—the broad moonlight shining upon her through a small, high-grated opening on one side—with Pauline. At the same instant the voice of the young Cuban sounded in the room.

Pauline was in a great tremor. She made as if she would have opened the door and fled, but the Irishman gave a gesture of earnest protest and re-assurance. The re-opened door might make the back parlor of the Café des Exilés a scene of blood. Thinking of this, what could she do? She stayed.

"You goth a heap-a thro-vle, Señor," said Manuel Mazaro, taking the seat so lately vacated. He had patted M. D'Hemecourt tenderly on the back and the old gentleman had flinched; hence the remark, to which there was no reply.

"Was a bee crowth a' the *Café the Réfugiés*," continued the young man.

"Bud, w'ere dad Madjor Shaughnessy?" demanded M. D'Hemecourt, with the little sternness he could command.

"Mayor Shaughness'—yez-a; was there; boat-a," with a disparaging smile and shake of the head, "*he* woon-a come-a to you, Señor, oh! no."

The old man smiled bitterly.

"*Non?*" he asked.

"Oh, no, Señor!" Mazaro drew his chair closer. "Señor;" he paused,—"eez a-vary bath-a fore-a you thaughter, eh?"

"W'at?" asked the host, snapping like a tormented dog.

"D-theze talkin' 'bou'," answered the young man; "d-theze coffee-howces noth a goo' plaze-a fore hore, eh?"

The Irishman and the maiden looked into each other's eyes an instant, as people will do when listening; but Pauline's immediately fell, and when Mazaro's words were understood, her blushes became visible even by moonlight.

"He's r-right!" emphatically whispered Galahad.

She attempted to draw back a step, but found herself against the shelves. M. D'Hemecourt had not answered. Mazaro spoke again.

"Boat-a you canno' help-a, eh? I know, 'out-a she gettin' marry, eh?"

Pauline trembled. Her father summoned

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all his force and rose as if to ask his questioner to leave him; but the handsome Cuban motioned him down with a gesture that seemed to beg for only a moment more.

"Señor, if a-was one man whath lo-va you' thaughter, all is possiblee to lo-va."

Pauline, nervously braiding some bits of wire which she had unconsciously taken from a shelf, glanced up—against her will, of course—into the eyes of Galahad. They were looking so steadily down upon her that with a great leap of the heart for joy she closed her own and half turned away. But Mazaro had not ceased.

"All is possiblee to lo-va, Señor, you shouth-a let marry hore an' tak'n' 'way frone d'these plaze, Señor."

"Manuel Mazaro," said M. D'Hemecourt, again rising, "you 'ave say enough."

"No, no, Señor; no, no; I want tell-a you—*is* a-one man—*whath lo-va* you' thaughter; an' I *knowce* him!"

Was there no cause for quarrel, after all? Could it be that Mazaro was about to speak for Galahad? The old man asked in his simplicity:

"Madjor Shaughnessy?"

Mazaro smiled mockingly.

"Mayor Shaughness'," he said; "oh, no; not Mayor Shaughness'!"

Pauline could stay no longer; escape she must, though it be in Manuel Mazaro's very face. Turning again and looking up into Galahad's face in a great fright, she opened her lips to speak, but—

"Mayor Shaughness';" continued the Cuban; "*he* nev'r-a lo-va you' thaughter."

Galahad was putting the maiden back with his hand.

"Pauline," he said, "it's a lie!"

"An', Señor," pursued the Cuban, "if a was possiblee you' thaughter to lo-va heem, a-wouth-a be worse-a kine in worlt; but, Señor, *I*——"

M. D'Hemecourt made a majestic sign for silence. He had resumed his chair, but he rose up once more, took the Cuban's hat from the table and tendered it to him.

"Manuel Mazaro, you 'ave——"

"Señor, I goin' tell you——"

"Manuel Mazaro, you——"

"Boat-a, Señor——"

"Bud, Manuel Maz——"

"Señor, escuse-a me——"

"Huzh!" cried the old man. "Manuel Mazaro, you 'ave desceive' me! You 'ave *mocque* me, Manu——"

"Señor," cried Mazaro, "I swear-a to you that all-a what I sayin' ees-a——"

He stopped aghast. Galahad and Pauline stood before him, side by side.

"Is what?" asked the blue-eyed man, with a look of quiet delight on his face, such as Mazaro instantly remembered to have seen on it one night when Galahad was being shot at in the Sucking Calf Restaurant in St. Peter street.

The table was between them, but Mazaro's hand went upward toward the back of his coat collar.

"Ah, ah!" cried the Irishman, shaking his head with a broader smile and thrusting his hand threateningly into his breast; "don't ye do that! just finish yer speech."

"Was-a notthin'," said the Cuban, trying to smile back.

"Yer a liur," said Galahad.

"No," said Mazaro, still endeavoring to smile through his agony; "z-was on'y tellin' Señor D'Hemecourt someteen z-was t-thrue."

"And I tell ye," said Galahad, "ye'r a liur, and to be so kind an' get yersel' to the front stoop, as I'm desiruz o' kickin' ye before the crowd."

"Madjor!" cried D'Hemecourt—

"Go," said Galahad, advancing a step toward the Cuban.

Had Manuel Mazaro wished to personate the prince of darkness, his beautiful face had just the expression for it. He slowly turned, opened the door into the café, sent one glowering look behind and disappeared.

Pauline laid her hand upon her lover's arm.

"Madjor," began her father.

"Oh, Madjor and Madjor," said the Irishman, "Munsher D'Himecourt, just say 'Madjor, heer's a gude wife fur ye,' and I'll let the little serpent go."

Thereupon, sure enough, both M. D'Hemecourt and his daughter, rushing together, did what I have been hoping all along, for the reader's sake, they would have dispensed with; they burst into tears; whereupon the Major, with his Irish appreciation of the ludicrous, turned away to hide his smirk and began good-humoredly to scratch himself first in one place and then in another.

Mazaro passed silently through the group about the door-steps, and not many minutes afterward, Galahad Shaughnessy, having taken a place among the exiles, rose, with the remark, that the old gentleman would doubtless be willing to tell them good-night. Good-night was accordingly said, the Café des Exilés closed her windows, then her doors, winked a moment or two through

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the cracks in the shutters and then went fast asleep.

The Mexican physician, at Galahad's request, told Mazaro that at the next meeting of the burial society, he might and must occupy his accustomed seat without fear of molestation; and he did so.

The meeting took place some seven days after the affair in the back parlor, and on the same ground. Business being finished, Galahad, who presided, stood up, looking, in his white duck suit among his darkly clad companions, like a white sheep among black ones, and begged leave to order "dlasses" from the front room. I say among black sheep; yet, I suppose, than that double row of languid, effeminate faces, one would have been taxed to find a more harmless-looking company. The glasses were brought and filled.

"Gentlemen," said Galahad, "comrades, this may be the last time we ever meet together an unbroken body."

Martinez of San Domingo, he of the horrible experience, nodded with a lurking smile, curled a leg under him and clasped his fingers behind his head.

"Who knows," continued the speaker, "but Señor Benito, though strong and sound and har'ly thirty-seven"—here all smiled—"may be taken ill to-morrow?"

Martinez smiled across to the tall, gray Benito on Galahad's left, and he, in turn, smilingly showed to the company a thin, white line of teeth between his moustachios like distant reefs when the sunlight strikes them from between gray clouds.

"Who knows," the young Irishman proceeded to inquire, "I say, who knows but Pedro, theyre, may be struck wid a fever?"

Pedro, a short, compact man of thoroughly mixed blood, and with an eyebrow cut away, whose surname no one knew, smiled his acknowledgments.

"Who knows?" resumed Galahad, when those who understood English had explained in Spanish to those who did not, "but they may soon need the services not only of our good doctor heer, but of our society; and that Fernandez and Benigno, and Gonzalez and Dominguez, may not be chosen to see, on that very schooner lying at the Picayune Tier just now, their beloved remains and so forth safely delivered into the hands and lands of their people. I say, who knows bur it may be so?"

The company bowed graciously as who should say, "well-turned phrases, Señor—well-turned."

"And *amigos*, if so be that such is their appro-oching fate, I will say:"

He lifted his glass, and the rest did the same.

"I say, I will say to them, Creoles, countrymen, and lovers, boun voyadge an' good luck to ye's."

For several moments there was much translating, bowing, and murmured acknowledgments; Mazaro said: "*Bueno!*" and all around among the long double rank of moustachioed lips amiable teeth were gleaming, some white, some brown, some yellow, like bones in the grass.

"And now, gentlemen," Galahad recommenced, "fellow-exiles, once more. Munsher D'Himecourt, it was yer practice, until lately, to reward a good talker with a dlass from the hands o' yer daughter." (*Si, si!*) "I'm bur a poor speaker." (*Si, si, Señor, s-a-fine-a kin'-a can be; si!*) "However, I'll ask ye, not knowun bur it may be the last time we all meet together, if ye will not let the goddess of the Café des Exilés grace our company with her presence for just about one minute?" (*Yes-a, Señor; si; yez-a; oui.*)

Every head was turned toward the old man, nodding the echoed request.

"Ye see, friends," said Galahad in a true Irish whisper, as M. D'Hemecourt left the apartment, "her poseetion has been a-growin' more and more embarrassin' daily, and the operaytions of our society were likely to make it wurse in the future; wherefore I have lately taken steps—I say I tuke steps this morn to relieve the old gentleman's distresses and his daughter's—"

He paused. M. D'Hemecourt entered with Pauline, and the exiles all rose up. Ah!—but why say again she was lovely?

Galahad stepped forward to meet her, took her hand, led her to the head of the board, and turning to the company, said:

"Friends and fellow-patriots, Misthress Shaughnessy."

There was no outburst of astonishment—only the same old bowing, smiling, and murmuring of compliment. Galahad turned with a puzzled look to M. D'Hemecourt, and guessed the truth. In the joy of an old man's heart he had already that afternoon told the truth to each and every man separately, as a secret too deep for them to reveal, but too sweet for him to keep. They were man and wife.

The last laugh that was ever heard in the Café des Exilés sounded softly through the room.

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"Lads," said the Irishman. "Fill yer dlasses. Here's to the Café des Exilés, God bless her!"

And the meeting slowly adjourned.

Two days later, signs and rumors of sickness began to find place about the Café des Réfugiés, and the Mexican physician made three calls in one day. It was said by the people around that the tall Cuban gentleman named Benito was very sick in one of the back rooms. A similar frequency of the same physician's calls was noticed about the Café des Exilés.

"The man with one eyebrow," said the neighbors, "is sick. Pauline left the house yesterday to make room for him."

"Ah! is it possible?"

"Yes, it is really true; she and her husband. She took her mocking-bird with her; he carried it; he came back alone."

On the next afternoon the children about the Café des Réfugiés enjoyed the spectacle of the invalid Cuban moved on a trestle to the Café des Exilés, although he did not look so deathly sick as they could have liked to see him, and on the fourth morning the doors of the Café des Exilés remained closed. A black-bordered funeral notice, veiled with crape, announced that the great Caller-home of exiles had served his summons upon Don Pedro Hernandez (surname borrowed for the occasion), and Don Carlos Mendez y Benito.

The hour for the funeral was fixed at four P. M. It never took place. Down at the Picayune Tier on the river bank there was, about two o'clock, a slight commotion, and those who stood aimlessly about a small, neat schooner, said she was "seized." At four there suddenly appeared before the Café des Exilés a squad of men with silver crescents on their breasts—police officers. The old cottage sat silent with closed doors, the crape hanging heavily over the funeral notice like a widow's veil, the little unseen garden sending up odors from its hidden censers, and the old weeping-willow bending over all.

"Nobody here?" asks the leader.

The crowd which has gathered stares without answering.

As quietly and peaceably as possible the officers pry open the door. They enter, and the crowd pushes in after. There are the two coffins, looking very heavy and solid, lying in state, but unguarded.

The crowd draws a breath of astonishment. "Are they going to wrench the tops off with hatchet and chisel?"

Rap, rap, rap; wrench, rap, wrench. Ah! the cases come open.

"Well kept?" asks the leader flippantly.

"Oh, yes," is the reply. And then all laugh.

One of the lookers-on pushes up and gets a glimpse within.

"What is it?" ask the other idlers.

He tells one quietly.

"What did he say?" ask the rest, one of another.

"He says they are not dead men, but new muskets—"

"Here, clear out!" cries an officer, and the loiterers go.

The exiles? What became of them, do you ask? Why, nothing; they were not troubled. Said a Chief-of-Police to Major Shaughnessy years afterward:

"Major, there was only one thing that kept your expedition from succeeding—you were too sly about it. Had you come out flat and said what you were doing, we'd never a-said a word to you. But that little fellow gave us the wink, and then we had to stop you."

And was no one punished? Alas! there was one. Poor, pretty, curly-headed, traitorous Mazaro! He was drawn out of Carondelet Canal—cold, dead! And when his wounds were counted—they were just the number of the Café des Exilés' children, less Galahad. But the mother—that is, the old café—did not see it; she had gone up the night before in a chariot of fire.

In the files of the old "Picayune" and "Price-Current" of 1837 may be seen the mention of Galahad Shaughnessy among the merchants—"our enterprising and accomplished fellow-townsman," and all that. But old M. D'Hemecourt's name is cut in marble, and his citizenship is in "a city whose maker and builder is God."

Only yesterday I dined with the Shaughnessys—fine old couple, and handsome. Their children sat about them and entertained me most pleasantly. But there isn't one can tell a tale as their father can—'twas he told me this one. He knows the history of every old house in the French Quarter; or, if he happens not to know a true one, he can make one up as he goes along.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Literary Virility.

ONE of the most notable characteristics of such writers as Shakespeare, Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, is what may be called, for lack of a better word, *virility*. They write like men. There is no dandyism or dilettanteism about them. If they deal with the passion of love, they deal with it heartily; but it is not the only passion which enters into their work. Hate, revenge, avarice, ambition, all play their part. Love is not the only passion that inspires them. It is not regarded as the begin-all, and the end-all, of life. They deal with great questions and large affairs. They find themselves in a world where there is something to be done besides dawdling around petticoats and watching the light that dances in a curl. They do not exhaust themselves on flirtations or intrigues. They enter into sympathy with all the motives that stir society, all the interests that absorb or concern it, and by this sympathy they touch the universal human heart. Their poems and novels are pictures of life in all its phases; and the homely joys of a cottager's fire-side, the humble cares and ambitions of the simple hind, the disgusting "tricks and manners" of social shams, as well as the greedy ambitions of the miser or the politician, are depicted with the same fidelity to fact as the loves and relations of the sexes.

We expect, of course, that a man will write of that which fills him. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A young man will naturally write of love, because that is the master passion with him. Life has only gone to that extent with him. It would be unnatural for him to write of much else, because nothing so powerful as love has thus far entered into his life. It is the most virile thing that he can do. But youth passes away, and, with it, the absorbing character of the passion of love, so far as it concerns him. Then come to him the great affairs, the great questions, the great pursuits of life. For him to revert to, and try to live in, this first period,—to heat over the old broth, to thrash over the old straw, to simulate transports he no longer feels, and to pretend to be absorbed by the petty details of boyish courtship and girlish ways and fancies,—is to compromise, or sacrifice, his manhood. He descends in this to the work of a school-girl, who strives to anticipate what he tries to remember. He turns his back upon the acting, suffering world in which he lives, with all its hopes and despairs, its trials and triumphs, its desires and disappointments, its questions of life and death, its aspirations and temptations, its social, political and religious tendencies and movements, and tries to amuse himself and the world by puerilities of which he ought to be ashamed, and labors strenuously to convict himself of the lack of literary virility.

He is something less than a man who can live in such a world as this, and in this age, and find nothing better to engage his pen than descriptions of ribbons, pouting lips, and divine eyes; who dwells upon the manner in which a woman disposes of her skirts, or complements the color upon her cheek by some deft way of wearing her scarf, and makes up his entire work of the stuff that is to be found among the dreams and dalliances of the sexes. There is quite as much of effeminacy in the choice of literary material as there is in the mode of treating it when chosen. Of course, the man who chooses small topics and small material is the very man to treat them in a small way. He will pet a phrase as he will the memory of a pretty hand. He will toy with words as if they were tresses. In short, he will be a literary dandy, which is quite a different thing from being a literary man.

It is the theory of the literary dandy that love is the only available material for the novel and the poem; but if he will go back to the works of those who are named at the beginning of this article, he will recognize the fact that the characters of most importance, and the incidents of most significance and interest in them, are those with which the passion of love has very little to do. If it existed at all, it was incidental to something greater and more important. Indeed we should say that the least interesting material in any of the novels of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, is that which relates specially to the sexual relations. Mr. Pickwick and Captain Cuttle are worth all the women Dickens ever painted; and the women of Scott are more interesting in themselves than in any of their tender relations. It was the literary virility of these men—their solid, sincere, and consistent manhood—that made them great, and made them universally popular. Where would they be to-day if they had ignored the various life with which they held immediate relations, and confined their pens to the depiction of creations and relations which, in experience, they had forever left behind?

If any reader will compare the scenes of the Last Judgment, as conceived and represented by Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, or the magnificent pictures of Titian in Venice, or the masterly, but coarse, and often offensive, productions of Rubens everywhere, with the petty prettinesses and dainty perfections of Meissonnier, he will understand what we mean by literary virility. The latter painter is, in art, exactly what the dandy is in literature. Even if the things he does are well done, the question whether they are worth doing remains to be answered. Virility in art is more easily to be detected—more easily demonstrable—than in literature, because a grand result can be brought at once under the eye in a picture, but the element is as truly essential and masterful in one as the other. The difference between undertaking to paint the Godhead and the minute delineation of a chasseur—to the very sparkle of his spur—is the difference between the work of a man and that of a dandy.

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We expect young men, young women, and old Frenchmen, to write mostly about love; but this everlasting "harping on my daughter" on the part of mature fathers of families in England and America is simple effeminacy. A man who comes into contact with the world as it is,—with all its great, social, religious, and political questions, its saints and its scamps, its grand realities and shams, its needs and its strifes, and still can find nothing of interest to write about but petty things and pretty things, and the relations of young life from which he is forever removed,—may conclude that the element of virility is seriously lacking in his constitution, and that the best thing he can do is to wipe his pen, put the stopper in his inkstand, lay away his paper, and go into the millinery business.

The Common Schools.

It seems rather late in our history as a nation to be discussing the question whether the State is transcending its legitimate functions in educating its children; yet, by the letters which we read in the newspapers, it appears that there are people who entertain the question in its affirmative phase, and who declare that the duty of education attaches only to the parent. In what interest these men write we do not know,—whether in the interest of their pockets or their religious party. It is exceedingly hard to give them credit for either intelligence or candor. The lessons of history are so plain, the results of universal education have been so beneficent, the ignorance that dwells everywhere where education has been left to the parent and the church is so patent, and so lamentable in every aspect and result, that it seems as if no man could rationally and candidly come to a conclusion adverse to the American policy in this matter. The simple fact that we are obliged to pass laws to keep young children out of factories and bring them to the free schools, shows how utterly indifferent multitudes of parents are concerning the education of their children, and how soon the American nation would sink back into the popular apathy and ignorance which characterize some of the older peoples of the world.

A State is a great, vital organization, endowed by the popular mind with a reason for being, and by the popular will with a policy for self-preservation. This policy takes in a great variety of details. It protects commerce by the establishment of lighthouses, the deepening of channels, the establishment of storm-signals, etc. It ministers in many ways to the development of the country's internal resources. It fosters agriculture. It is careful of all its prosperities and sources of prosperity. It establishes a currency. It organizes and superintends an elaborate postal service. It carries on all the processes of a grand organic life. Our own nation governs itself, and one of the conditions of all good government is intelligence at the basis of its policy. An ignorant people cannot, of course, govern themselves intelligently; and the State, endowed with its instinct, or its policy, of self-preservation, is, and ought to be, more sensitive at this point than at any other. In the minds of the people, the State has the sources of its life; and to those sources, by unerring instinct, our own country has, from the first, looked for its perpetuity.

There is no organization of life, individual and simple, or associated and complex, in which the instinct, impulse, or principle of self-preservation is not the predominant one. We fought the war of the Revolution to establish our nationality, and the war of the Rebellion to maintain it. We have spent, first and last, incalculable blood and treasure to establish and keep our national life intact, and the national policy with relation to public schools is part and parcel of that all-subordinating determination to secure the perpetuity of the State. Men make better citizens for being educated. The higher the popular intellect is raised, the more intelligent and independent will be its vote. The stronger the sources of government, the stronger the government. If the "bayonets that think" are the most potent, the ballots that think are the most beneficent.

The question, then, which has been raised, touching the duty of the State in the matter of popular education, is a question which concerns the life and perpetuity of the State, and is a question, not for a church, not for a parent, or for any subordinate combination of parents, to decide. It is a question for the State to decide,—not, of course, from any humanitarian point of view, but from its own point of view. To put the question into form, that question would read something like this: "Can I, the American State, afford to intrust to heedless or mercenary parents, or to any church organization, which either makes or does not make me subordinate to itself, the education of the children of the nation, when my own existence and best prosperity depend upon the universality and liberality of that education?" There are many other vital questions which the State might ask in this connection,—for patriotism, as a sentiment, grows with the beneficence of the institutions under which it lives. Every victory which our nation has ever won has been a victory of the common school. This has been the nursery, not only of our patriots, but of our soldiers. In the Franco-Prussian war, the universally educated crossed swords with the partially educated, and the latter went to the wall.

This matter of leaving education to parents and to churches is, to use the familiar but expressive slang of the street, "played out." If the advocates of this policy could point to a single well-educated nation on the face of the globe, whose popular intelligence is the result of that policy, they might have some claim to be heard; but no such nation exists. Where priests and parents have had it all their own way for generations and centuries, there is to be found the greatest degree of popular ignorance, and the men whose votes most seriously menace the health and permanence of American institutions and American life are the very men we have imported from those regions. They are the men whom designing demagogues can buy and bribe, and lead whithersoever they will,—men who cannot read the ballots they deposit, and are as ignorant of

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politics as the horses they drive, or the pigs they feed.

We have not taken up this subject because we consider the common schools in danger. They are not in danger. The State will never relinquish its policy in this matter. The common school, as an American institution, will live while America lives. Not only this, but the signs are unmistakable that it is to be more far-reaching in its efforts and results than it ever has been. Popular education is one of the primary functions of the State's life. No democratic government can long exist without it, and our best people are thoroughly confirmed in this conviction. We have taken up the subject simply to show that the State cannot "go back on" its record without the surrender of the policy which grows out of the instinct of all living organizations for self-protection and self-preservation. To surrender this policy would be, not only foolish, but criminal; and there is not one American institution that American people would sooner fight for and die for, than that which secures an educated and intelligent nationality.

Public Halls.

WHEN Jenny Lind came to America twenty-five years ago, more or less, the resources of the country were taxed to their utmost to find places for her to sing in. None of the assembly rooms and auditoriums of New York city, in which concerts and lectures are now given, were in existence then. She sang at Castle Garden and in Tripler Hall, the latter new at the time, but now forgotten, save by the old residents. In the country towns and smaller cities she often sang in churches. Since that day public halls have been built by the thousand. The old, dirty, dingy places in which the low comedian and the negro minstrel held forth have made room for music halls, little theaters, and large assembly rooms, until there is hardly a town containing twenty-five hundred people that does not possess a good hall, well lighted and well seated. This revolution really marks an era in our civilization. It has altered the character of American entertainments and amusements, effected great changes in our social life, and developed social agencies and institutions which materially modify the character of the people. The public hall is common ground for social cliques, political parties, and religious sects, and they have so learned to respect each other by coming into contact within its walls, that the nation is much more sympathetic and homogeneous than it was before the revolution we have noted took place.

It is now possible for any town to receive the visits of the best lecturers and the best public artists of every class. A great singer appears in New York, and the lover of music in the country has only to wait, and the rail will bring her, and the beautiful hall will receive her, near his own door. Mr. Proctor is as much at home in Cleveland, Utica, Troy, Worcester, and Andover, as he is in the metropolis. A brilliant company of actors, after exhausting a play at Booth's, or any of the metropolitan theaters, will run for months among the little cities of the country, and find pleasant theaters to play in, and abundant audiences to receive them. Whole communities are in this way brought into contact with new influences, and introduced to a new life. Intellect, imagination, taste, and social feeling receive development and culture. The marked advance in the musical taste of the country is very largely attributable to the public halls which have rendered first-class musical entertainments possible.

In view of the fact that a certain percentage of the great number of public halls that have been built have imperfect acoustic qualities, and the further fact that new halls are being put up in various parts of the country every year, it would seem desirable that some one who has had a good deal of experience with halls should tell what he has learned about them. The writer of this has probably spoken in five hundred different audience-rooms, and he has never spoken in one that had an echo, or was difficult to speak in, which was amphitheatrical in form, or semicircular in finish. The hard halls, the echoing halls, the halls with "bad places" in them, are always rectangular, so far as he has observed. A rectangular hall may be absolutely perfect, as the old Corinthian Hall in Rochester is remembered to have been; but there seems to be a law of proportion relating to rectangular halls which is not understood by builders. There may be bad halls with the semicircular finish opposite to the stage or rostrum, but we have never seen one.

A great many blunders are made in lighting halls. Especially is this the case when the stage of the theater is made to serve as the rostrum of the lecturer. No audience can sit comfortably and look at a light. Yet a lecturer's face should always be well lighted, and no lecturer can bear foot-lights blazing between him and his audience. A light on his stand is in his way, and in the way of the audience. The lighting should always be from above and from the side. A central chandelier above, and just in front of the stage, and a bracket of lights at either wing, will light a lecturer's face sufficiently, and, if he reads, his manuscript. A hooded light, exactly in front of his manuscript, not more than five inches high, which neither he nor his audience can see, will do good service when other favorable conditions and provisions are wanting. The more diffused light there is in a hall the better. The angel Gabriel could not speak effectively where he could neither see his audience nor be distinctly seen by it. Light seems to be the medium of communication of magnetism and sympathy between the entertainer and the entertained. Too much vacant space should never be behind a speaker. A man is often heard very easily in front of the curtain, who finds it difficult to fill the hall when the curtain is up and the stage open fifteen or twenty feet behind him.

There were formerly halls which had the rostrum between the two doors of entrance. This mistake, for various reasons, is sometimes made at this day; but it is a fatal one. No man should enter a hall in the faces of an audience, especially in a place where "reserved seats" are sold; for of all the unmitigated nuisances in society, he is the worst who

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fancies that he buys, with a reserved seat, the right to enter and disturb an audience at any time in the evening. All noise at, or near, the door of entrance should be as far as possible from the speaker, the singer, and the actor. And as we have introduced the matter of reserved seats, we may as well go farther and say that no reserved seat should ever be sold that carries any right beyond the minute when a performance is announced to begin. The difficulties of hearing in a hall grow more out of the disturbances made by late comers than from acoustic defects in the halls of audience.

THE OLD CABINET.

I WAS talking the other day with a man of high character and position, but of a nature gentle and unassuming, rather than sturdy or trenchant. He was telling me, with great ardor, the best news that a man can communicate with regard to his children, namely, that he was sure that his boys, who had grown old enough for the test, had proved themselves thoroughly honest. He did not use the term in any commonplace or quibbling sense,—it had a full and vital meaning. The talk turned upon this matter of honesty, and its extraordinary scarcity. It has been impressed upon my mind by the circumstance that since our casual meeting, I was startled one morning by the announcement, in the newspapers, of his death. I remember that my friend told me that in his young days,—long before he became a clergyman of the Episcopal Church,—he was engaged in a mercantile business in another city. It was his place to attend to the paying of certain charges or duties upon goods, and sometimes it was necessary for him to correct mistakes that had been made in the interests of the firm. This he did as incident to his office,—but he told me that he knew at the time that if his honesty had been discovered by the reputable house which employed him, he would have lost his place. I cannot say that his own conscientiousness should have carried him farther and made him face the issue with his employers, because I do not know all the circumstances. But the story is valuable as illustrating a certain tone which is felt by young persons employed in many business houses that show an unspotted record to the world.

—WE shall have plenty of self-glorification during this Centennial year. A certain amount of it will be timely in a double sense. It has got to be the fashion in some classes to underrate the country of one's birth. This is the result of two things: conceit and ignorance. Among the most patriotic Americans that we are acquainted with, are two men who were born, one at the top of the map of Europe, and the other at the foot of it. They have a keener and more intelligent and grateful sense of the advantages of America than any Fourth of July parrot that you ever heard chatter about education, liberty, and all the other Institutions. They certainly had wider experience of the comparative advantages of the New and the Old World than the Americans who have skimmed over Europe or boarded long enough in London to catch the Cockney inflection.

A decent amount of glorification, then,—the more intelligent, of course, the better,—is no bad thing at this time.

But the more one knows of the moral and mental caliber of the men who organize rapine, elevate expediency and mediocrity, scout the personal virtues and make the laws at the capital of the nation and the capital of every State in the Union; the more one knows of the manner in which our cities are governed, especially by reformers; the way justice is administered in our courts; the vulgar, selfish, and dishonest methods of a large part of the secular and religious press,—the more, in a word, one knows of the disease below the surface in all this fair outward form, the more one prefers Baunscheidt to Buncombe.

—'TWAS on a pleasant day, some fifteen years ago, that an architect by the name of Baunscheidt was sitting near an open window in his house, in the little village of Endenich, on the Kreuzberg, near Bonn. The gout in his arm ceased its twinges for a while, and he fell asleep. When he woke up, it was to find that a cloud of gnats had settled upon the exposed limb. He brushed them away, and that was the end of the matter, until a few hours afterward an eruption appeared; which after some time disappeared, and with it the whole, or a great part, of the pain from which Mr. B. had been suffering. Our gouty architect, being of an investigating turn of mind, set himself to work to discover, if might be, the connection between the gnats and the cure, and the result was a small and curious instrument somewhat resembling an air-gun, by means of which twenty-four needles are shot into the skin of the patient, after which the oil of ants is applied, an eruption takes place and he is cured, according to the inventor, of pretty much any one of the usual mortal ailments.

A New York physician went to see the ingenious architect at his home on the Kreuzberg, when he told him the tale here told to you. Baunscheidt's "Lebenswecker," if it does not cure everything, has been found effective in the hands of several American physicians, in many stubborn cases of rheumatism and neuralgia.

—AND YET, when Mr. James Russell Lowell lately applied that many-pointed instrument to the national epidermis, the family and friends of the patient made a great and ridiculous hubbub; here, they said, is a doctor who does not know his business; behold, cried they, a piece of ignorant and brutal quackery.

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One tender-hearted but silly fellow went so far as to publish a poetical address to Mr. Lowell, expressing a sense of injury and surprise that that high poet should step down from his pedestal and fall to abusing his country in such a low and unexampled fashion. But he did not give the poet up entirely; he might live to see the error of his ways, and still do something which the gentleman of the address could conscientiously (and, we suppose, poetically) approve.

Some minds find it strangely difficult to understand that the great hater and the great lover can exist as one person. The carper, the croaker, the man with the "melancholy liver complaint," nobody need listen to. But when the writer of our one great national poem sounds a note like that of Lowell's in "The World's Fair, 1876," and "Tempora mutantur," only the ignorant can doubt that he has a right to be heard. But in what age or country were the prophets not stoned in the streets?

—Now, here is John Burroughs. Why does not some one stone *him* in the streets for daring to criticise his country in the very face and eyes of the Centennial? "England," quoth he, "is a mellow country, and the English people are a mellow people. They have hung on the tree of nations a long time, and will, no doubt, hang as much longer. * * * We are pitched several degrees higher in this country. By contrast, things here are loud, sharp, and garish. Our geography is loud, the manners of the people are loud; our climate is loud, very loud, so dry and sharp, and full of violent changes and contrasts." Hear him! he even speaks disrespectfully of our climate; certainly, that is worse than what Mr. Lowell says about Tweed. But, behold the wanderer's return! How good things looked to him after even so brief an absence! "The brilliancy, the roominess, the deep transparent blue of the sky, the clear, sharp outlines, the metropolitan splendor of New York, and especially of Broadway; and, as I walked up that great thoroughfare and noted the familiar physiognomy and the native nonchalance and independence, I experienced the delight that only the returned traveler can feel,—the instant preference of one's own country and countrymen over all the rest of the world."

—It is very refreshing to read descriptions of nature which are neither sentimental nor patronizing. John Burroughs is one of the half dozen, or less, American prose writers who are now adding anything vital, by means of books, to the thought and life of this country. What he says of the writings of another is true of his own—they give "a new interest in the fields and woods, a new moral and intellectual tonic, a new key to the treasure-house of nature." Much has been said in praise of the man who can teach us how to make two blades of grass grow where one has grown before. There can be no doubt that higher praise is due him who shows us how to gain something better than hay from that green blade. The art of happiness seems in danger of being lost. Our religion, which should be a joy-bringer, is too often a source of misery and remorse. Perplexity, discontent and pain dog the steps of the follower of pure art. But we can all go out of doors, and be happy if we give ourselves up to the teaching and example of such a master as the author of "Winter Sunshine." Perhaps, while out of doors and happy, we may stumble upon a more genuine art, and a healthier religion.

—To return to the subject with which we started—there is a definition of honesty in Sir Thomas Wyatt's letters to his son, that widens the word so that it may well cover the entire conduct of life. The Honesty which the courtier-poet inculcates is, "Wisdom, Gentleness, Soberness, desire to do Good, Friendliness to get the love of many, and Truth above all the rest. A great part," he says, "to have all these things is to desire to have them. And although glory and honest name are not the very ends wherefore these things are to be followed, yet surely they must needs follow them as light followeth fire, though it were kindled for warmth." Again, says the poet; "If you will seem honest, be honest; or else seem as you are. Seek not the name without the thing; nor let not the name be the only mark you shoot at: that will follow though you regard it not; yea! and the more you regard it, the less." "Honest name," says Sir Thomas, "is goodly; but he that hunteth only for that, is like him that had rather seem warm than be warm, and edgeth a single coat about with a fur." "Seekest thou great things for thyself?" says Jeremiah, "Seek them not." And Emerson in his last book: "What you *are* stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary."

The subject of originality in literature may be discussed under three general heads: 1st, accidental resemblance of thought; 2d, appropriation and assimilation of thought, conscious or unconscious; 3d, imitation of form, conscious or unconscious.

It is only the shallow critic who mistakes the meaning of the phrase original, and is forever detecting quotation or plagiarism. There are more parallel passages, and there is less plagiarism, in the world than most persons dream of. The simple fact is, that all truth is one; whoever has the genius to break through the shells of things and make his way into their very center and heart, brings back the same report as his deep-seeing neighbor. The character of the report varies with the individual; but sometimes it happens to vary little or not at all from his neighbor's story, and then comes the unwise critic with his charge of larceny.

As for actual borrowing, the "assimilating power" of original minds, the final word on this subject seems to have been said, either originally or by quotation, in Emerson's late essay on "Quotation and Originality," although Emerson and Lowell had each already nearly covered the ground Doubtless the commentator's business of finding the original suggestion for every passage in the most famous books has been overdone. It seems to be true, however, that the greatest writers have been the most gigantic borrowers. But says Emerson, "Genius borrows nobly." He quotes Marmontel's "I pounce on

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what is mine, wherever I find it," and Bacon's "I take all knowledge to be my province," and Landor's retort that Shakespeare was "more original than his originals." Says Lowell: "Chaucer, like Shakespeare, invented almost nothing. Wherever he found anything directed to Geoffrey Chaucer, he took it and made the most of it." The question, according to Lowell, is whether an author have original force enough to assimilate all he has acquired, or that be so over-mastering as to assimilate *him*. "If the poet turn out the stronger, we allow him to help himself from other people with wonderful equanimity." That is the point. Let your little man try this game, and see what will come of it!

Now as to the matter of form. There are two kinds of imitation in art—one the habit of small and superficial minds, the other of profound and poetic natures. It is not very difficult to tell which is which. The shallow critic is shown as often by his mistaking the natural imitation of an original mind for empty echo, as he is in mistaking pretentious copies for great originals. But on this subject Shelley has expressed the exact thought of all persons of experience and insight with regard to the special art of which he was a great master, and therefore a great critic. "As to imitation," he says, "poetry is a mimetic art. It creates, but it creates by combination and representation. * * * * One great poet is a masterpiece of nature, which another not only ought to study, but must study. * * * * A poet is the combined product of such internal powers as modify the nature of others; and of such external influences as excite and sustain these powers; he is not one, but both. Every man's mind is, in this respect, modified by all the objects of nature and art; by every word and every suggestion which he ever admitted to act upon his consciousness; it is the mirror upon which all forms are reflected, and in which they compose one form. Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians, are, in one sense, the creators, and in another, the creations, of their age. From this subjection the loftiest do not escape."

While the greatest writers are, in a certain fine sense, imitative, they are especially so in the earliest and most impressible stages of their development—when the imitation is sometimes of set purpose, and sometimes totally unconscious. An interesting and generally unsuspected case of youthful imitation may be found among the early poems of Longfellow, apparently written under the influence of Thanatopsis—a poem which appears in that remarkable first book of Bryant's. This volume contains also "The Water-Fowl" and a number of Bryant's most celebrated poems. The author's copyright, it has been said, brought him, all told, about the sum of $8.

—I HAVE thought an interesting and instructive essay might be written on the defects in the celebrated works of genius. Not for the mere purpose of pointing them out,—Heaven forbid!—but to show of how little consequence they are. One might think such a lesson altogether trite and unnecessary; but every once in a while the community is subject to the disturbance of some noisy tyro who has found "defects" in Dante, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or some other man not so famous, but whose artistic personality the world likes, and likes for good reasons. The fact is, that there are few or no perfect works of art; and the grander the work in physical and spiritual dimensions, and in its impression upon mankind, the more apt are defects to show themselves. In a sense, surely, the mightiest creation we know anything about—the thing that we call Creation itself—is full of and loaded down with defects. Minds that dwell unduly upon the defects, great or small, in works of art, betray thereby their own narrowness and lack of power. The successive generations of gentle and discriminative souls that we call "the world" find no stumbling-block in the defects of genius, and take no interest in those of mediocrity.

In the new book about and by the English painter Haydon, just now attracting attention, is a remark on this subject which is to the point. Haydon's son and biographer asks what painter's works are without imperfections: Titian, Carlo Dolci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Guido, The Caracci, Velasquez, Murillo, Correggio, Reynolds? "All the painted works that ever were are more or less imperfect. There is only a portion of excellence in the finest of them, and that is what we have to search out and study. Having once traced that, we may look for defects if we please. That is the lowest step, not the first in criticism."

THE career of Haydon affords encouragement to those interested in art in this country. If not as great a painter as Wordsworth and others thought him, he doubtless had more force and originality than those by whom he was opposed, and had certainly better views on art than most Englishmen of his time.* He did more than any other man to secure the Elgin marbles to the nation, and to establish their position in the estimation of the world. He advocated and put in practice correct principles of art instruction, making the human figure the basis of study; he urged the establishment of public schools of design on the principle of governmental *aid*, but not *direction*; and in season and out of season he took the side of high, imaginative art in opposition to mere portrait painting and pot-boiling. It should be added that he was an enthusiast, and had a most galling and indiscreet way of telling the truth. Such poets as Wordsworth, Keats, and Mrs. Browning wrote sonnets to him; the nobility and "art patrons" of that day neglected him; the Academy not only had no room for him in its ranks, but fought him tooth and nail; and, finally, driven to the wall, beaten, disheartened, perplexed, he ended a generous and earnest life by his own desperate hand.

* It is to be hoped that some competent critic will give us a fresh estimate of Haydon's qualities as a painter. The sketches that his son has had reproduced in the present volumes are, most of them, singularly disappointing, and the same may be said in general of those engravings from his works with which we are familiar in this country. The English edition is imported by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

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But it is evident enough that the part which the Academy played in this tragedy was not an abnormal one.

It would be strange indeed if in every Academy of Art there were not wise and liberal men; and these may even constitute a numerical majority. But the tendency of Academies as institutions,—the influence of the class of artists who give the tone to the official action,—seems to be inevitably in the direction of monopoly and obstruction.

Human nature is the same in London, Paris, and New York. The new man, if he is subservient to the reigning influences, need not be kept down. The new man, with his own strong, creative individuality, is an offense in the nostrils. And he may well be an offense,—for his success means death to the powers that be. Between Academic precedent and stupidity and error, and young originality, and genius and truth, there can be no compromise.

Or, to put it in another way,—for the new men are not always men of talent, nor are all the obstructionists by any means dull,—the supremacy of new and strange methods (strange to the Academy if not to art) is by no means an issue to be calmly awaited by those who have led, and are leading, the vogue. It is a question, not of prestige only, but of dollars and cents.

I have said that the new man, subservient to the reigning influences, need not be kept down; but there is still another motive which, sometimes unconsciously, and sometimes avowedly, leads to unfriendliness, and even to direct opposition. It is the same motive that in former times restricted the number of apprentices in the trades. "Why," it is asked, "should we educate a lot of young people to take the bread out of our mouths?"

The English Academy knew what it was about when it fought Haydon and his revolutionary principles.

The French Academy knew what it was about when for years it kept Rousseau away from the sight and appreciation of its own public,—Rousseau, with his deep and tender sense of the nature that one sees out of doors, instead of the faded and garish creature of the ateliers.

The spectacle presented to-day in New York of an Academy which has succeeded in driving its pupils away from its own well-equipped galleries to seek at oppressive cost a bare but hospitable asylum in a deserted photograph gallery,—such a spectacle would be discouraging, indeed, had not experience proved that from institutions such as the National Academy of Design the young art of a nation cannot hope for generous and intelligent support.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Rural Topics.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR LAYING OUT SMALL PLACES.

ON my way to town one morning a few weeks ago, I happened to come across an old friend, of whom I had lost sight for several years. Our accidental meeting after so long a separation brought back to both of us numerous incidents of our early friendship; and, in comparing notes of the singular changes that have taken place, I learned, to my surprise, that my friend was a married man, living in easy circumstances—having, as he expressed it, a treasure of a wife and four children, and all of them highly delighted at the prospect of moving to the country in the spring. He then informed me that he had leased a place for five years, with the privilege of buying at a fixed price at the termination of the lease. This country home contained one acre of ground, with a new cottage and barn upon it, situated upon the line of the New Jersey Central Railroad, and just forty minutes by steam from New York. My friend's plans were to move out to his new home in the spring, and he was fully bent on making it his permanent place of residence, provided that the place and surroundings suited his fancy, and the locality was not infested with mósquitoes, or fever and ague. He said, in response to a question, that there wasn't a stick or a stone laid down on the place in the way of improvement, outside of good substantial board fences on two sides and the rear of the lot, with a neat picket fence in front of the house, the latter standing back one hundred and twenty feet from the sidewalk. "Now that I am really going there," said my friend, "I want to turn every foot of the ground to the best advantage, and, if possible, make it attractive as well as productive—if I can do so without spending a fortune in the attempt, and without learning, when it is too late, that my strawberries and green peas will cost me four times the price that I could buy them for in the neighboring market." In making some further inquiry about what he had mapped out, I found that his idea was, in a general way, to have the ground in front of and around the house laid down to grass; farther back between the house and barn (the latter stands in the rear of the lot), to lay out a good-sized vegetable and fruit garden, especially for small fruits; for, said he, "in their season I want plenty of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, and currants, on the table three times a day. If with these, when the ground is enriched and properly prepared, I can grow apples, pears, peaches, and cherries, besides having the luxury of pure fresh milk and eggs daily, it will be an achievement that I will feel proud of, I can assure you. However, besides these useful products, and my enthusiasm in the endeavor to produce them, I must not forget the promise I made my wife, that she should have good, dry, and serviceable walks around the house and barn, and also a spot here and there in the grass-plat for her

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special purpose, where she can 'potter' with her heart's content with some flowering shrubs, annuals, and things that will grow and bloom through the fine weather. Some such things as these, with a few vines and climbing-roses to plant in front of the piazza, will more than satisfy her. Now," said the novice, "I have given you a brief outline of what I think I want, and in return I want you, as an old friend who understands these matters about gardening and fruit-growing and their practical workings, to tell me just how to begin, without spending too much money or spending it foolishly. However, I want the work done in such a way that when it is finished it will be thorough and lasting. This information you can give me verbally, or else write it out and let it come through SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. Coming through this channel, hundreds of novices will be benefited as well as myself, by such practical suggestions about laying out and planting the ground around suburban homes."

With the view of presenting some useful hints on practical gardening to beginners situated as my friend is, I propose to give from time to time in the MONTHLY, seasonable directions about fruit and flower-growing, offering in advance of planting time approved lists of large and small fruits, flowers, and vegetables, with such other matter as may seem desirable.

GARDEN WALKS.—In starting to lay out and put to rights a new place, either in the town or country, one of the first steps to be taken is to plan for serviceable garden walks. These should be constructed in such a way that they are always free from mud or stagnant water, no matter how much rain may fall in a given time, or what the condition of the weather may be at any season of the year. To attain these ends, thorough drainage is imperative. The cheapest and best way to do this is to dig out the soil the width of the walk, and to a depth of about two and a half feet. At this depth begin by laying a foundation layer of large stones, fitted closely together. A second layer, smaller in size, should follow the first, and so on, having each succeeding layer of stones smaller in size than the preceding one, until the space is filled nearly level with the surrounding surface. A top coating of coarse cinders, and these covered with a few inches in depth of gravel and fine sand, will complete the job, and will give a substantial walk, that will always be dry underfoot. It will improve the walk and the appearance at the same time, if the clinkers and the sand on the top are rolled down firmly; and in the course of a week or two, when the material settles, it may be found necessary to add some more gravel and sand, to even the surface.

DRAINING.—Gardening is a simple art, if the conditions are just right. These are, in general terms, thorough drainage (natural or artificial), deep culture, and heavy manuring. With these right to start, and with good seeds and ordinary culture, the results are usually satisfactory. But, if one or more of these conditions is neglected, the crops are discouragingly uncertain. When the soil is of a sandy loam, with a gravelly or open subsoil, artificial drainage will be an unnecessary expense; but, if you have a clay loam, with a tenacious subsoil retentive of water, underdrain by all means, before starting, either to lay down a grass-plat, or prepare for a vegetable or fruit garden. Underdraining has of late years become so general in almost every section of the country, that it would seem superfluous to give minute details for this kind of work. It may be well, however, to state that for ordinary purposes, when there is sufficient fall to carry the water off, two-inch sole or round pipe tiles are considered the best for garden or field use. Next to these, common hemlock boards "ripped" through the center, and then nailed together in the form of the letter A, will answer any purpose. The distance apart, and the depth at which underdrains should be made, depend on the character of the soil. On ordinary clay soils, thirty feet between the drains and two and a half feet deep will be just about right.

The important points in laying drain-pipes are, 1st, to have a solid and level bottom to lay the pipes or boards upon, with sufficient fall to carry off the water; and, 2d, to cover over securely the "joints" of the pipes, by an inverted sod or other material, before filling in the soil, so as to prevent the fine silt from working into the drain and obstructing the passage of water.

HOW TO MAKE A LAWN.—There is nothing that will add so much to the general attractiveness of a town or country home, as a properly kept plat of grass. It makes no matter how small in size it may be; if kept cut often enough, it becomes a constant source of pleasure to the owner. In laying out new suburban places, the grass-plat around the house is usually made up by sodding. This is not by any means the cheapest or best way to get a stand of grass for garden decoration. Sods for this purpose are, as a rule, cut from some worn-out pasture, neglected public "common," or may be the roadside—places where the finer qualities of grasses have, perhaps, long since been crowded out by the rank growth of the coarser sorts—grasses wholly unfitted for lawn purposes. The surest way, although it may take a longer time, is to sow the seed of an approved selection of grasses that are known to make a good turf, and that will, if frequently cut, give that velvety surface for which English lawns are noted. It should be clearly understood that these finer qualities of grasses will only thrive on soil in good heart. It will be time and money thrown away to sow these grasses on poor soil. The soil should be made deep, mellow, and rich, by frequent stirrings and liberal applications of well-rotted yard manure, bone-dust, or superphosphate of lime. These fertilizers should be thoroughly mixed in with the surface soil before the grass seed is sown. This can readily be done while smoothing and leveling the top of the ground, and then may be sown thickly the following list of grasses: Kentucky Blue Grass (*Poa pratensis*), Red Top Grass (*Agrostis vulgaris*), Sweet-Scented Vernal (*Anthoxanthum odoratum*), and Creeping Bent Grass (*Agrostis stolonifera*). These should be mixed in about equal parts, and sowed broadcast and raked in

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with common wooden rakes. At the same time of sowing these, sow with them a small quantity of Red Clover seed, and scatter some common oats over the ground; then roll the surface and remove any stones or other obstructions. The oats will germinate in a week or ten days, and if kept cut back will keep the surface green the early part of the first summer. The Red Clover will take its place in the fall, and will keep the lawn green and fresh-looking, until the grass seed takes root and begins to tiller.

How to Manage Grass Plats.—During the first and second season, the grass plat, by the kind of care it receives, may be made an eye-sore, or a spot of beauty. Frequent cutting and winter protection are absolutely necessary. The lawn-mowers, now within the reach of every one, make grass cutting on the lawn anything but hard work. During the first growing season, one should go over the young grass with the mower at least once in every ten days. Later in the summer, in spots where the grass is coming in sparsely, a forkful of yard manure should be scattered. Cut at intervals of ten days; it is policy to leave the cut grass on the surface as a mulch. Later in the fall, before cold weather sets in, the grass plat may be covered over with horse or yard manure, the coating to be left on until the following spring, when the coarser part may be removed by the rake. This will leave the ground in excellent condition for the next year's growth.

P. T. Q.

A Family Journal.

In a certain farm-house twenty years ago a great blank-book was kept, and labeled Home Journal. Every night somebody made an entry in it. Father set down the sale of the calves, or mother the cutting of the baby's eye-tooth; or, perhaps, Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night; or Bob the proceedings of the Phi Beta Club; or Tom scrawled "Tried my new gun. Bully. Shot into the fence and Johnson's old cat."

On toward the middle of the book there was an entry of Jenny's marriage, and one of the younger girls had added a description of the brides-maids' dresses, and long afterward there was written, "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand. There was a blank of many months after that.

But nothing could have served better to bind that family of headstrong boys and girls together than the keeping of this book. They come back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother who is still living, and turn over its pages reverently with many a hearty laugh, or the tears coming into their eyes. It is their childhood come back again in visible shape.

There are many other practical ways in which home ties can be strengthened and made more enduring for children, and surely this is as necessary and important a matter in the management of a household as the furnishing of the library or chambers in good taste, or the accumulation of bric-à-brac. One most direct way is the keeping of anniversaries; not Christmas, Easter, nor the Fourth of July alone, but those which belong to that one home alone. The children's birthdays, their mother's wedding day, the day when they all came into the new home. There are a hundred cheerful, happy little events which some cheerful and happy little ceremony will make a life-long pleasure. The Germans keep alive their strong domestic attachments by just such means as these: it seems natural and right to their children that all the house should be turned topsy-turvy with joy at Vater or Mutter's Geburtstag; while to the American boy or girl it is a matter of indifference when his father and mother were born. We know a house in which it is the habit to give to each servant a trifling gift on the anniversary of their coming into the family; and, as might be expected, these anniversaries return for many years. Much of the same softening, humanizing effect may be produced by remembering and humoring the innocent whims and peculiarities of children. Among hard-working people it is the custom too often to bring up a whole family in platoons and to marshal them through childhood by the same general, inflexible rules. They must eat the same dishes, wear the same clothes, work, play, talk, according to the prescribed notions of father or mother. When right or wrong is concerned, let the rule be inexorable; but when taste, character, or stomach only is involved, humor the boy. Be to Tom's red cravat a little blind; make Will the pudding that he likes, while the others choose pie. They will be surer of your affection than if you sentimentalized about a mother 's love for an hour. Furthermore, do not grow old yourself too soon. Buy chess-boards, dominoes, bagatelle; learn to play games with the boys and girls; encourage them to ask their friends to dinner and tea, and take care that your dress and the table be pretty and attractive, that the children may be ashamed of neither.

"Why should I stay at home in the evening?" said a lad the other day. "Mother sits and darns stockings or reads Jay's Devotions; father dozes, and Maggy writes to her lover. I'll go where I can have fun." Meanwhile father and mother were broken-hearted because Joe was "going to ruin," which was undoubtedly the fact.

Old Clothes and Cold Victuals.

Now that we have all left the general season of yearly gift-giving, months behind us, we suggest to mothers and housekeepers whether it is not too much their custom to make it only a yearly matter. On Christmas the poor are suddenly exalted on a pedestal of woes, which the pulpit and press urge us to consider; our sympathies overflow to this or that hospital or asylum. Like Scrooge, we frantically order home turkeys or barrels of flour to the nearest pauper, or heap dolls and candies on the washerwoman's barefoot children. Now all this is very well, and no doubt we are brought by it, as we suppose, into closer communion with the spirit of our Master. But the pauper's children are just as cold and needy in February as December. You cannot clothe the naked and feed the hungry by

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flinging them an alms once a year as you would a bone to a dog.

There is a pretty story of a French country family, which every mother should read to teach her the true practical method of charity. She would learn how, in the careful pious French woman's *ménage*, no scrap of clothing or food is suffered to go to waste; and how the value of old garments is doubled by their being cut and altered to fit the poor children to whom they are given. We propose that every housekeeper who reads this shall begin to make of this year a prolonged Christmas. Let her first find one or more really needy families who are willing to work, and therefore deserve such help as she can give. This is a much safer outlet for her charity than any agency or benevolent society. In every household there is a perpetual stock of articles—clothes, bedding, furniture—too shabby for use, and which in the great majority of cases are torn up, thrown away, or become the perquisites of greedy servants already overpaid. As soon as the house-mother has some definite live objects of charity in her mind, it is astonishing how quickly these articles accumulate, and how serviceable they become by aid of a patch here, or tuck there, sewed by her own skilled fingers. Our children should each be allowed to give away their own half-worn clothes or toys. The shoes or top given in the fullness of their little hearts to some barefoot Mary or Bob whom they know, will teach them more of the spirit and practice of Christian charity than a dozen missionary boxes full of pennies for the far-off heathen. The same oversight should be exercised by the mother of a family in the matter of food. Enough wholesome provision, it is safe to say, is wasted in the kitchen of every well-to-do American family to feed another of half its size. Very few ladies will tolerate regular back-gate beggars, and the cold meat, bread, etc., go into the garbage cart, because nobody knows precisely what to do with them. A woman of society, or one with dominant æsthetic tastes, will very likely resent the suggestion that she should give half an hour daily to the collection and distribution of this food to her starving neighbors. But if they go unfed, what apology will it be for her in the time of closing accounts that her weekly receptions were the most agreeable in town? If she would establish, for instance, a big soup digester on the back of her range, and insist that all bones or scraps should go into it, her own hands could serve out nourishing basins of broth to many a famishing soul the winter round, and really it would be as fine a deed as though she had conquered Chopin on the ivory keys.

Blunders in the Sick-Room.

A MATTER often neglected in a sick-room, and yet very important, is the dress of the nurse. A patient is not likely to tell the affectionate relative "hovering around his bedside" that her dress is such an outrage on taste that it makes him melancholy to look at it. He tries to fix his gaze upon some other object,—even the medicine bottles are more lovely to his view,—but his eyes will wander back again to the horrible fascination of that costume. The dingy old dress that has been discarded and hung in the garret is not a proper one in which to robe one's self for the office of nurse. A short flannel sacque and felt skirt may be an economical costume, but is not particularly charming. As for the dismal, poverty-stricken shawls, with which ladies delight to array themselves in sick-rooms, one wonders where they came from. They are never seen or heard of at any other time. They appear and disappear mysteriously like malevolent spirits. Some ladies have a fancy for tying up their heads at such times in faded veils, or handkerchiefs of fearful construction. People in health would not remain an hour in the presence of such a sight, but the helpless patient suffers in silence. The most suitable dress for the sick-room in winter is a dark, washable, woolen wrapper, not flowing loose, but belted in neatly at the waist, and finished at wrists and neck with narrow linen ruffling, and with a linen necktie. Tasteful white linen aprons are pretty and serviceable. At night, if necessary, throw around the shoulders a decent shawl. Even in summer, when calico wrappers are worn through the day, it will be found comfortable to change at night to the woolen fabric. Wear slippers, or warm boots made of felt, or of any soft material that does not make a noise.

A want of sympathy on the part of a nurse is like a perpetual cold bath to a patient. This is not a very common blunder. But the opposite is so common, that it may sometimes become a question in the patient's mind whether he would not prefer absolute coldness. To be continually dodging around the bed, and pouncing upon every object that is not at right angles, smoothing out the sheet, and dabbing at the pillows, and saying a dozen times an hour: "How do you feel *now?*" "Don't you want something to eat?" "Can I do anything for you?" "Let me bathe your head!"—is enough to drive a sick man wild. He feels that he would like to ask you to go away and hold your tongue; but he knows that all this fidgeting is prompted by affection, so he holds *his* tongue instead, and bears it all with what measure of patience nature has bestowed upon him. In point of fact, the sick person is generally very ready to tell his wants. His food and drink and physic are the momentous matters of the day to him, and will not be forgotten. He is likely to tell you when he feels better. He is sure to tell you when he feels worse.

Worse than all these things is the long, solemn face in a sick-room. It is hard for a troubled heart to put on a cheerful countenance, and it is no wonder that nurses so often fail in this. But we have known persons who thought that a cheerful face and a bright smile in a sick-room were indications of a hard heart.

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CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Lowell's "Among My Books." (Second Series.)*

ALL who have at heart the interests of American literature must rejoice at receiving a new volume from Professor Lowell's pen; and the dissatisfied Professor Wilkinson himself must admit that it is the best prose book ever published by this poet. It contains his keenest and broadest criticism, his best wit, his most varied knowledge, and his most mature and harmonious writing. He still lays himself open to the charge of being sometimes, as a critic, arbitrary, whimsical, and over-vehement in censure; and of being, as a writer, uneven in his finish, and not quite patient enough of labor to master his own marvelous wealth. But that all these defects are at a minimum in this book, and his merits at a maximum, must be fairly recognized at the outset.

Indeed, the very selection of his present topics carries us into the purest air of literature, and guarantees some immunity from personalities. Mr. Lowell, it must be frankly said, can never quite be trusted to deal with his contemporaries. He came forward into literary manhood at a time when the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" were considered good models, when Poe wrote criticisms, and the method of the bowie-knife prevailed strongly in English and American literature. The young poet came in for his share of this influence, and it is indelibly stamped on his "Fable for Critics." Our literature has outgrown this fault, through sheer breadth and compass; but Lowell has never quite shed it, and the least agreeable pages in his volume of "My Study Windows" are those in which he devotes himself to the worrying of shy and lonely poets, like Percival and Thoreau, or to experiments *in corpore vili*, like his dissection of Mr. W. C. Hazlitt. With one unfortunate exception,—to be mentioned presently,—this volume affords no opportunity for such treatment; it relates to some of the very highest themes in literature, and to themes which few men living are better qualified to discuss.

We must frankly admit, however, that we find great inequality in these essays—an inequality not attributable to the interval of time between the different parts, though this interval covers ten years or more, but to other causes. And it may be well to begin, after the fashion of reviewers, with the chapter we like least, that on Milton.

The immediate theme of this essay is a series of volumes relating to Milton, and published by Professor Masson of Edinburgh. Mr. Lowell says, with more or less justice, of this worthy editor: "I think he made a mistake in his very plan, or else was guilty of a misnomer in his title" (page 266). But this is exactly the criticism that the reader is disposed to bring against Mr. Lowell's essay. It is called an essay on Milton; yet it is, from the beginning almost to the end, simply a sharp diatribe against Mr. Masson as a literary workman. And, by a singular fatality, the American critic lays himself open to precisely the most serious charges brought against the Scottish author. He complains of Professor Masson for prolixity, and reiterates the charge with such laboriousness of statement, page after page, that not even the play of wit can save the prolonged arraignment from becoming tedious. He points out the difficulty of finding Milton among the profuse details of his biographer, forgetful of the fact that Milton plays almost as subordinate a part in the pages of the criticism. Finally, he devotes whole paragraphs to the superfluous task of proving that the Scottish editor does not always write in good taste; and then allows himself to say of Milton: "A true Attic bee, he *made boot on every lip* where there was a taste of truly classic honey" (page 271). The italics are our own.

And even had none of these unlucky parallelisms occurred, there are still some laws of courtesy which should prevail, if not between professor and professor, at least between authors of established position. Professor Masson is not a literary poacher or pettifogger; he belongs to the community of scholars, and has performed much literary labor, as honest and honorable as that of Mr. Lowell himself. Evidence of this may be found in his many books, and in his editorship of "Macmillan's Magazine." He has also done a noble work in his Professorship at Edinburgh, where he has accomplished what the united Faculty of Harvard College have thus far failed in doing, for he has created among his own students an ardent love for the study of Belles-Lettres. This affords, of course, no reason for withholding fair criticism; but it affords a reason for surrounding that criticism with all the courtesy that literary skill can command. Professor Lowell has absolutely no right to deal with Professor Masson as the "Saturday Review" might deal with an American poet, or "The Nation" with a Sophomore.

Passing to the other essays, we find that on Wordsworth one of the very best ever written on that difficult theme; incomparably more penetrating and thoughtful than that of Mr. Whipple, with which it has been compared; and only liable to criticism in some points where the generalization seems hasty, and particular poems appear to have been overlooked or ignored. When he compares Wordsworth to "those saints of Dante who gather brightness by revolving on their own axis" (p. 250); when he says, "groping in the dark passages of life, we come upon some axiom of his, as it were a wall that gives us our bearings and enables us to find an outlet" (p. 250); when he says of "The Excursion," that "Wordsworth had his epic mold to fill, and, like Benvenuto Cellini in casting his Perseus, was forced to throw in everything, debasing the metal, lest it should run short" (p. 238); when he speaks of "the historian of Wordsworthshire"

* Among My Books. Second Series. By James Russell Lowell, Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

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(p. 240); when he describes the double life of the poet, as of Jeremiah and his scribe Baruch (p. 245); —he says things that could not be bettered, and there are many such things in the essay. There are also very many delicious *obiter dicta*, as, where he says of Goethe's *Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*, that "the lines, as if shaken down by a momentary breeze of emotion, drop lingeringly one after another like blossoms upon turf" (p. 214); or, where he describes the German poet Klopstock, whom Wordsworth visited, as "the respectable old poet, who was passing the evening of his days by the chimney-corner, Darby and Joan-like, with his respectable Muse" (p. 222). But, when Mr. Lowell says dogmatically of Wordsworth that "he had no dramatic power" (p. 240), we would take leave to recall to the critic's memory that extraordinary poem, "The Affliction of Margaret," than which nothing of Browning's is more absolutely real in its intensity, more utterly detached from all the individuality of Wordsworth, and all his actual or supposable experiences; than which not one of Mr. Lowell's favorite Scottish ballads has traits of more simple and picturesque vigor. Again, when he says that Wordsworth "never attained" to "severe dignity and reserved force" in his blank verse, we would venture to remind him of that glorious fragment: "There is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale"—a poem which, for imagination and rhythm, is, to our thinking, far beyond Keats, beyond Landor, and finds no parallel this side of Milton. And what surprises us most is, that throughout Mr. Lowell's criticisms he wholly ignores that profoundly emotional side of Wordsworth's nature which is revealed in two poems only, "The Complaint," and the sonnet, "Why art thou Silent?"—poems without which we should have forever missed knowing the deep human sensibility which must, after all, have marked this grave poet; poems, which no critic has cited in this connection, we believe, except Mr. Lowell's old antagonist, Margaret Fuller Ossoli.—("Papers on Literature and Art," p. 167.)

With the essay upon Keats, we can find no fault, except for its shortness, and, perhaps, for a little undue censure attached to an innocent remark by Lord Houghton. The essay on Dante is the longest in the book, and is in part—thirty-four pages—a reprint of Mr. Lowell's memoir of the Italian poet in Appleton's "Cyclopædia." The combination of this with the rest involves some repetition, but the whole is too valuable to admit of complaint. Most attractive of all is the paper on Spenser, reprinted from "The North American Review;" in this, Mr. Lowell is delightful throughout, and only microscopic criticisms can be made, as upon his first apologizing (p. 171) for Spenser's occasional grossness as being a vice of the times, and then saying in conclusion that "Spenser needs no such extenuations," though others may (p. 200).

Thus much for the matter of this book; and, looking now at its style, we must repeat that, to our thinking, Mr. Lowell is here seen at his best. The whole nation has an interest in the style of its prose writers, and even in pointing out their weak points, so long as this only holds them to their own highest standard. Mr. Lowell, while an unwearied reader, has sometimes seemed rather indolent in dealing with the details of his own literary execution. Surely a careful revision would have retouched such a sentence as this, "John Keats, the second of four children, like Chaucer and Spenser, was a Londoner" (p. 304); where we are left a moment in doubt whether the two other poets resembled Keats in birthplace or in the statistics of brothers and sisters. Nor would such revision have excused "a startling personal appeal to our highest consciousness and our noblest aspiration, such as we wait for in vain from any other poet" (p. 240); where the "such," referring grammatically to "aspiration," was plainly intended by the author to refer to "appeal." Nor should we have Mr. Lowell's indorsement (p. 231) of the opinion that Wordsworth's prose sentences were "long and involved," accompanied by such a sentence on the critic's part as this, without even a beneficent semicolon to help us through it:

"But now we must admit the shortcomings, the failures, the defects, as no less essential elements in forming a sound judgment as to whether the seer and artist were so united in him as to justify the claim first put in by himself and afterward maintained by his sect to a place beside the few great poets who exalt men's minds, and give a right direction and safe outlet to their passions through the imagination, while insensibly helping them toward balance of character and serenity of judgment by stimulating their sense of proportion, form, and the nice adjustment of means to ends." (P. 202.)

It is fair to say that this is by far the worst sentence in the book, and is an instance of the "survival" of that early habit of involved writing which was so conspicuous in Mr. Lowell's first prose book, the "Conversations." We may almost rejoice that such an example is preserved, like a schoolboy's first bad autograph, to throw out in bolder relief a superb sentence like this, where he compares Wordsworth to Milton:

"His mind had not that reach and elemental movement of Milton's, which, like the trade-wind, gathered to itself thoughts and images like stately fleets from every quarter; some deep with silks and spicery, some brooding over the silent thunders of their battailous armaments, but all swept forward in their destined track, over the long billows of his verse, every inch of canvas strained by the unifying breath of their common epic impulse." (P. 241.)

We may demur, if we please, at single words in this sentence—as "battailous," "unifying,"—but for nobleness of swell and rhythm, it might be the work of Milton himself. The book contains many shorter phrases which are marked by a similar beauty of execution. The wonder is not that there should be frequent irregularities in Mr. Lowell's prose writing, but that he should ever write so admirably, when he appears to have so little

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abstract reverence for the art. He always seems to define prose,—as on pages 138, 226, 326,—as if it were merely poetry that had failed of its duty and got into disgrace. And in the mere mechanism of prose structure, we must point out one habit in which he falls far below the literary standard of Emerson,—the practice, namely, of allowing part of his thought to straggle into foot-notes, instead of working it all into the main text, and leaving the notes to contain only references and citations.

In conclusion, we perceive with joy that Mr. Lowell shows no trace in this book of that cynicism which has been, perhaps, too hastily suspected in him, as the growth of advancing years. There are here no sneers at the proposition that Teague should have a note, nor is there any visible evidence of a reactionary mood. He does, indeed, say what would have come strangely from the Lowell of thirty years ago, that, "like all great artistic minds, Dante was essentially conservative" (p. 36). But, inasmuch as Professor Lowell's own period of poetic production coincided pretty closely with his period of radicalism; and as the one great poem of his maturer years,—the "Commemoration Ode,"—was a pæan over a completed reform,—we may safely leave his artistic theory, in this respect, to be corrected by his personal example.

John Burroughs's "Winter Sunshine."*

How many of us can boast an acquaintance who speaks of all the pretty and melodious creatures of woods and fields with the sure tone of an intimate friend? Not many, it is to be feared. Yet the largest public has in Mr. Burroughs a near approach to such a charming companion, and one, moreover, who, for our delight, has condensed many hours of keen out-door enjoyment, many days of loving scrutiny of woody things, into the compass of a small book. His gentle muse is fresh, alert, and out of doors; less booky, as well as less literary, than that of Izaak Walton, for instance; but all the freer and breezier for that. Read in this hurried and overworked atmosphere of the United States, "Wake Robin" and "Winter Sunshine" give one the same deep-lunged delight that a cramped dweller in cities feels when he steps out from wholesome pine groves upon the windy summit of a mountain. This is real air, blood-quickening; these are real pages of nature, delighting the mind.

Indeed, is it not a little privilege to listen to a man who talks about foxes, we will say, as Mr. Burroughs can? How many persons speak of pretty Reynard and suffer from his craft, who in all their lives have never seen him running wild. Even the hunter needs a dog to get sight of him.

"I go out in the morning after a fresh fall of snow and see at all points where he has crossed the road. Here he has leisurely passed within rifle-range of the house, evidently reconnoitering the premises with an eye to the hen-roost. That clear, sharp track,—there is no mistaking it for the clumsy foot-print of a little dog. All his wildness and agility are photographed in it. Here he has taken fright, or suddenly recollected an engagement, and in long, graceful leaps, barely touching the fence, he has gone careering up the hill as fleet as the wind.

"The wild, buoyant creature, how beautiful he is! * * * This is thoroughly a winter sound,—this voice of the hound upon the mountain,—and one that is music to many ears. The long, trumpet-like bay, heard for a mile or more,—now faintly back to the deep recesses of the mountain,—now distinct, but still faint, as the hound comes over some prominent ridge, and the wind favors. * *

"The fox usually keeps half a mile ahead, regulating his speed by that of the hound, occasionally pausing a moment to divert himself with a mouse, or to contemplate the landscape, or to listen for his pursuer. If the hound press him too closely, he leads off from mountain to mountain, and so generally escapes the hunter; but if the pursuit be slow, he plays about some ridge or peak, and falls a prey, though not an easy one, to the experienced sportsman."

About apples, there is a chapter which invests that cheap and overlooked fruit with something of the divinity which is bred of enthusiasm. Listen to this outburst over apples, this thanksgiving fitted for the whole year, and realize how well Mr. Burroughs has done to name the whole book "Winter Sunshine:"

"I love to stroke its polished rondure with my hand, to carry it in my pocket on my tramp over the winter hills, or through the early spring woods. You are company, you red-cheeked spitz, or you, salmon-fleshed greening! I toy with you, press your face to mine, toss you in the air, roll you on the ground, see you shine out where you lie amid the moss and dry leaves and sticks. You are so alive! You glow like a ruddy flower. You look so animated, I almost expect you to move! I postpone the eating of you, you are so beautiful. How compact! How exquisitely tinted! Stained by the sun, and varnished against the rains."

Of birds, Mr. Burroughs earned long ago the right to speak with authority, and of birds he has something good to say in this book, as well as of the pleasures and the habits of many small beasts of our woods; but the impressions made upon him by a short tour in England and a flight into France give us reason to admire his well-trained powers of observation in other and more complex fields. Of the many writers on the same country no one has approached England quite in the way he has. It is the look of the land and people which he records, the way the birds and beasts impress a new arriver, and all those other points which are, to be sure, outside, but, to a sufficiently sensitive person, not necessarily superficial. London he finds singularly countrylike, in spite of its enormous size; Paris, pulled down, rebuilt, renovated, and centralized, he calls the handiwork of a race of citizens; admires it, but tires of it soon. Especially good are his remarks about the monotony of the fine Parisian architecture, and the following may give an idea of the lightness of his hand:

* Winter Sunshine. By John Burroughs, Author of "Wake Robin." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1876.

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"The French give a touch of art to whatever they do. Even the drivers of drays and carts and trucks about the streets are not content with a plain, matter-of-fact whip, as an English or American laborer would be, but it must be a finely modeled stalk, with a long, tapering lash tipped with the best silk snapper. Always the inevitable snapper. I doubt if there is a whip in Paris without a snapper. Here is where the fine art, the rhetoric of driving, comes in. This converts a vulgar, prosy 'gad' into a delicate instrument, to be wielded with pride and skill, and never to be literally applied to the backs of the animals, but to be launched to the right and left into the air with a professional flourish, and a sharp, ringing report. * * * * Everything has its silk snapper. Are not the literary whips of Paris famous for their rhetorical tips and the sting there is in them? What French writer ever goaded his adversary with the belly of his lash, like the Germans and English, when he could blister him with its silken end, and the percussion of wit be heard at every stroke?"

Of a London fog he says: "It was like a great yellow dog taking possession of the world."

As one moves through the familiar scenes which Mr. Burroughs so freshly calls to mind, the question occurs: Do people realize how he comes by this faculty of broad appreciation of great, and minute scrutiny of little things? There can be but one answer: By staying at home and giving a loving study to his own fields and forests, just as Thoreau did, and as Emerson, in his own lofty and less popular way still does. Men are said to be only moving plants after all. At any rate, they must have roots, whether these be only invisible and intangible ones, and Mr. Burroughs has struck his mental roots down into the fiber of his land. The chapter called "A March Chronicle" gives one the poetical side of a sugar-maple camp, quite delightful to consider.

As a writer, Burroughs must be assigned to the comradeship of Thoreau, Emerson, and Whitman. In some ways he looks at things very much as Whitman does, and those ways are good; but he has also caught from him—we are sure it is infection and not the outcome of a like temperament—some habits that were better dropped. Even in this charming book there are unnecessary expressions which border on the coarse, and do not add strength, while once or twice we meet absolute inaccuracies of style and grammar. One, on page 95, is the use of lay for lie; and the other, an occasional dropping of the adverb, a custom which may be colloquial, but has not yet received the sanction of literature.

Quite possibly these are merely errors in reading proof, and can be readily removed in the succeeding editions which such pleasing essays merit. Perhaps a well-considered pen will then pass through such few lines as mention sea-sickness, sewers, and other things of interest to no one, and which, in a book of just this quality, pain with some show of reason the fastidious.

Barron's "Foot Notes; or, Walking as a Fine Art."

THIS is a book after the Thoreau style by a Connecticut Yankee—though born, he says, in Vermont, "in Hampshire Corner, a place well known to its inhabitants,"—who describes himself as a quasi-Spiritualist, and as either the victim of a disordered fancy, or else as walking and writing under an alien influence which he more than half believes is that of the spirit of Thoreau. There can be little doubt, we think, that it is the spirit of the Concord walker, though we are loth to believe that Thoreau has become a ghost walker, and the invisible attendant and familiar of Mr. Barron. We have known persons to write as much like Tennyson, or Emerson, who certainly are not yet dogging about poor mortals for the use of their bodies. The truth is, a great deal of genius and sensibility comes into the world without any decided form or bias—without any calcareous envelope, so to speak. We do not like to call Mr. Barron's book a soft-shelled egg, but it certainly in some way suggests the simile. There is excellent meat in it, picture and thought and suggestion—real heart and substance; but for what form and cohesion it has, he seems mainly indebted to another. And it is a silly make-shift to call in the aid of Spiritualism to explain the phenomenon. If our author had never read Thoreau, then, indeed, would there be room to marvel. He says he had thought of making a book full of "homely things" before he had made the acquaintance of the Walden recluse, and it is a pity he never set about it. When he did begin to write, which was in 1864, he says he was struck by a wave of influence that made the product of his pen quite different from anything he had ever written before.

In his chapter called "Impressions," he explains the matter quite satisfactorily. "I notice," he says, "that my word has a flavor at times which indicates that the taste of some book I had eaten had not gotten out of my mouth when I spoke. May be I am like butter, which is so easily tainted by positive odors like those of leeks, or tobacco, or smoked herrings. Yet I think I am not without a certain fierce individuality. I am quite implacable when I think of one person selfishly violating the sacred personality of another who is weaker in magnetism. I have always lived a little one side, just because I did not care to have even the good enter my sphere with their influence. Still, when I look into things closely, I am compelled to admit that it is the rule of nature that the strong shall penetrate and move the weak." His "sphere," as he calls it, is a very sensitive one, and is more apt to take than to give impressions. Some of the Western towns, he says, almost tortured him with their influence. He frequently walks to New Haven, and, in a certain hollow, two and one half miles distant, his sphere and the sphere of the town invariably come in collision. He feels the town, and, perhaps, if the town knew itself, it would feel him. But the impression which the city makes upon him at that range is a good one. He says he knows that New Haven is much given to looking between the two shells of an oyster, etc.,

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yet, by the aid of Yale College, it sends out an intellectual and religious influence which he can feel two and one half miles off. There is a good deal of this kind of sensibility, or impressibility, in the book, which one is at a loss whether to call a morbid and preternatural sharpness, or real poetic delicacy and spirituality. There are, undoubtedly, marks of both. Now and then we come upon crude places; our walker has not uniform good taste; we do not, on the whole, feel quite sure of him. Some parts of his experiences and confessions are not set in just the right light. It requires a very steady nerve and a certain robustness and unconsciousness for a man to talk so freely about himself without at least a slight letting down of his dignity, and Mr. Barron does not go through the ordeal with as much grace as Montaigne does, or as his own prototype Thoreau does. Perhaps he is too much of a walker, too genuine a "tramp," as he announces himself in the first sentence of his book, and makes too much of sleeping in barns and under hay-stacks.

But, after every qualification, "Foot Notes" is a valuable contribution to the literature of walking. No writer ever took more easily or naturally to the path or the open road. He has the true light-heartedness, the true walker's gait. He says he walks chiefly to visit natural objects, "but I sometimes go on foot to visit myself. It often happens when I am on an outward-bound excursion, that I also discover a good deal of my own thought. He is a poor reporter, indeed, who does not note his thought as well as his sight." He is a close and almost infallible observer of nature. We doubt if he can be detected in a single error in this direction. When he speaks of bird or beast, or of any of the lesser shows, or phases, or sounds, or odors of nature, he always has a word or two, or a whole sentence, that hits the mark fairly. True, his eye is microscopic, rather than telescopic, as was Thoreau's. He magnifies the little, the common, the near-at-hand, but nearly always shows the smallest, homeliest fact surrounded by the prismatic hues of the spirit. He has none of his master's asperity and misanthropy, and he never belittles other things, the better to show off his woodchucks and muskrats. He says: "People talk a good deal as if progress in civilization meant but little more than the moving out of a hut into a palace, or the substitution of a silver fork for a steel one;" and yet he adds, that he believes the truest civilization will include a silver fork for him and his.

As an evidence of the firm and steady gaze which our walker turns upon things, note the chapter on "Winter Colors." How surely his eye picks out all the subtle shades and tints in the naked woods and in the different trees—garnet and amaranth, pearl and maroon. He says the limbs of the white birch seen against a dark background show like chalk lines on a black-board. The chapter on "Lichens" is a good sample of the beauty his microscopical eye everywhere reveals. Other chapters that have given us especial pleasure are on "Night Walking," "The Legs," "Walking in the Rain," "Dirt," "Men," "Ox-Teamsters," and "The Creed of a Woodchuck." In this latter he drops into poetry, as he does in several others.

> "I deem it very good luck
> That I'm only a woodchuck,
> For I never have to travel,
> All the world over,
> On stormy roads and gravel,
> To get my beans and clover.
> I've no friends with axes
> To grind,
> Nor a King with taxes
> To bind.
> I keep no crust upon a shelf;
> For in the winter I can nurse myself:
> I shut my doors
> To stop the bores
> And sleep the while
> To save my stores," etc.

This will at once recall Thoreau's "Old Marlborough Road."

There is a deal of quiet humor in the book, a warm, steady sunshine of the heart that seems native to the author. There is wisdom, too, that he has not learned of some one else. "I notice," he says, "that a man, whether he be riding or walking, is always enveloped in a cloud of thoughts and impressions which touch him only by their finest points, and which can scarcely be said to make a part of his conscious feeling, and much less of his conscious thought. All these may affect him badly, or they may be as soothing to him as any melody. Among other conclusions, I have inferred from this, that a man may have, and does have, a great deal of latent happiness; something very different from active pleasure-seeking and conscious enjoyment. I find that all our gains and victories are gradually turning themselves into this latent happiness, and that we have to make an effort from time to time in order to know just how happy we are. This is a kind of invested happiness I like."

Now and then we come upon a bit of landscape, or a group of figures, or an attitude in the book that is clearly and strongly sketched. This drawing of the "Piney-Woods Woman" of North Carolina, whither the author seems to have done some walking as a soldier, is as good as can be found anywhere:

"She was tall, lean, and sallow; her dress was made of some dingy cotton stuff; on her head she wore a sun-bonnet without starch; on her shoulders she bore the gun always so ready to bring aid to the slave-owner; she was barefooted, and when she walked she did it manfully, her heels lifting her scanty skirt behind, and her knees making vigorous thrusts against it before. She was preceded by two dogs and followed by a horse and cart which carried her husband,—a little sallow man, who looked a good deal frozen-and-thawed by the fever and ague,—two or three children, a chest, a few rude chairs, some slight tokens of bedding, and a few cooking utensils."

The book is handsomely printed and bound by the Wallingford Printing Co., and well deserves and will repay the attention of every lover of the manly art of walking.

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Browning's "Inn Album."*

THERE is a wide range of readers who utterly repudiate and taboo Browning. His name is an offense, and his continued existence as an author odious to their sense of literary justice. These had best pass over any notice of Browning's later work as thoroughly as they avoid the work itself; but to the other few, who can stand his peculiarities, and by practice have learned to unravel the curious stitches of his mind, it will be proper to speak of "The Inn Album."

On a general view "The Inn Album" is a novel in blank verse, with characters such as Browning can draw, and much of the less important material which belongs to the ordinary novel, left out. With these omissions, however, go hand in hand omissions of the most important, so that, noticeably toward the end, whole pages have to be added by the nimble wit of the reader, or he is left floundering in darkness and exasperation of mind. At the same time there is the old verbosity; whole pages are used to amplify, turn and twist, shift and reverse, some simile, until one swears the man is only doing it to show how smart he can be, and meanwhile in the following of these useless twists the current of the story manages to be lost. There is a noble excitement in sliding down a rapid river, especially if one dreads a cataract below; but ceaseless eddies now this way, now that, distract and weary most minds to such extent that they are glad to seize a dull moment to push their boat ashore.

Perhaps it is well that the audience of the "Inn Album" is a small one, for the undeniable cleverness which is found in all Browning's work hardly compensates for other and startling things. The bitterness and hollowness of "the world"—gambling, profligacy, lies, seduction, sharping, suicide certainly, perhaps murder, are brought out by the three actors in the quiet parlor of the "Inn," of which the following gives an idea:

> "Except the red-roofed patch
> Of half a dozen dwellings that, crept close
> For hill-side shelter, make the village-clump,
> This inn is perched above to dominate—
> Except such sign of human neighborhood,
> And this surmised rather than sensible,
> There is nothing to disturb absolute peace,
> The reign of English nature—which means art,
> And civilized existence. Wildness' self
> Is just the cultured triumph. Presently
> Deep solitude, be sure, reveals a "Place"
> That knows the right way to defend itself:
> Silence hems round a burning spot of life.
> Now where a Place burns, must a village brood;
> And where a village broods, an inn should boast
> Close and convenient; here you have them both."

The Duke's brother, "refinement every inch, from brow to boot heel," is an elaborate Faust, who is engaged in plucking a young millionaire, "the polished snob," and gets plucked himself. The woman in the case, whom the younger man has met and loved in vain, and the older has met and loved successfully, who has married meanwhile a narrow country parson, and is ignorant of what old friends she is about to meet at the inn—is thus described by her startled betrayer:

> "See
> The low wide brow oppressed by sweeps of hair,
> Darker and darker as they coil and swathe
> The crowned corpse-whiteness whence the eyes burn black
> Not asleep now! not pin-points dwarfed beneath,
> Either great bridging eye-brow, poor blank bands,
> Babies, I've pleased to pity in my time:
> How they protrude and glow immense with hate!
> The long triumphant nose attains—retains
> Just the perfection; and there's scarlet skein
> My ancient enemy, her lip and lip,
> Sense-free, sense-frighting lips clenched cold and bold
> Because of chin, that base resolved beneath!
> Then the columnar neck completes the whole
> Greek-sculpture-baffling body!"

This woman is certainly not very English. The only English are the "polished snob" and his cousin; the other two are Italians in all they do and say,—that is to say, they are not English, and are Italian in as far as they are not Browning. For each and every character in the book, from the novelistic highly carved noble villain, to the snobs laughed at for their poetical ventures in the album of the inn, is Browning himself. And yet there is a strong effort at versatility, at being up to the times, modern, full of society spirit. Bismarck, Wagner, Tennyson, Browning himself, are alluded to in playful terms, and possibly with a purpose to make it all seem very real. But it is like the dancing of an elephant. One cannot but feel that here is strength enough to move a mountain, and instead, we find nothing but antics which do not even amuse the crowd. Among the waves of commonplace Browning shoulders up like a rock, always himself, always formidable, often grand. He seems to despise his surroundings, but now and then one fancies he has a certain satisfaction in the waves and likes them; but whether it be for their own sake, or because they furnish a becoming foil to his strength and loftiness, it were hard to determine.

French and German Books.

Un Mariage dans le Monde. Octave Feuillet. New York, Christern.—"Madame Fitz-Gérald and daughter, although little accustomed to walking, advanced down the boulevard with a firm and sure step, dividing the crowd with a sovereign indifference, and exchanging a few words in a short, high voice, as if they had been tête-à-tête in their park. They left on their passage a perfume of hot-house flowers and seemed to sweeten the asphalt which they trod. Foreign ladies studied with jealous eyes the toilet, movements, and royal gait of these two Parisians traversing their own empire, and with very good reason despaired of ever imitating them."

It is this daughter whom M. de Rias, the regular thirty-year-old Frenchman of wealth, social position, and personal distinction, is advised to marry. He

* The Inn Album, by Robert Browning. J. R. Osgood & Co. Boston, 1876.

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has had his fling, and now wants a "femme d'intérieur." Mr. Feuillet, however, shows what folly it is in him to expect such a thing. His wife, who has been brought up in the French manner, is fresh to balls, theaters, and worldly delights, while he has tired of them long ago. His ideal of life consists in some desultory writing and a good deal of philosophical observation of Paris and outside life in general; but for his "interior" existence he wants a quiet home. He is a model lover even before the young lady sees him, and his perfections appear to have run before him. For when she has stolen out to catch a glimpse of him before he enters her house, and while she stands concealed on a terrace which he must pass:

"On the dry clay of the road one could hear distinctly the supple and raised steps of a horse, which must be a horse of a fine breed, *and could not carry any one but a rider of distinction.*"

At first De Rias is a model husband. But the before-mentioned ideas gradually get the upper hand and lead to serious differences of opinion between him and his wife. It comes at last to a tacit alienation, and at Trouville the wife almost succumbs to a compromiser of her honor. Here the peculiar French "institution of an interventor" comes in under the guise of a young married woman and her brother. The French seem to need and take kindly to the good offices of a third person under the most delicate circumstances. Either because their passions are more on the surface, or because the "interventor" has a natural, national tact of arranging matters without wounding the feelings of either. The reconciliation of the couple is only delayed by the wife falling in love with the male interventor, but she soon gets over this folly, and M. de Rias, resigning his own weaknesses, gets a wife, who, if not exactly the "femme d'intérieur" of his ideal, is, according to Feuillet, all the better for her experience.

A book by Octave Feuillet is sure to be read, and although "Un Mariage" cannot be considered quite up to that very high mark which this artist has attained, its success will be deserved. It is true that it handles the usual and much reprobated topics of a French novel, but we must remember the public for which it is written, and decide whether its influence on that public is for good or evil. Surely and emphatically for good. It may be affirmed that in this book at least Feuillet is working toward a purification of morals and a solidifying of the loose ideas on the marriage question in France. He is in the front rank of his time, which holds more seriousness, more regret at past folly, more preparation for a purer future than outsiders are apt to imagine. This is what the mutual lady friend writes to De Rias:

"Mon Dieu! I know women are too lightly brought up in France; their education is superficial, frivolous, exclusively worldly, prepares them very badly for the serious profession of a married woman. I grant you all that; but, in spite of all that, I dare affirm, that, to speak generally, there is not one who is not morally superior to the man she marries, and more capable than he of domestic virtue. And I am going to tell you why; it is because women possess in a higher degree than you the crowning virtue of marriage, which is the spirit of sacrifice; but it is hard for them to renounce everything when the husband renounces nothing, and yet that is what he asks them to do."

Nevertheless Feuillet delights himself and his readers in picturing the Arcadian innocence of Mlle. Fitz-Gérald on the eve of her marriage. His solution is that a husband should instruct a young wife, rather than that young girls before marriage should know the world and what there is in it to take and to avoid.

Contes du Lundi. Alphonse Daudet. New York, Christern.—A new and augmented edition of these exquisite little tales recalls vividly the sad days of the recent German-French war. Some of them are of the most moving nature, and their pathos is skillfully blended with simplicity in a manner to delight a writer and hold a reader's attention fast. It is hard to choose a favorite, the cabinet pictures are all so good. *Les mères, Le siége de Berlin, Le porte-drapeau,* are particularly pathetic; *La pendule de Bougival, La partie du Billard,* ironical and witty; *La défense de Tarascon,* witty and malicious. Tarascon has to suffer for the whole of Southern France, whose lukewarmness in the late war was only too evident. Almost all tend to keep alive in French hearts a horror of Germans and a hope for revenge. It is safe to say that no one in Germany, England, or America, can write such seeming trifles so full of power.

Paris à travers les ages. 12 *livraisons.* New York, Christern.—An exhaustive treatise on the French capital is to be issued by Firmin, Didot & Cie. in twelve parts, and is to contain the successive appearance of the monuments and principal quarters of Paris from the thirteenth century up to the present time. Old maps, old pictures, and bird's-eye views of the city are reproduced, and where these are wanting, plans are drawn up according to the most authentic documents. The text is to be furnished by a number of writers of good standing, and full-page colored engravings support the pictures in the text. Some, if not all, of these engravings are well worth framing. Text and pictures are folio size and come in a case especially fitted for them. Each *livraison* is to cost ten dollars.

Rossija. Erzählungen aus der Geschichte und Sage Russlands. Oskar Urban. New York, L. W. Schmidt.—Oskar Urban, who appears to be a teacher in a Russian Governmental school in Mohilew on the Dnjepr, strives to inform the youth of Germany of some of the most picturesque and important events in the history and antiquity of Russia. The scenes are drawn with much fire and succeed well in just what they set out to do, namely, in interesting the reader in the people and country, without raising the question of how much is strictly historical, how much modern addition, and how much mythical figment. The book is an appeal, not a history, and meant to inoculate boys and girls

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with the same enthusiasm the writer feels. Older folks, are however, by no means debarred, for there are few if any puerilities. We are bound to make a few allowances of strict fact where a subject looks so arid as the history of Russia. Singularly interesting are the allusions to the old beliefs of the Russians—the wild women, the beast-man who is a robber and lives in the woods, where he allures travelers by singing like a nightingale. The legends of the first introduction of Christianity read like parallels to other similar events in other nations, and among the myths and heroic legends one is continually reminded now of Indian tales from the Mahabharata, now of Arabic fairy stories like Hatim Tai, and then again of Norse and German traditions handed down from heathen times. Not that they at all lack individuality or a local taste and color, but the same general idea pervades them, the same legend rises up in a different guise, the same gods and demons speak in a different language. And it would be strange if it were otherwise, for the Russians are not only of the same primitive stock with Hindoos, Germans, and Celts, but from their geographical position have suffered inroads and intermarriages with more than one distinct race of men.

Hauff's Märchen. Revised for young folks by A. L. Grimm. New York, L. W. Schmidt.—Hauff's fairy tales never grow old, and cannot be too often republished. The present edition contains the seven stories told by Selim Baruch and the five merchants of a caravan, namely, Kalif Stork—Ghost-ship—Cut-off-hand—Fatima's Rescue—Little Muck—False Prince. Also the four tales related by the slaves of the Sheik of Alexander, among which is the celebrated satirical story of the Englishman who, in place of an eccentric nephew, imposes an educated baboon upon the foolish inhabitants of a small German town. The third part consists of the tales told at the tavern in the Spessart, the second being that called "The Cold Heart." It seems almost superfluous to praise fairy stories, for unless they are good they are not apt to exist at all, or, at any rate, they do not come to the honor of a second edition. But these are especially good.

The New President of the Board of Education.

THAT New Yorkers may know who the new President of their Board of Education is, and understand how thoroughly based in fitness is his elevation to his present position, we have collected the principal points of his history, and present them here:

William Wood was born at Glasgow, Scotland, October 21st, 1808. His education was begun in 1815 at the celebrated school of William Angus in Glasgow. Two years later he entered the Grammar School for a four-years' Latin course under David Douie. In 1821 Mr. Wood entered the Junior Latin and Greek classes in the University of Glasgow. At the end of the session of the Senior class (1823) he went, on the introduction of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, to reside as a pupil with the Rev. Dr. Duncan of Ruthwell, the founder of savings banks. In 1825 Mr. Wood returned to the University of Glasgow and finished his college course in the winter of 1827-28.

After his graduation, Mr. Wood entered the mercantile house of his father and grandfather, J. & A. Dennistoun of Glasgow. In November, 1828, he arrived in New York, having become a partner of a branch of the Glasgow house, then carried on here under the firm of Dennistoun, McGregor & Co. He returned to Scotland in 1829, and again visited New York, and was married to Miss Harriet A. Kane of this city. Remaining but a short time in America, he returned to Glasgow, and shortly afterward went to Liverpool to take charge of the house of Alexander Dennistoun & Co. Here he lived until 1844, taking a deep and active interest on the liberal side of politics. He was one of the vice-presidents of the Liverpool Anti-Monopoly Association, which was, in fact, only another name for the Liverpool branch of the Anti-Corn-Law League. Mr. Wood moved the adoption of a resolution in favor of, and presented the address to, Daniel O'Connell at the great public meeting held at the Amphitheater on the 28th of March, 1844, after O'Connell had been convicted of sedition in Dublin, and had appealed to the House of Lords, which appeal resulted in his favor. In December, 1844, Mr. Wood once more sailed for New York, and, on his arrival, established the well known house of Dennistoun, Wood & Co., from which he retired in 1860. He was married a second time in New York, in 1847, to Miss Margaret Lawrence, who died in 1871. Mr. Wood became an Elder of the New York Collegiate Dutch Church in 1860, which position he is now holding. He finally retired from business in 1869. In May of the same year he was appointed by Mayor Hall as one of the twelve Commissioners of the Board of Education, which position he held until April, 1873. He was re-appointed in May, 1875, and was elected presiding officer for the year 1876. It is only necessary to add that no member of the Board is his superior in education, knowledge of the New York schools, thorough devotion to the interests of popular education, and personal enthusiasm. He is an honest, strong-headed, good-hearted, thoroughly cultivated, gentlemanly Scotchman, whose wise and intelligent offices in the Board of Education, New York is most fortunate in possessing.

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THE WORLD'S WORK.

Expression-Glass.

IN portrait photography a small mirror, called an expression-glass, in which the sitter can see his face, has been tried with success. It consists of a round glass mirror about six inches in diameter, secured by means of a universal joint to a brass ring sliding on an upright rod. The rod is supported by a base, so that it will stand firm on the floor, and by means of the ring and joint the glass can be placed in any desired position. On the top of the mirror is a telescopic sight, to enable the operator to adjust the mirror in line with the sitter's eyes. By the aid of this glass the sitter is assisted to look in the proper direction to obtain the best view of the face, and is given a fixed point on which to rest his eyes. He also sees his face in the mirror, and may thus correct any infelicities of expression. The apparatus is said to meet the approval of photographic artists.

Direct Process in Heliotyping.

THE heliotype process has recently exhibited an interesting and valuable improvement, whereby much time and labor are saved, with no resulting loss in the artistic perfection of the work. By the usual method gelatine films are made sensitive to light, and when placed under photographic negatives and exposed to sunlight, are so affected as to become water-proof wherever the light falls upon them. The rest of the film, the parts shaded by the negative, still retain their peculiar absorptive qualities and take up water readily. Printer's ink (containing grease), spread upon the film, then adheres to the affected parts, and is rejected by the portions that still retain water. In this way the film prints a copy of the picture or document shown in the negative. By the new process all the photographic work is omitted. By the aid of tannic acid the effects obtained by the action of light are reached by simple contact. In place of employing a negative of the picture or document to be reproduced in heliotype, the subject is merely drawn or written with a pen dipped in a solution of tannic acid, or any copying ink containing tannic acid. The subject, be it letter, design, plan, or picture, is then laid on the moist film and submitted to pressure. The tannic acid in the ink then water-proofs the film where it touches, and it will resist water and accept grease precisely as will a film prepared by the usual actinic method. It may be then used to print from, or a transfer may be made to lithographic stone or to zinc. By transfering to zinc and treating the plates with acid, a relief is obtained that may be used in an ordinary printing-press. The advantages of this direct transfer of the pen-drawing to the gelatine film are obvious. The time, labor, and expense of photographing are all saved, the exact reproduction of the original is secured, and an autographic copy obtained that gives the author or artist in fac-simile.

New Steam Gauge-Cock.

IN place of the three gauge-cocks commonly employed on steam boilers, a single cock that registers the height of the water has been introduced. It consists of a hollow plug cock inserted in the boiler, and having an interior pipe passing through it and bent at a right angle on the inside of the boiler, so that it presents a radial arm that turns round on the axis of the pipe. At the outer end is an arm for turning the pipe, a screw valve for opening the pipe, and a small radial arm or pointer that indicates the position of the interior arm. Behind the pointer is an index plate that gives the height of the water in inches. The operation of this gauge-cock is easily understood. When the radial arm is below the water, the pipe discharges water when opened. By turning the handle the radial arm may be made to revolve and sink in the water, or rise above it into the steam. The escape of steam or water thus shows at once when the arm passes the water-line. The pointer also shows the position of the arm and gives the depth of the water in inches. When the fire is out this gauge may be made to show the position of the water by turning the arm through a half circle, when the open end scoops up some of the water and shows its position by the amount of water discharged outside. The advantages claimed for this gauge over the usual group of three try cocks, are the smaller number of holes made in the boiler, and greater accuracy in the statement of the water level. This gauge is not designed to replace the glass tube commonly employed. In this connection it may be noticed that glass tube gauges are now furnished with a strip of white enamel on the inside, that gives the water a milky appearance that renders it more distinctly visible.

Canal Tow-Boats.

THE most recent pattern of steam canal-boat or canal tow-boat that has been launched, is an iron boat having a square section amidship—that is, she ha. a flat bottom, with square upright sides. Both bow and stern are of the same form, and rise longitudinally with square corners. At the stern the side plating hangs down at each side to the level of the bottom, thus inclosing the screws and rudder in a hood. There are four screws placed in pairs on each side of the rudder, and each pair driven by a single engine. Each shaft has a slight pitch downward, and is connected with its engine by geared wheels. The chief point of interest in this boat is the iron skin or guard on each side of the propellers. All the water displaced below rises at the stern against the propellers, and there is no suction or inflowing of the water at the sides, and there is little disturbance of the surface. The usual center keel at the stern is omitted. The boat is said to display good towing power, with no injury to the banks of the canal by washing.

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Borax as a Preservative.

SOME recent experiments with a solution of borax, by M. Dumas, point to its value as an agent in destroying the spores of parasite plants, like those affecting the grape, etc., its power of destroying low animal life, infusoria and the like, its usefulness in preserving anatomical preparations and in arresting fermentation. It was also tried on milk and fresh meats with success, and is suggested as an aid in the treatment of wounds. S. Beer, of Germany, in the same line of research, announces the use of borax as a solvent in the treatment of timber. The coagulation of the sap may be prevented by a solution of borax, and it may then be removed from the wood by boiling. The timber is said to be greatly improved in color and texture, and in ability to resist decay. By omitting the boiling, and leaving the borax in the wood, it is rendered less liable to injury by fire.

Oil Engine.

OF the many experiments made in search of an oil-burning motor, the latest and apparently the most satisfactory engine is one that employs mingled air and crude petroleum. This new engine is made in several sizes, from one-horse-power upward. A five-horse-power engine occupies a floor space of about 2 x 6 feet, and is about 5 high. It is a single-acting engine, with an upright cylinder placed at one end of the frame-work supporting the fly-wheel, air pump, etc. In the base of the frame-work are cast-iron reservoirs, containing a supply of compressed air, and at any convenient distance is a can for the crude oil. From this can a small pump sends the oil to the cylinder, through a pipe 1-16 of an inch in diameter, and delivers it, a drop at a time, on a circular wick of felt. This is carefully protected by wire gauze, on the principle of the Davy safety-lamp, and by another pipe the compressed air is delivered at the same time and place. The result is an instantaneous flaming of the oil and air, and by the resulting expansion in its volume the piston is driven down. This flaming is not, as in the earlier types of gas engines, an explosion, but a simple burning under pressure till the oil is consumed. The products of combustion and the waste heat then escape through the exhaust. At the same time, a smaller burner maintains a minute flame of oil in the cylinder, and in no case can the flame leap past the wire gauze down the oil pipe. The return of the piston is secured by the balance-wheel, and another drop of oil being supplied, it takes fire from the small burner, and the process is repeated. An air-pump is added to maintain the pressure in the air reservoir, and another pump keeps a stream of water circulating in the jacket placed on the cylinder to keep it cool. The cut-off and the pump for supplying oil can be both adjusted to the amount of work required, and on the air-pipe is a safety-valve, to prevent danger from undue pressure. The engine is started by turning a small crank that operates the oil-pump, and then lighting the carburetted air in the cylinder through a small opening. A few turns of the wheel and a single match are all that are required, and, once started, the engine runs continuously, so long as the supply of oil is maintained, and with no more attention than can be furnished by an occasional oiling and cleaning.

Photographic Registry of Deeds.

THE safe keeping of deeds and other documents has always involved expensive and troublesome buildings, and, as they are now arranged, a search through one of these registries of deeds is a trouble and a vexation. The clerical labor performed in such places is something immense, and it is now proposed to make photo-lithographic copies of such papers, and to preserve them on long webs or sheets wound tightly on rollers. To make new copies, a photo-lithographic transfer is taken, and from this as many are printed as are desired. It is not designed to keep the negatives, but to rub them off after making the required copies, and to use the glass again. It is estimated that the expense of maintaining a photographic establishment, in connection with a registry of deeds, would be less than the present clerical force employed. Photographs possess a fidelity to the original that no copyist can hope to attain. They are legal evidence; they are more quickly multiplied, and, by the aid of photo-relief, copies may be repeated on a common newspaper press. The idea of preserving photographs of deeds on sheets wound upon rollers, instead of in folios, as at present, has advantages in point of economy of space and ease of access. The searcher for a deed has only to turn a crank, and the deeds pass in procession before his eyes, in less time and with less labor than by the present arrangement. Having found the deed wanted, he then asks for a photograph of it, and a dozen absolutely correct copies may be delivered in less time than it now takes to make one tolerably correct one by hand. Some of the musical associations in this city already employ this process, and have all their sheet music photographed. It is more accurate than manuscript, it is neater and more legible, and is not found too expensive.

Road-beds for Bridges.

THE immense traffic over London Bridge has caused the authorities to consider the further economy of the road-bed space. At present the bridge is like an ordinary street, with walks at the side. Among the plans offered, the best one suggests the removal of the walks, and opening the whole width of the bridge for heavy traffic. It is then proposed to excavate a trench in the center, 3 feet 9 inches deep, and 18 feet wide. Stone walls, 4 feet high, are then to be raised on each side, and on these a row of iron columns will carry a high, level bridge six feet above the present street. This bridge is designed for the light traffic, and will be 18 feet wide, with a narrow walk at the sides, and edged with a light iron railing, so as not to mar the artistic effect of the present structure. The space under this bridge is to be finished off with tiles, and is designed for the foot travel. This proposed altera-

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tion will give two road-ways, each 16½ feet wide, for heavy traffic; a high, level road, 18 feet wide (including walks), for light carriages, and reached by inclines, and a covered foot-way, reached by tunnels under the lower road-ways. This suggestion might be useful here. Nowhere are more bridges needed than in this country, and nowhere can better bridges be found. At the same time, they nearly all follow the old plan of a single street, with walks at the sides. A high, level walk for the foot travel is far better, both on account of the economy of space, safety, cleanliness, and security.

Memoranda.

IN place of electric bells, rung by wires in connection with a battery, a magneto-electric bell signal is being introduced. A magneto-inductor, containing six permanent magnets, between which a Sieman's armature revolves by means of a handle, generates a current that rings the bell. By this device, all the difficulties attending the use of batteries are avoided, and replaced by a constant and unchangeable power that is controlled by simply turning a handle. The apparatus, including a pair of bells, is portable, and may be inclosed in a box, 11x6x12 inches.

A "horse groomer," or circular brush, driven at a high speed by hand or steam power, has been introduced into the stables of some of the large English tramway companies. It operates precisely as the revolving hair brushes so much used in England, and is said to be far preferable to the curry-comb and brush used by hand. With steam power, one man can easily groom one hundred horses in a day by the aid of this machine.

M. Saint-Edme, of the French Academy, after exhaustive experiments with lightning conductors, suggests the use of iron rods in long lengths and heavily nickel-plated. The nickel plating is an excellent conductor, and resists the action of the weather.

Cork has been added to the list of available materials used in making illuminating gas. The waste from the cork-cutters distilled in close retorts gives a whiter and more brilliant light than coal, with the blue core of the flame much reduced. The results so far obtained are so satisfactory, that it is to be applied to street lighting.

Among means employed in removing stumps comes the suggestion to use sheet-iron chimneys. These are cone-shaped below, to cover the stumps, have a tall stove-pipe on top, and have short iron legs to allow of an air-space all round the bottom. Kindling material being piled round the stump, the chimney is placed over all, and fire applied. The chimney acts as a blower, and, in the powerful draft, the stump is quickly destroyed. A few of these chimneys of different sizes are reported as sufficient to clear a field of stumps at a nominal expense of time and labor.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

General Washington in Boston.

IT may be interesting to our readers to know that Mr. Hale did not draw upon his imagination for the anecdote of George Washington, printed,—it is believed for the first time,—in the January installment of "Philip Nolan's Friends," and reprinted below. Mr. Hale writes that he had it from the daughter of "the little gal." Nolan asks Ransom if he ever saw Washington, and Ransom replies:

"Guess I did. Seen him great many times. I was standin' right by him when he come into the old tavern at the head of King street, jest where the pump is, by the Town House. Gage boarded there, and Howe and Clinton had they quarters there, and so the Gineral come there when our army marched in. They was a little gal stood there starin' at him and all the rest, and he took her up, and he kissed her, he did. 'N' he said to her: 'Sis,' says he, 'which do you like best, the Red-Coats or the Yankees?' 'N' the child says, says she, she liked the Red-Coats the best,—gal-like, you know,—because they looked so nice. 'N' he laughed right out, 'n' he says to her: 'Woll,' says he, 'they du hev the best clothes, but it takes the ragged boys to du the fightin'. Oh, I seen him lots o' times."

The Sun-Dial.

MR. STEDMAN'S recent verses, entitled "Only the Sunny Hours" (SCRIBNER for January), have called forth from the pages of an album which contains many famous names, the following little poem on the same subject by Professor Morse. We knew that Professor Morse had tried his hand at painting, architecture, and even telegraphy; but we did not know before that he could turn a rhyme as neatly as is shown here. Mr. Stedman's poem was suggested, we understand, by the same motto, taken by Leigh Hunt from a sun-dial near Venice.

TO MISS A. G. E.

THE SUN-DIAL.

"Horas non numero nisi serenas." *

"I note not the hours except they be bright."

The sun when it shines in a clear cloudless sky
Marks the time on my disk in figures of light.
If clouds gather o'er me, unheeded they fly,
"I note not the hours except they be bright."

So when I review all the scenes that have past
Between me and thee, be they dark, be they light,
I forget what was dark, the light I hold fast,
"I note not the hours except they be bright."

SAM'L F. B. MORSE.

Washington, March, 1845.

* In traveling on the Rhine some years ago I saw on a sun-dial at Worms the above motto: the beauty of its sentiment is well sustained in the euphony of its syllables. I placed it in my note-book, and have ventured to expand it in the stanzas which I dedicate to my young friend A——, sincerely praying that the dial of her life may ever show unclouded hours.

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Sixty-Six Jumps.

A CENTENNIAL NOVEL. BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

(Illustrated with Half-length Figures by the Author.)

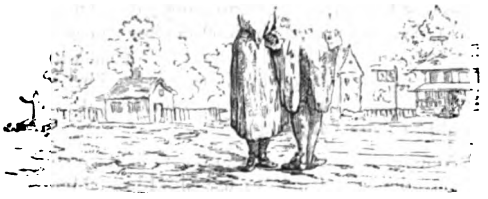
PREFACE.

AN observable and general interest in the deeds of our fathers and their parents gives the author and artist reason to believe that a tale based on an event which created considerable excitement in the youth of our Republic will receive a welcome from American readers, not only on account of the lesson it teaches, but because of its associations.

CHAPTER I.

MARCH, 1775.

IT was in the spring of 1775, and already the fire that was soon to burst into flame was smoldering in the hearts of two-thirds of the inhabitants of Lower Milford. In no portion of Connecticut were there purer patriots or braver men. Reuben Salton had been born in Lower Milford. He had grown up among its stony meadows and its simple ways.



REUBEN AND ANNE.

He loved his country, his town, and his comely sweetheart, Anne. He was young yet, but he was tall and strong. I should also say he loved his mother. Thus it was in March, 1775.

CHAPTER II.

THE VENTURE.

ON the ninth of the month, Reuben Salton had made the assertion, before a large portion of his neighbors at a town meeting, that he could jump from the lower step of Marvin's tavern to the town-pump in sixty-six jumps. When the bold statement became generally known, the townspeople shook their heads. Only one man and two women in all Lower Milford believed that he could do it. The man was Daniel Hetcomb, Reuben's old friend and school-fellow. The women were Anne, and Reuben's mother. That night the matter was talked over in every home in the town, and at an informal meeting of the select-men at the house of Ephraim Thomas, where the Governor was on a visit, it was determined, that as Reuben had made public boast of his ability, he should give public proof of it, and court day, which fell on the fourth Wednesday of the month, was appointed for the trial.

CHAPTER III.

DAYS OF WAITING.

THEY were anxious days for Lower Milford, those days of waiting. As we have seen, fully one-third of the inhabitants of the town were lukewarm patriots, or open adherents of King George. To these, the failure of Reuben would be a goodly pleasure. To the rest of the townspeople it would be a sad discomfiture, especially as the news had spread to Upper Milford, and West Milford, and even to East Milford.

The subject was thoroughly discussed in every quarter; the ground was measured, and many a jumper tried his agility. Hour by hour the feeling grew stronger that sixty-six jumps would not be enough. But Anne, and Daniel, and Reuben's mother never lost faith. And in the early morning, and late at night, Reuben practiced his jumps in his back-yard.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY.

IT was the day for the jumps. The town was full of people. During the morning the court-room was crowded; but the good folks cared not for the two men who were tried, and were only impatient that the trials there should be hurried through, so that Reuben's trial—a much more important one to them—should commence. The prisoners were found guilty in a short time; no one wished to waste precious hours upon them. The ordinary legal business was hurried through, and every one hast-

REUBEN PRACTICES IN THE BACK-YARD.

ened away to an early dinner, so as to be in time for the jumps, which were to be made in the afternoon.

During that morning, Reuben did not leave his house. Over and over, until near to the dinner hour, he practiced his jumps in the back-yard. About eleven o'clock his mother called him in to dress. She had ironed his finest shirt, and had beautifully pressed the cambric ruffles. Around his neck she tied a new handkerchief of silk, and his Sunday breeches, brushed by her hands, showed not a speck of dust. She fastened upon him the suspenders his devoted Anne had embroidered for him, and smoothed and tightened the white hose that covered his vigorous legs. Then she said, with a little tremble in her voice:

"Reuben, I think you are ready."

CHAPTER V.

THE AFTERNOON.

REUBEN ate no dinner. He merely drank a mug of ale, and took a few bites of bread and cheese; and then his friend Daniel came and said:

"Reuben, they are waiting for you."

Anne had come to walk with Mother Salton, and in a few minutes the four left the house together. Reuben and Daniel walked in front, Reuben without a coat, with his new suspenders sparkling in the sun. The two women followed close behind. When they reached Marvin's tavern, they found the road from the tavern to the town-pump lined with people. Old men, leaning on their canes; stout young fellows in holiday attire; maidens in their best gear; and mothers with their little ones about them—all stood silent and waiting. Upon the porch of the tavern was the Governor, the select-men, the clergyman of the parish, the doctor, and all the magistrates and lawyers of the neighborhood. When Reuben appeared on the tavern steps, a hum ran through the crowd.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE TAVERN STEPS.

THE Governor came forward and took Reuben by the hand. "Young man," he said, "I wish you well."

The select-men and the other dignitaries murmured words of encouragement. Reuben bowed gravely, without a word. Then he took his stand upon the ground, his heels against the lower step. By his side stood Daniel, holding a hammer and some pegs. Reuben looked straight before him, and then he turned his head toward Anne and his mother, who stood a little on one side. Both the women were pale, but they smiled as he looked at them.

Then said the Governor:

"Jump!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST TEN JUMPS.

AT the word, Reuben drew a long breath, bent his knees, and sprang. It was a goodly jump! And then another and another, and another, until he had counted ten. Daniel, with his hammer and his pegs, ran by his side, and the Governor and the select-men, and the upper end of the long lines of townsfolk, closed in behind him. But Anne and his mother were nearest to him. At the tenth jump Reuben stopped, and Daniel drove down a peg at the toe of his left shoe. Reuben stepped back, wiped his face with his handkerchief, and looked behind him. He said nothing, but in a minute or two he put his left toe against the peg, which Daniel then pulled up.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWENTY JUMPS MORE.

THEN Jumped Reuben again, once, twice, three times, four, five, six times, and stopped to rest. The Governor came to him, and said:

REUBEN RESTS.

"No hurry, Reuben. Take your time."

And Daniel brought him a drink of water in a tin cup. Then he jumped six times more, and after a rest, during which his mother and Anne came to him with pleasant words of encouragement, he made eight more jumps.

"Now," said Daniel, "jump three times more and I'll drive down a peg, and you can take a good rest. Then you will have jumped just half way."

So Reuben gave three mighty jumps, and then sat down on a big stone by the side of the street and took a rest.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WORK HALF DONE.

THERE was great excitement among the townsfolk now. He had jumped half his jumps—had he jumped half the distance? The Governor and the magistrates mingled in the thickest of the crowd, as much excited and anxious as any one. Even Anne and Reuben's mother watched two men who had a long cord, with which they measured the distance Reuben had already jumped. Then these men went on and measured the distance he had yet to jump. Almost every one followed them as they measured the ground, but Daniel never left the spot where he had driven the peg which marked half of Reuben's work. There were men in town that day who would have sat that peg head, had the opportunity been given them.

CHAPTER X.

LACKING!

THE men had measured the ground. Reuben had not jumped half the distance! Full five feet were lacking. Anne said, with trembling voice, "Do not tell him;" but Reuben's mother said, "I will tell him. He must know; he must jump better." So she went and told him. Loud was the talk and many the opinions among the townspeople. Some said that he could easily make it up. He need add but two inches to each of his remaining jumps and he would make up the deficiency. But others said he could not make longer jumps.

Then Reuben came and took his stand at the peg.

CHAPTER XI.

SIXTY-FIVE.

REUBEN now made ten tremendous jumps and then he rested. Then he made ten more and took a longer rest. He rested so long that the people became impatient and shouted for him to go on. Very few now believed that he could cover the distance in sixty-six jumps, and those who doubted him were not backward in saying so. When he was done

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the ground where he had been sitting Anne followed him, and as he took his stand by the peg she said softly, so that only he could hear:

"Reuben, if you do it in thirteen more jumps, I will say no more about delay."

"You mean that?" he said. "You will marry me as soon as I please?"

"Yes, Reuben," answered Anne.

Then our jumper clenched tightly his hands, and his eyes flashed. He gave five jumps greater than any he had made yet. The crowd cheered. "He'll do it yet," the people said. Then he rested a little

STOP!

and jumped again and again, until he had jumped seven times, and then Daniel put his hand on his shoulder, and cried:

"Stop! That is sixty-five!"

Sixty-five! It was true. There was but one more jump to make, and he stood twenty feet from the pump!

CHAPTER XII.

"WAIT!"

TWENTY feet in a single jump! And yet Reuben, without a word, prepared to jump.

"Stop!" said Daniel again, "you can't do it!"

"I know I can't," whispered Reuben—he did not seem to have the strength to speak out loud—"but I will finish. I will do better than any man in town can do, though I have failed."

"No," said Daniel, "wait. You can do better if you wait."

The good Daniel could not believe in his friend's failure. If he would only wait and think, something might be done. He did not know what. Wild thoughts came into his mind of a vaulting-pole, a springing-board—something. But they soon vanished. Such things would not be allowed, of course. But still he said, "Wait!"

The turmoil among the people was terrible. They pressed around Reuben; they shouted, and they laughed, and were angry.

"Go on!" cried some. "He has failed," said the Tories. "Not yet!" said his friends.

Anne and Reuben's mother stood behind him pale and motionless, and they said not a word. Then the Governor pressed his way through the crowd, and he said to Reuben:

"Young man, you cannot jump that."

"I know it," said Reuben, "but I will do my best."

"And that you cannot do," replied the Governor, "for you are trembling and tired."

Then the Governor walked to the pump-platform and mounted upon it.

"Hear!" he cried, and all the people were silent. "The day has rapidly passed," said the Governor, "and it is supper time. Even now

REUBEN SEES TWO MEN AT WORK.

I hear old Mother Kemper ringing the bell for the squire. We cannot allow our sports to interfere with our domestic plans. Therefore the final jump of Reuben Salton is postponed until to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NIGHT.

SLOWLY and discontentedly the crowd dispersed, while Reuben, leaning on his mother's arm, slowly walked homeward.

The people were noisy and disputing. The Tories of Upper Milford were in especial glee. The patriots were depressed. All now were gone but the faithful Daniel. He waited by the peg that he had driven where Reuben last stood, and he drove it down tightly into the ground. The Tories must not set it back in the night. "Although," he thought, with a sigh, "how gladly would I set it forward." But he was faithful, and he drove it down tight.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MORNING.

DANIEL did not rest well. He dreamed many a dream of Tory raids upon the peg, and of Reuben, with grasshopper legs, making the one wild bound that was needed. In the dim and early gray of the morning, he arose and went down to see if the peg had been moved.

As he neared the town-pump, he saw, in the uncertain light, the figures of two persons moving about the place.

"Ha!" he cried, "they're at it!" and he ran at the top of his speed toward them.

The peg was all right. He felt for the heads of the tiny and secret pegs he had driven on each side of the large one, to mark its position. They were there. Nothing had been disturbed. And then he looked at the two men. They were at work, and, as he looked at them, his eyes dilated, his hair rose on end, his legs trembled beneath him. He advanced a step.

"What—what?" he stammered.

"Aye, good neighbor," said the elder man, "aye, and ye're surprised, may be, to see us here so early. But we must e'en finish our work this morning, for we are to be in East Milford by high noon. An' we but reached here from Upper Milford an hour since."

"Look ye!" cried Daniel. "You've—you've had no breakfast?"

"Not we," said the man. "We've scarce earned that yet."

"Look ye!" stammered Daniel, "go you to—to the tavern—and—and get some breakfast. I'll pay the score—and—and take a pipe and a mug of ale. I'll pay for all. Go ye—a short half hour will make no difference. Go now!"

"An' ye'll pay the score?" asked the man.

"Aye, I will that," cried Daniel, trembling.

"Then will we go," replied the man.

Daniel stopped not another minute, but madly dashed away. He ran, he bounded, he hurled himself along. He reached Reuben's house and thundered with hand and foot at the door; up went a window, and out came Reuben's head.

"Reuben," yelled Daniel. "Come out! Put on your breeches, quick, and come! Come and make your jump. They've moved the pump!"

CHAPTER XV.

BREAKFAST.

"A worthy young man!" quoth the elder pump-man.

"Aye, an' an honest one, I hope," said the other "and we'll go straightway to the tavern, before he repents him of his promise."

"Aye," said the other. "It was a short pump, and easier raised than I had thought. We'll just leave it now. It's well, perchance, that we did not get here yesterday, for I heard last night they'd had a jumping

DANIEL AT REUBEN'S DOOR.

race, or some wild sport here, and a main great crowd—an' little work we could have done. Come on."

And they went, and on the ground they left the pump, lying with its lower end over the well, from which, for needful repairs, they had raised it with a windlass; and its upper end resting in the road not five feet from Daniel's peg!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST JUMP.

REUBEN was down-stairs in a trice, closely followed by his mother roused by the hubbub.

"Run Reuben! run to the peg!" shouted Daniel.

Then ran Daniel to the town hall and rang the bell, madly. Up popped windows, and out of open doors hurried the townsfolk. Away then went Daniel to the house of Ephraim Thomas, and, meeting the Governor, half-dressed, and without his wig, at the door, he stammered out the news. Then to the pump he ran, closely followed by the Governor, the select-men, and a crowd of people, pell-mell. There stood Reuben at the peg, his mother near him, Anne panting and pale by his side. The Governor lost no time. Hatless and wigless, he waved the crowd back. Then rising on his tiptoes, in his excitement, he shouted:

"Jump."

Reuben jumped, and lighted fairly on the pump.

CHAPTER XVII.

REMEMBER!

ONE grand unanimous shout rang from the crowd. Even the Tories forgot themselves and waved their hats and yelled. The Governor rushed at Reuben and seized his hand. The other hand was tightly clutched by the faithful Daniel; Reuben's mother put her arms around the neck of her son, and, leaning her head upon his shoulder, relieved

THE LAST JUMP.

her pent-up feelings by tears of joy. The select-men gathered close around and lent their voices to the torrent of congratulations. In a few minutes Reuben gently withdrew himself from his friends and looked about him, anxiously. At a little distance stood Anne, her eyes cast down, and blush after blush chasing itself across her fair face.

Reuben stepped to her side.

"Anne!" said he. "Do you remember?"

She answered not, but the look of love and joy she gave him was enough. No words were needed.

Three weeks from that day the Battle of Lexington was fought!

THE END.

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Half-way Doin's.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

BELUBBED fellow-trabelers:—In holdin' forth to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say,

De sermon will be berry short, and dis here am de tex':
Dat half-way doin's ain't no 'count for dis worl' or de nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a-libbin' in is like a cotton-row,
Whar ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe;
And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin', jes' as fas' as fas' could be;
Do you s'pose dat dey could ebber hab succeeded in deir wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last—if dey had stopped to fish?

My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam libbed wid Eve,
Wid no-one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to thieve,
And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free,
And eberyting belonged to dem except an apple-tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake come snoopin' 'roun',—
A stump-tail rusty moccasin, a-crawlin' on de groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he come and drove 'em off de place.

Now, s'pose dat man and 'ooman hadn't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin', and 'tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business to,
And de debbil nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's, bredren! It 'll nebber do, I say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—
For eben if de crap is good, de rain 'll spile de bolls,
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a-plowin', and a-hoein', and a-scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes;
But if you quits a-workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebby upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber 'tis you's dribin' at, be shore and dribe it through,
And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin', den, as shore's you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small eend ob de horn.

I thanks you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin' ob a tune—
I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat!

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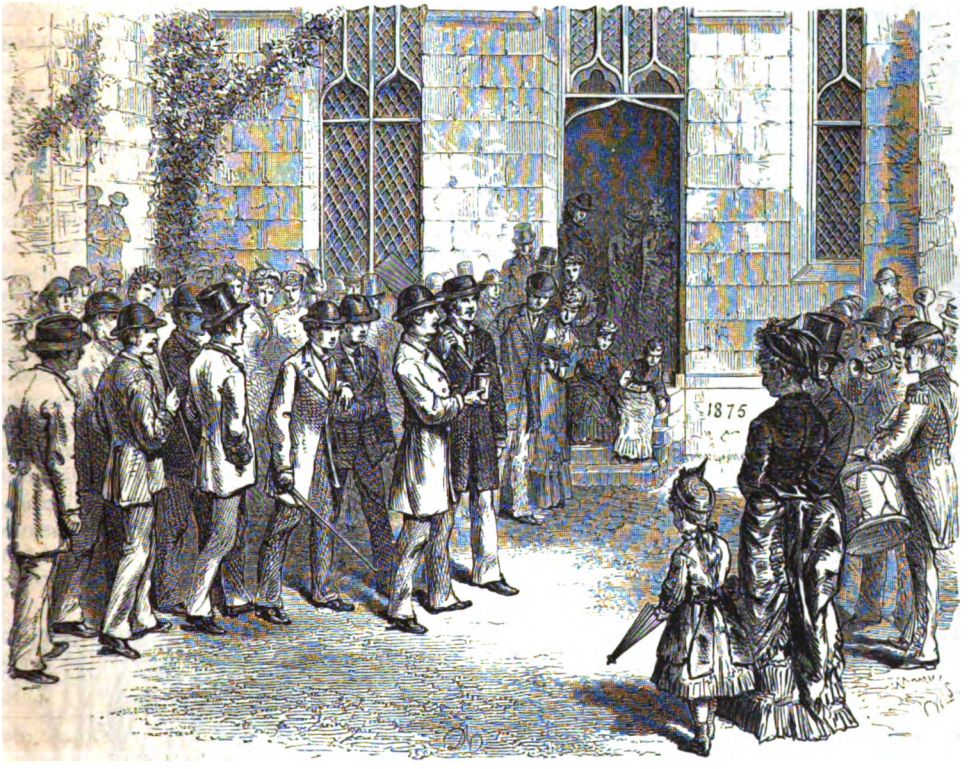
YALE COLLEGE.



PLANTING THE IVY, YALE COLLEGE.

NEW HAVEN, the seat of Yale College, lies in a small alluvial plain on the edge of Long Island Sound. The city is built at the head of a narrow bay four miles long, and its suburbs stretch back across the plain to the foot of a range of trap dikes. The boldest members of this range are the two sheer and naked precipices known as East and West Rock. These are some 370 feet high, and the most striking objects in sight, as one sails up the winding channel of the bay, or enters the city by rail across the trestle-work over the "flat marshes, that look like monster billiard-tables with hay-stacks lying about for balls."

The following somewhat rose-colored picture of the city, is painted by Willis from his recollections of it as an undergraduate in 1827:

"If you were to set a poet to make a town, with *carte blanche* as to trees, gardens and green blinds, he would probably turn out very much such a place as New Haven. The first thought of the inventor of New Haven was to lay out the streets in parallelograms; the second was to plant them from suburb to water-side, with the magnificent elms of the country. The result is that, at the end of fifty years, the town is buried in leaves. If it were not for the spires of the churches, a bird flying over on his autumn voyage to the Floridas would never mention

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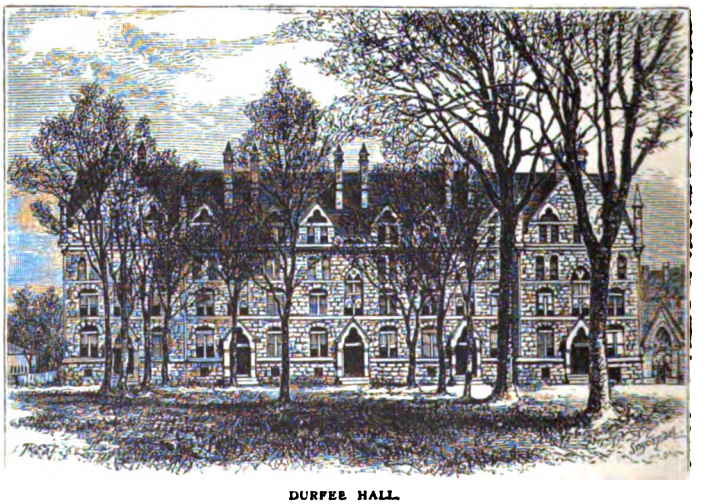
having seen it in his travels. The houses are something between an Italian palace and an English cottage,—built of wood, but, in the dim light of those overshadowing trees, as fair to the eye as marble, with their

THE DIVINITY SCHOOL.

triennial coats of paint; and each stands in the midst of its own encircling grass-plot, half buried in vines and flowers, and facing outward from a cluster of gardens divided by slender palings, and filling up with fruit-trees and summer-houses the square on whose limit it stands. Then, like the varicolored parallelograms upon a chess-board, green openings are left throughout the town, fringed with triple and interweaving elm rows, the long weeping branches sweeping downward to the grass, and, with their inclosing shadows, keeping moist and cool the road they overhang."

In spite of its growth from a small university town to a city of over 50,000 inhabitants, New Haven keeps its rural look. This is owing partly to its architecture, and partly to its tree-planting traditions, inherited from the times of James Hillhouse, who set out the great elms that now shadow the older streets. The immediate suburbs of New Haven are far from imposing,—acres of flat ground covered with rows of small wooden houses, of a dreary sameness of pattern, with here and there a waste lot intersected by foot-paths, and nibbled by bleating goats that tug restlessly at their tethers. Yet even in these unsightly outskirts, and wherever the hand of the real estate speculator has been at work laying out new "boulevards," there are planted ranks of young elms, the germ of future Temple streets. Hence, from the top of East or West Rock, the straggling town, with its wooden houses and shade trees, looks like an overgrown village. From the upper stories of Divinity Hall in June the tree-tops of the City Green and the College Campus strike on the eye as a sea of billowy verdure, the church steeples and the belfries, clock towers and gables of the University, seeming not so much to emerge therefrom as to be themselves the craft of some fantastic navy sailing on the leaves. The round



DURFEE HALL.

observatory of the Athenæum serves for the cheese-box turret of a Monitor, and the steep roof-ridge of Durfee, with chimneys for

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smoke-pipes, does duty as a hog-backed Merrimac.

The scenery about New Haven is uncommonly rich and varied, tempting constantly to holiday walks and sails, and lending a romantic charm to the memories of undergraduate life. There is an intimate blending of sea-side and inland. Brackish creeks empty and fill their sluices with tide water, at the bases of cliffs miles from the sea. Following a path through woods, you come out suddenly on the borders of a salt marsh, where gulls are flying about. Lying under the trees of an orchard seemingly in the heart of the continent, you lift your eyes and see across the clover-tops the sparkle of the sun on the waters of the Sound, and the sail of a vessel bound for New York. You could put out your hand and touch it, lying under the apple-trees.

New Haven was settled in 1638 by a company of immigrants from London, who bought the land from Momauguin, sachem of the Quinnipiacs, "for 12 coats of English cloth, 12 alchymy spoons, 12 hatchets, 12 hoes, 2 dozen knives, 12 porringers and 4 cases of French knives and scissors." Like other New England towns, it has its romance of colonial history. In 1661 Whalley and Goffe, two of the regicide judges of Charles the First, came to New Haven. Tradition connects their names with a sort of den, formed by two bowlders on the back of West Rock, where they lay hidden while the King's officers were making search for them in the town. The Judges' Cave is the first shrine to which the Freshman makes pilgrimage, and on one of the bowlders some lover of liberty, whose enthusiasm outran his orthography, has cut the inscription: "*Oposition* to tyrants is obedience to God."*

Long before the close of the 17th century, the project of a college in the Colony of Connecticut had been mooted. The distance of Harvard College in those days of unrapid transit (mostly on horseback) was felt as a serious evil. But not until the year 1700 did the movement take definite shape. In that year ten of the foremost ministers in the colony, nominated by general consent, assembled at New Haven, and formed themselves into a society for founding and carrying on a collegiate school. Later in the year tradition reports that they again came together at Branford, each bringing a number of books—in all some forty folios—which he laid on the table with the words: "I give these books for founding a college in this colony." So that the library is to be regarded as the corner-stone of the university. In 1701, the society was incorporated by Act of the Colonial Assembly, in conse-

STATUE OF RECTOR PIERSON.

quence of a petition numerously signed, setting forth that "from a sincere regard to, and zeal for, upholding the Protestant religion by a succession of learned and orthodox men, they [the petitioners] had proposed that a collegiate school should be erected in this colony, wherein youth should be instructed in all parts of learning, to qualify them for public employments in church and civil state."

Abraham Pierson, of Killingworth [Kenelworth], was chosen Rector of the school, and held office till his death in 1707. In the summer of 1874 a bronze statue of Yale's first president was erected on the college grounds in front of the Art Gallery, and unveiled at Commencement with appropriate ceremonies. The statue was designed by Launt Thompson, and presented to the col-

* For a fuller account of the topography and antiquities of New Haven, see President Dwight's "Statistical Account of New Haven;" and Prof. Dana's "Walks about New Haven," in the "College Courant" for 1868-9.

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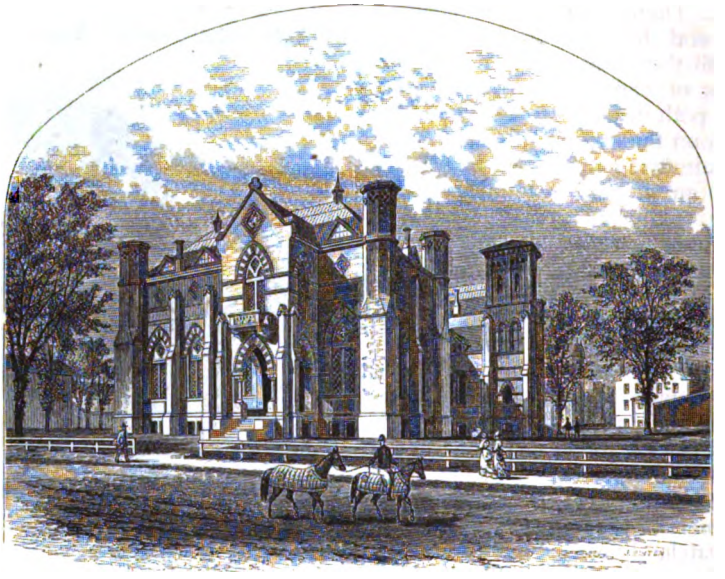
lege by Mr. Charles Morgan, of New York. It is not properly a likeness but an ideal—assisted, however, by reference to portraits of members of the Pierson family. The straight figure and aquiline features of the fine old Puritan scholar have something typical and even prophetic, carrying the mind back to the times when, *Teucro duce et auspice Teucro*, the students were "weekly caused *memoriter* to recite the Assembly's Catechism in Latin and Ames's Theological Theses." A memorial of Rector Pierson is also preserved in the library—a square oaken chair of the true antique solidity.



YALE ART BUILDING.

The school was located provisionally at Saybrook. The first student on its rolls was Jacob Hemingway, who took his Bachelor's degree in 1704. He entered college in March, 1702, and continued in his sole person to represent the whole body of undergraduates until September of the same year, when the number was swelled to eight, who were distributed into classes according to their scholarship. At the same time the Faculty received an addition by the appointment of Mr. Daniel Hooker as tutor. The first Commencement was held at Saybrook in 1702, and some honorary degrees conferred; but there was no proper graduating class until the following year, when the Triennial Catalogue makes the following record:

1703.

*Johannes Hart, A. M. Tutor. *1731.

This first graduate of Yale had already spent three years at Harvard before he removed to Saybrook and became the Senior sophister of the sister university. These modest beginnings recall the affectionate banter of a Harvard poet about the infant years of his own Alma Mater:

"And who was on the catalogue when college was begun?
Two nephews of the President and *the* Professor's son: * * * *
Lord! How the Seniors kicked about the Freshman class of one!"

It should be borne in mind that in 1700 Connecticut had a poor and thinly scattered agricultural population of little more than 15,000.

During its first seventeen years the new college led a wandering life. Rector Pierson lived at Killingworth, and taught his classes there. The Rector who succeeded him resided at Milford with the Seniors, the lower classes being instructed by the tutors at Saybrook. In 1716, many of the students, being dissatisfied with Saybrook, seceded to Wethersfield and put themselves under the teaching of Mr. Elisha Williams, who thus became a kind of tutor extraordinary. The few who remained at Saybrook shortly after fled from the small-pox to East Guilford. There was much local jealousy touching the permanent settling of the college; New Haven, Hartford, Saybrook, Wethersfield and Middletown, all making bids for it.

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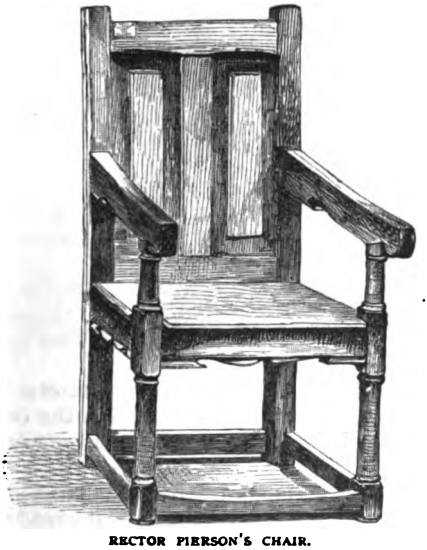
The up-river interest was in the minority in the Corporation, and memorialized the Assembly. But most of the Trustees declaring for New Haven, the college was removed thither in 1717—not, however, without violent opposition. The Governor and Council had to assemble at Saybrook to help the sheriff. The bridges between Saybrook and New Haven were broken down, and the library was a week on the road. The carts in which the latter was carried were attacked, and two hundred and sixty volumes lost or destroyed in the scuffle.

The Commencements at Saybrook had been mostly private. A public Commencement was held at New Haven in 1718. A few recalcitrant members of the graduating class still lingered at Wethersfield, where a rival Commencement took place. But the up-river faction was finally conciliated, and Mr. Elisha Williams was appointed tutor, and afterward, in 1725, Rector. Meanwhile a house for the reception of the college had been built at New Haven, and was dedicated on Commencement Day. It stood in the south-eastern corner of the yard, near "the fence," whose top rail, crowded with singers in the summer evenings, now forms the favorite lounging-place of the undergraduates (see page 768). This building was of wood, three stories high, with steep roof and dormer windows, and had, besides chambers for the scholars, a hall, library and kitchen. A part of it was standing as late as 1782. About the time of the removal of the college to New Haven, there were received from Gov. Elihu Yale, of London, a large box of books, the portrait (by Sir Godfrey Kneller) and the arms of King George, and £200 sterling worth of English goods. The portrait is preserved in the Art Gallery, but the coat-of-arms was destroyed at the time of the Revolution. In acknowledgment of this gift the Trustees "solemnly named" the new building Yale College; "upon which," proceeds the contemporary account, "the Hon. Col. Taylor represented Governor Yale in a speech expressing his great satisfaction; which ended, we passed to the church and there the Commencement was carried on. * * * * After which were graduated ten young men, whereupon the Hon. Gov. Saltonstall in a Latin speech congratulated the Trustees in their success and in the comfortable appearance with relation to the school. All which ended, the gentlemen returned to the college hall, where they were entertained with a splendid dinner, and the ladies at the same time were also entertained in the Library. After which they sung the four first verses of the 65th Psalm, and so the day ended."



RECTOR PIERSON'S CHAIR.

Elihu Yale, whose name was thus almost accidentally bound up forever with the fortunes of a university whose future greatness he surely could not have foretokened, was born in New Haven in 1648. He was educated in England, and made a fortune in the East Indies, where he was made Governor of Fort St. George, now Madras. "He was a gentleman," says President Clap, "who greatly abounded in good humor and generosity as well as in wealth." A grandson of Gov. Yale presented the college, in 1789, with an original full-length portrait of its distinguished sponsor. From this is taken the picture which figures on the cover of the "Yale Literary Magazine," but the elegiac couplet just beneath it,

"*Dum mens grata manet nomen laudesque Yalenses*
Cantabunt subóles unanimique patres."

comes from a MS. inscription, under an engraving of Gov. Yale sent to the college at an earlier period. The college is also in possession of a silver snuff-box once belonging to its benefactor, having a tortoise-shell lid with medallion, coat-of-arms, and the motto *Præmium virtutis gloria*. The following lines, from Yale's epitaph in the church-yard at Wrexham in Wales, are curious, and have been often quoted:

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travelled and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived; at London dead.
Much Good, some Ill he did; so hope's all's even,
And that his Soul through Mercy's gone to Heaven."

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The college had now a local habitation and a name, and was fairly launched upon its course. By the close of the century, the number of students had risen to 130. Instruction continued in the hands of the President and tutors, who varied from one to five. A Professorship of Divinity was founded in 1755; one of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy, in 1770. An instructor in Hebrew was appointed in 1798. But these chairs were slenderly endowed, and often empty. Sometimes the President performed the duties of a Professor, as well as his own.

PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR YALE.

A house for the Rector had been built in 1722. A second President's house was built in 1799, and was standing in 1860. In laying the foundations of Farnam Hall, in 1869, a bottle of mulberry wine was dug up from the ruins of the President's cellar, "which, if any have tasted, they have far exceeded the palates of antiquity." In 1752 South Middle College was built, and paid for partly by the proceeds of a lottery, and partly by a grant from the Assembly of the money that came from the sale of a French prize captured by a Connecticut frigate. In acknowledgment of this gift, the building was originally named Connecticut Hall. It was modeled upon "red Massachusetts" at Cambridge, and was described in the dedication ceremonies as *ædes hæc nitida et splendida Aula Connecticutensis.* It is the oldest college building now remaining. Its lower story is partly occupied by the reading-room. In 1763 was completed the Athenæum, now used for Freshman recitation-rooms, but at first for a chapel, and the upper floor for a library; for the steeple has been substituted a wooden turret, used as an astronomical observatory. In 1793–4 South College was built, the third member of "the

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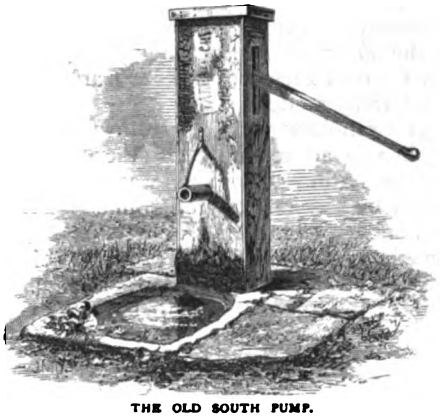
old brick row." This still continues to be the most popular college, its old-fashioned chambers being often chosen in preference to the hard-finished, gas-lighted, and steam-heated apartments of Farnam and Durfee. The college thus stood committed to the "dormitory system" before the end of the eighteenth century.

The course of study pursued at Old Yale, as at Old Harvard, was based on the ancient scholastic curriculum of the English universities, the back-bone of which was Theology and Logic. By 1700, Oxford and Cambridge had added to this somewhat of science and of elegant scholarship; but the founders of the New England schools preserved the traditions of a generation educated at Cambridge in the early years of the seventeenth century—the contemporaries there of Milton and Henry More. Moreover, though not intended to be exclusively a school for the training of young men for the ministry, the college did, nevertheless, keep that object largely in view. The original *Socii* were, and their successors have continued to be, Congregational ministers in the State of Connecticut. The President has always been a clergyman. Of the 110 tutors connected with the college during its first century, only 49 were laymen. By 1750



THE OLD SOUTH PUMP.

there had been graduated 306 clergymen against 336 laymen.* It is, therefore, not strange that Divinity held a large place in the course of study. This changed somewhat from time to time, but in general the Yale curriculum of the eighteenth century may be said to have included, in uncertain

PRESIDENT THEODORE D. WOOLSEY.

and varying quantities, Hebrew, the Greek Testament, writing and speaking Latin, Logic, Ethics, Metaphysics, Divinity, Rhetoric, Physics, and Mathematics (embracing, under President Clap, more or less of Algebra, Trigonometry, Navigation, Surveying, Conics, Fluxions, and the Calculation of Eclipses). Mention is also made of "disputing" in the two upper classes,—"on Monday in the syllogistic form, on Tuesday in the forensic." There is food for thought in the fact that the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy was once taught in Yale College.

Much that is quaint may be noted in the early customs of the college. Life in old colony times was simpler than now, but society more aristocratic. In those days of lace ruffles and powdered wigs, sword knots and small-clothes, silk stockings and silver shoe-buckles, there was a ceremonious punctilio in dress and manners that contrasts oddly with the rude appliances of life in a newly settled country. The Governor and his council, with the clergy and the wealthier merchants and professional men of the little colony, formed an untitled aristocracy, whose claims were recognized in the college cata-

* A test of orthodoxy was formerly imposed on members of the *Senatus Academicus*. Down to 1778 they had to subscribe to the "Westminster Catechism and Confession of Faith;" down to 1823 to the "Saybrook Platform." Under the amended charter of 1745, they were also obliged to take an oath to uphold the Act, made in the first year of George the First, "for extinguishing the hopes of the pretended Prince of Wales," who was "out" later on in the same year. The religious test was abolished in 1823.

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logues. Down to 1767, the names of undergraduates were arranged, not alphabetically, but in order of rank. The first name in the class of 1725 is Gurdon Saltonstall, the

PRESIDENT NOAH PORTER.

Governor's son. Then follow names of sons of clergymen, lawyers, artisans, and tradesmen. "Every student," runs one of the old laws, "shall be called by his sir name, except he be the son of a nobleman, or a knight's eldest son." As between the college classes, a strict subordination was enforced, and a somewhat laborious etiquette prevailed between Faculty and students. The Freshmen were almost in the condition of fags in the English public schools. The following statutes from a book of "Freshman Laws" seem incredible, but were gravely meant, and put in practice:

"The Freshmen, as well as other undergraduates, are to be uncovered, and are forbidden to wear their hats (unless in stormy weather) in the front door-yard of the President's or Professor's house, or within ten rods of the person of the President, eight rods of the Professor, and five rods of a tutor."

"A Freshman shall not play with any members of an upper class without being asked."

"In case of personal insult, a Junior may call up a Freshman and reprehend him. A Sophomore, in like case, must obtain leave from a Senior, and then he may discipline a Freshman."

"Freshmen shall not run in college-yard, or up or down stairs, or call to anyone through a college window."

The Academic costume of cap and gown was worn at Yale in the last century. A curious wood-cut, "View of Yale College," in the library, printed at New Haven in 1786, represents South Middle College and the Athenæum, with figures of President Stiles, tutors, and scholars, walking in the yard. Some are in cap and gown, others in frock coat, cocked hat, and peruke. Each has a little spot of green to stand on, like the wooden lozenges which support the feet of the *dramatis personæ* in a Noah's Ark. The figure of President Stiles is fearfully and wonderfully made.

The scholars were not allowed to use English in addressing each other, but must talk in Latin. Discipline was maintained chiefly by a system of graded fines. Freshmen and "commencing Sophomores" were sometimes cuffed or boxed on the ear by the President in a solemn and formal manner in chapel; but there seems to have been no

THE COLLEGE FENCE.

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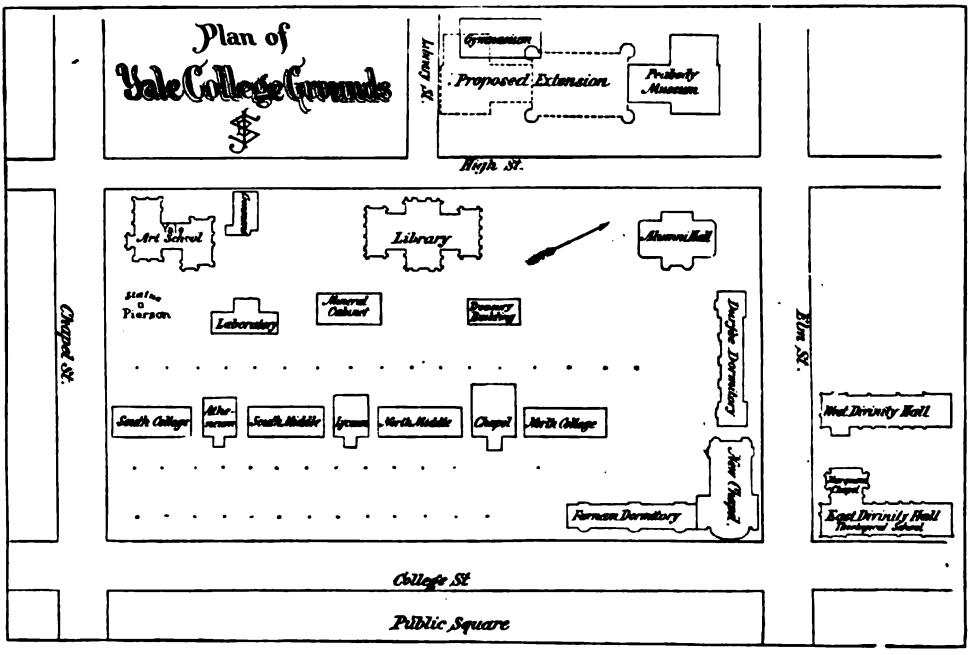
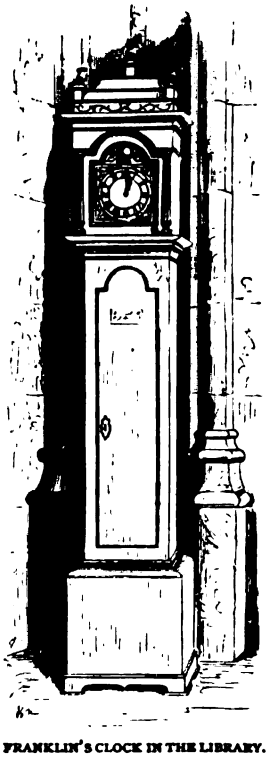


instance at Yale of that bodily flogging sometimes administered at Harvard—notably in the case of Thomas Sargent, of painful memory, who was "whipped before the scholars" in 1674. We cannot pause to describe those shadowy functionaries, the Beadle and the Scholar of the House, or do more than allude in passing to the College Butler, a licensed monopolist, who held his buttery in the ground floor front corner room in the south entry of South Middle, wherefrom he dispensed to such as had money or credit "cider, metheglin, strong beer, together with loaf sugar ('saccharum rigidum'), pipes, tobacco, etc,"—being, indeed, a sort of ancient and official "Hoad." He it was who furnished the candles which glimmered in the chapel at early prayers in the dark winter mornings. He had charge of the college bell, and a disorderly student was sometimes, with a certain grim humor on the part of the authorities, appointed to the office of "Butler's waiter," and compelled to ring the bell for a week or two.



FRANKLIN'S CLOCK IN THE LIBRARY.

In 1729 arrived in Rhode Island, Dean, afterward Bishop, George Berkeley, with a train of English gentlemen. He came to the province in furtherance of his romantic project of founding a college in Bermuda to christianize the Indians, and be the center of civilization in the New World. The imaginative spirit in which Berkeley undertook this enterprise appears from his fine "Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America." The closing stanza is familiar, the first line having passed into proverb:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

In Rhode Island Berkeley sojourned three years, waiting for the £20,000 promised him by the British Ministry toward his Bermuda College. This, of course, never came. Sir Robert Walpole's statesmanship was anything but visionary, and he found more prac-

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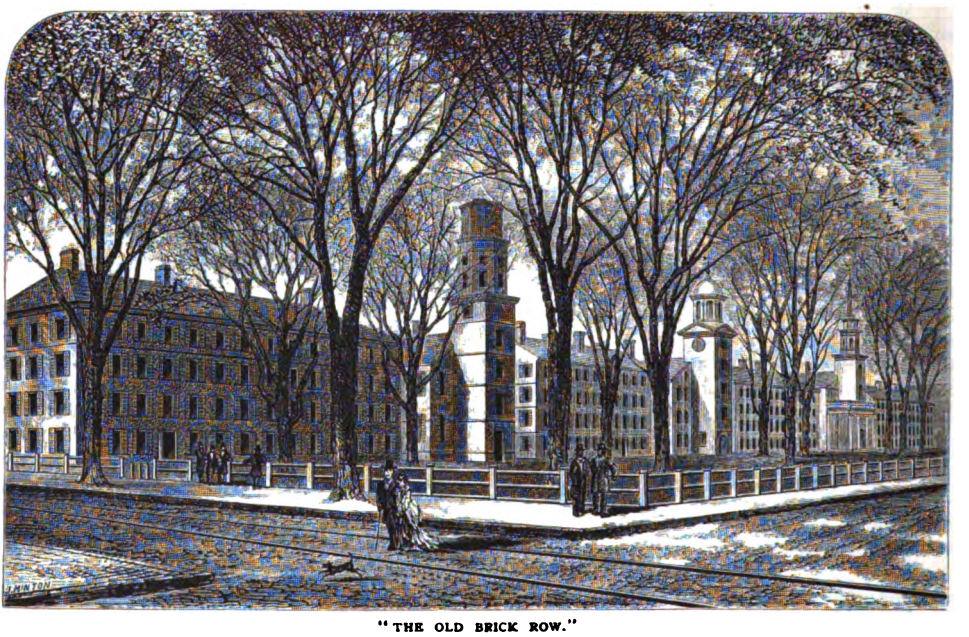
tical uses for the money at home. In the interior of the island Berkeley built himself a mansion, still standing, which he named Whitehall, in a pleasant valley, neighbor to a hill that commands the land and the ocean with its outlying islands. Here he lived in scholarly retirement, writing his "Minute Philosopher," and the dialogues of "Alciphron."

In 1719 Timothy Cutler had been chosen Rector of Yale College. He is described by President Stiles as "a great Hebrician and Orientalist," "a noble Latin Orator," and a man of "a high, lofty, and despotic mien." "He made a grand figure as the head of a college. But his head being at length turned with the splendor of Prelacy, and carried away with the fond enterprise of Episcopizing all New England, he, in 1722, turned Churchman, left his Rectorate of Yale College, and was re-ordained by the Bishop of Norwich, and was honored with the Doctorate in Divinity from Oxford and Cambridge. Returning, he settled in Boston, but failed of that influence and eminence which he figured to himself in prospect."

Rector Cutler drew after him a number of ministers, including Mr. Samuel Johnson, a former tutor, and Mr. Daniel Brown, then acting tutor in the college. This apostacy created alarm throughout New England, and the Trustees excused Mr. Cutler from any further service as Rector, and accepted Mr. Brown's resignation of his tutorship. It is honorable to both sides that the new converts never put themselves in hostility to the college. Mr. (afterward Dr.) Johnson in particular continued zealous in its interests. He had accompanied Cutler to England, and received ordination and degrees.* In 1754 he was chosen first President of King's (now Columbia) College. His son was educated at Yale, and became, like his father, President of King's College.



"THE OLD BRICK ROW."

On Berkeley's arrival at Newport, Johnson visited him there, and a friendship was begun which had important results for Yale. The two friends kept up a correspondence, partly on philosophical matters, and Johnson embraced Berkeley's idealism, as did also, though independently, a thinker in some respects greater than Berkeley—Jonathan Edwards, once a pupil of Johnson at Yale. Johnson embodied the Berkeleian system in his "Elementa Philosophica," printed at Philadelphia in 1752 by Benjamin Franklin. Through Johnson, Berkeley became interested in "the college at Newhaven," and in 1732, on his return to England, conveyed to the Trustees his farm of

* He is said to have visited Pope, and brought home cuttings from the Twickenham willow, which he planted at Stratford, Conn.

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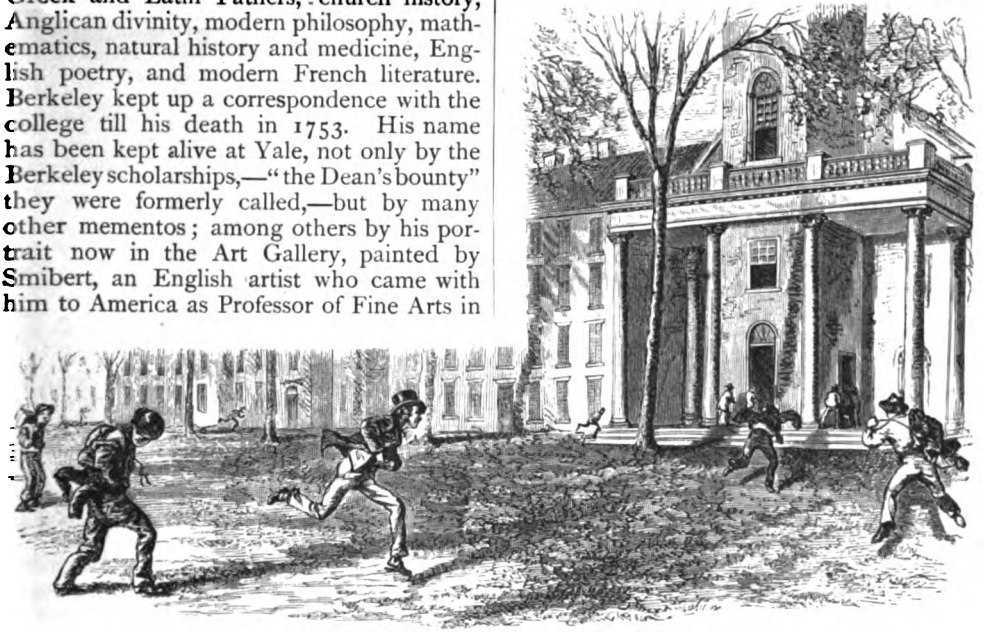
ninety-six acres at Whitehall, the rent to be appropriated to three scholarships, awarded for excellence in Greek and Latin, determined by a competitive examination in the presence of the President and the "Senior Episcopal Missionary of the Colony or Province of Connecticut." In 1733 he sent the college nearly 1,000 volumes, valued at £500,—the best collection of books that had ever been brought at one time to America. The collection included the chief works of classical literature and philosophy, the Greek and Latin Fathers, church history, Anglican divinity, modern philosophy, mathematics, natural history and medicine, English poetry, and modern French literature. Berkeley kept up a correspondence with the college till his death in 1753. His name has been kept alive at Yale, not only by the Berkeley scholarships,—"the Dean's bounty" they were formerly called,—but by many other mementos; among others by his portrait now in the Art Gallery, painted by Smibert, an English artist who came with him to America as Professor of Fine Arts in the future University of Bermuda. Smibert staid in America after Berkeley's departure, and died at Boston. Copley was one of his pupils. The painting shows Berkeley standing by a table, with his hand resting on a volume of Plato, and surrounded by his family. North Middle College, finished in 1803, was at first called Berkeley Hall, but "swell names" have never flourished at Yale. In 1869 a Berkeley Association was started by the Episcopal students in college.

FARNAM HALL.

During the long administration of President Clap, from 1739 to 1766, there arose in the colony serious dissatisfaction with the college management. In 1740 the great revival preacher, Whitefield, visited New England, and, raised by his eloquence, a kind of religious inflammation. All sorts of Enthusiasts and Separatists started up to trouble the decorous orthodoxy that had hitherto reigned unbroken in Connecticut. Authority everywhere took ground against the movement, and the heads of the college criticised Whitefield and his followers in a printed document. David Brainerd, then a Junior in college, and afterward a famous missionary among the Indians, a man of fervent and even fanatical piety, said of a



GOING TO PRAYERS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

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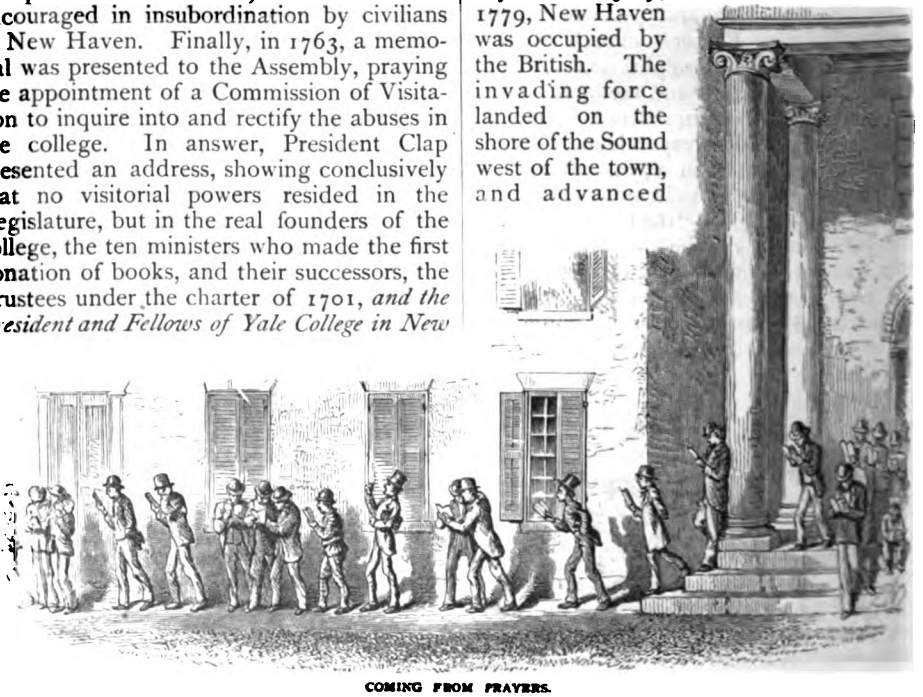
certain tutor Whittelsey, that "he had no more of the grace of God than that chair." For this offense, and for attending against the rules a Separatist meeting in New Haven, he was expelled from college. This and other harsh measures gave great offense

"HANNIBAL."

to many in the colony. Anonymous pamphlets were directed against the government of the college; its orthodoxy was questioned, and complaints were made of its system of discipline and instruction; the students were encouraged in insubordination by civilians in New Haven. Finally, in 1763, a memorial was presented to the Assembly, praying the appointment of a Commission of Visitation to inquire into and rectify the abuses in the college. In answer, President Clap presented an address, showing conclusively that no visitorial powers resided in the Legislature, but in the real founders of the college, the ten ministers who made the first donation of books, and their successors, the Trustees under the charter of 1701, *and the President and Fellows of Yale College in New Haven* under the amended charter of 1745. Of the legal ability shown in this argument Chancellor Kent spoke in the highest terms. The Assembly took no action on the memorial. This controversy was of great value to the college, as it established thus early in its history the independence of the corporation from State interference. Nevertheless the college continued for a time widely unpopular, and a fresh grievance was added when, in 1765, two of the tutors who had become infected with Sandemanian principles were forced by the President to resign. President Clap was a man of ability and firmness of will, who devoted himself with untiring fidelity to the interests of the college. The study of mathematics and natural philosophy especially received impetus from his teaching; but he seems to have been rigid and intolerant.

During the Revolution the college was all but broken up. Owing to the high price of provisions at New Haven, the Freshmen were removed to Farmington, and the Juniors and Sophomores to Glastonbury, the Seniors alone staying at New Haven under Tutor Dwight. No public Commencement was held between 1777 and 1781. It was voted that the college bell might be transported to Glastonbury if the inhabitants would pay the cost of its conveyance. In July, 1779, New Haven was occupied by the British. The invading force landed on the shore of the Sound west of the town, and advanced



COMING FROM PRAYERS.

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along the Milford turnpike. Beyond West River they were met by the militia, including a number of undergraduates. These irregular troops were soon dispersed after a skirmish. Among other citizens, ex-President Daggett had shouldered his fowling-piece and gone forth to battle. He was taken prisoner, put at the head of the British column, and prodded with bayonets into town. Being a portly man, "subject to continual dissolution and thaw," and the day being intensely hot, Dr. Daggett sustained injuries from his forced march at the point of the bayonet, which are believed to have hastened his death. In this skirmish Major Campbell, reputed the handsomest man in the British army, was shot by a farmer from behind a stone wall. He was buried in the fields near by, and the spot is still marked by a small stone, and sometimes visited by the curious. It is said that the first body of troops reviewed by Washington after his appointment as Commander-in-Chief, was a company of Yale students that he put through the maneuvers on the New Haven green while on his way to take command at Cambridge. By reason of the depreciation and fluctuation of the currency during the Revolution and just after, the salaries of the college officers were paid in terms of beef, pork, wheat, and Indian corn, a medium not so elastic as Continental paper, but seemingly preferred by these ancient bullionists.

INTERIOR OF STUDENT'S ROOM.

One of the most interesting of the early Presidents of the college was Dr. Ezra Stiles, who served from 1777 to 1795. He was the best scholar of his time in New England, and, it is said, would have been elected President of Harvard, but for his being a graduate of another college. He had an eager and credulous curiosity, which led him into a wide range of rather unrelated pursuits. Thus we find him experimenting with an electrical apparatus sent to the college by Dr. Franklin; corresponding with Winthrop about the comet of 1759; writing letters of inquiry to the head of the Jesuits' College in Mexico respecting the discoveries of the Catholic Missions in the North-west; to a Greek bishop in Syria asking for an account of the Gentiles beyond the Caspian, "with reference to the remains of the ten tribes;" to Sir William Jones suggesting a search for copies of the Pentateuch among the Black Jews in India. As an antiquarian and Orientalist he was specially famous. He wrote an entertaining but uncritical treatise on King Charles's Judges in America. He pursued his Oriental studies with the help of the learned Rabbi Haigim Isaac Carigal, who had charge of the synagogue at Newport. He was active in the controversy between the colonies and the mother country, and later in projects for the abolition of the slave trade. He pursued a more liberal policy than President Clap, and it was during his administration that the Hon. James Hillhouse, Treasurer of the College,

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originated the conciliatory measure by which, in return for a grant from the State, the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and six senior Senators were made *ex-officio* members of the Corporation. South College, built in 1794, was named Union Hall, to commemorate this union of Church and State in the college government.

The successors of Dr. Stiles in the Presidency have been Timothy Dwight (1795–1817); Jeremiah Day (1817–1846); Theodore Dwight Woolsey (1846–1871); and Noah Porter, the present head of the College.

At the time of the Revolution there flourished at New Haven a school of Yale poets and patriots, who aided the cause of Independence with sword and pen—Trumbull, Dwight, Humphreys, and Barlow. They wrote immense epics in rhyme; essays in the style of "The Spectator;" satires and epistles after the manner of Pope; epigrams against Tom Paine, Ethan Allen and Thomas Jefferson; and burlesques in imitation of Hudibras. This galaxy of literati, together with three Hartford wits, contributors to "The American Mercury," formed a mutual admiration society and were spoken of as "The Seven Pleiades of Connecticut." Their poems are little read nowadays, but are historically interesting as the beginnings of our national literature, and abundantly filled with the spirit of '76. The two first named, John Trumbull and Timothy Dwight, were chosen tutors in the college in 1771. Their influence served to broaden the course of study by the introduction of the humanities,—Trumbull's first satire, "The Progress of Dullness," being directed in part against the dry and unpractical character of the old logical curriculum. Trumbull's best poem was "M'Fingal," a satirical account of the war, which was very popular in its day. Thirty pirated impressions were hawked about by newsmongers and chapmen, and the classical Marquis de Chastellux wrote from Paris complimenting Trumbull in good critical form for having observed all the rules of burlesque poetry obtaining since the age of Homer. Could Dr. Johnson have said more?

Two or three couplets of "M'Fingal" still circulate as proverbs generally credited to Butler, *e. g.*:

> "No man e'er felt the halter draw
> With good opinion of the law:"

and,

> "But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
> To see what is not to be seen."

Trumbull afterward studied law in John Adams's office at Boston, and finally became Judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut.

Timothy Dwight is less known to posterity as a writer than as the vigorous scholar who, as President of Yale College, impressed his strong personality upon every one of a generation of students. Yet his contributions to literature were by no means valueless. Prominent among these were his "Theology," and his entertaining "Travels in New England and New York," of which latter Southey spoke with respect, though he made game of his poems. Of these, "The Conquest of Canaän," finished at the age of twenty-three, is the longest and most pretentious. This is a scriptural epic in rhymed heroics, which was favorably criticised by Cowper in "The Analytical Review." Trumbull, "in allusion to the number of thunder-storms described in the portion of the poem handed him to read, requested that, when he sent in the remainder, a lightning-rod might be included." Of this epic, with its thunder-storms and Niagaras, its Irads and Selimas, and the rest, one would wish to speak warily as of the *manes* of the illustrious dead. Peace be with them! Dwight's best poem is, perhaps, his "Greenfield Hill," a rural idyl in the reflective and descriptive vein of Goldsmith. His once famous song, "Columbia," was written during his chaplaincy in the Revolutionary army, and gave voice to the new feeling of American nationality. The psalm included in most collections beginning, "I love Thy kingdom, Lord," was written by Dwight.

The third star in this constellation was Colonel David Humphreys, who was graduated in 1771. He fought in the Revolution, first as staff officer to General Putnam, and afterward as one of Washington's aids, and was presented with a sword by Congress for gallantry at Yorktown. He continued a life-long friend of Washington, and a frequent inmate at Mount Vernon. He was appointed Minister to Spain and introduced into America the breed of Merino sheep. From his woolen factory was furnished the coat in which President Madison took his oath of office. Colonel Humphreys' muse was always patriotic, and, withal, somewhat stately and monotonous. He sung "The Happiness of America," "The Future Glory of the United States," "Love of Country," "The Death of General Washington," and "The Industry of the United States of America." He exchanged poetic epistles with Barlow, "whom Nature formed her

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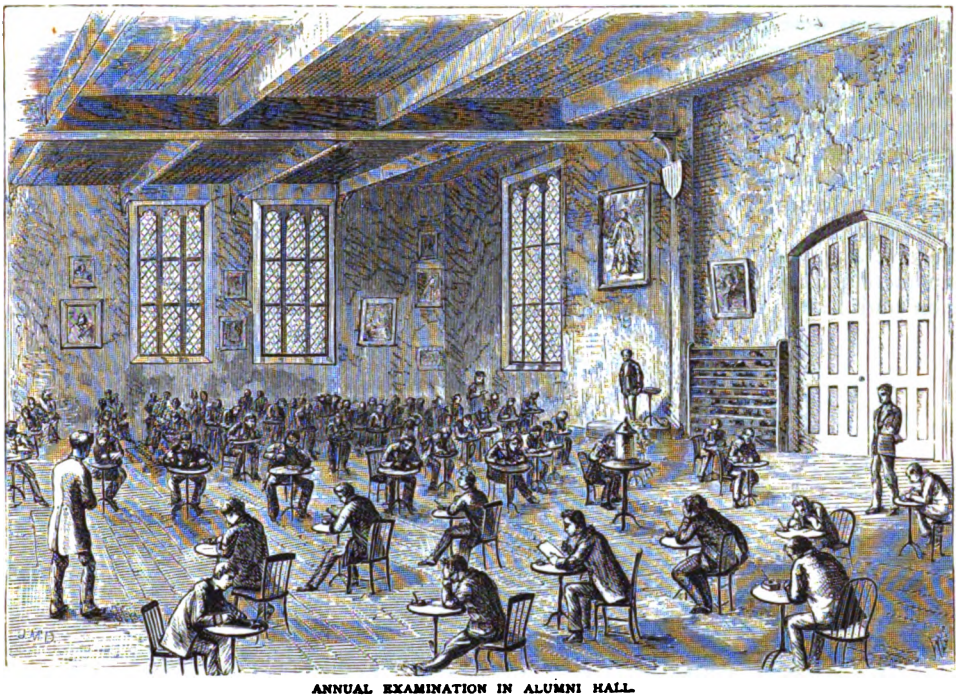

ANNUAL EXAMINATION IN ALUMNI HALL.

loftiest poet," and with Dwight, "that bard sublime, the father of our epic song." His poem, entitled "Address to the Armies of the United States of America," was translated into French by the Marquis de Chastellux. Humphreys was the patron saint and one of the founders of the Brothers in Unity Society, and, as such, his name has come down in college song almost to the present generation of undergraduates. Another Revolutionary hero, Nathan Hale, the martyr spy, was the founder of the rival society, Linonia.

Joel Barlow made his début as a poet on his Commencement Day, in 1778, by the delivery of a poem on the "Prospect of Peace." Like Dwight, he served as chaplain in the Revolutionary army. When the war was over, this knot of New Haven poets turned their pens into the service of the Federalist party. Barlow settled at Hartford and wrote for the "Mercury," in connection with Trumbull, Humphreys and Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, a series of papers called "The Anarchiad," in favor of a strong Constitution. But later, he strayed to Paris and went after false gods, becoming a convert to French democracy and taking part in the struggles of the Revolution. He attacked Burke in a pamphlet printed at London, and wrote, among other rather wild things, a famous song in praise of the guillotine to the tune of "God Save the King." He made a fortune abroad by speculation, and, returning to America, after an absence of seventeen years, built a residence near Washington, which he called *Kalorama*. He was sent as Minister to France by Mr. Monroe, and caught his death by exposure while traveling through Poland to get an interview with Napoleon, then engaged on his Russian campaign. Barlow's best poem is "Hasty Pudding," an excellent mock heroic after the manner of Philip's "Cider." The couplet,

> "E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
> To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *mush*,"

is familiar, as, indeed, are other passages. But Barlow's chief title to fame in his own time was "The Columbiad," a sort of Fourth of July epic in ten books, splendid with the boom of cannon and the blaze of rockets, with geographical surveys of the continent from "hills of vision," accompanied with remarks by guardian angels and geniuses of America, and ending in a grand holocaust of ancient errors and superstitions. This was published at Philadelphia in 1807, with prints by the best English engravers, and was the costliest book that had ever been issued from an American press. Many

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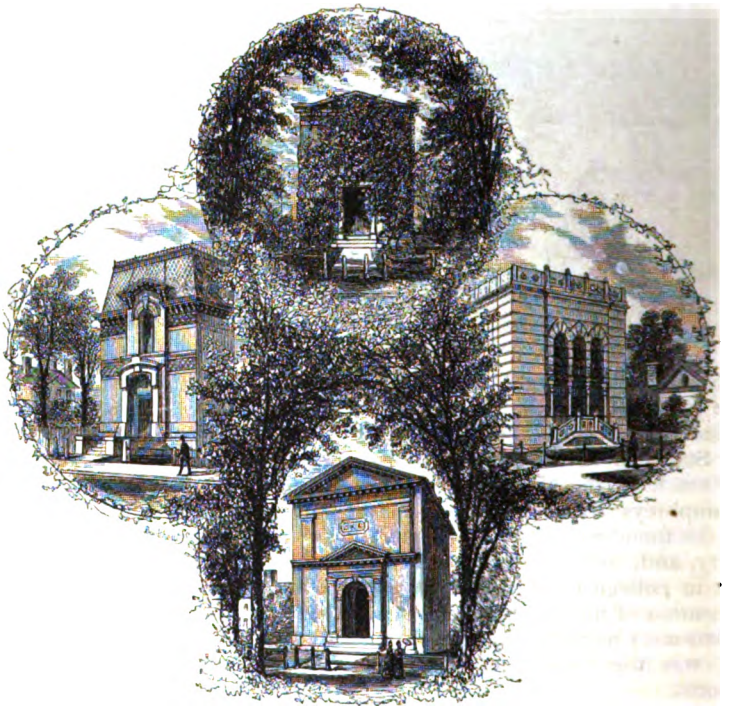
of the pieces of this early school of Connecticut poets were published in a volume of "American Poems," at Litchfield, in 1793.

With the opening of the present century, and the accession of President Dwight in 1795, the college entered upon a career of development so rapid and manifold that, from a school attended by scarcely more than one hundred and thirty pupils, and conducted by half a dozen teachers, it has become a university of six separate faculties, numbering some ninety officers of instruction and nearly eleven hundred students, and occupying about thirty buildings, This development has been double: First, an unfolding of the college in itself; Secondly, a throwing off by the parent stem of vigorous shoots in the shape of special departments and technical schools.

The increase in the number of college buildings may first be mentioned, as the outward and visible sign of this progress. The plan of the first builders was as simple as their architecture—mere accretion in a right line. Hence "the old brick row," comprising, besides the structures already mentioned, the Lyceum, begun in 1800; North College, in 1821; the Old Chapel, in 1824, and Old Divinity, in 1835. The buildings of this row are all standing, except the last, which was pulled down in 1870, to make room for Durfee Hall. The Lyceum is occupied by recitation-rooms. All these buildings are excessively plain, resembling nothing so much as a line of red brick factories. The four dormitories are almost precisely alike. Each is four stories high and has two entries; each entry gives access to sixteen rooms, four on a floor. Though plain in appearance, they furnish comfortable lodgings. Two of them are heated by steam. All have water on the ground floor, and gas in the entries and in some of the rooms.



SOCIETY HALLS.
1. Skull and Bones.
2. Psi Upsilon. 3. Scroll and Keys.
4. Delta Kappa Epsilon.

These buildings are old without being venerable; yet sometimes, in the long summer vacation, when the yard is deserted, their bricky fronts, with the shadows of the elms playing quietly over them, take on a mellow tone of age that appeals to one with a certain pathos for recognition. The rooms in the older colleges have a faint aroma of association. In many, lists of former inmates are kept pasted on the closet doors. The

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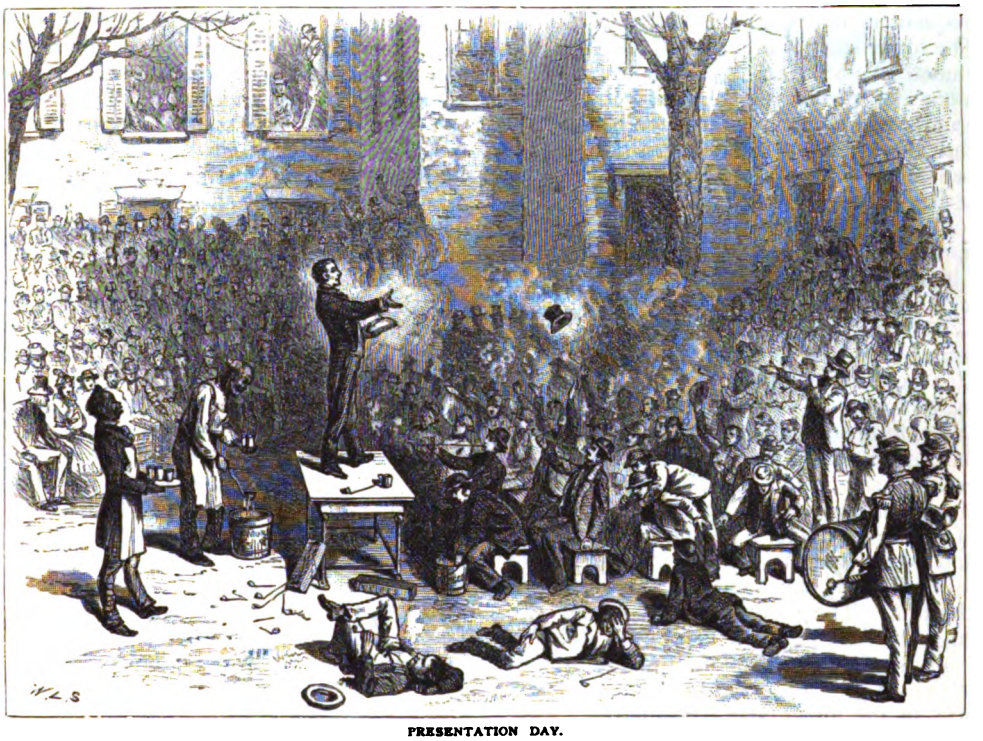
floors are uneven, the low ceilings are crossed by beams, and there are old-fashioned fire-places in the chimney, now chiefly bricked or boarded up. Altogether, it is not strange that so much sentimental opposition



PRESENTATION DAY.

was developed among the alumni when, a few years since, it was proposed to move the college from its present site.

Behind the main row stand three other buildings irregularly placed—the Laboratory, the Cabinet, and the Trumbull Gallery. The first is a low brick edifice put up in 1782 for a commons hall and kitchen, but used since 1819 for a chemical lecture-room, laboratory, optical chamber, working-rooms, etc. The cabinet is a large building covered with dark stucco, constructed in 1819. The upper story is used as a cabinet of minerals; the lower was occupied by a dining-hall until the abolition of the commons in 1843, but now by recitation-rooms and the "philosophical chamber." The Trumbull Gallery is a mausoleum-like affair erected in 1832, to hold the paintings presented by Colonel John Trumbull, the historical painter of the Revolution. Some of these pieces are widely known by copies, as, "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence" and "The Death of Montgomery." In 1868 the paintings were removed to the new art school, and the upper floor of Trumbull Gallery is now taken up by the rooms of the President and Treasurer of the college. On the lower floor are working-rooms for entomology, popularly known as the "Bug Lab."

The most modern buildings are ranged along the outer edge of the college square, an area of some nine acres, facing inward. They are designed in time to form a continuous quadrangle completely inclosing this square. It is unfortunate that when this arrangement was decided upon no general plans were drawn for such a quadrangle. As it is, the new colleges, though in some cases individually creditable, are of so many materials and shapes, that it will be impossible to harmonize them architecturally in a close quadrangle. The first of these is the Library, a graceful Gothic building of rough-dressed Portland sandstone, begun in 1842. Here the books of the college at last found permanent shelter after lodging successively in the upper stories of the Athenæum, the Lyceum, and the Chapel. Including the consolidated libraries of the Linonia and Brothers Societies in the north wing, the college owns one hundred and eleven

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thousand volumes, exclusive of pamphlets.

Alumni Hall, completed in 1853, is a squat, castellated structure of red sandstone,* built in that order of architecture known to readers of "Cecil Dreeme" and the Bohemian frequenters of "Chrysalis" as *mock-Gothic*. The lower story is a large hall used for the annual examinations and for Commencement meetings of the Alumni. It is hung around with portraits of college benefactors and distinguished graduates. There are two medieval-looking towers (with wooden battlements), whose corkscrew staircases conduct to the two handsome rooms on the upper floor, once the rival debating halls of Linonia and Brothers, but now used as lecture-rooms.

By far the most elaborate building on the square is the Art School, completed in 1866 at a cost of $200,000 and upward. It is built of smooth-dressed New Jersey sandstone, in the shape of an irregular H, and has one entrance, through a tower, from the college side, and another from Chapel street through a fine porch with columns of polished granite. The floors are of oak and black walnut, and the inside finish of the halls and the handsome staircases of chestnut. The second story contains two large sky-light galleries, in one of which is hung the Jarves collection of paintings illustrative of the history of Italian art; in the other the Trumbull collection and other paintings belonging to the college, conspicuous among which is Allston's "Jeremiah." The school also owns a well-chosen gallery of casts, collections of photographs, etc. The lower floor is devoted to studios and lecture-rooms.

The only portion of the "quad" at present closely built, is the north-eastern corner, formed by Farnam, Durfee, and the new chapel. Farnam Hall was finished in 1870. It is built of brick and North River blue-stone, is four stories high, and furnishes accommodation for 89 students. The rooms are grouped on three staircases. Durfee Hall, completed in 1871, is perhaps the most thoroughly satisfactory to the eye of all the college buildings. It is of rough-dressed New Jersey sandstone, four stories high, and accommodates 80 lodgers. The rooms are grouped on five staircases. Both of these houses are heated by steam and lighted by gas throughout, and have water on each floor. Filling the space between Farnam and Durfee is the new chapel, not yet finished, a cruciform building with a rounded apse at the eastern, and two towers at the western end of the nave. Like Durfee, it is of New Jersey sandstone with trimmings of the light-colored Ohio sandstone. Two scutcheons on the Elm street side present the coats of arms of the college and the State, with their respective legends: *Lux et Veritas* and *Qui transtulit sustinet*. The chapel will seat 1,150 persons.

During the year 1868-9 the question was agitated whether it might not be well to move the college into the suburbs, on account of the rise in the value of land from the rapid growth of the city. The proposed new site was a lot of fifty acres near the Observatory grounds, on the ridge between East and West Rocks, half a mile north of the Old Hillhouse Place. The plan was given up because of the impossibility of raising money enough to equip the college properly in a fresh location.

President Dwight inaugurated the policy of appointing to permanent professorships young men who had given promise as tutors.

THE LIBRARY.

Among those first appointed were Jeremiah Day, who succeeded Dr. Dwight in the Presidency; Benjamin Silliman and James L. Kingsley. A Professorship of Jurisprudence, the nucleus of a Law School, was founded in 1801; of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geol-

* Much, in fact, like the cock's comb in Chaucer:
"—— redder than the fine coral,
Embattailed, as it were, a castle wal."

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ogy in 1802; of Ancient Languages (Hebrew, Greek and Latin) in 1805; of Rhetoric in 1817. These chairs were afterward divided, and others were added. At present the teaching force of the college proper (or *Academical Department*) consists of the President, who is also the Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics; eleven Professors in the following subjects: Natural Philosophy and Astronomy; Geology and Mineralogy; Latin; Mathematics; Greek; Rhetoric and English Literature; History; Chemistry and Molecular Physics; Modern Languages; German; and Political and Social Science; three Assistant Professors in Mathematics, Latin and English Literature; and ten tutors.

The first of the professional schools in operation was the Medical School, organized in 1810 with assistance from the State Medical Society, which retains the right of choosing members of the Examining Board. The Faculty consists of seven Professors and a Demonstrator in Anatomy. Since 1859 the School has occupied a three-story brick building on York street, about two blocks from the college, containing a lecture-room, anatomical museum, dissecting-rooms, offices, etc. The catalogue of 1875 shows an attendance of forty-two students.

In 1822 was organized the Divinity School, developing in time into one of the most prosperous branches of the University. Instruction is in the hands of six permanent Professors and several special lecturers. A popular feature was added to the course of study in 1871, by the endowment of the Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching, which has been held in successive years by several eminent divines. Four volumes of "Yale Lectures on Preaching" have already issued from the press. The Divinity School is quartered in two fine buildings opposite the new Chapel and Durfee. These are known as East and West Divinity Halls, and were built respectively in 1870 and 1874. They are alike in appearance—each five stories high, and furnish jointly rooms for 150 students. The lower floors are devoted to class-rooms, libraries, etc. Connected with East Divinity is the small but elegant Marquand Chapel. The number of students at the Seminary averages 100.

The Law School was started in 1824 and celebrated its semi-centennial in 1874; on which occasion Chief-Justice Waite presided. The Hon. Edwards Pierrepont delivered an oration and ex-President Woolsey an historical address. The School has been located since 1873 in fine apartments, occupying the entire third floor of the new County Court House. Its efficiency has increased greatly within the last decade, and the number of its students has been nearly trebled. On the last catalogue it stood 76. The Law School has four regular Professors and seven or eight lecturers.

NEW CHAPEL.

The most powerful department of the University, after the Academical, is the Sheffield Scientific School. Although this has had many benefactors, and although its success has been due in great part to the exceptional energy and ability of its Professors, yet it may be regarded as mainly the work of one man, Mr. Joseph E. Sheffield, of New Haven. The School was started in 1847, but led a struggling existence till 1860, when Mr. Sheffield bought the old Medical College at the head of College street and presented it to the School, after having refitted it, added two wings, and furnished it with apparatus. The building has received later additions; among others, two towers for astronomical purposes. It is known as Sheffield Hall. In 1873 the same generous patron built and equipped a second building, North Sheffield Hall, immediately north of the former. Both are occupied by laboratories, collections, drawing rooms, observatories, libraries, lecture and recitation rooms and private rooms for instructors. The large lecture-room in North Sheffield seats 400. The *known* gifts

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of Mr. Sheffield to the School exceed $350,000. But he has given much privately in addition.

The Faculty of the Sheffield School consists of sixteen Professors, and thirteen instructors and assistants. The number of

SHEFFIELD HALL.

undergraduates is 224. Although the sphere of the school is primarily the Natural Sciences, it is by no means a mere professional or technical institute. It secures a liberal basis for special study by enforcing, in Freshman year, a uniform course in mathematics, physics, chemistry, botany, physical geography, drawing, German, English and political economy. Some knowledge of Latin is required for admission. There is a "select course," embracing linguistics, political economy, and history (under such instructors as Professor William D. Whitney and General Francis A. Walker), English language and literature, German, French, and English composition.

The Scientific School has, indeed, attained the dimensions of a second and independent college. It is not unlikely that, by an enlargement of its courses in language and history (adding perhaps the classical tongues), the Academic Department in the meanwhile gradually opening elective courses, and increasing its facilities for the teaching of natural science, the two may eventually come to cover nearly the same ground.

Here may be mentioned the Peabody Museum of Natural History, endowed by Mr. George Peabody of London. This is a handsome four-story building, just erected on the corner of Elm and High streets, opposite Alumni Hall. It contains lecture-rooms, offices, and cabinets for collections in zoölogy, geology, mineralogy, paleontology, and American archæology. The valuable collections of fossils made by the annual Yale expedition in the West, under the leadership of Professor Marsh, will be arranged in the Peabody Museum. The building already erected is merely one wing of a larger structure which will stretch from Elm to Library street.

The Yale School of the Fine Arts is, like the Sheffield School, mainly the creation of a single donor, Mr. Augustus R. Street of New Haven, whose gifts to the college have amounted to $280,000, besides other sums of unknown amount not yet realized. The Faculty of the Art School consists of a Professor of Painting and Design, a Professor of the History of Art, a Professor of Drawing, and an Instructor in Perspective. It has some thirty students, and is open to both sexes.

These various departments, though subject to the general government of the University,—the original *President and Fellows of Yale College*,—are practically independent in their internal discipline and instruction. The President of the college is *ex officio* President of each of the schools; but these have also a Dean, Chairman, or Director, who acts as executive officer of his department. All degrees, of course, are conferred by the University.

One of the most encouraging symptoms in the recent development of the University is the establishment of a school for the advanced instruction of graduate students. At present, however, this department has no separate organization, instruction being given by members of the undergraduate Faculties in the intervals of their other work. The annual report by the Executive Committee of the Society of the Alumni, published June 1st, 1875, says: "There have been this year 29 [graduate] students distributed in the following classes: In History, 13; in Political Science, 12; in Sanskrit and General Philology, 9; in English Literature, 7; in Greek, 7; in Hebrew, 6; in Mental Science, 4; in Mathematics, 3; in Latin, 2; in Gothic, 2." This is exclusive of graduate students in Natural Sciences. The number of graduate students now in attendance is 63. The recent establishment of several Fellowships will do much toward stimulating graduate study; but what is most needed is provision

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for a number of University Professors who should devote themselves exclusively to this department.

It would be impossible, within the limits of this paper, to mention the many gifts, in the shape of endowment funds, building funds, scholarships, books, money, specimens, apparatus, etc., which have contributed to the rapid advance thus briefly sketched in all departments of the University. It is worthy of note, however, that Yale owes nearly all that she has to private liberality. The gifts of the commonwealth of Connecticut to the college do not, all told, exceed $100,000, if we except $135,000, the product of the sale of public lands granted to the Scientific School as the State Agricultural Institute. The productive property of the University, according to the last Treasury Exhibit, is about $1,500,000. If to this be added the value of the land, and the amount that has been spent in buildings, books, apparatus, etc., the University may be roughly estimated as worth five millions of dollars—a small sum, if we consider what has been accomplished with it. Indeed, the history of the college is a story of unceasing struggle with poverty—almost with bankruptcy; of self-denying effort by its officers, and of a system of small and patient economies on the part of its financial managers.

In addition to the buildings belonging to the separate departments ought perhaps to be mentioned the College Gymnasium, and the building opposite it on Library street, occupied by graduate students; the elegant new boat-house of the Yale Navy on Mill River, and the halls of the Skull and Bones, Scroll and Keys, Psi Upsilon, and Delta Kappa Epsilon Societies.

About the years 1869–71 appeared what was called "the Young Yale movement," a rather vaguely expressed, though clearly shown, dissatisfaction among the younger graduates with the conservatism of the college government. It was urged especially that there was too large a clerical element in the corporation, and that the Alumni ought to be represented. There was much controversy in and out of print, Dr. Leonard Bacon taking a prominent part on the Old Yale, and Mr. William Walter Phelps on the Young Yale, side. Finally, in accordance with a suggestion of President Woolsey, made as long ago as 1866, the State agreed to relinquish a share of its claim in the government of the college, and the six Senior Senators were replaced by an equal number of gentlemen, chosen, one each year, by the Alumni at their annual Commencement meetings.

In speaking of the influence which the college has had on the intellectual development of the country, a comparison naturally suggests itself between Yale and the sister University at Cambridge. Founded under similar auspices, and for similar purposes, the two have diverged widely in spirit. Cambridge, with the neighboring city of Boston, is widely known, not only as the seat of Harvard College, but as the center of most that is best in American letters. New Haven can claim no such distinction. There has always been in the training given at Yale a certain severity. Discipline, rather than culture; power, rather than grace;

PEABODY MUSEUM.

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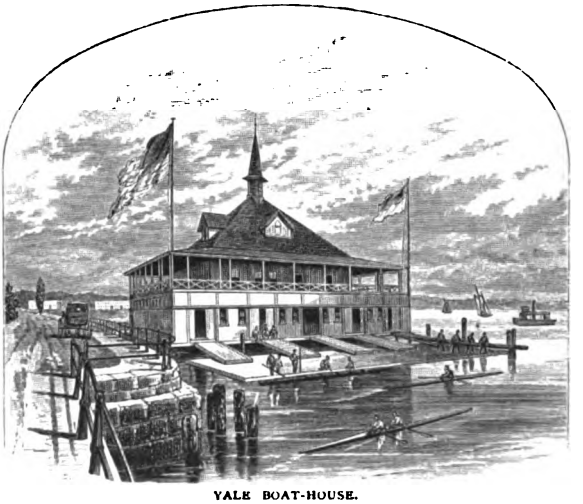
"light," rather than "sweetness," have been, if not the aim, at least the result of her teachings. Her scholars have been noted for solid and exact learning. Perhaps Dwight and Woolsey on one hand, and Everett and Felton on the other, may be taken as the types of Yale and Harvard Presidents. This difference is owing to many causes. Harvard has had at her back a wealthy and cultivated city. Boston is the chief point on this continent where the electric sparks have been taken off from the current of European thought. Yale, on the contrary, has been situated in a small provincial city, with little "atmosphere" beyond what the college itself might impart to the town. Again, the Unitarian and Transcendental movements in Massachusetts during the first half of this century, whatever may have been their effect on the Church, undoubtedly stimulated literary activity.

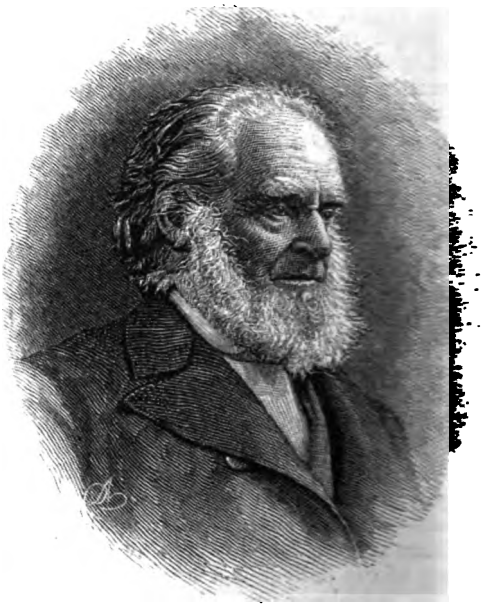
The course of study at the two colleges has been much the same. The influences of place have differed *toto cælo*. The imagination and the feelings may be chastened, but they cannot be aroused to original expression by any scheme of study. For this there are needed fresh and joyous impressions from without; a free and even audacious reception and interchange of new thought. These impulses the Massachusetts come-outers of the last generation had and profited by.

Before the recent changes in its system,



YALE BOAT-HOUSE.

Harvard was a not very large and by no means popular college, drawing most of its students from Eastern Massachusetts. Its Alumni settled largely in Boston and neighboring towns, and there thus grew up about the college a cultivated body of its sons, and in time a school of brilliant writers. Of



DR. LEONARD BACON.

Yale the reverse has been true. She has not kept her boys at home. They came from all over the country, largely from New York and the West, and, before the war, from the South; and after graduation they cut loose from Alma Mater's apron-strings, and were scattered more widely than before. This, which has been her weakness, has also been her strength. She has a national character, and her investments are everywhere.

Yale is by no means deficient in distinguished names in poetry, fiction, criticism, and belles-lettres generally, numbering among her graduates of the present century Pierpont, Hillhouse, Cooper,* Percival, Willis, Bushnell, Judd (the author of "Margaret,") Bristed, Mitchell, Winthrop, and Stedman, with others perhaps less famous. But the centrifugal force of New Haven is shown in the fact that of this list only three have resided there since their graduation, and these at different times. There has never been a Yale school of writers since the

* Non-graduate, class of 1806.

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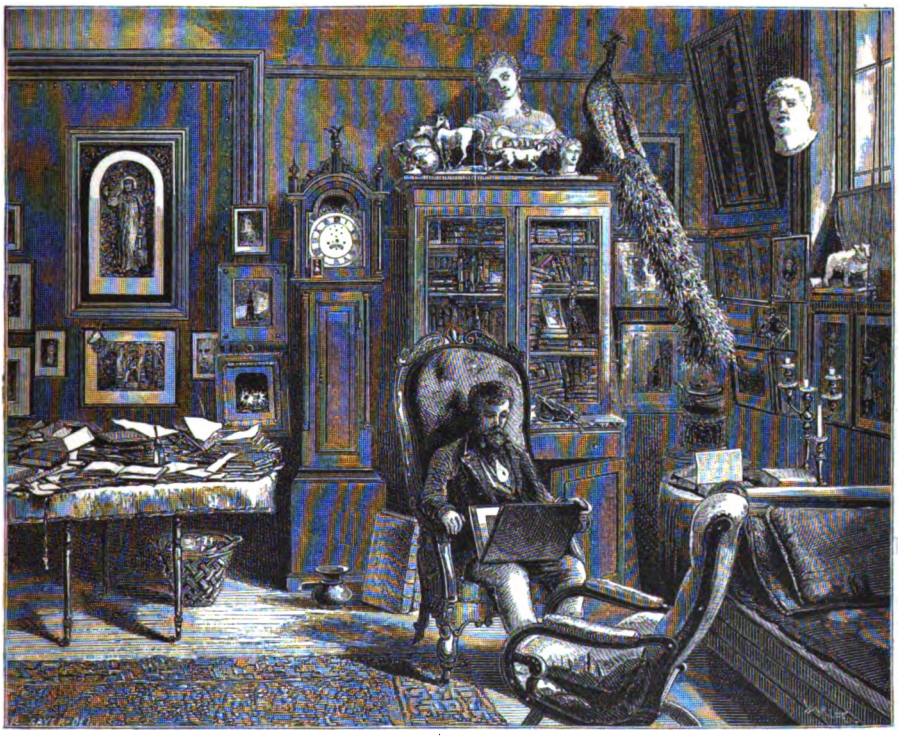
Revolutionary "Pleiades" already mentioned.

But in the literature of knowledge, in the professions, in business, politics, and practical life, Yale's record is a proud one. In scholarship she is represented by such names as Webster, Worcester, Woolsey, Hadley, and Whitney; in science and invention by Silliman, Morse, Whitney, Dana, and Chauvenet; in divinity by Edwards, Hopkins, Emmons, Dwight, and Taylor; in the State and at the bar by Grimke, Mason, Kent, Calhoun, and Evarts. The class of 1837, *e. g.*, contributed to the number of prominent Presidents." She has furnished Presidents to Princeton, Columbia, Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Trinity, Middlebury, Cornell, and the Universities of Vermont, California, Pennsylvania, and many others. Presidents Barnard of Columbia, White of Cornell, Gilman of the Hopkins University, and Chancellor Stillè of the University of Pennsylvania, are all graduates of Yale.

This paper has been devoted mainly to tracing the growth of the university as an educational institution. The social life of the undergraduates falls outside our compass. Much might be written of the old col-



PROFESSOR WEIR'S STUDIO.

men now in public life the names of the Hon. William M. Evarts, Chief-Justice Waite, Attorney-General Pierrepont, and Governor Samuel J. Tilden.

Yale is, in a sense, the daughter of Harvard. Her founders and early Presidents and tutors were of necessity Harvard men. But the younger college has since been far more active in founding and officering new colleges—a work, be it said, which has proved to be of doubtful expediency. Yale may be called, like Virginia, "Mother of

lege commons, of the Bully Club, of Town and Gown fights, of Linonia and Brothers and the Secret Societies; of the ceremonies of Presentation Day; of college journalism and college boating, and of many other customs, traditions, and institutions, but they would easily fill a chapter by themselves. Probably at no other American college has so distinctive a social life been developed as at Yale, nor one so rich in humorous and picturesque traits. This life has never been adequately described. In conclusion, it

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may be permissible to quote what has elsewhere been written as expressing the hopes and aspirations of "Young Yale."

"We care not that the dawn should throw
Its flush upon our portico;
But rather that our natal star,
Bright Hesper in the twilight far,
Should beckon toward the distant West
Which he—our Berkeley—loved the best;
Whereto, his prophet line did say,
'The course of empire takes its way.'
And in the groves of that young land
A mighty school his wisdom planned,
To teach new knowledge to new men—
Strange sciences undreamed of then.
She comes—had come, unknown, before—
Though not on 'vext Bermoothes' shore;
Yet will she not her prophet fail—
The Old—the New—the same dear Yale."

READING CLASS HISTORY.

IS THERE A SUBTERRANEAN OUTLET TO THE UPPER LAKE REGION?*

LAKES SUPERIOR, Huron, Michigan, Erie, and Ontario cover an area of some ninety thousand square miles of surface. Superior, the largest body of fresh water on the globe, with its area of 32,000 square miles; Huron, with its 21,000; Michigan, with its 22,000; Erie, with its 9,000; and Ontario, with its 6,300, make a very formidable array of fresh-water receptacles for this chain alone; while there yet remain an innumerable multitude of smaller but similar bodies dispersed through the great north-west territory of the Hudson-Bay country.

Here is a vast and comparatively unproductive region, penetrated in every direction by streams of greater and less magnitude, interspersed with lakes and bays, which, in many cases, cast their broad mantle of waters for hundreds of miles. Among these many lakes there are to be found some which cover an area of 10,000 square miles of surface, and others which stretch away for 300 miles in length, and spread out in their primitive grandeur for from 50 to 100 miles in width. Here also can be found long chains of miniature lakes of considerable dimensions, and many which eclipse even Ontario itself; while of the endless lines of rivers there is one at least which will bear quite a favorable comparison to the great Mississippi; and an area of some 400,000 miles is drained by the tributaries of Lake

* Whether the great lakes are the true reservoirs from which our Northern wells, springs and subterranean streams receive their constant supply of water, is a question of sufficient interest and significance to merit a thoughtful consideration. The data upon which the advocates of this theory found their conclusions are certainly manifold and forcible, and though there may be breaks in the line of evidence, the facts as now established would seem to favor the views which the author of this paper now proposes to define and defend.
—EDITOR.

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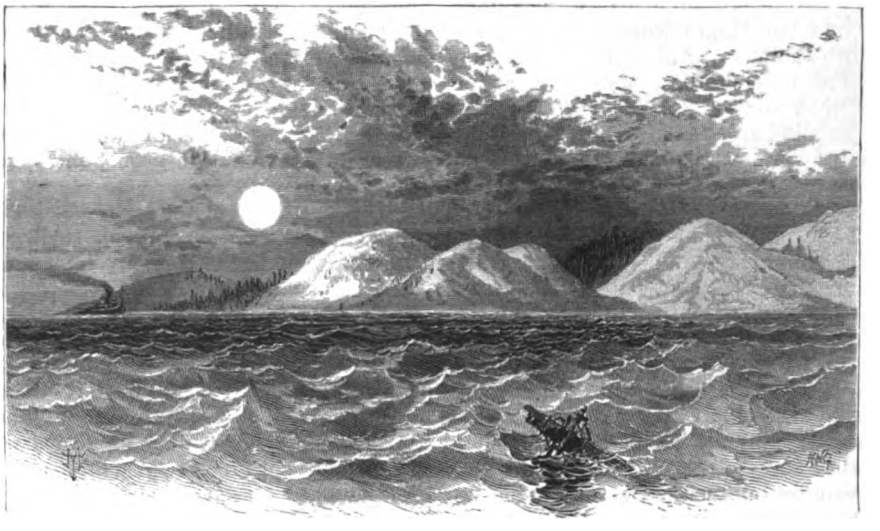
Winnipeg alone. While much of the outpouring of these waters is directed toward the Polar Sea and through the valley of the Mississippi, yet there is a vast volume which, it is believed, is checked in its course over the surface to the south and east, by the elevations beyond Lakes Superior and Huron, and seeks an exit, as some think, by subterranean channels through the crust of the earth. It is also possible that some of the water escapes by contact with the deep recesses of Superior and Huron into their gigantic reservoirs; while other channels, fissures, and crevices in the earth's crust probably carry away in other directions, in their course, an unceasing flow for man's ultimate benefit and use.

MAP SHOWING SUPPOSED TRACK OF SUBTERRANEAN OUTLET FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

The depth of penetration of some of this chain of great lakes into the solid matter of the earth's surface affords a good illustration of their adaptation as recipients of a great influx from subterranean sources.

The surface of Lake Superior is some 600 feet above the sea-level, and we find its bed descending 573 feet below the level of the Atlantic; while Ontario, with a surface elevation of 235 feet above, descends to an equal distance below the level of the Atlantic. That there exist channels of communication with some of these lakes has long been believed and admitted by many. And that a great subterranean influx into the upper lakes exists, there is little doubt, as a comparison of the discharge through the mighty St. Lawrence with the limited supply from the country bordering on the upper lakes clearly demonstrates, leaving the problem to be settled in the mind as to where this vast volume does come from, in its course to the ocean. Again, the discharge through the St. Lawrence is equal to double the volume poured into Ontario through the Niagara, or into Erie through



VIEW OF THE SAND-HILLS, SOUTH-EAST SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN.

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the St. Clair; suggesting that, from the shallowness of Lake Erie, and the great depth of Superior and Huron, a subterranean channel may connect Superior and Huron with Ontario, giving to the latter, through this source, to be discharged by the St. Lawrence, a greater volume than is given through St. Clair or the Niagara. It is also a well-demonstrated fact that the volume of water escaping from the lakes through the mighty St. Lawrence is far greater than the amount discharged from the upper lakes into Ontario by the proper channels—the St. Clair and Niagara; and it is also well settled that the supply to Lake Erie from the St. Clair is about equaled by its discharge through the Niagara; showing that *it* receives from no subterranean source any perceptible surplus of water. And this is generally attributed to its comparative shallowness, as compared with the greater depth of Superior, Huron, and Ontario.

There are those also who entertain the belief that while Lakes Superior and Huron are supplied largely through such subterranean channels on the one hand, they suffer severely through losses by similar channels at some point in their vast expanse. Here, in the Illinois Valley, in the track of this old surface current, which at no remote period poured its transparent flood through this valley, reaching as it did from bluff to bluff, and carrying a volume of a hundred feet in depth, coming down from this very territory, from these identical lakes of this wilderness above—the plainly marked traces now lie above the drift, bearing striking evidences of what it was then, when intact and uninterrupted by changes in the earth's surface. And if it can be demonstrated as to what these sources of supply could then muster up, and that the same average discharge still continues through other but unseen channels, then is it not possible that the causes which brought about this recession of the waters of the lakes, and finally closed this old outlet, wrought other and corresponding changes by which a new passage was supplied for the escape of the outpouring of this region—in other words, may not the same territorial convulsions which elevated the plateau at the foot of Lake Michigan, and shut off the outflow into the valley below, have opened up subterranean passages through which these waters find such easy access in their course to the sea?

It requires but a casual glance at the surroundings of the south-eastern shore of Lake Michigan, and the level plateau stretching far away into northern Indiana, to convince even the most skeptical that, at no distant period, the waters of the old lake rolled before the angry blasts from this vast region of ice and snow to the north-west, lashing the south-eastern shore with terrific fury, before a gale of prehistoric time, and piling up monuments of scattered waste which to-day mark the track of its expended force. And here are found, too, the imprints of its track as the waters sped on through its channel, at the present foot of the lake, and made their exit into the valley below. A trip around the south-eastern shore of Lake Michigan, over this plateau in Indiana, following the old track of this current still farther down the valley itself, cannot but bring the conviction that here was the beautiful river—that mighty current which old Indian traditions have handed down to us so recently. And there are other finger-marks of human tracing, which go still further to prove that these changes were wrought since the advent of man. Some fifteen years since, an old Ottawa chief, "Shabbona," died on the banks of the Illinois River, in Grundy County, at an advanced age. The writer, among others, has often heard him speak of a tradition which came from his forefathers, that they formerly paddled their canoes from bluff to bluff; and that the present valley was then the bed of a deep river of pure crystal water; and, according to that tradition, and estimating the height of the water, as indicated by the well-worn lines on the rocks, it shows that the plateau and marsh at the present foot of the lake were then submerged.

There are further proofs that old Shabbona was right.

A trip over to the south-east corner of Lake Michigan, near Michigan City, reveals to us huge mountains of sand which have been drifted about for years, and much reduced in height.

This sand is from the lake, and is cleanly washed, and interspersed with shells of the present period. There they lie, some 500 feet high; many far inland, and all in the track of those fierce gales which swept the lake from the north-west. These are not mere heaps of loose sand, the natural accumulation of successive storms, but mountains.

Far inland, and directly in the track of these prehistoric gales, a broad expanse of level land appears; very unlike the usual formation, as seen throughout this great country. The surface resembles the long unbroken swell of the Pacific. For miles

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away, and stretching far into Indiana, the surface recedes and swells in a continuous unbroken line, each line having a trend north-east and south-west, marking with exactness the great swell as it coursed over these shallows. The eye wanders in the

MAP SHOWING POSITION OF SAND-HILLS AND TRACK OF GROUND-SWELL.

distance, as the long undulating lines disappear toward the horizon. As far as the eye can reach, these stretch in lines of geometrical precision, ridges and alternate depressions extending over this shallow plateau. Each line is marked by a stunted growth of cedars or shrubs, and each depression, like a miniature canal, is filled with water.

The position of these mountains of sand, and their still impressive dimensions, tell a fearful tale of lavishly expended force; of gales which once rent the very earth, and scattered its solid matter into heaps; of waves which swept this old lake in terrific grandeur, piling up monuments for the future and spending their force far inland, only to fall in the valley below. History bears no record of the time when this plateau was submerged, and when the region of the Calumet, Kankakee, Desplaines, Mazon, and Vermilion was as the delta of the Mississippi, carrying the waters of the great basins beyond into the general receptacle below. But here are the truthful indications, and the additional fact that, as the mountain waves dashed along, they followed this shallow plateau, like a ground-swell, and left a track which to-day marks its way with indisputable characters.

As we pass along the old channel into the valley of the Illinois, a casual examination of the rocks and bluffs along its margin, reveals the presence of well-marked, and, in many cases, deeply worn, water lines upon their faces, marking, with scientific precision, the course of the old current. In many cases where these rocks were soft and easily disintegrated, deep caverns have been cut and worn far into their interior, at the same time preserving the parallel line of the current throughout the entire length of the penetration. Here and there a solitary rock stands isolated in the center of a field, or over on yonder marsh, far away from either bluff, often having an inverted coniform shape, worn away at its base, and standing apparently poised upon some more tenacious bed rock, which has resisted the grinding force of the lake current.

Nowhere along this valley are there indications more striking than at Buffalo Rock, five miles below Ottawa. Here we not only have the water lines in bold outline, but the depth of this great stream becomes plainly apparent. Here the perpendicular face of the rock stands fronting the stream. Though somewhat washed and weather-beaten, the lines are well defined.

Far up on its face, a hundred and fifty feet, are the deeply worn lines, interrupted in their course of disintegration by the presence of a seam of more tenacious formation,

UPPER SECTION OF BUFFALO ROCK, ILLINOIS VALLEY.

which stands conspicuously out from the face of the rock, apparently a disinterested party to the destructive forces then at work, while here and there an outcropping of limestone breaks the uniformity of the well-drawn lines, when, suddenly, a short

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bend in the line sends it far into the rock, cutting its lateral course deeper into the softer sandstone, only to be arrested again and again by the sudden trend of some more obstinate stratification.

Lower down the valley, some three miles

STARVED ROCK, ILLINOIS VALLEY; HEIGHT, 150 FEET.

below Buffalo Rock, "Starved Rock" looms up, a conspicuous figure in the studies of this interesting valley. Disconnected from the surrounding rocks, it stands prominently before you; the placid waters of the Illinois flow at its foot; but it will for many years continue to carry the deeply cut scars which through its long battle with the lake current it bore so nobly, and which for centuries it has treasured up for our study.

On a marsh, above Buffalo Rock, stands a beautiful specimen of a water-worn rock, far above the present level of the stream. The soft character of these rocks would seem to indicate that but a few centuries have passed since this great current flowed and coursed through this valley, for even the storms of the past century have made great havoc upon their faces, and in time will wear away every trace of this great outlet.

It is a well-known fact that, throughout the extent of this valley, at no great depth, are vast basins and subterranean streams of pure water, in all respects corresponding in its general characteristics to the water of Lake Superior, containing the same common ingredients in solution, save where, in its passage to the surface, it may have passed through the coal measures, and become impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen. Or when, coming, as it does, from its source, charged with carbonic acid, it may have passed, in its course to the surface, through the various limestones, and become charged with the carbonates of lime or magnesium; or, again, by infiltration through a thin seam of bog ore or iron pyrites, it springs forth, bitter with impregnations of iron or its sulphates. But, where it finds its way to the surface through the sandstone and supernatant strata of gravel, it becomes shorn of its chemical properties, and bursts forth in its virgin purity from the hidden recesses. The unlimited outpouring of this crystal water is too well known here to require comment. Away up in Wisconsin, in the track of this under-ground current, these waters reach the surface in unprecedented profusion. At Waukesha, where the Niagara limestones crop out in strange contrast with the regular stratifications, it comes rushing to the surface in huge volumes. The writer was present at the digging of one of the many wells at that place during the summer of 1874, when several live fish came through a hole made in the rock with a crowbar. The flow of water was so great—at a depth of eight feet—that the workmen were compelled to cease. As there was no means by which these fish could have reached this well other

AN ISOLATED ROCK IN AN OPEN FIELD NEAR BUFFALO ROCK, HALF A MILE FROM THE ILLINOIS RIVER.

than the one mentioned, it is evident that it had communication with some subterranean current where fish existed.

At Lake Geneva, in Wisconsin, it is well known that a fish, known as the Cisco, comes and departs at regular periods every

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year; it remains but a few days and is gone. These same fish are found in Lake Superior only, and it is believed by many that there is a subterranean passage by which they come and return.

It is a fact well known to many who have visited Northern Wisconsin, that there are lakes near Superior whose waters rise and fall with those of Superior. When the wind is strong from the east, the waters on the western shore pile up, and a corresponding rise occurs in these smaller lakes, while a change of wind brings about a corresponding recession.

All along Lake Michigan, as in the region of Superior, we find this water springing to the surface, save where it is checked by a heavy substratum of clay. It is reached by artesian wells at Chicago, Joliet, Morris, Marseilles, Ottawa, and far down the valley. At Marseilles it is reached at a depth of from eighty to one hundred and fifty feet, and comes in volumes. At Debolt's Springs, near Ottawa, it comes to the surface in such quantities that, were it not for the fact that the outlet is so near the edge of the river, it might well be utilized for manufacturing purposes. At Ottawa it supplies a part of the city, and the railroad stations have their wells which flow without ceasing. Here are located upward of twenty artesian wells, each seeming to outdo the other in the voluminous delivery of its pure crystal water. And here on the bank of the old Illinois, opposite the junction of the Fox River, are the celebrated mineral springs of this valley. Here in this beautifully ornamented spot, where the old tribes of Indians came so regularly for their "medicine" from the "Great Spirit," are springs of more than ordinary merit, and this spot was also a favorite resort for deer, in the early days, as though directed by a kind Providence to follow the savage, for a health-inspiring beverage. These waters are somewhat similar to the waters of Saratoga County New York, though not so strongly impregnated with salt, yet sufficiently strong to make it a pleasant and effervescing beverage, which is largely sought after by invalids. On many of the stock farms near this valley artesian wells are bored with great success, while the natural outcroppings along the valley are endless.

Along the valley, lower down, and near Peoria, for many miles, vast tracts of land are rendered useless in consequence of the great rush of these waters to the surface through the supernatant seams of gravel. Endless swamps, fields of wild rice, and, in some places, whole tracts of densely matted bog and thicket, oftentimes covered with a sparse growth of timber, are buoyed up by the gushing waters, and, like floating islands, remain suspended there; and, after a hard winter has left the mass frozen, the heavy gales of early spring sway the entire tract back and forth until the winds subside. A long pole penetrating this tenacious mass glides down uninterruptedly through several feet of clear water, until finally arrested by the hard bed of gravel below.

Farther down the valley, and, we think, in Schuyler County, near the river, the sandstone formation crops qut in bluffs of various altitudes; and, at a point where a saw-mill has been in operation for some years, a natural outcropping of very wonderful character is seen. Here, from the very interior of the rock, comes a torrent of clear, pure water, falling about seventy-five feet. It has been used for years as a water power, and a more valuable one is seldom found. Around the mouth of this subterranean torrent, which will average some eight cubic feet of solid water, innumerable specimens of fossils are found, and basketfuls have been picked up here at one visit; from this it is very evident that the subterranean current is in the Old Red Sandstone, and, in its escape to the surface through the fissures and crevices, it passes through the fossiliferous rocks, which are gradually being disintegrated by the constant flow. Such is the case at Waukesha, where the Niagara group of fossiliferous limestones comes to the surface.

To give an account of the many and peculiarly interesting cases in which these waters make themselves manifest at the surface in this valley, would require a volume; but these are mere finger-marks of the vast currents which rush along in this track through the subterranean channels.

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PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

CHAPTER X.

LIFE ON THE BRASSOS.

"As yet a colt he stalks with lofty pace,
And balances his limbs with flexile grace:
First leads the way, the threatening torrent braves;
And dares the unknown arch that spans the waves.
Light on his airy crest his slender head,
His belly short, his loins luxuriant spread:
Muscle on muscle knots his brawny breast,
No fear alarms him, nor vain shouts molest.
But at the clash of arms, his ear afar
Drinks the deep sound, and vibrates to the war:
Flames from each nostril roll in gather'd stream,
His quivering limbs with restless motion gleam,
O'er his right shoulder, floating full and fair,
Sweeps his thick mane, and spreads its pomp of hair;
Swift works his double spine, and earth around
Rings to his solid hoof that wears the ground."
SOTHEBY.

BUT it is time that this history should return from tracing the varying fortunes of one of the companies of Philip Nolan's friends, to look at the fortunes of that other company, whom he had himself enlisted, and to whom he had returned when he left Eunice and Inez, in care of Harrod for the moment, near the ferry of the Sabine River.

Had we diaries as full of these movements as we have of those of Eunice and Inez, which have proved of less account in history, this chapter might take fuller proportions than those which have brought those ladies to the waters of the Brassos River. It proved that the expedition of young men led by Nolan from Natchez and Texas, was destined to meet the Spanish army in array of battle. Here was the first of those trials of strength between the descendants of Cortez and his men on the one hand, and the descendants of New Englanders and Virginians on the other, which were to end in the independence of Texas forty years after. But of this expedition we have now scarcely a record—none excepting one memoir from its youngest member, as drawn up by him after the expiration of a quarter of a century.

As has been already said, the party gathered at Natchez, which was Nolan's home, so far as a man of affairs like him, a man of so many languages and so many lands can be said to have had one. Natchez, a settlement of some six hundred persons, was now an American town, having passed under the flag of the United States a year or two before. It had been founded by the French, however, and the Spanish Government gave up the administration only after severe pressure, and indeed with riotous disturbances of the inhabitants. For it was becoming the head-quarters of the Western race of men, and when they suspected that the Spanish Government was slow in its execution of the treaty which provided for the surrender of Natchez to our own sway, their indignation knew no bounds. In such a community as this it is not difficult to fancy the feeling excited by the examination of Nolan—of which we have already spoken—when Vidal, the Spanish consul, complained that he was about to invade the territory of Mexico.

Nolan had, in fact, enrolled a company of more than twenty men on this expedition—the third which he had undertaken in his trading for wild horses. It was admitted on all hands, that under the general restrictions which grew out of the hateful policy of that hateful wretch, Philip the Second—bloody Mary's husband, let it be reverently remembered in passing—it was admitted on all hands that this trade was prohibited. But in this case, Don Pedro de Nava, the Commandant-General of the North-eastern provinces of New Spain, had given Nolan a formal permission to carry it on. On his several returns to Orleans, Nolan had sent presents of handsome horses to the Governor, as token of his success. And when these facts appeared, on the hearing before Judge Bruin, the American Judge, he said that this could not be regarded as a hostile expedition against a friendly power. It was a trading expedition permitted in form by the authorities of that power. The United States, he said, was not bound to intervene, nor would it intervene in any way.

Accordingly the gay young party started, full of life and hope. I am afraid no man of them would have turned back had Judge Bruin addressed them paternally, and told them that they were violating the neutrality of the United States by an attack upon the territory of its friends. I am afraid none of them loved the King of Spain. But I am bound to say that, so far as three-quarters

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of a century has unlocked the secrets of the past, there is no evidence that Philip Nolan spoke untruly that day, or that he had any foolish notion of invasion or conquest. The reader will see that his conduct, and that of his men, show no signs of any such notion, and neither the archives of Mexico nor of America have divulged any word to imply it.*

The young fellows crossed the Mississippi at Walnut Hills,† above Natchez, and rode westerly. Their route would thus lie between the posts of Natchitoches and Washita—both of them old French posts, now held by Spanish garrisons. The Spanish consul at Natchez had sent word to the commandant at Washita that this band was coming, and he sent out a party of dragoons to meet them. This was the party of which the reader has heard already. They were more than twice as numerous as Nolan's men, but they hesitated to attack him, as well they might. For whether he had, or had not, any right to bring horses out from New Spain, he was not yet in New Spain. He was still in Louisiana. More than this, as has been said, he carried with him the permission of the Spanish governor to cross the frontier for the purposes of his trade.

The Spanish captain therefore pretended that he had only come out to hunt for some horses he had lost. But, as Nolan observed, so soon as he advanced with his friends, the Spanish soldiers turned and dogged him. Nor did he lose sight of them till he passed the garrison to which they belonged. He declined to go into Washita, and for the same reason declined to bring his party into Natchitoches, as we have seen. They crossed the Washita River, rode merrily on and on, till they came to the Red River, their party being diminished only by the absence of Harrod, Richards, Adams and King. When Blackburn had joined, Cæsar had joined also,—for Cæsar had an enthusiasm for Captain Nolan, and thought to see wild life, to collect silver and to return soon to Miss Inez. Under the Captain's lead, so soon as he had determined to give Natchitoches the go-by, they kept on the east side from the Red River till they came to the village of the Caddoes. Among these good-natured and friendly people, they staid long enough to build a raft, and ferry their horses over, and now the real enterprise for which they had started was begun.

The Caddoes were not yet used to visits from whites, though they had learned to take their furs to Natchitoches every year to sell. The Americans found them in this "month of turkeys," as they called October, or the "moon" which filled the greater part of October, enjoying the holiday of an Indian's life. Their lodges were made by a frame-work of poles placed in a circle in the ground with the tops united in an oval form. This frame-work was tightly bound together, and the whole nicely thatched. Within, every person had a "bunk" of his own, raised from the ground and covered with buffalo skins,—not an uncomfortable house. Many of these youngsters who visited them here had been born in log

* The writer begs to acknowledge the courtesy with which Mr. Fish and Mr. Jefferson, the accomplished keeper of rolls, as well as Gen. Belknap at the War Office, have made every research in the national archives which would throw any light on the darker places of this history. The following letter to Philip Nolan, a copy of which has been preserved in the State Department, is so curious, that even the reader of a novel may pause to look at it.

THOMAS JEFFERSON TO PHILIP NOLAN.

PHILADELPHIA, June 21, 1798.

SIR: It is some time since I have understood that there are large herds of horses in a wild state in the country west of the Mississippi, and have been desirous of obtaining details of their history in that state. Mr. Brown, Senator from Kentucky, informs me it would be in your power to give interesting information on this subject, and encourages me to ask it. The circumstances of the Old World have, beyond the records of history, been such as admitted not that animal to exist in a state of nature. The condition of America is rapidly advancing to the same. The present, then, is probably the only moment in the age of the world, and the herds above mentioned the only subjects, of which we can avail ourselves to obtain what has never yet been recorded, and never can be again, in all probability. I will add that your information is the sole reliance, as far as I can at present see, for obtaining this desideratum. You will render to natural history a very acceptable service, therefore, if you will enable our Philosophical Society to add so interesting a chapter to the history of this animal. I need not specify to you the particular facts asked for, as your knowledge of the animal in his domesticated, as well as his wild state, will naturally have led your attention to those particulars in the manners, habits, and laws of his existence, which are peculiar to his wild state. I wish you not to be anxious about the form of your information; the exactness of the substance alone is material, and if, after giving in a first letter all the facts you at present possess, you could be so good on subsequent occasions as to furnish such others in addition as you may acquire from time to time, your communications will always be thankfully received. If addressed to me at Monticello, and put into any post-office of Kentucky or Tennessee, they will reach me speedily and safely, and will be considered as obligations on, sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

MR. NOLAN. TH: JEFFERSON.

† Now Vicksburg.

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cabins which had not so much room upon the floor. For these lodges covered a circle which was twenty-five feet in diameter. More than once, as the party went forward, were the members of it glad to accept the hospitality which such lodges offered, and more than once glad to build such for their own quarters.

And, from this moment, the work and the play of the little party began. Nolan was encouraged so soon as he learned that his presence and escort for the party of ladies were no longer needed. One day he was negotiating with Twowokanies — friendly people enough when they saw the strength of the long-knives. He bought from them some fine horses, and so the business of the expedition prospered. Six days more brought them to Trinity River, and across it. All these young men were used to open prairie life, with its freedom and adventure. But only the six Spaniards of the party, Nolan himself, and one or two of the Americans, had ever taken wild horses in fair chase with the lasso. The use of it was still to be taught and learned, as the warm days of October and November passed. While Eunice and Inez were wending westward from Nacogdoches, many was the frolic, and many the upset, the empty saddle, and the hair-breadth escape by which the greenhorns of this other party, were broken into their new business. But it was a jolly and a hearty life, and no man regretted the

"I TOOK MASTER ONE-EYE AND TIED HIM TO A TREE FOR THE NIGHT."

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adventure while buffalo meat and fine weather lasted.

As they crossed the divide between the Trinity and the Brassos, moving on a parallel line with the smaller party, the supply of buffalo meat gave out, and they had to try the experiment of horse-flesh. But there were few of them whose fathers and grandfathers had not tried that before them, though few of them guessed that it was to be made fashionable in Parisian cafés. As long ago as the days of Philip of Mount Hope, the savage who entertained Captain Church offered him his choice of "cow-beef" or "horse-beef." With the Brassos River came good fare again—elk, antelope, turkeys, buffaloes, and wild horses by thousands.

So the Captain directed that here the camp should be established—and here "Nolan's River" still flows, to maintain the memory of this camp, and of the gallant pioneer who built it, for a generation, which has, alas! well-nigh forgotten him. Wild horses are but an uncertain, shall one say, a skittish property? It is said of all riches, that "they take to themselves wings and fly." Of that form of wealth which Nolan and his friends were collecting, the essential and special worth is that they do not have to take to themselves legs, but are all ready at any moment to flee. Without this quality, indeed, it would cease to be wealth. In this case, moreover, the neighborhood of Twowokanies, Comanches, Apaches, Lipans, and red-skins without a name, made the uncertainty of wealth even more uncertain. Whatever else was doubtful, this was sure, that if these rascals could run off the horses as fast as they were corralled, they would do so. And thus, to hunt all day and to keep watch all night, was the duty of the little party as the long nights of winter came on.

The first necessity, therefore, at "Nolan's River," was to build a corral, or pen, of logs, to be enlarged from time to time, as the success of hunting warranted. When the task was over, the hunting went forward with more animation, and as the new year turned, the young fellows rejoiced in a drove of three hundred fine horses, which, as they promised themselves, they should take to a good market in Louisiana and in the Mississippi territory, as soon as the spring should open. Camp life had its usual adventures. But the great occasion of the winter was the arrival of a party of two hundred Comanches, men, women and children, on their way to the Red River. Several tribes of different names met at this place. A great chief named Nicoroco had summoned them together there. The young whites smoked the pipe of peace with them all, gave them presents as they could, and thought they had opened amicable relations with them. And so they returned to their corral and their hunting.

Blackburn had joined, with Cæsar. But, to the surprise of all—that of the Captain most of all—Harrod and his squad did not appear.

Of all the winter's sojourn there, this reader need now be delayed only by the following letter, which opens the plans and hopes, the annoyances and failures, of Captain Nolan:

PHILIP NOLAN TO EUNICE PERRY:

NOLAN'S RIVER, IN THE WILDERNESS,
4th day of the month of chestnuts.
Last year of the old century.

MY DEAR MISS PERRY:

If you think me dead this letter undeceives you. If you think me faithless let me try to undeceive you. If, which is impossible, you think I have forgotten you or Miss Inez, no words that I can write will undeceive you.

Blackburn joined us safely at the crossing of Trinity River, and brought us news from you not three days old. I have to thank you for your letter and Miss Inez for her little postscript, for which I will repay her yet. You were right in thinking that the news which Will sent of the cordiality of the two Colonels, and of their determination to provide escort for you, combined with your own great courtesy in relieving me from my promise to your brother, were the causes which changed my plans as formed when we parted. Nothing but the statement of your own judgment and wish would have debarred me from the pleasure of seeing you and your niece soon.

It is very true, as you suspected, that my presence with my men gives vigor and unity to their work, which it must have if it is to succeed. They are a good set, on the whole; but boys are boys, and rangers are rangers, and Spaniards are Spaniards. I am sometimes tempted to leave them to cut each others' throats when they stumble into one of their quarrels. And then, another day when all has worked well, and they are dancing or singing or telling camp-stories round their fire, I wonder that I have ever thought them anything but a band of brothers.

My only anxiety arises from the detention of Will Harrod and his men, who have not joined me. But I suppose you know, better than I, the cause of their delay.

The great enterprise goes forward happily. I shall hope to send Mr. Jefferson a valuable letter. If only I can send him a horse across the Alleghanies! I have for your brother's own saddle the handsomest black charger he ever set his eyes upon, the stud of the First Consul himself, or of your Gracious Majesty Charles the Fourth, not excepted. If only the beast escapes "One Eye," and the distemper and yellow-water,—which may Castor and Pollux grant,—are not they the protectors of horses? An

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exciting life is ours. In the saddle for the whole of daylight, we do not lose our anxiety when the night comes on—at least we chiefs do not. My boys are snoring around this pine-knot fire while I am writing, as if they knew no care. But it is always so.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

But my fair enemy, Miss Inez, will never be satisfied, if in the wilderness here I end by quoting Shakespeare. Tell her it is for her sake that I end my letter with an adventure, which she may introduce into her first romance. You must know, and she must know, that I and half-a-dozen of my boys have been on a visit to Nicoroco, the great chief of chieftains in these regions. The great Wallace himself was not so bare-legged as Nicoroco is, nor did his sway extend nearly so far. Yes, and we smoked calumets of peace enough to make Miss Inez sick ten times over, and Miss Perry also, unless your new waif—Hawk-Eye is her name?—have taught you faster than I believe, the peaceful habits of the wilderness. Heavens! if your royal master's handsome chief commander, the "Prince of Peace," as I am told he is called, could but have presided, he would never have feared the salvajos Americanos any more! Ah, well! We returned from these pacifications to our corral, our buffalo meat and our horses, and alas! a few pacified Comanches returned with us!

What faith can you put in man? Early one morning our dear friends departed, and when we shook ourselves a few hours after, for our breakfast, we found that, by some accident not to be explained, they had taken with them all of our eleven saddle-horses, and that for the future we were to pursue the mustangs on foot, and on foot were to drive them through the deserts to Natchez and Orleans! This was the interpretation given in effect to all our pacifications!

"What to do? Quien sabe? Certainly I did not know. But I did know I was neither going to ride a wild mustang home, nor appear on foot in the presence of my town's folk the other side of the Father of Waters. So I called for volunteers, and your dear old Cæsar stepped forth first. Three white men joined, ashamed to be outdone by a darkey. On foot we started. On foot we followed their trail for nine days. Day by day they were more careless. Day by day we were more cheerful. The ninth day we walked gently into their camp, unsuspected and unexpected. There was my old chestnut, whom you rode that Tuesday; there were three other of our beasts, and there that evening came in, as innocent as a lamb, my old friend *One Eye*, of whom I have told you before, with some excellent friends of his, mounted on the other seven of our brutes. This time I took Master One Eye and tied him to a tree for the night, to give him a chance to ponder the principles of the Great Calumet. The next morning we helped ourselves to all the bear-meat we could carry, and turned our faces to Nolan's River. We were not nine days coming home!

"There, Miss Inez, had ever Amadis such an adventure, or Robert Bruce, or the Count Odoardo de Rascallo, or your handsome hero General Junot?

"It is near midnight, unless Orion tells lies, and the fire burns low.

"My homage is in all these lines. Adios.

"Your ladyship's most faithful vassal,

"To come or to stay away,

"PHILIP NOLAN."

CHAPTER XI.

RUMORS OF WARS.

"WITH chosen men of Leon, from the city Bernard goes,
To protect the soil of Spain from the spear of foreign foes,—
From the city which is planted in the midst between the seas,
To preserve the name and glory of old Pelayo's victories."
LOCKHART.

CAPT. PHILIP NOLAN was, when he wrote, in far greater danger than he supposed.

As I write this morning, if any gentleman now by the side of "Nolan's River" were curious to know if King Alfonso spent an agreeable night last night, he could send to some station not far away, and his curiosity would be relieved before dinner. At least I suppose so. I know that I was favored some hours ago, with the intelligence which I did not want, that King Alfonso was about to leave Madrid this morning and ride to his army. In truth, as it happens, I know better what he is going to do to-day than I know where my next neighbor at the foot of the hill is going.

But when Philip Nolan wrote these merry words to Eunice Perry he knew little enough of what was doing at Madrid; and he knew still less, as it happened, of what was in the wind at a capital much nearer to him. This was the famous and noble city of Chihuahua,—a city some three hundred miles west of Nolan's corral. To this distant point I shall not have to ask the reader to go again, but before the several pieces on our little board advance another step, I must ask him to look for a moment now, behind all intermediate pawns and see what is the attitude of him who represents the king, protected here by his distant and forgotten bishops, knights and castles.

Chihuahua was, in the year 1800, a city quite as imposing in aspect as it is to-day. To those simple people who had to come and go thither for one or another measure of justice, injustice, protection or vengeance, it seemed the most magnificent city in the world,—wholly surpassing the grandeurs of all other frontier or garrison towns. Around the public square were built a splendid cathedral, the royal treasury, and a building which served as the hotel-de-ville of the administration of the city. The cathedral was one of the most splendid in New Spain. It had been erected at enormous cost, and was regarded with astonishment and pride by all the people, who had seen no statues

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or pictures to compare with those displayed in its adornments. Several noble "missiones," a military academy, the establishments of the Dominicans, Franciscans, and those which the Jesuits had formerly built, added to the European aspect of the city.

Our business with Chihuahua is that in this city the Governor Salcedo, then recently appointed in place of de Nava, as acting general-commandant of the north-eastern provinces, at this time held his court. Under the administration then existing in New Spain this was an unlimited military authority. In the more southern provinces of what is now the Republic of Mexico, a system of a sort of courts of appeal known as "audiences," had been created as some check upon the viceroy and the intendants. But in the northern provinces, no such system was known, and the military law corresponded precisely to the definition given in Boston in General Gage's time:—

"1st. The commander does as he chooses.

"2d. Military law is the law that permits him to do so."

General Salcedo was the governor who had expressed the wish cited in an earlier chapter, that he could even prevent the birds from crossing from Louisiana into Texas. He was a faithful disciple of the extremest views of King Philip. While the local governor of Coahuila and the commandant at San Antonio, both of them intelligent men, saw without uneasiness an occasional traveler from Natchitoches, or Philip Nolan proposing to go to Orleans,—Salcedo raved when he heard of such obliquity or carelessness. If they had told him that the primate of Mont El Rey, the beloved Bishop Don Dio Primero, had extended his episcopal visitations as far as Natchitoches, he would have been beside himself with indignation. "What devils should take the Bishop so far?" And when they told him that the Bishop went to fight the Devil, he expressed the wish that his Holiness would leave as many devils as he could to harry those damnable French, and the more damnable Americanos beyond them. Ah me! if Don Salcedo had been permitted to live to see the day, forty years later, when Sam Houston's men charged on poor Santa Anna's lines at San Jacinto, screaming, "Remember the Alamo!" he would have said that none of his black portents were too black, and none of his prophecies of evil gloomy enough. He would have said that he was the Cassandra who could not avert the future of Texas and Coahuila.

The reader knows already that a certain Don Pedro de Nava, the commandant of these north-eastern provinces, had seen no danger in permitting poor Philip Nolan to drive a few horses, more or less, across the frontier of Texas into the King's colony of Louisiana. If the horses had gone there at their own will, as doubtless thousands of horses did yearly, *quien sabe?* and what harm? If Philip Nolan chose to come to San Antonio, and spend there a little Orleans money in his outfit for such an expedition, if he hired for good dollars, a handful of Spanish hunters to go with him,—what harm? said Don Pedro de Nava. And so he gave Philip Nolan the passport and permission aforesaid.

But the new Governor Salcedo did not know Philip Nolan,—and did not understand such reasoning. The only Philip he chose to remember in the business was that Most Gracious and Very Catholic Philip, Lord of both Indies, who was good at burning heretics. It was certain that he would have had no horse-hunting in his domains, but by loyal God-fearing subjects of his own. And if those lax and good-natured men, Herrara and Cordero, the governors of the eastern provinces of Coahuila and Texas, had assented to such heretical horse-hunting, it was time for them to know who was master in these deserts,—and the orders should proceed "from these head-quarters." And if that broken down old fool Casa Calvo, away in that bastard province of Louisiana, which was neither one thing nor another,—neither colony nor foreign State,—if he chose to go to sleep while people invade us, why we must be all the more watchful!

By some wretched accident, as we must suppose, some account of Nolan's plans, enormously exaggerated, was brought to Salcedo's ears. The traditions are that Mordecai Richards,—the same Richards whom we have already introduced to our readers,—after he had engaged in Nolan's service, sent traitorous information to some Spanish authority, of the plan of the expedition and of its probable route. Be this as it may, Spanish governors of the suspicious race were far too much excited then, to receive such news with satisfaction. Old John Adams's messages about the mouth of the Mississippi* had not been very pacific. Everybody knew that he had half his army

* Not Harrod's John Adams, but President John.

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on that stream, and fleets of flat-boats at every post, which were waiting only for the time when he should say "go," and his army would pounce upon Orleans. Nobody could say at what moment European combinations might make this step feasible, without the least danger that the "Prince of Peace," the commander-in-chief of the armies of King Charles, should strike any return blow. "Hunting horses forsooth!" said Don Nemisio de Salcedo, "are we fools to have such stories told to us? It is an army of these giants of Kentuckianos; they must be driven back before it is too late."

His military force was not large. In times of absolute peace, seeing no foreign army was within five hundred miles of Chihuahua, the garrison of that city was usually not more than two or three hundred men. But in this terrible exigency, with the Kentuckianos mustering in force on his distant border, Don Nemisio withheld every unnecessary band that would otherwise have gone after Apaches or Comanches, refused all leaves of absence and furloughs, made his most of the loyalty of the military academy, and against poor Phil Nolan, fearing nothing in his corral, was able to equip an army of one hundred and fifty men.

Military men, whose judgment is second to none, assure us that there was never better material for an army than the Mexican soldier of that day. This force of dragoons were all of them men who had seen service against the mounted Indians. Each man had a little bag of parched corn meal and sugar, the common equipage of the hunters of those regions. Travelers of to-day, solicited in palace cars to buy sugared parched-corn, do not know, perhaps, that this is the food of pioneers in front of Apaches. Besides this, a paternal Government provided good wheat biscuit and shaved dry meat, which they ate with enormous quantities of red pepper. With such outfit the troop would ride cheerily all day, taking no meal excepting at the encampment at night, and if any man were hungry in the day, he bit a piece of biscuit, or drank some water with his corn meal and sugar stirred into it.

After orders, and additional orders which need not be named, the little army assembled in the square in front of the cathedral. It was to march against the heretics, that was all they knew. A priest came out with holy water to bless the colors. Every man had been confessed, and every man, as he shook himself into his saddle, understood that, whatever befell, he had a very considerable abatement made from the unpleasantness of purgatory, because he was on this holy errand. As they were on special service, not against Indians but whites, the lances which they carried on the prairies were taken away. But every man had a carbine slung in front of his saddle, a heavy horse-pistol on each side, and below the carbine the shield, which was still in use, even in this century, to ward off arrows. It was made of triple sole leather. It was round, and two feet in diameter. The officers carried oval shields bending on both sides, and in elegant blazonry displayed the arms of the King or of Spain, with other devices. So that it would have been easy to imagine that Fernando del Soto had risen from his grave, and that this was a party of the cavaliers of chivalry who were starting against poor Nolan and his twelve horse-hunters in buckskin.

The Governor, with the officers of his staff, in full uniform, had assisted at the sacred ceremonials in the church. The men marched out and mounted. The Governor, standing on the steps of the cathedral, gave his hand to the commander of the party.

"May God preserve you many years!" he said.

"May God preserve your Excellency!"

"Death to the savage heretics!" said the Governor.

"Death to the invaders!" said Colonel Marquiez, now in his saddle. Then, turning to his men, he waved his hand and cried: "Long live the King!"

"Long live the King!" they answered cheerily.

"Forward, march!" A hand kissed to a lady—and the troop was gone!

(To be continued.)

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DIES IRÆ.

A REVISED TRANSLATION BY GENERAL DIX.

In Judge Nott's edition of the "Seven Great Hymns of the Medieval Church," published by Randolph, General Dix's translation of "Dies Iræ" is introduced at page 50, with a notice, of which the following is an extract:

"In this endeavor the author has so well succeeded, that when this version is compared, stanza by stanza, with the original, it will be found to be in the same trochaic measure, in the same difficult double rhyme, in stanzas of the same triplicate construction, and, with fewest errors, to be a translation the most literal and just that has been made. Yet this success in letters was achieved by a soldier during the gloomiest period of a great and distracting war. The author is Major-General John A. Dix, United States Volunteers, and the translation was made at Fortress Monroe, in the second year of the war."

The following graceful and characteristic letter from George Ticknor shows the opinion of a very high literary authority in regard to the merits of the translation:

BOSTON, 24th February, 1864.

To Major-General Dix, United States Army.

SIR: It was not without a feeling of embarrassment that I asked my friend Mr. Curtis to obtain for me a copy of your privately printed marvelous translation of the "Dies Iræ." Nor is it without a similar feeling that I now ask you to accept from me a copy of the life of my friend Prescott, which I published a few weeks since. You will, therefore, allow me to beg of you not to look on it as an attempt to make an exchange with you; for, if such were my purpose, I should feel obliged to pray Jupiter that he would make you willing to take copper for gold, as in the memorable case of Diomedes and Glaucus. What I send is only the acknowledgment of a debt, which I do not pretend to pay, but for which I wish to express, as well as I can, my sense of obligation. With much consideration and sincere thanks, yours very truly,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

But it seems that General Dix was not at all satisfied with his performance, and that he has recently made and privately printed a revised translation, which we give with the original preface. His reasons for the revision are contained in the following letter to a friend in Albany:

NEW YORK, 7th October, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR: I hasten, in pursuance of the request contained in the letter my son received from you this morning, to send you a copy of my translation of "Dies Iræ," and I add, of my own motion, my translation of "Stabat Mater." They were both privately printed, as you will perceive, but found their way into Judge Nott's "Seven Hymns of the Medieval Church" and other kindred publications.

The first translation was made during our civil war, while I was in command of the Department of Virginia, and when I had many weighty matters to divert my time and thoughts from literary occupation. Although it had been much commended I was never satisfied with it, and a few months ago I printed privately, and now send you, a revised rendering of the immortal hymn. The translation of "Stabat Mater" was made while I was Minister to France. It was more leisurely prepared, and I see no reason to correct it, though I cannot say that it is what I should wish it to be.

The stanza of the former quoted by Bayard Taylor is as follows:

> Day of vengeance without morrow,
> Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
> As from saint and seer we borrow.

It is this stanza (the first) which has always proved most troublesome to translators, and it is the one with which I was dissatisfied more than with any other in my translation when I allowed it to go to the press. My dissatisfaction was greatly increased a few years later on finding in one of Thackeray's novels—I do not at this moment recollect which—a passage somewhat like this: "When a man is cudgeling his brains to find any other rhymes for 'sorrow' than 'borrow' and 'morrow,' he is nearer the end of his woes than he imagines." I felt instinctively that any one familiar with this passage would, on reading my translation, be conscious, at the very commencement, of a sense of the ludicrous altogether incompatible with the solemnity of the subject. I therefore resolved, at my earliest leisure, to attempt the production of an improved version of the first stanza, and, in doing so, I remodeled several others, to make them conform more nearly to the original.

Independently of the foregoing objection, it was not quite orthodox to style King David a saint, though he was in his latter days a model of true penitence. Besides, I believe there is a Saint David in the calendar, and there is danger of confounding them. In the new version I have succeeded in preserving the David and Sibyl of the original, "*iis nominibus*," instead of rendering them by the terms Saint and Seer. How successful I have been in the change I have made in the first two lines of the stanza I am at a loss to determine. I can only say, that after an elaborate effort it was the best I could do.

With a pleasant remembrance of our association in Albany, I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

JOHN A. DIX.

N. C. MOAK, Esq.

(ORIGINAL PREFACE.)

I HAVE recently seen in the periodical press several new translations of this noble canticle—the best produced by the Middle Ages—perhaps by any age.

Among the English versions that of the Earl of Roscommon seems to have caught more of the inspiration of the original than any I have seen. It

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is, nevertheless, a paraphrase rather than a translation. This is a serious fault, notwithstanding its high poetic merit. A production, universally acknowledged to have no superior of its class, should be as literally rendered as the structure of the language into which it is translated will admit. Moreover, no translation can be complete which does not conform to the original in its rhythmic quantities. The music of the "Dies Iræ" is as old as the hymn, if not older; and with those who are familiar with both, they are inseparably connected in thought. To satisfy the exactions of such minds, the cadences must be the same.

With full knowledge of what has been done and attempted in our language, and of the difficulty of doing better, I have nevertheless ventured on a translation having in view the two ends which I have pointed out—musical notation, and literal rendering to the extent that it is attainable.

It is the fruit of leisure moments gained from the hard service of the camp, on rebel soil, but within Union entrenchments. If, in the ages of paganism, the strings of the Lesbian lyre might be, not unworthily, swept by hands inured to arms,—

"Qui ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
* * * * * *
Liberum, et Musas, Veneremque, et illi
Semper hærentem puerum canebat,"—

a soldier in a Christian age may not less worthily find relief from the asperities of war in themes more congenial with the higher dispensations which he is, by the Providence of God, permitted to share.

Fort ———, Va., June 17, 1863.

DIES IRÆ.

I.
Dies iræ, dies illa!
Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sibyllâ.

II.
Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta strictè discussurus!

III.
Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

IV.
Mors stupebit, et natura,
Quum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

V.
Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur,

VI.
Judex ergo quum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

VII.
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus

VIII.
Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

IX.
Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa Tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illâ die!

X.
Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti, crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus!

XI.
Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis!

1.
Day of vengeance, lo! that morning
On the earth in ashes dawning,
David with the Sibyl warning.

2.
Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending.

3.
To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

4.
Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's deep slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

5.
Now the written book containing
Record to all time pertaining
Opens for the world's arraigning.

6.
See the Judge his seat attaining,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

7.
What shall I then say, unfriended,
By what advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended?

8.
King of majesty tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us;
Fount of pity, safety send us!

9.
Jesus, think of thy wayfaring,
For my sins the death-crown wearing;
Save me, in that day, despairing!

10.
Worn and weary Thou hast sought me,
By Thy cross and passion bought me;—
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me!

11.
Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution
Ere that day of dissolution!

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XII.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus!

XIII.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

XIV.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed Tu bonus fac benignè,
Ne perenni cremer igne!

XV.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ!

XVI.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis!

XVII.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis!

XVIII.

Lacrymosa dies illa
Qua resurget ex favillâ
Judicandus homo reus;
Huic ergo parce, Deus!

12.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant moaning!

13.

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

14.

In my prayers no worth discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save me from that endless burning!

15.

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding.

16.

When the wicked are rejected,
And to bitter flames subjected,
Call me forth with thine elected!

17.

Low in supplication bending,
Heart as though with ashes blending;
Care for me when all is ending!

18.

When on that dread day of weeping
Guilty man in ashes sleeping
Wakes to his adjudication,
Save him, God! from condemnation

POE, IRVING, HAWTHORNE.

BESIDES Cooper, the names oftenest mentioned in allusions to the imaginative prose writers of America are those of Poe, Irving, and Hawthorne. I separate them from his, because these three men naturally, and for several reasons, group themselves together and apart from the first-named. Cooper—though really beginning his career later than Irving, and although contemporaneous with Poe and Hawthorne—belongs to a school which to-day seems to set him back farther from us than the triad I am to discuss. By one of those curious illusions of distance which rapid changes of opinion and practice bring about, he, with Scott, falls into comparative remoteness, while the lenses of a recurring curiosity or sympathy bring two, at least, of the others into our very midst. Moreover, Cooper was a novelist, as we now make the distinction; neither of the others was such. Irving is essentially an essayist and a writer of polished but not too profound history; Poe, upon declared policy, preferred the short story, and his tales curiously evade the province of the novel; Hawthorne, finally, though adopting the form of the novel, so shaped this that we have to treat the result as a new species. There is still another, though less tangible link between them. We often hear Poe and Hawthorne classed together as "weird" or "grotesque;" and, on the other hand, Irving and Hawthorne are joined by a supposed bond of similar style. Yet, in bringing them together now, I do not mean to contribute further to this want of discrimination. On the contrary, my object will be to bring out the more strongly, by close contrast, their ineradicable and important unlikeness to each other.

It is noticeable that all the most brilliant figures in our literature thus far have been men of English stock: Irving, Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, not to speak of our chief historians, are all British seedlings in a fresh soil; their works are—as men said of the first settlements here—a "New Plantation,"

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but still a part of English literature. This obvious fact is what we must look to for explanation (if any is needed) of the resemblances to the older growth so easily traced in the younger. But this parentage cannot excuse any excess of likeness in the results; for American thought and American genius are not such by virtue of a different blood in the veins of American men, but by virtue of new and independent action nourished by old and inherited sources of strength. The New England settlements from the beginning, and all the colonies from the time of the Revolution, claimed separate standards of judgment in government, based on truths of which they had a clearer view than the mother country. In like manner, independence of view is the root from which all distinctively national literature among us must spring. This, of course, implies no arbitrary connection between it and any attitude of hostility which may exist between two governments. On the contrary, the best American writing has, I think, proceeded from minds the most imbued with a love for England deeper than the seas and much stronger than time. This is because the mood of the American revolutionists was not one of hatred, but of a great and injured affection toward the mother land. It was this affection that gave to their resolve for freedom a pathos and a nobleness beyond all. They fought for truth, and so were forced, in a measure, to fight against their own hearts. So that it is the attitude of remembered love and reverence, combined with an absolute reserve of individuality, which makes a chief part of what we call the American quality as opposed to the English. The English quality in literature is something compounded of various historic elements, but it is perfectly welded, entirely unified, a thing by itself, and absolute. The American quality is relative. I make no attempt to impose this theory upon what may be done hereafter, except as such future work may come within the conditions stated. Undoubtedly there must arrive a time when the diverse materials now concentrating in this country shall find a common unit of character in which the precise and intrinsic nature of Americanness can be given with more exactness. But, thus far, when American creative genius in the arts has lost this relativeness, disorganization has ensued, giving its productions a singular formlessness. Or else they have gravitated toward some foreign literature. This statement need hardly be amplified; we see the process going on around us every day. To resist such attraction, then—not in any bigoted sense, but merely in the sense of asserting a separate and unique entity—becomes a sign of the greater depth of originality in American writers. This integrity demands a sane and masculine self-sufficiency, and a capacity for solid faith in local possibilities, which make up a very high standard. If one accepts a lower standard it is by no means a gross offense; it may be the only condition on which he can secure the particular charm for his work which he wants to give to it; but let us recognize at the same time that the standard *is* lower. I take it that nationality, in the best sense, is the strongest fiber of strong genius. This being marred, the whole organism suffers.

Under this light, Irving would seem to fall into place below Hawthorne. The enthusiast for Irving will of course point us at once to his legendary researches, to the "Sketch Book," and "Wolfert's Roost," and "Knickerbocker's History of New York." We must admit at once that here he recalls a considerable debt, which the gratitude of many readers for many years has duly acknowledged. At the time when these works were produced, a good deal of self-reliance was needed in the man who should look for romantic material mainly along the shores of the Hudson, not then illumined by the light of old tales and the grace of modern dreaming that rests upon them now. But exactly what are the results of Irving's American associations? How far do they extend? To me it seems that the conquest over something hitherto unsubjected to literature, and the substantial gain to America of handiwork containing the germ of a new order of thought or feeling, is in Irving's books almost nil. What is his viewpoint? Almost entirely that which leads to a search for the mere picturesque. The lightness and vagueness of theme with which he is content is very manifest in "Wolfert's Roost," in the "Tales of a Traveler," and the introduced narrative of "Bracebridge Hall;" and at times the minute atom of real emotion or definite incident at the bottom of these, is almost stifled by his insatiable desire of words. But the most remarkable example is his treatment of the Rip Van Winkle legend. There is hardly a suspicion here of the real depth of pathos which has since been revealed to us in the same story on the stage. As elsewhere, Irving shows in his sketch of this tradition an excellent

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sense of what constitutes elegant entertainment; his perception of the gentlemanly in literature is admirable; he contrives good conventional contrasts, and rounds in the whole with a sonorous and well-derived style. It is the most completely "polite" writing. But the absence is as complete of anything like profound insight, deep imaginative sympathy, or genuinely dramatic rendering of character and circumstance. As for any new distillation of truth from his New World subjects, we must forego that entirely. All this finds parallel, too, in his style, which the systematic and loyal puffing of half a century has not been able to make into anything else than a patent-leather Addisonian one. For simple surface execution, it may be agreed, he has been equaled by few in his time; and "Bracebridge Hall" is a most remarkable revival of an obsolete and very acceptable style; but from this sort of imitation the same unconscious insincerity is as inseparable as it is from the recent French reproductions of Japanese porcelains. They are even better, one may say, than the originals, and yet the more refined and enduring value of the first product is entirely absent from the imitations. Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" is the only English fiction of this century, I suppose, which in point of antiquated style comes upon the same ground with "Bracebridge Hall;" but there, instead of being an anachronism, the style is a part of the dramatic unity, and again it is penetrated at every point and nobly uplifted by the atmosphere of powerful human passions. Thus, Irving's superficial treatment of theme and acquired style operate against the originality of his few American fictions. In his Knickerbocker history he has furbished up the conventional Dutch type with some ingenuity; but, as in the Dutch traditions he elaborated only an imported interest, so here he merely treated in his own light and playful way a kind of character already well established in English books, and as old at least as the time of Andrew Marvell's lines on Holland.

This brings us to his humor, which Mr. Bryant has declared to be not that of "The Spectator." There is, indeed, a discoverable difference; but it is in the lighter caliber of Irving's. There is a smack of college wit about it, especially in the excess to which he carries pretended derivations of local and personal names. There is always in Irving's writing the mild, sweet radiance of a graceful, uncontaminated spirit which comes forth here and there in a sort of subdued and gentle smile; and this is something to be prized. But his humor never develops into the full, rich laugh that belongs to Scott and Dickens. It is always a smile, as his drawing is sketching. There is something full of meaning in that oddly logical title of his most popular work, "The *Sketch* Book." He was, in strict analysis, an amateur. But it will not do to play the amateur, when one is laying the foundation of a national literature. I do not wish to detract. Irving was an exquisite writer, justly popular; he was an attractive historian, and his charming compilation on Goldsmith, with his "Mahomet" and "Columbus" will always be read for their smooth language, at least. One would not ask, either, for a more flowing and inspiriting narrative than his "Life of Washington;" and I may add that he has treated this subject in a tone that accords most happily with the tone and time of the noble Virginia gentleman who did with such simple dignity that which has given to our brief national history a lasting splendor. But how can we conceal the attitude which this same exquisite writer always held toward England, which shows not only in his biography but throughout his sketches and essays,—in the most subtle and fascinating way perhaps, but none the less conclusively limiting his magnitude? It comes out almost ludicrously in his correspondence with that rabid miso-Briton, Paulding, whom Drake laughingly hails as "the pride of the backwood, the poet of cabbages, log-huts, and gin." Irving, enjoying his English fame, was vexedly concerned by the irrepressible outbreaks of his friend, which, however, had real pluck in them. "The Edinburgh Review," which was unusually amiable toward Irving, took offense at his excessive complaisance, at last, and thus scouted him: "He gasped for British popularity,—he came, and found it. He was received, caressed, applauded, and made giddy: natural politeness owed him some return, for he imitated, admired, deferred to us * * * it was plain he thought of nothing else, and was ready to sacrifice everything to obtain a smile or a look of approbation." It is not needful to read the "Edinburgh," to assure ourselves of this; but at least let us be careful not to forget how the public, whose favor Irving so fondly sought, could sneer at his devotion. In its savage fashion, it recognized his inferior position; we must admit it, also, though more kindly.

Let us turn to Poe. Here is a man to make

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mischief with theories. How will his nervous, explosive, insane personality restrain itself to the principle of American-ness as we have tried to settle it? Do we not encounter in him a sort of genius which scorns the condition of relativeness? And is there not therefore something more primitively distinct and valuable about Poe, than about Hawthorne? In a certain sense, this is, perhaps, the case. Mr. Fairfield's ingenious article on the unhappy poet,* by raising distinctly the medical question which, in a vague form, has doubtless occurred to many readers—that of Poe's madness—tries to prove too much.† There is a morbid and shattering susceptibility connected with some genius; but in the other there is a tremulous, constantly re-adjusted, and infinitely delicate sensitiveness which is simply the perfect period of health. Such must be the condition in men like Shakespeare and Hawthorne, however dissimilar their temperaments, who grasp the two hemispheres of the human mind, the sane and the insane, and hold them perfectly reconciled in their gentle yet unsparing and almost divine insight. These men, therefore, are eminently of the first order. We should place Dickens with them, for his variety of outlook, except that it is only the superficial distortions of mind which his genius chiefly concerns itself with; and we fancy in him at times a slightly fevered sensitiveness which leads to contamination from the phases he is describing. Now, a case like Poe's, where actual mental decay exists, and gives to his productions a sharper and more dazzling effect, is certainly more unique, though less admirable, than instances of the higher orders. But putting aside the question of malady, we may weigh merely the degree of intensity of the genius.

Poe's gift flourished upon him like a destructive flame; and the ashes that it left are like a deadly poison which some one has learned to powder out of a plant-root. As a mere potency, dissociated from qualities of beauty or truth, Poe must be rated almost highest among American poets; and high among prosaists; no one else offers so much pungency, such impetuous and frightful energy crowded into such small space. Yet it would be difficult to conceive a poetic fury—if we may so call the motive power of his prose-tales, which is much the same as that of his more impressive poems—a poetic fury less allied to human life in general. There is absolutely no definition of character worth mentioning in his fiction. The nearest thing to it is his lurid painting of half-maniacal moods. He looks always for fixed and inert quantities with which he may juggle at will; hence, the best of his stories are to the best of Hawthorne's short tales what the most delicate mechanism of metal springs is to an organism filled with the true breath of life. We owe to Poe the first agile and determined movement of criticism in this country, and, though it was a startling dexterity, with but little depth, which winged his censorial shafts, he was excellently fitted for the critic's office in one way, because he knew positively what standards he meant to judge by, and kept up an inflexible hostility to any offense against them. He had an acute instinct in matters of literary form; it amounted, indeed, to a passion, as all his instincts and perceptions did; he had also the knack of finding reasons, good or bad, for his opinions, and of stating them well. All this is essential to the equipment of a critic, and it was well to have them exemplified; though, of course, Poe's criticism was constantly vitiated by ill-balanced impulse, by incredible jealousies, and by various undermining tendencies of his thoroughly unsound mind. And here we reach the gist of the whole Poe problem again. The same imperfection runs through all his performances, except, perhaps, three poems, "The Raven," "Ligeia," and the earlier one of two addressed "To Helen;" his work is honeycombed with error and falsity, bad

* See "A MAD MAN OF LETTERS," in SCRIBNER for October, 1875, p. 690.

† It may properly be mentioned here that Dr. Maudsley, whom Mr. Fairfield quotes as maintaining with other authorities—especially Moreau de Tours—that "the mental aura of poetry and of the *more original orders* of fiction," seems to have been misunderstood by the writer. The chapter of "The Physiology and Pathology of Mind," in which he treats this point, is described in the table of contents as asserting "*the wide difference between the highest genius and any kind of insanity.*" Furthermore, in that chapter, he speaks of the epileptic theory as "the extravagant assertion of a French author (Moreau de Tours), that a morbid condition of nerve element is the condition of genius." He expressly speaks of Edgar Poe as so constituted, but urges that we must never forget that "anyone so constituted is nowise an example of the highest genius." The "highest genius," I take to include the greatest *real* originality. There is an *apparent* originality which fancies itself, and is often supposed to be, the greater; such was Poe's. Maudsley's position is perfectly clear. "Although it might be said, then, by one not caring to be accurate, that the genius of an acutely sensitive and subjective poet denoted a morbid condition of nerve element, yet no one, after a moment's calm reflection, would venture to speak of the genius of such as Shakespeare, Goethe, or Humboldt, as arising out of a morbid condition."

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taste, undue outlay of language for small returns; and he seems sooner or later to have run his own pen full against all his rigid criteria for measuring others. It is extremely suggestive that the holder of such positive doctrine about beauty, the man also of whom pre-eminently it may be said as Baudelaire wrote of him, "Chance and the incomprehensible were his two great enemies," should so completely fail to reach even an abstract, unmoral perfection within the confined and inelastic spaces of thought which he fixed as sufficient, and should so constantly force upon us hideousness and horror, while gasping in the gross atmosphere of earth, and professing himself the special apostle of beauty in art. This passionate search for the beautiful, unhelmed, erring, guided by no North Star of faith set in a dome of mystery, is the very thing which drove him into such whirlpools of physical horror and ignoble wallowings in decay; because it issued from interior discord, and was not a normal, deep-seated desire. Whatever the cause, his brain had a rift of ruin in it at the start. For him, there was always a "demon in the sky;" and, though he kept the delicate touch that stole a new grace from classic antiquity, it was the frangibility, the quick decay, the fall of beautiful things, that excited him. In one of his tales he says: "I * * * have imbibed the shadows of fallen columns at Balbec, and Tadmor, and Persepolis, until my very soul has become a ruin." That is it. Always beauty and grace overthrown seem to him the most characteristic and the most poetic, and it is the *shadow* of such ruined beauty that he imbibes, rather than the still living beauty of light upon them or of green growth around them.

The life and the writings stand intimately connected, almost inseparable, in Poe, just as Irving's life—his early experience of Europe, and the conditions of provincial New York society—will account for his limitations and his slight American substance. But in Poe there is no special conformity to English models; there is rather a leaning to the French feeling for form, and to a delicate-pointed, varied and fervent accuracy of expression which resembles that of the modern Parisian school, but probably proceeds as much from the innate necessities of his genius. The foreign marking, however, is very faint; scarcely shows, in fact, against the glaring ground of his own qualities. On the other hand, he has no traits that we can call American. We even fancy in him a kind of shrinking from any identification with his native land, instinctive, if not conscious. His genius was a detonating agent, which could have been convulsed into its meet activity anywhere, and had nothing to do with a soil. It was shaken by that discord which, I have said, is apt to overtake the American writer out of sympathy with America. Does this absence of roots make it more universal? Merely, I think, as the wind is more transferable than a tree. There is something unmatched and enviable in the wrath of the wind; but it is certainly less near to man than a tree, which, like man, has growth. To change our adjective, let us call Poe a positive genius. He would have flourished anywhere in much the same way that he did in America. Irving, then, is comparative; given the condition of a certain gentlemanly leisure, he might have done something pleasant in letters elsewhere, but it would probably have been much less noticeable than what he has left us. Also, he ranks higher than Poe for human sympathy and incipient humor, whereas Poe is barren of even a smile. Neither of them, however, possessed insight. Irving had that sort of insight which a connoisseur's magnifying glass can give, and Poe had an extraordinary keenness in speculation and calculation. But Hawthorne has insight in the profoundest sense,—a consciousness of visible and invisible life, and of sound and unsound character, a gift of real analysis, a deeper and tenderer humor than Irving's, although hardly broader in its *effect*; and, finally, he could not have flourished in any earth but that of Salem. That is, if he had been rooted elsewhere, he would have missed some of his richest, purest, and most original traits.

This flavor of nativity, is it not inevitably one of the higher attributes of genius? Whether or not the greater range of insight and vigor of dramatic feeling get any of their strength from this quality is, of course, a debatable point. There is obviously an original texture in Hawthorne's genius which puts him at once in advance of the other two writers; but this texture might never have been worked into literature with its present power and subtlety had the circumstances of his development been materially other than they were. In fine, the national quality and the personal ones so subtend and overlap each other in him that their relation is clearly a vital and meaning relation. The more I study his life, the more I feel the singular value of this union.

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That life I shall here try to sketch at the risk of seeming to digress too widely. The connection of the man and his works is in this case more subtle, various, and extended than in either of the two we have already glanced at.

Hawthorne's ancestors came from a place in Wiltshire called, according to an early entry in the "American Note-Books," Wigcastle, Wiston, and which in a letter from a relative, dated 1860, I have seen alluded to as Wilton Castlewig. The sirname was variously spelled, and different members of the family developed some eight distinct ways of writing it.

A younger son, William Hathorne, who came over with Winthrop in the "Arbella," 1630, was the American progenitor. He went first to Dorchester, where he was made a Freeman (a name that meant a great deal, just there and then), and in 1635–6 he was representative for that town in the General Court. This ancestor distinguished himself in the colony. He was thought so desirable a citizen that the town of Salem offered him large grants of land if he would remove thither. This he did in 1636 or 1637. From that time he became prominent in New England history, as deputy to the General Court, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Commissioner of Customs, military commander, a member of committees at critical junctures,—notably that of 1661 to deliberate on the "patent, laws, privileges" of the colonists, and their "duty to His Majesty," when he opposed all appeals to the Crown, and maintained the right of the colonists to defend their government against all attempts at overthrow. He is about the only man of that time whose reputation for eloquence has come down to posterity. The apostle Eliot wrote of him as "the most eloquent man of the Assembly * * * * often opposed to Endicott, who glided with the popular stream;" and Johnson, in the "Wonder-Working Providence," spake of him as "the Godly Captaine William Hathorn, whom the Lord hath indued with a quick apprehension, strong memory, and Rhetorick." His son John was a sturdy successor, of severe temper, inherited his civil and military honors, and was a magistrate at the time of the Witchcraft trials. The land grant to William assigned him an estate in the then choicest part of the town, along the South River, and a street in Salem on that very spot bears the name of Hathorn to this day. It is worth while to give these details, as showing how substantial were the links that bound Hawthorne to the past of his country, and knitted him more firmly to its present. The Hathornes remained uninterruptedly at Salem from 1637, and Nathaniel, when a young man, went on Sundays to the First Church (a second edifice built on the site of the first place of worship in Salem), where his forefathers and family had held their pew from about 1640. Joseph was the next in descent from John, and his retired farm-life preluded a change in the activity of the Hathornes from the land to the sea. The name began to appear in the shipping lists in the eighteenth century, and Joseph's son, Daniel, the author's grandfather, commanded a privateer in the Revolution;* and one Benjamin Hathorne was one of the company of another privateer captured by the British in 1782.† It was Daniel's son, Nathaniel, who married a Miss Manning, and became the father of that genius who has come to be generally esteemed as in many ways the most notable of imaginative American authors. This son, also Nathaniel, was born in Union street, which, curiously enough, faced the old ship-yard of the town in 1760; and the date of his birth was July 4, 1804, one year before the Custom-House of that time was removed to "opposite the long brick building owned by W. S. Gray and Benjamin H. Hathorne;" so that his later association with shipping and with revenues might seem to have already hung

* There has been handed down a manuscript copy of a ballad, "Brig Fair American—Daniel Hathorne, Commander," which was written by the surgeon of the ship. It relates how

"The twenty-second of August, before the close of day,
All hands on board our Privateer, we got her under weigh.
* * * * * * *
Bold Hathorne was commander, a man of real worth;"

and then goes on to tell in unsteady numbers—as if the writer had not quite got his "sea-legs" on in boarding the poetic craft—about their cruise until they reached "the coast of Portuigale," where they encountered "a lofty sail." She proved to be a

"British scow
Standing for fair America with troops for General Howe."

The privateer grappled with her, engaged and fought during "one glass and something more,"

"Till British pride and glory no longer dared to stay,
But cut the Yankee grappling and quickly bore away."

In this victorious fight, however, ten of the Americans were wounded, together with our "noble captain," though the balladist ends cheeringly with this sentiment:

"To him and all our officers let's give a hearty cheer,
Success to fair America and our good Privateer."

† He escaped from the prison-ship at Charleston, S. C., by swimming; six other captives accompanied him, one of whom was drowned in the attempt to get off.

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over him. His father, pursuing the sea-captain life that had now become traditional in the family, died at Surinam in 1808, and the shadow of that loss lay upon the whole of Hawthorne's youth. For his mother was an extremely sensitive woman, whose strong character deepened the sway of grief at her husband's death, and she became a complete recluse. In the house to which they now moved* a part of his boyhood and some of the weightiest years of youth were passed. His father's strange failure to return from that last voyage, working, perhaps, with some spell of the sea inherited in his blood, affected the little boy very soon; and when quite young—perhaps not more than five or six—he would sometimes burst out of a reverie with, "There, mother!" and then announce that when he grew up he too should go away to sea "and never come back again;" little knowing the meaning of his declaration, or the dread and yearning sorrow it must have waked in the widow's heart. But this threat soon passed. They left Salem in 1818 to go to Raymond, Maine, for Nathaniel's health, he having fallen ill; but not before he had listened to the thunder of that desperate battle off Marblehead, in the war of 1812–13, between the American frigate "Chesapeake" and the British frigate "Shannon." The "Chesapeake" was captained by young Lawrence of Tripolitan and other fame, who got his death-wound in this disastrous duel of ships. After a year Hawthorne came back to Salem and studied, entered Bowdoin College in 1821, and again returned to the ancestral town on graduation. Indeed, it is strange to see how, in later life, with all the distaste for Salem that lurked always in his mind, he kept drifting thither at intervals till 1850 (only fourteen years before his death), when Concord became his home and resting-place. A youth of twenty-one, he had now fixed his thought on a very different career from that of a sea-captain. In a letter written while he was a boy,† probably from Salem, to his mother, in Maine, he had discussed the choice of occupations in these terms: "I do not want to be a doctor and live by men's diseases, nor a minister, to live by their sins, nor a lawyer and live by their quarrels. So, I don't see that there is anything left for me but to be an author. How would you like, some day, to see a whole shelf full of books written by your son, with 'Hawthorne's Works' printed on their backs?" In another, dated 1820, which I have seen, he says: "Shall you want me to be a minister, doctor, or lawyer? A minister I will not be." It is clear from these utterances that he found little difficulty in narrowing the prospect for himself to that which he afterward chose. His college friend, Horatio Bridge,‡ too, had brought to bear upon him the influence of a confident and prophetic sympathy. In fine, this latest scion of that vigorous Puritan stock entered upon the destiny opening before him with the mysterious certainty which seems to guide the steps of all great writers. And it is now that we begin to see how his antecedents played into the hands of his inborn tendency. As I have hinted, his mother's solitude was complete. When she and her son and two daughters were again living together in Herbert street, they remained frequently in separate rooms, sometimes scarcely seeing each other for weeks, nor even eating in company. Hawthorne himself stayed all day in his study under the eaves, his meals being brought up and left at the door. He read in the morning and wrote in the afternoon; at night he walked abroad, and thus gradually rambled over the whole neighboring coast, from Gloucester to Lynn, sometimes also, without doubt, haunting the old scenes of the witchcraft outbreak in Salem Village (Danvers), or musing under the trees of Endicott's ancient Orchard Farm. (By this it is not to be understood that he "never saw the sun," as has been reported: he commonly saw it rise, every day in summer, when going down to the sea to bathe, and he of course walked by daylight when so minded.) This seclusion arose on his part, largely from the silent but trying conflict between his own bent and the sternly practical life around him. His relatives urged him to go into business; his genius forbade it. He was made to feel that he was a

* It stood on Herbert street, the next one eastward from Union; but the gardens of the two joined, and from his top-floor study in the Herbert street house Hawthorne could look down upon the less lofty roof under which he was born. The estate belonged to the Mannings, and ran through from one street to the other; but the Herbert street house was spoken of as Union street, and it is this one that is meant in that passage of the "American Note-Books," under date of October 25, 1838: "In this dismal Chamber FAME was won;" as also in that longer reverie in the same volume, dated October 4, 1840.

† This letter, long in the possession of Miss E. P. Peabody, Mr. Hawthorne's sister-in-law, unfortunately does not exist any longer. The date has thus been forgotten, but the passage is clear in Miss Peabody's recollection.

‡ See Prefatory Note to "The Snow Image."

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useless dreamer, and this drove him in upon himself; but he persisted. There was nothing gloomy in his character; a secluded youth in the shadow of his mother's sacred widowhood, however, combined with extraordinary fineness of organization in himself, had made him shy and reticent; and the clashing of his ideal aims with the more sordid ones of most men that he saw, increased his hesitation to mix with the currents of life until he should have gained a foot-hold of his own. I urge this here, to mitigate prevalent notions about his peculiarity, which perhaps tend to attach him by another unreal association to Poe again. Hawthorne believed himself to have a strongly social nature, which was permanently restrained by the long and sad retirement of his youth; speaking of this mode of life to a friend who did much to break up its austerity, he said: "We do not even *live* at our house!" And, at another time, telling of the period in which the "Twice-Told Tales" were written: "I was like a person talking to himself in a dark room." He knew the dreariness and in one sense the mistakenness of these years—too well! But they were not of his making. We, however, his readers, who represent that outside world which gave Hawthorne so little encouragement, have, through no merit of our own, reaped a rich profit from his providential privacy. It was in this silence and darkness that he was able to revive the past of New England, and fill a few imagined hearts with a breath that shall keep them beating long beyond our own. I have it as a fact without doubt, that his exquisite story of "The Gentle Boy" was suggested to him by reading Sewall's "History of the Quakers," and the knowledge that one of his own ancestors had been instrumental in their persecution. And I need not point out to those who know his works the traces of meditation on New England annals to be found throughout the "American Note-Book," and its æsthetic results in various famed ones of the "Twice-Told Tales," two or three among the "Mosses," "Main Street," and other essays in the "Snow Image" group of stories and sketches, and of course most eminently and marvelously in "The Scarlet Letter," and "The House of Seven Gables." He recurred to it again more directly in "True Stories," written for children; in short, *old* New England was as necessary and vital a thing to him as it was to the entire New England of his day. One could not be, without the other. In pointing this out, I mean to command attention to the fact that this belongs to the trait of *growth* in him which is so distinctive of all high genius. He begins in the past and comes down to the present; his later writings centered rather upon his own time than upon a previous period. Moreover, as in "The House of the Seven Gables," it is one of his favorite themes to trace the genesis of the present out of the past. At the same time, I may enlarge upon the method and scope of his own growth. In the "Twice-Told Tales" we see the reflection of his youth as in a darkened glass. There is a prevalent somberness about the picture; but how calm, thoughtful, and beautiful the dim image of his face when seen there! Then, behind his own form, we catch the flitting shapes of half-real beings in strange variety of action,—smiling and frowning, passionate, or polished, and splendid in their perished grandeur, mysterious shadows trembling over them all; but there are also gleams of the healthiest sunshine striking through, which gives us re-assurance in the subdued, grave atmosphere. There are a few cases among these tales of a nearly unendurable sadness, as in "The White Old Maid," and "The Ambitious Guest;" others in which the horror or the pathos hangs with too dread a weight upon the mind; but these are only such extremes as might excusably proceed from the long and oppressive isolation in which the stories were all written. The wonder should be that Hawthorne's mind could soar above the shadows as often as it did at this time, and, above all, that he should give us always a taste of a complete, a wholesome, unselfish, pure, and profound philosophy amidst even the bitterest distillations of his dreams. Nor is there ever anything disordered about the sadness that appears. There is no protest against life and fate, no gloomy or weak self-pity. The terror and the tragedy came as legitimate deductions from deep imaginings about human nature and searching glances at it. But even this sad, questioning twilight, at no time threatening, clears into a steady and gentle gray luminousness, in succeeding works, as Hawthorne's mind matures. The proof and multifarious example of this I must leave to my reader, merely hinting that he should look through the early Note-Books to assist him in seeing how the development proceeded. I only urge here that there was a constant development and a wholesome mellowing; there was consistent, calm growth, fed by the giant sap of strong and fine-strung passions coursing in even flow. Compare

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this with Irving's gentle unprogressiveness. Irving never went beyond the "Sketch Book;" his histories, though a higher order of writing, do not index any larger development. Again, compare it with the spectacle that Poe presents—mad rotations and fitful shocks of ecstatic power, a blinding whirlwind that dizzies and bewilders at first; but when we look again, at ease, and contemplate the entire outline left by the man and his works, we find only a ruined arch. In some sense, Poe had an intellectual struggle, a confused, half-maniacal brawl, with himself and with the world. This argues, at least, more momentum, whatever its effect, than the mild quiescence of the amiable Irving. Hawthorne, on the other hand, experienced a deep and enduring struggle worthy of his powers. But it was the peril and the pain of organic unfolding, not the anguish of an ill-governed egotism, and his exquisite character and genius met both bravely, grew stronger for the obstacles opposed to their advance, and finally triumphed.

It is hard for persons of less acute power of feeling than his to conceive of the suffering which he drew from his long and lonely youth in Salem. In vain to discuss the point whether, had he modified his temperament and been less impressionable, he would not have come off more easily. In that case, he would not have been Hawthorne. At this day, one hears little else than satisfaction, in Salem, at the honor which his genius has added to the place; but, half a century ago, at an epoch when prejudice was everywhere more rife than now, it must have been different enough. Salem was secluded and stationary, and arrested thought is soon slimed with gossip, as stagnant water gets covered with scum. There are two things which are offensive to the average mind: that success which outshines everybody, and that other successful development which withdraws you from the prying eye of neighbors, and lets you make of yourself something possibly better than they. And it was this latter kind which made Hawthorne troublesome to the "practical" community around him. Nothing in his books betrays the prolonged exasperation which he felt at the relations between himself and his townsfolk; but there are glimpses of it in some of his letters, which make one marvel at his self-restraint in not letting more of it appear in print. At last, when a little gentle satire escaped him in "The Custom-House," it awoke hot scandal in the little city. "As to the Salem people," he wrote to a friend in 1850, "I really thought I had been exceedingly good-natured in my treatment of them." And so it appeared to most of his readers. But the general public would have been as startled as would the Salem citizens, if they could have known how deep was his disgust at the lack of sympathy there had always been between himself and his fellow-townsmen. Yet, patiently absorbing this bitter experience, he wrote late in life: "I am disposed to thank God for the gloom and chill of my early life, in the hope that my share of adversity came then, when I bore it alone." This want of sympathy had a practical side, also, as when various Salem people combined to get Hawthorne ousted from the surveyorship, and made representations for that end which he thought untrue. But, in practical affairs, his experiences were often rasping. Most of his earlier tales were written for little or no compensation. In 1836 he went to Boston to edit a magazine, and seems to have been cheated out of the most of his salary. It was at about this time that he was engaged by Mr. S. G. Goodrich to write either the whole or a large part of the famous "Universal History" of Peter Parley, which brought him a hundred dollars and sold by millions of copies for the benefit of his employer. Later, when married and living at the Old Manse, he advanced money to the "Democratic Review," and delayed collecting the price of sundry contributions until the concern failed, and carried off both the loan and the value of his articles, irrecoverably. It is usually thought that the Liverpool Consulate made a delightful and vastly lucrative episode in his life. A shameful misinterpretation of his acceptance of it, however, was inflicted on him; the emoluments of the office were shortly cut down by Congress; large drains were made on his private purse by unfortunate fellow-countrymen; and his diligence in office was sometimes questioned,—with the greatest injustice, however, for he was a most conscientious public servant, and went beyond the necessities of his position, to make sure. At no time, unless in Italy, was he wholly free from the embarrassments of a small income. In addition to these more sordid annoyances, there were many grievances that cannot be touched upon here. In short, he lived the checkered life of most men who had their own way to make in the world, and had to suffer misconstruction which more politic men might have avoided, and less sensitive men would not have felt. But, with perfect supremacy, he saw

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that these things were not worthy to affect him in any visible way. He was rational, self-possessed, and simply manful. Not the less, to a person of his disposition and genius, such things made a constant warfare.

It was a silent battle; all the more admirable the victory, then. He did not crudely call upon the world to be miserable because *he* suffered or was taken advantage of. But this silent battle speaks most powerfully throughout his works; this drama of interior development has issued in the visible action of creatures who take their places among the most dramatically conceived in fictitious writing.

This is not the place for a complete survey of Hawthorne's genius, but we may draw some conclusions from our premises. So that, to sum up, we find Hawthorne taking the highest rank by virtue of his relation to the country, the largeness of his powerful individual development, his insight, and his dramatic feeling. If we pursue him through the delicate ramifications of literary art also, we find him unsurpassed among prosaists; and though there may be modes of expression, and more volatile movements of style, that we prefer, on occasion, to his, we must admit that no one outdoes him in perfection of deep texture. "I think we have no romancer but yourself, nor have had any for this long time," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes to him in 1851. "The Yankee mind has for the most part budded and flowered in pots of English earth, but you have fairly raised yours as a seedling in the natural soil."* This is a generous statement of a large fact. But, now that we have before us the entire works of Hawthorne, we may add to this the opinion—hardly a hazardous one—that he is as fresh and significant to the world at large as to America. As he asserted his own personality quietly, so does his influence spread in silence; but it is potent as it is subtle. Such purity and such profundity must work many revolutions, though noiseless ones. To us, Hawthorne seems perhaps the most eminently and deeply Christian of great fictionists, for he goes below all forms and shows, and bathes his mind in the clear and undivided current of the most humane of religions.

* From a letter hitherto unpublished. Mr. Hawthorne, however, paid Doctor Holmes's modesty the tribute of a lively interest in "Elsie Venner." Among the last books he read was this, taken up for a second perusal.

PARTING.

"So FAR—so far!" Nay, Sweet! nor distant lands,
Nor breadth of waters can avail to bar
My love from thee. Alas! 'tis ever far,
To yearning hearts, the smallest space that stands
Beyond the compass of out-stretching hands;
And never near, how close soe'er to each
True lovers be, if kisses may not reach
Across the distance. Since harsh Fate commands,
Darling! farewell! With tearful eyes I go,
Unknowing when the glad return shall be;
But I will think, to mitigate my woe,
How loving souls of time and tide are free;
And oft to greet thee, dearest! mine, I know,
Exultant will o'erleap the sundering sea!

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BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS. IV.

MANTEL-PIECES, CORNER CUPBOARDS, HANGING SHELVES, ETC.

FAULT has been found, in the circle of readers who are interested in these papers, with the expensiveness of many of the things recommended; and many good-natured jests, and criticisms more or less acid, are tossed about on the want of consistency shown by the writer in preaching economy and simplicity, while he, at the same time, at once tempts and teases the people with short purses by showing them Mr. Lathrop's charming drawings of the prettiest and costliest furniture to be found.

Now, while admitting that his critics have a show of reason in their charges, the writer pleads in extenuation that he is really misunderstood, and that he does not mean any harm! He stands by all he has said about economy and simplicity, and the possibility of making our houses attractive without, at the same time, making ourselves uncomfortable by spending more money than we can afford in furnishing and decorating. But when it comes to giving illustrations that will support his propositions, he is met by a difficulty. Many of the pieces of furniture that in design and purpose answer to his notions are, in fact, expensive pieces. He takes them where he finds them, and has them copied as faithfully as he can, and without any attempt to show them less elegant and costly than they really are. But whoever will be at the pains to look over the pictures in the articles thus far published will admit that, wherever the money goes to, it does not go to carving, and flourish, and display for display's sake. Nor is it a fact that all the things shown are expensive, that is, compared with the prices that would be paid for fashionable pieces of furniture intended for the same uses. One may well despair of getting anything cheap when he finds that even chairs so ostentatiously bare and matter-of-fact as those made by the Shakers, or the Vienna bent-wood chairs, cost as much as some to be found in the fashionable shops that make a good deal of show. People are slow to learn, it would seem, especially women, that the reverse of

NO. 1. AN EVERY-DAY MANTEL-PIECE, SIMPLY TREATED.

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the rule which holds true of their dresses is true of most of the furniture called fashionable nowadays. In the case of their dresses, women know that the "trimming," the ornament, often costs more than the body of the dress, and the more elaborate the dress, the truer this proposition. But in our fashionable furniture the reverse is true. The main cost is in the wood and the labor; the ornament is almost always cheap. There was a little while ago quite a rage for a certain style of furniture that made a great display of seeming steel hinges, key-plates, and handles, with inlaid tiles, carving of an ultra-Gothic type, and an appearance of the most ingenuous truth-telling in the construction. The chairs, tables, and bedsteads looked as if they had been on the dissecting table and flayed alive, their joints and tendons displayed to an archæologic and unfeeling world. One particular firm introduced this style of furniture, and, for a time, had almost the monopoly of it. It had a great run, for the purchaser was made to feel that in buying it he got an immense deal more for his money than he could get in any other style of furniture. Perhaps in another shop he would have to pay as much for the same piece of furniture without the so-called ornament—as much, or more than he was asked to pay for the showy piece. And in nine cases out of ten the showy piece carried the day. The reason of the difference in cost would be found in the fact that the plain piece was well designed in the first place by an educated architect,—a man with notions of utility and with good taste,—and then was well made out of good material by a trained workman. The cost of the piece represented good stuff and skill in designer and in maker, but it did not represent sham of any kind. The piece would last a life-time, would always be a good servant or friend, and would improve in looks with time and use. The showy piece would be designed, not for use, but to make a display, and all the ornament was contrived, like a player-queen's regalia, to get as much glitter and look of cost as tinsel and frippery can give. Now, in the writer's experience, it is the people who are taken in by this sort of thing, and who, to tell truth, like to be taken in by it, who complain of the cost of many of the things shown in the illustrations to these articles. They will have show and display if they can possibly get them, and if they cannot have real elegance, they will take sham elegance, and thank the gods there are places where people are not too nice to give it to them.

But, granted that many of the things pictured in these articles are costly, the reader is begged to notice that it is not their costliness that is brought to the fore by the writer, but the beauty of the design, or the utility of the things themselves. Their costliness is always kept out of sight, not "tortuously," as has been politely said, but really because the cost of these particular pieces was not our concern. The design is our concern, the usefulness of the object portrayed, its suitability to our needs. Take the table and chair figured in the article for January (No. 5), which one person singles out as being doubtless more expensive than they look. Why were these objects chosen as illustrations? Was it because they were costly? Most certainly not. The writer never asked what they cost, and does not know. But he does think them both extremely pretty, and he chose them to show his readers because he thought them so, and for no other reason. The chair cannot be more expensive than others of its now common family, and the table no more expensive than tables usually found in drawing-rooms. But, supposing them both to be as costly as the critic suggests, this consideration does not affect us, because their costliness is in their material,—in the wood the table is made of, in the stuff the chair is covered with. And it was not their material, but their forms, that was the subject of praise. If a person should take a fancy to either chair or table, and if he should find on inquiry that the cost, as the piece stands in the shop, was beyond his means, let him have the table made out of pine, and the chair covered with chintz; they will give a different pleasure from that they would have given in their original garment, but it will be a new pleasure as good as the old. The book-case which led off the illustration in the February SCRIBNER (No. 1) would be very little handsomer than it is if, instead of being made of plain pine, it were made of black walnut, or mahogany, or ebony. Its owner thinks it a very agreeable piece of furniture to look at, and finds it very convenient, both as a case for books and as a shelf. But he could only afford to have it made of pine, and he gets as much pleasure out of it, he thinks, as if, instead of costing fifty dollars, it had cost five hundred dollars, as it might easily have been made to. So, if he were bent on having the chair and table (No. 5 January SCRIBNER), and could not afford ebonized walnut, with mahogany top and sides, for the table, he would have it

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made of pine, and have the chair covered with some one of the pretty chintzes or Algériennes that nowadays make us quite independent of stamped velvets and gilt leather.

It seems to me that by showing many handsome things more may be done to educate people's taste than by deforming our page with ugly things. People are taught very little by warnings, either in morals or in art. Good example goes farther, and Mr. Ruskin has so much show of reason when he refuses to let his pupil see ugly things or read ugly books. It is wasted time, and only negative results can come from the contemplation of negation. The objects figured in these articles are, in the writer's esteem, beautiful, or handsome, or useful, and as such he shows them. The reader is asked to accept them as standards, and to use them as such in fitting up his own house, or in judging the way in which other people have fitted up theirs.

A suggestion may be offered to young married people who find themselves in "a whole house," as the saying is, that they should not be in haste to furnish all the rooms at once, but that they should take the matter easily, furnishing only the rooms they actually need. I cannot in conscience recommend the example of a couple I once heard of, who found themselves in Paris in possession of a pretty but unfurnished flat. Intending to remain in the city several years, they concluded to get only things that pleased them; and as there was not money enough to do this all at once, they secured the few absolutely essential pieces, and then looked for the rest. But the wife,

No. 2. ANOTHER WAY OF DEALING WITH COMMONPLACE.

who lived to laugh at this afterward, always declared that for six months they sat on their two trunks, because her fastidious better-half couldn't find chairs he thought "the thing," while, as they had only a cup and saucer apiece, waiting till the right thing in ceramics turned up, they were obliged, having in an impulsive moment asked friends to tea, to go out and ransack the bric-à-brac shop for the old blue for that particular evening. I believe they enjoyed this way of getting to rights much more than if they had been what is called "better off," and could have

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gone to a fashionable shop, and ordered their whole flat furnished at once.

A young couple may get a great deal of innocent recreation by keeping one of the parlors of an ordinary New York house, and one or two of the bedrooms, empty for a year

No. 3. MUCH IN LITTLE SPACE.

or so, and visiting them often in company to discuss how they shall be fitted up when times are a little easier. Besides the pleasure of anticipation, there's the consideration that, with experience, our tastes change, and probably improve; and we may reflect that it is much easier to change pieces of furniniture that we never had, and have outgrown, for others that we like better, and mean to have some day, than it is to change or modify the real things that have been bought and paid for and brought home. When Udolpho came home tired one night, and was taken by his wife into the parlor to see her new chairs and sofas that had been brought in only that afternoon, delighted as she was with her achievement, she did not relish seeing the weary man good-naturedly sit down on the floor, saying that white satin embroidered with gold butterflies was too fine for him to sit on. Adelaide wished at that moment that she had not believed everything the upholsterer told her, but had used her own sense and judgment. And if ever she should read this, which isn't likely, she will perhaps agree that it would have been as well to let her ideas of what is suitable to a parlor ripen a year or so before giving them shape.

Then there's the pleasure of "picking up" things. In my humble opinion, this is the only way to furnish a house; produces the

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prettiest result and is cheapest in the end. I shouldn't like, for my own part, to be able to go into Maherter's or Hercott's, or Milord's, and order suits of furniture *ad libitum*. That might do for some people, and, I dare say, when one considers the awful waste of precious time implied in the way I am recommending, it is much to be preferred by serious persons who don't like that particular way of wasting time. But it has its disadvantages, nevertheless. The main things must be searched for first, and it wouldn't be a bad notion to try the Paris plan of hiring furniture (you can hire it there of any quality for a month, or a year, or a life-time), and clear it out by degrees. But, in default of such a provision so suited to our human needs, let the young folks try getting the cheapest things that will hold, and using them till they can be one by one replaced, the new installed for a long voyage and the old ones going to some poor neighbor. This suggestion is not whimsical: it has been tried and found very satisfactory. "Picking up" is an easy art in Europe, where, after all that has been carried off as spoils, there is still an immense deal of old furniture to be bought: some of it splendid, some handsome, and some only curious, but all of it useful. The getting it home is the difficulty, and unless one is well prepared to submit to all the petty vexations and small swindles of our Custom-House, and to bear the expense cheerfully, it is seldom worth while—never, perhaps, except in the case of some very lucky find.

"Picking up" at home is a much pleasanter, if it be a more difficult task, and a lady the other day hit, with a woman's tact, upon the reason. She was talking, to be sure, of china, and not of furniture; but the argument applies as well to one as the other. She said the things we come upon in our own country are soon at home in our houses, because they were used by our own ancestors or our own people. They were to the manor born. They neither look affected, nor strange, nor pretentious, but native and natural. And one reason why it is not so easy to pick up the furniture of by-gone times in America is, that those who have inherited it are learning to value it, and are less and less willing to part with it. As our readers know, old furniture is "the fashion" in some parts of our country. In Boston a polite internecine warfare has for some time raged between rival searchers after "old pieces," and the back country is scoured by young couples in chaises on the trail of old sideboards and brass andirons. It is a pursuit highly to be commended, but it is apt to become fanatically fascinating, and in their blind admiration the young things buy many articles that even Mr. Toodles would have had the judgment to resist. It is surprising to learn to what strange uses things may come at last! In the suburbs of Boston, the best places in which to look for Jacobean sideboards and cupboards that came over in the "Mayflower" are found to be the hen-yard, the closets and drawers having been for years given over in fee-simple to the fowl. Several handsome oak cupboards that now adorn pretty Boston dining-rooms had to be feathered and singed before they could be made presentable. The way in which they have stood this usage is creditable to their makers; so far from being hurt by it, they are really improved by their adventures. Experience of the mutabilities of fortune has been good for them, as it is good for everybody. They are well seasoned; they have a good healthy color, and their angles are enough rubbed down to take away the disagreeable look of newness which troubles us in things just out of the shop. Besides, in most cases this newness has to be rubbed off by human beings, and its loss represents just so much wear and tear of our muscle and heart-strings; but with these latest treasure-troves of Boston, all this has been done for them by proxy—by the hens.

In the new rage that has sprung up of late for "grandfathers" and "grandmothers," —a kind of thing till very lately ignored, if not despised, in the bumptious arrogance of our social youthfulness,—it adds inestimably to the value of sideboards, andirons, and old china, if they have come to us by descent and haven't had to be hunted up in a chaise. But everybody can't have a grandfather, nor things that came over in the "Mayflower," and those of us who have not drawn these prizes in life's lottery must do the best we can under the circumstances. We must go to Hawkins's, or Sypher's, or Drake's, or scour our own back country, where, perhaps, we may light upon a mine of unexpected richness, with owners who cannot conceal their wonder at people who are willing to pay hard cash for chairs, and tables, and sideboards, and china, that seem to them not worth taking as a gift. I have lately known of some very handsome things, such as would cost a great deal of money to make in these days, which were found in a house lived in by people who

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were in squalid poverty, but who had seen better days, and were glad to sell their birthright for a little more than a mess of pottage.

This mania, as it is called by the scoffers, for old furniture, is one of the best signs of returning good taste in a community that has long been the victim to the whims and impositions of foreign fashions. The furniture which was in use in this country in the time of our grandfathers (of the great-grandfathers of the girls who, I please myself with thinking, sometimes look over these papers for the sake of the pictures), was almost always well designed and perfectly fitted for the uses it was to be put to. The wardrobes, or clothes-presses, as they were called, the dressing-tables, the tea-tables, and the chairs were often extremely handsome—the hard wood—on which labor had not been spared to work moldings on the solid, or to carve the drawers with rounded panels—lighted up with brass handles and key-plates serviceably designed. I have before me now, as I write, two chairs, both belonging to the time of our Revolution. They are both hinted at in cut No. 8, but the detail is not dwelt upon, as Mr. Lathrop wanted us to look rather at the shelves on the table between the chairs. The one at the right is backed and seated with cane; the other has the back and seat stuffed. The cane-seated chair is more delicately made and designed than the stuffed one; the carving upon it is as well done as need be, and the proportions are so good, it takes the eye of almost everybody. This was no doubt a city-made chair, and out of some stylish shop. The other chair came with three others from up country somewhere; when they were bought it was said they had been given by the Indians to a certain famous New Yorker who made his millions in trading in many things,—among others, in furs. As the Indians were never, so far as I know, manufacturers nor designers of furniture, this story of their origin has always thrown about these chairs a little flavor of massacre and scalp. They are every bit as well designed as the finer chairs, but they have been made with the rudest tools, and all the apparent turned-work upon them has been done with the knife. Yet, notwithstanding all their rudeness, they are much more artistic and effective than the chairs covered with carving which we were all admiring as antique a few years ago. It is to be hoped that no one will let himself be laughed out of his fancy for a good piece of "old furniture," to the extent of letting it slip out of his hands when once he has the opportunity of buying it. If it be even an ordinarily good piece, it will be money well invested to buy it; for, besides its usefulness and the pleasure of looking at it,—elements of "interest" not often enough computed,—it will any day sell for more than it cost if it were "picked up," but not, perhaps, if it were bought from a dealer.

To the eye of one whose liking for our Revolutionary furniture is not a new thing, the charm of it consists, apart from its usefulness, which is evident to everybody, in the color given to it by age, and in the simplicity with which all its ornament is obtained. Its moldings are always good and quiet; just what is needed, and no more, to round an angle with elegance, and to catch the light agreeably, and whenever any carving is attempted, or paneling, there is a certain moderation in it that is very refreshing in these loud times. Yet they are not too tame either, but their spirit is the spirit of high-bred people, and not of folks who like to be conspicuous. Even the architectural details in bureaus and clothes-presses that these old people were so fond of, a little too fond, perhaps,—were often very delicately and adroitly managed, and we find ourselves easily forgiving them, seeing how well in keeping they are with the effect of any piece as a whole. Yet, much as these articles of furniture deserve to be praised, I would not counsel that they should be copied. In fact, I do not believe in copies, whether of furniture, of pictures, or of men and women. Nothing ever can be copied exactly, and we ought never to try to do it, unless it be for purposes of instruction, and even then its desirableness may be disputed. The least thing from a master's hand is pretty sure to be better worth studying, if we would know something about the master's method of working, or his way of thinking, than the best copy. And it may be said that the better artist the copyist is, the less his copy is apt to resemble his original. The French have carried the copying of old work—in furniture, in jewelry, in pottery, to great perfection; but an artist would rather have a square foot of genuine medieval or Renaissance carving than the best copy of a whole piece that even the skill of Récappé produced. So with old American or English furniture (for how much was made here, or how much imported, we do not know); no matter how superficially resembling the copies may be, they will always be wanting in something; in proportion, in delicacy, or

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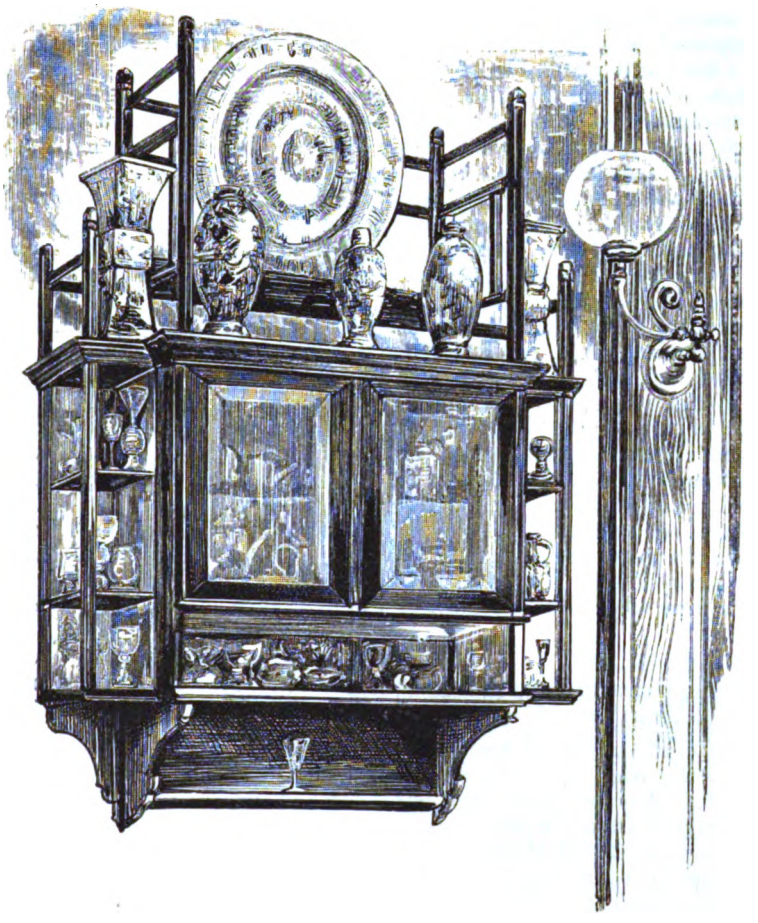

No. 4. HANGING SHELF AND CABINET.

in spirit. And even if copies could be cast in a mold, it is not good to wish for them, for we can put all their merits into original pieces made for ourselves to-day, that may not only give us pleasure, but may show our children that we know how to profit by what our fathers taught us.

In the January number of SCRIBNER some designs for mantel-pieces were given which were intended as hints for people who might be fitting up new houses of their own, or who might wish to get something better in the place of the mantel-pieces imposed upon them in houses taken on a comfortably long lease. The writer knows of one case at least where a tenant renting a house removed the mantel-piece that was in the principal room to the cellar and put up in its place a well-designed wooden one. This would certainly be worth doing under some circumstances; but, as a rule, we, New Yorkers, live in any one house too short a time to make any considerable improvement, the cost of which comes out of our own pockets, seem worth while. The best is to try what can be done with the mantel-pieces we have, and the two designs (Nos. 1 and 2) that lead off as illustrations of our present article are intended to give some help in this direction. No. 1 is much the simpler of the two, and, in spite of doubting Thomases, shows an inexpensive way of treating an ordinary fire-place, one no uglier than is to be found in almost every respectable dwelling-house in our city. These two cuts are engraved by Mr. Marsh after drawings on the block by Miss Oakey, and they are both taken from actual objects. In No. 1 we have a frame of walnut, stained black, resting directly on the mantel-shelf, but secured to the wall in some easily detachable way. This frame incloses three mirrors, a large one (but not large) in the

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middle, and a smaller one on each side. Above the mirror is a projecting shelf with a railing, supported on brackets. This shelf is to hold a few pretty plates, bits of glass, or table trinkets of any kind which the owners of the mantel may happen to be possessed of and which are worth putting where they can be seen and not meddled with. On the marble shelf of the mantel-piece is laid a board, covered with velvet or plush, and having a narrow valance of the same material over the edge. This valance should not be more than six inches deep, and it ought to avoid any very pronounced ornaments—one of the beautiful new English gimps, or "laces," as they are called, makes the best decoration. The effect of these laces depends on the color partly, and partly on the pattern, which is always one of the elementary patterns, alternate squares of dark and light, or round spots of gold on a ground of black or dull red. Of course the woman's deft fingers and quick eye can weave or embroider these for herself; but if she will buy them, the English make them more beautifully, as well as more substantially, than any one else. The owners of this mantel-piece have substituted a brass fender for the foolish black dust-pan that comes with our common grates. It is much easier to take up the ashes from the actual hearth than to try to keep the grate-pan clean, which plays the part of make-believe hearth. Besides, a brass grate is forever a handsome addition to the belongings of the fire-place.

No. 5. GRANDMOTHER'S CUPBOARD.

The other mantel-piece, No. 2, is more expensive than No. 1; it is handsome and different; but No. 1 is handsome too. This mantel ornament serves as frame to one of the circular mirrors, which, a few years ago, were reckoned common, and were on their desponding way to the garret, or the auction-room, when the new fashion set in, and some one with an eye pulled them by the sleeve and encouraged them to come back again. They are now much sought for, and fetch high prices; large ones, with all their ornaments of spread eagles, chains, and candle-branches, have sold for two and three hundred dollars. But they may be picked up now and then, and, as they are easily made, we already begin to see the manufacture reviving. As mirrors, they are not of any use, their only object being to give pleasure by the queer distorted reflections they make, and by the clever way in which they give back a view of the whole room. A very pretty mantel wainscot, of the kind shown in No. 2, has been made by a person who found himself in possession of an old-fashioned cabinet, or chest of drawers, the most of which was past revamping. The pediment at the top, the pretty cornice beneath it, the handsome paneled doors,—in short, the whole front of the upper part of the bureau set against the wall made, in hands skillful at adaptation, a combination and a form indeed.

I said a few words in the February number about getting rid of as many as possible of the pieces of furniture that now stand upon the floor. Even when we happen to find ourselves in a house with large rooms, I, for one, should prefer to keep as much space as possible to move about in; but the rule is, for us in New York at least, small rooms, and generally of an inconvenient shape, long and narrow. I gave a few lines to describing a Turkish shelf with a gun-rack below it, and should have explained myself further if the cuts Nos. 3 and 4 in the present article could have been ready in time for that part of my discourse.

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In Nos. 3 and 4 are shown more shelves, not Turkish this time, but our own, and of our own time. The hanging shelf in No. 3 makes one point only in Mr. Sandier's interesting drawing, in which he has ingeniously contrived to group no less than four objects.

No. 6. A CUPBOARD OF TO-DAY.

But the shelf which, with all the other pieces, the sofa, the writing-table, and the pedestal, he has designed himself, is certainly a very pretty one. It has three shelves, counting the top, and will hold a number of good-sized objects. Mr. Sandier has made his drawing from the original, which he designed for Mr. Herter. In that the sides were pierced with carved open-work, the back was paneled, and the panels decorated with figure subjects, painted by Mr. Sandier himself, and the top was covered with a piece of Oriental embroidery, bordered with a fringe, which hung over the front edge. Of course, all these details add greatly to the cost, as well as to the luxury of the little piece of furniture; but the only one that it would be a pity to give up would be the carving. Still any one can see that if one had pretty enough things to put on such a shelf, it would be they, and not the shelf, we should look at; and therefore, if the general form and the proportions are found pleasing, it would be easy for Mr. Sandier to devise one that could be compassed by a slenderer purse than must, no doubt, be drawn upon for this.

Besides the hanging-shelf and the sofa, of which something is said further on, Mr. Sandier has cleverly brought into this cheerful drawing of his, several other objects, which may furnish useful hints to our readers. The pedestal in the corner is an ingenious provision for a much felt need,—a pedestal for a statue, vase, or cast, being one of the pieces of furniture most difficult to find. This pedestal, made of wood, and having a small cloth laid over the top, has one shelf near the bottom, but may have another near the top, or even a little closet in the upper part. The figure on the pedestal in this drawing is Barye's "Minerva," one of the great sculptor's studies of the human figure seldom seen. A nude Minerva would have shocked a Greek, and, perhaps, puzzled him; he would have wondered what incident in the goddess's story could have given him an excuse

"To twitch the nymph's last garment off."

As I take it, Minerva has disrobed for the contest of beauty with Juno and Venus; there being nothing else left, she is taking off her sword. The other piece of furniture in this room is a writing-table with a book-shelf above and drawers at the side, and on

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the wall over it, Mr. Sandier has hung one of the Japanese scrolls, which we find nowadays in the shops that devote themselves to Eastern products,—Mr. Vantine's, in Broadway; Mr. Drake's, in Chambers street; or Mr. Rowland Johnson's, in Beaver street. Mr. Jarves describes some beautiful ones he owns in his late book about Japanese Art, and they are not seldom far more beautiful than any pictures by our own men, we with the short purses can lay hands upon. Besides the screens, there are the Japanese paintings on silk gauze, or on paper, of men and women, birds and flowers.

There is hardly anything with which we can produce prettier effect in rooms where we want to break up the wall, and yet have nothing particularly good, as engraving or picture, to hang upon it, than these Japanese paintings of birds and flowers, and native men and women which come painted on gauze, and with which the Japs themselves ornament their screens. Secured to the wall by a drawing-pin at each of the four corners, they give a bright and cheerful look to a dull room, and are always pleasant to see, even when they are of the cheaper sort. The best ones are often much better worth having for spirited design, and the mastery of their painting, than any picture most of us can afford to buy; indeed, for their flowers and birds there is no decorative work of our day that can at all compare with it. One of the prettiest modern rooms I ever saw was in the house of a distinguished artist in one of the London suburbs, and the sole decoration on the walls was one of these screen pictures in each of the wall divisions; but then they were of very rare beauty, both in design and execution, and the tone of the room had their color for its key.

Mr. Herter has been kind enough to second my request to Mr. Sandier, that he would make more designs for these articles, and has generously allowed some of his own work to be deferred until a few drawings for which I was pressed could be made for me. None of Mr. Sandier's work, neither his own designs, nor his drawings upon the wood, have appeared here since last June, when the first of these articles was published, until now; but several more have been engraved, and will appear, and still others are promised. If I have not drawn more on Mr. Herter's amiable offer to place anything in his establishment at my disposal, in the way of illustration to these papers, it has only been because the world he purveys for is one that has too much money to be pleased with anything that does not minister to luxury and to the taste for splendor. Mr. Herter's own taste leads him to simplicity in design, and to a certain severity; but he gets no credit for this, since his clients do not care for furniture that is either simple or severe, and he wishes to suit his customers. For myself, therefore, I seldom see anything in his rich apartments that takes my fancy, a reticence which a manufacturer could well afford to smile at, and even to pity, who is shepherd to such a flock of Crœsuses as Mr. Herter. But, on the contrary, Mr. Herter neither smiles nor pities, but has taken pains to prove how much he has in common with me in matters of taste by offering to execute any piece for me in which I might wish to illustrate my own notions. Mr. Herter is doing practically what "The Nation" lately suggested that I might do theoretically: he is trying to make the rich people who will have luxury and splendor spend their money for tasteful luxury and splendor. Some one must do this, I suppose, but I had rather it were Mr. Herter than I. And yet I wish heartily he would come to my help, and to the help of those who think with me, and show us furniture oftener than he does that would educate the rich people to love elegance and serenity rather than costly display. But it is most probable they will have to work out their own salvation.

No. 7. A FRIENDLY LOUNGE.

Cut No. 4 is another design for a Hang-

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ing Cabinet, designed by Cottier & Co. This has a closet with plate-glass doors, surrounded by shelves above, below, and on each side. As seen in the cut, it is so much foreshortened, that the rails on either side of the top seem much higher than they do in reality. The little shelves at the sides are backed with mirrors, the edges of the squares of plate-glass in the doors are beveled, and as the wood is stained a rich black, the effect of the whole, as seen filled with India porcelain and Venice glass, with a great platter of old blue a-top is brilliant enough. Yet, here again, as in the case of Mr. Sandier's shelves, much that goes to make this actual piece of furniture too costly for any one of moderate means to so much as think of buying it, is not essential to the design. The main elements of the design are independent of the mirror, and of the beveling of the glass in the doors. These add splendor, but splendor not of a sort to please a true taste. An artist's eye would leave all for the color of the pots and the bits of glass that are arranged on the shelves. Such a cabinet might be made a museum for the preservation of all the curiosities and pretty things gathered in the family walks and travels. The bubble bottle of old Roman glass stirred in walking by one's own foot in the ruined palace of the Cæsars, and not bought in a shop; the Dutch drinking glass, with the crest of William of Orange; the trilobites found in a Newburgh stone-wall, or the box of Indian arrow-heads, jasper, and feldspar, and quartz, picked up in a Westchester County field; bits of nature's craft and man's, gathered in one of these pendent museums, may make a collection of what were else scattered and lost, and which, though of little intrinsic value, and of small regard to see to, will often find its use in a house of wide-awake children.

And here one might put in a word for that heterogeneous catalogue of things for which the word *bric-à-brac* has been invented.

These objects, which are coming to play the part in our external life that they have played these many years in Europe and Asia, have really, if one wishes to find a side on which to regard them that shall commend itself to more serious consideration than trifling, however sanctified by fashion, can deserve—these objects, when they are well chosen, and have some beauty of form or color, or workmanship, to recommend them, have a distinct use and value, as educators of certain senses—the sense of color, the sense of touch, the sense of sight. One need not have many of these pretty things within reach of hands and eyes, but money is well spent on really good bits of Japanese workmanship, or upon good bits of the workmanship of any people who have brought delicacy of hand and an exquisite perception to the making of what are in reality toys. A Japanese ivory carving or wood carving of the best kind—and there is a wide field for choice in these remarkable productions—one of their studies of animal life, or of the human figure, or of their playful, sociable divinities, pixie, or goblin, or monkey-man, has a great deal in it that lifts it above the notion of a toy. It is a toy, a button, a useless thing, or nearly useless, but it is often as poetically or wittily conceived, as if the artist had a commission from the State. Then it is sure to be pleasant and soothing to the touch; it was made to be clasped by the fingers, felt with the finger-tips, rolled in the palm; for the general use to which they are put is being fastened to the pipe-case to serve as a button to keep it from slipping from the belt, and in this place they offer a natural rest and solace to the hand; their character has been developed by necessity. A child's taste and delicacy of perception will be more surely fed by the constant habit of seeing and playing with a few of the best bits of ivory carving his parents can procure—and very nice pieces are often to be had for a small sum of money—than by a room full of figures like those of Mr. Rogers, for example, or the great majority of French bronzes. Of course a bronze by Barye, or by Fremiet, would do as much or more for the child's taste, and by all means let the money go for that if it can be afforded; but I am speaking now of trifles that, in a serious consideration of art, have no place perhaps, and which yet do nothing but help us in learning to know and admire the best art. Perhaps 'tis fanciful; but suppose a child to have had as fine a specimen of a polished Japanese sphere put within his daily reach, and were pleased enough with it to often look at it, handle it, and let the eye sink into its pellucid deeps, as from time to time he stopped in his reading of Froissart or King Arthur. Wouldn't the incommunicable purity and light of the toy make a severe test for the heroes and the heroines in the boy's mind; or could his eye, cooled in such a bath of dew, get pleasure any more from discordant color or awkward form? Our senses are educated more by these slight impressions than we are apt

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to think; and bric-à-brac, so much despised by certain people, and often justly so, may have a use that they themselves might not unwillingly admit.

Another way to keep our floors more free of furniture is to make use of the corners. This was a favorite way in old-fashioned days,

> "In tea-cup times of hood and hoop,
> And when the patch was worn."

The corner cupboard, cut No. 5, is not a movable piece, but is a part of the construction of the room. It has a cupboard above and below, and the inside space is larger than would perhaps appear on seeing how much room is taken up by the "architecture"—the pilasters, cornices, and friezes of this bit of New England Renaissance. I asked Mr. Lathrop to draw this one for its picturesqueness, but it is not, of course, recommended that it should be exactly copied. It affords a good hint as to how the end is to be gained by making a corner useful, which it very rarely is in our houses, the little shaky étagères we are so fond of, or were so fond of, for they are a little gone off in these days, serving no real use but only to put futile bits of glass and china on for the housemaid to break. A corner cupboard, however, like this one, is useful either in dining-room or living-room. In the dining-room it holds the prettiest pieces of china and glass for use upon the table; keeping it where it will make a cheerful show of glinting light and color. In the living-room it often serves for a book-case for books that are too bright and good for human nature's daily food; or it may be a cabinet for minerals, or shells, or birds, or for those "curios" and "objects" that the bewitched collector is often glad to hide away from the critical friendly snubs and slurs of the unappreciative members of his family.

No. 6 is a design for a movable cupboard made by Cottier & Co. after their own design, mainly to serve as a frame to the two painted panels in the doors with which Mr. Lathrop enriched it. The cupboard itself is plain enough, and its ornamentation, which is kept down as much as possible so as not to interfere with the painting, is only of arabesques painted in gold color, not in gold, on the black ground. It will be seen that there is a good deal of room in such a piece as this—two cupboards, three drawers, and four shelves, counting the top and the one that runs round the middle compartment at the back. The whole takes up very little space, and would certainly be a cheerful object in the living-room.

Cut No. 7 is a drawing of a piece of furniture, the like of which used to be common in France, and which they called a *chaise longue*. It has no back, except at one end, as an Irishman might say, and it seems narrower than it is, on account of its length, which admits of a person lying upon it as comfortably as in a narrow bed. The mattress is movable, and the cushion, or cushions, at the end are movable also; the affair is simply a frame, with either skins of sole leather stretched across for a sacking, or with straps of leather or surcingle crossed and recrossed into a stout webbing. In some good examples I have seen these straps passed through slots in the edge of the frame, and the ends were riveted together with flat copper rivets, as is done with leather belting and hose-pipe. If the sacking is made of skins of leather, it must be securely fastened to the sides with several rows of brass-headed nails. Once well done, and it is done forever. The end of the lounge is set into the frame-work of the seat at a little slant, and in some cases is carved with a good deal of spirit; the legs and braces are also turned, and so a simple piece of furniture takes on quite an air, while keeping its ornamentation strictly within bounds. This particular *chaise longue*, or lounge, is said to be the one on which George Fox slept at the time a convention, or "meeting," of Friends was held in the house where it now is, and it stands where it has always stood. The house has been in the possession of one family for over two hundred years—an uncommon thing in our North country, though by no means unusual in the South. The Chinese chair shown in the February SCRIBNER, Cut No. 8, serves mainly the same need as this lounge, the need of a seat on which one can sit and "put the feet up," and which yet is not as soft and sleep-provoking as the common sofa. The *chaise longue* only serves one turn, and, as I have shown, the Chinese serves several; but it is easy to see that in small rooms the Chinese chair would take up too much space. But where there is room and verge enough, it will be found a good family friend.

It seems to me a great deal better to have pieces of furniture look to be what they are, rather than to try to disguise them. In the case of the turn-over table shown in the June number, and a variation of which is in the drawing by Mr. Sandier in the present article, no disguise is intended; it is

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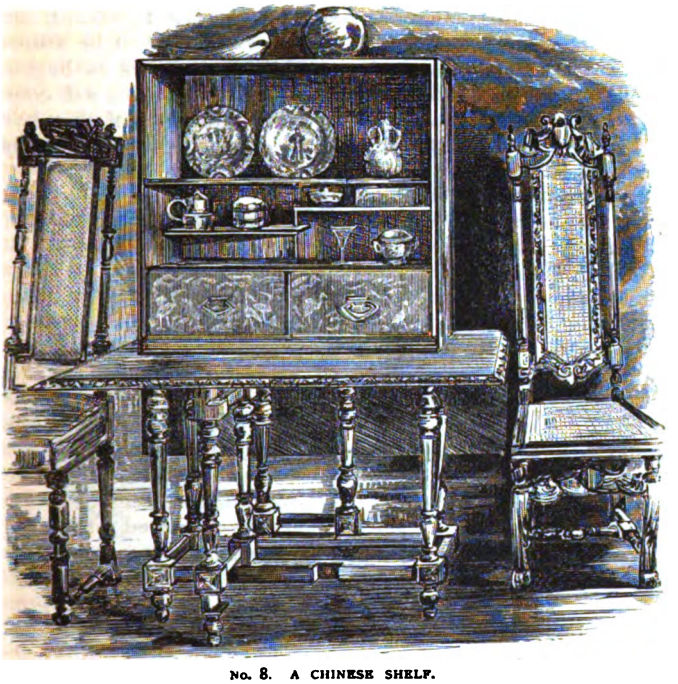
only a convenient union of two uses intended for an occasional emergency. The sofa on which the lady is sitting reading, cut No. 3, is really a sofa, and would probably be used for that purpose twenty days in a month. But, if a large table be unexpectedly needed for cutting out work, say, or for looking at an atlas, or at large prints, or photographs, the back of the sofa turns down, carrying its cushions with it, and we have the needed table at once. As its main use is to serve as a low, broad, comfortable seat, the table is always ready, never gets littered with books or work, and should never be allowed to get so, because it ought not to be made troublesome, which it is sure to become, if it be not principally used as a seat. But these sofas that can be made into beds, and beds that can be shut up into wardrobes are not to be commended—chiefly because bedding that is in use ought never to be shut up. The French peasantry and German peasantry have a detestable custom of sleeping in closets that are often closed with doors, though sometimes only a curtain covers the opening, and no care-taking can make such a plan healthy or sweet. After watching the gymnastic young man manipulate his chair in a Broadway window, the reader, as he jogs along the street, may happen to see another man who spends the whole day in turning a crank that turns down the front of a sham wardrobe and reveals an uncomfortable crib. Another turn slams up the wardrobe front and hides bed and bedding from view. Perhaps it is mostly because it is a bed that this seems to us so disagreeable; but there is also the notion that we ought not to be so cramped for room that the absolutely necessary pieces of furniture cannot be provided with ground to stand on. Then, again, 'tis almost impossible to make two things with separate and different uses agree to look like one. In the case of this Broadway bed and sham wardrobe-front, the union is not at all complete, and when it is closed the wardrobe seems to stand up on a low bench or seat, as if it were a cat that had jumped up there to take refuge from the house-dog.



No. 8. A CHINESE SHELF.

Cut No. 8 is of a piece of Chinese furniture in use in a dining-room, which will recommend itself by its simplicity, the only ornament upon it being the lacquer on the drawers and the pretty handles. For purposes of every-day use, it was thought best to take out the sliding panels, eight in number, which run in grooves before the two main divisions. These panels are ornamented with figures of birds and flowers cut out of soap-stone, which are stuck by some futile kind of Chinese glue on to the polished wood from which they were all the time falling and getting themselves broken. These being taken out and laid aside, there remained a square box with shelves and two handy drawers, the lacquered cranes and shrubs on these drawers giving just enough ornament to relieve the plainness of the cabinet. For the present, this cabinet rests upon a table, a copy made in Paris from a table of Louis XIII.'s time, of which it seemed worth while bringing home a model, as the original could not be bought. But the cabinet and the table are not altogether harmonious, and it would be better to have a plain stand, or even a cupboard, made to support it; as it is, it might be copied in a

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way to get all its advantages, which have been found in practice to be many, and the cost could not be serious. Suppose a carpenter with some feeling for his business were asked to make just such a case, arranging the shelves as they are in the original, one dividing the space into two equal parts, and the lower half divided by a shelf at one side. The drawing shows this shelf a little too high up; it divides its half of the lower division exactly into halves, and it also does not come out to a line with the front of the cabinet, but only half way, so that a tall-necked cruet, or a drinking-glass, can stand in front of it. This way of arranging shelves is peculiar to these Orientals, Chinese and Japanese alike, and if looked into it will be found to be grounded in common sense, as are many of their ways. So far as appearances go, it takes off from the formal look of shelves all alike running from side to side, and, for accommodation, it allows us to give the small things perches to their mind, as well as to look out for the large things.

Just as I am closing this article, I read in a New York journal a paper headed "Furniture and Art," in which one or two things are said that I hope I may notice without fearing to be thought egotistical. One of these touches the spirit in which these papers of mine are written, the writer giving me credit for not wishing to play Sir Oracle, while, at the same time, he says I am far from conciliatory in my general tone. He then goes on to give some very sensible advice to young married couples, which, seems to me, to be in perfect harmony with what I have been preaching from my house-top all along. Now, all that is written here is written by one who has gone through, in twenty-four years of housekeeping, a good deal of useful experience, and, having had a world of happiness in his home and in his various houses, and taken great delight in altering, improving, and decorating, he was moved to talk about it in this informal way, as most of us like to talk about what we take pleasure in. He is as far as possible from wishing to dictate, and does not like the look of even giving advice. He has made too many mistakes, wasted too much money, lost too much time, and pleased himself so seldom with the results achieved, that if he is dogmatic and disagreeable in his writing about these subjects, it must be because he is so by nature and can't help it. He certainly does not want to put on any such tone as the writer deprecates. Some of the people he loves best and would be the last to wound, are people who have not any taste, if he knows what taste is, and who are just as happy, and cheerful, and enjoyable, as good company, and as well informed as if they had all the taste and "culture" that are thought

No. 9. SOLID COMFORT.

indispensable nowadays. The truth is that at the bottom the writer of these articles and his critic are in full agreement. The writer has gained his experience by his penny of observation; he has fairly earned, by hard work, and thinking, and practice, all he knows, and he is trying to offer in a friendly, unpretending way, what he has gained, to others. He has done for himself just what his critic advises others to do for themselves. And if the aim of these papers has seemed to be to persuade people, or to drive people into extravagance and money-spending for display, or into giving up their own taste, and their own right to learn for themselves, and to find a solution of their little troubles in housekeeping that shall be in harmony with their own individuality, their author has, indeed, made a mess of it, and, like another Balaam, said the very thing he meant not to say.

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THE HISTORY OF A CRITIC.

FRENCHMEN'S fame is fugitive. It rushes upward with a loud roar; a brilliant train shows its course through the pathless air; when it seems to have soared to heaven's gate, it pours forth fountains of effulgent rain and myriads of garish stars, until sudden darkness follows the dazzling light, and all that remains of the glittering rocket is a paltry stick and a tube of grimy pasteboard. They are curiously examined for a minute—then they are tossed aside to join yesterday's newspaper, Christmas Day's toys, last year's almanacs.

Mably was once the great French historian, Gibbon's rival. His works lie as deep under libraries' dust as the histories of De Thou, of President Hénault, of Vertot. Every Frenchman who fled the Reign of Terror had Delille's poems in his pocket. The weeds are so thick around his grave in Père la Chaise you cannot make out the name borne by the monument. Vivid image of his memory among men! Who reads anything that Desfontaines wrote? He was a great writer in his day. Does anybody open Alexander Duval's plays? He was the Scribe of his generation. Thomas was for years the delight of France. Who now reads those *éloges* which then were in every hand? Where are Volney's and Dounou's readers? Was not the former thought to have overthrown religion, though 'twas only the serpent gnawing the file; the fangs were indeed poisonous, but the metal was proof against their point and their venom. Arnault was, next to Ossian, Napoleon's favorite; four lines are all that remain of his complete works. D'Arlincourt's absurd novels ran through scores of editions; they have disappeared even from the quays where second-hand books are sold, and have returned to the paper-maker's vat. The sale of Villemain's, Victor Cousin's, Théophile Gautier's works has dwindled; and yet they were day before yesterday's great men; they are yesterday's dead.

The evanescent character of Frenchmen's fame is due to several causes. Paris is a great mutual admiration society, whose members have a public opinion and a private opinion. The public opinion is unmixed praise, and it is expressed at every opportunity and in every form—flattering criticism, authentic or inverted happy saying, true or false pleasing anecdotes. I do not add: strange to say, even they, who most abuse this deceit put upon the public, are the most greedy to swallow it. Don't we all know that our neighbors (how the motes in their eyes force themselves upon our attention!) are weak as Garrick himself in this particular:

"Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came."

The members' private opinion is unmixed censure, merciless ridicule, unsparing raillery, and sneers. This private opinion is not expressed uncautiously. There is no more reticent society in the world than Parisian society. People here practice the maxim Lord Chesterfield gave his son as one of his rules of conduct: "Live with your best friend as if he might one day be your enemy; live with your worst enemy as if he might one day be your friend." It is a very cowardly, but it is a very prudent rule. It destroys society, as we understand and practice it. May be 'tis necessary here where people meet so many indifferent persons in cafés, at receptions, dinners, and balls; where infamous women receive good (male) and bad company at dinners and at parties, and where a revolution makes a roly-poly of society every fifteen or eighteen years. Nevertheless, the difference which exists between official and private opinion, the exaggerated reputation contemporary French authors enjoy in the newspapers, and which dupes nobody in Paris, make foreigners blunder continually and ludicrously in their estimate of literary men here.

The evanescent character of Frenchmen's fame is due, too, to their sensitiveness to the day's impressions. They show too faithfully "the age and body of the time, its form and pressure." This excessive accuracy turns against them.

No French writer of this century has enjoyed as much popularity and as great a vogue as Jules Janin. I remember, as I write this sentence, that Lamartine and Victor Hugo are authors of this century. I maintain the former remark. Great as Lamartine's and Hugo's popularity and vogue have been, their political course has led a great many of the reading public to look with abhorrence upon them and their works. There was no sale whatsoever for the works of either of them from 1852 to 1865. They both are still regarded with disfavor. Jules Janin was never for an hour

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unpopular. Let me relate his extraordinary career. It is one of the most curious chapters of literary history. No man with as little merit ever before achieved such great success.

Jules Gabriel Janin was born in St. Etienne on the 24th of December, 1803. St. Etienne is celebrated for its ribbons, velvets, tulles,

JULES JANIN.

arms, tools, cutlery. It is one of the most Radical cities in France. The sanguinary assassination there in 1870 of the chief representative of the Central Government is still freshly remembered. I have been able to ascertain nothing about his parents, except that they were very poor. They seemed to have occupied little place in his life, and consequently in his mind. He parted from them, apparently to meet no more, when he was about fifteen years old; and even before he quitted them, he was the spoiled child of a great-aunt, who had a larger share of his heart, and certainly had a larger share in his life, than his mother had. It is strange he bore no greater love to his mother. She was a most lovable woman. She was born in Condrieu, a neighboring town, and was its reigning belle. She was celebrated for her fresh complexion, her lily hands, and her beautiful arms. Jules Janin owed to her his easy, good-natured disposition. He somewhere says he never saw her weep except the day he parted from her. She refused to be ruffled by the petty disputes which will sometimes arise in families. When he quitted her she was bedridden, ill of the disease which proved fatal to her. His great-aunt had suddenly disappeared some days before the time appointed for his departure. She had fled to avoid the pangs of parting with her darling.

There is a singular trade in Paris. All boarding-schools here are extremely desirous to have among their pupils the highest prize man. There is an annual examination of all the school-boys of a given standing in Paris. One of them is the highest prize man. To have trained the highest prize man is the best possible advertisement of a school. Boarding-school masters are consequently always on the lookout for boys who promise to carry off this distinction. Their parents hold a sort of auction of the bright boy and confide him to the boarding-school master who bids highest for him. A hopeful candidate for the Derby is not more sedulously watched and trained. All the masters take the utmost pains with him. He is drilled, and crammed, and examined, in school hours and out of school hours. He is made to feel, night as well as day, that he was born, fed, and educated for no other purpose but to carry off this great prize. He leads the life of the Strasburg goose, whose liver is to have the honor of entering a *pâté de foie gras*.

Jules Janin was considered a prodigy in his native town. He rhymed agreeably, was sprightly, fluent, vivacious. His friends and relatives insisted that he should go up to Paris and strive to win such a distinction at the annual examination as should persuade boarding-school masters that he was destined to be the highest prize man of his year. What castles-in-the-air they built on this foundation! He would receive his next three years' education gratuitously, be free from military draft, be absolved from payment of dues to the Law School and be famous at once. As Louis-le-Grand College had furnished the last highest prize man, his family sent him to it. His great-aunt paid his first year's expenses—after this twelvemonth, he would require no more money! He came up to Paris in the diligence, which was then the only mode of conveyance. It happened, oddly enough, that the chief subjects of conversation in this diligence were Napoleon and Scribe. Little did Jules Janin imagine that he would one day be intimate with Scribe, be feared and flattered by the great playwright.

When Jules Janin reached Paris, he went straight to Louis-le-Grand College. He

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was weighed at once and found wanting at once in the qualities which make the highest prize man. Janin, with all his good nature, never forgot or forgave a wound inflicted on his vanity. To be rejected at first sight was humiliating indeed to a provincial prodigy, who had to make the mortifying confession that he was not highest prize man—was not only distanced—but was "nowhere" in the race which he had entered sure to win.

Bournouf was the master who in this summary manner snubbed Jules Janin's pretention. The latter vowed he would never mention Bournouf's name in any of his works. He kept his vow. Janin probably read with delight Dübner's attacks on his old master. Bournouf used to pass for the only man in France who knew Greek. His Greek Grammar was used in every school. Dübner demonstrated that Bournouf knew nothing about Greek, and that his Grammar was, from first to last page, full of blunders. Janin always declared that he was neglected at college, and that he quitted it as ignorant as he was when he entered it.

His last hours of college life were clouded by thoughts of the future. His staff had proved a broken reed. How was he to live after graduation, after the college was quitted? Every other boy could reckon on some helping hand to keep him up during the first struggles in life's swift current. He was alone and poor. He had forgotten his great-aunt.

She had conceived an ardent affection for him from their first meeting. She was a great traveler, and made no more of going from St. Etienne to Corsica, or to Sicily, or to Continental Italy, than a Parisian thinks of an outing at St. Cloud. What was her avocation? I have not been able to discover. I suspect she was a peddler. France is filled with woman peddlers, and they lead just such lives as Jules Janin's aunt led. Again, St. Etienne is to this day the head-quarters of a large number of woman peddlers who hawk about France ribbons, velvets, and other haberdashery made in this city. It was upon her return from one of her long journeys that Jules Janin (then a toddling baby), who had never seen her before, waddled fast as his little legs would carry him to her as she entered home's garden-gate, took hold of her dress and could not be made to leave her. This instinctive affection, this elective affinity, this artless warm welcome home won all the great-aunt's heart. She doted on her *Janolin mignon*, as she was wont to call him, and loved only him till her heart ceased to beat.

When vacation came, and it became necessary for Jules Janin to quit college, he found her at the door waiting for him. She was more than eighty years old then, and yet she had not hesitated to give up her old home, to quit her old friends, to pack up all her furniture and to bring it up to Paris with her, that she might give a home to her homeless boy, whose schooling (it was expensive) she had paid for three years, and in whom she felt her old confidence and pride, although he had not carried off the highest prize. They at once set out to look for lodgings suited to their means. They visited many a garret, saw much misery in those abodes of poverty, and hunted all through the Latin Quarter without finding what they wanted. The fourth day of the search, Stelein, a gunsmith from St. Etienne, who had been living some years in Paris, told them there was just what they wanted on the fourth floor of a house near his shop in Rue du Dragon. They were pleased with it and rented it, not without misgivings, for the rent seemed almost too dear for them.

Janin went for the furniture his great aunt had brought up with her. He found to his delight that she had not forgotten his little bed, table, and chairs, all of walnut wood, and, before night fell, they were in their new lodgings, happy as happy could be. In these lodgings they lived four years. The great-aunt had some income, so they were never subject to the fevered brain and aching heart of those who have nothing between them and hunger, thirst, rags, and houselessness, except a pen, inkstand, and quire of letter-paper. Janin gave lessons to children too delicate for college life. The pupils he had left the impression on him that they were the stupidest fools in the world. Finding that they could not be taught, he taught himself. He studied grammar, philosophy, Greek, Latin, and French literature, and mastered them. He says the four years he spent in this narrow, dark, noisy street, were happy years, and passed most rapidly away.

He did not give a thought to reputation or fame. He had only one ambition, and this was to own a dog. His great-aunt would not hear of it. She objected that dogs ate a great deal, brought on quarrels with neighbors, and would be sure to lead their landlord to give them notice to quit.

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Janin had an answer to all of these objections, and at last she gave a reluctant consent, when he told her that the neighboring grocer had given him a puppy. The instant the landlord heard they had a dog, he gave them notice to quit. Their new landlord was no more tolerant of dogs. They had not been six months in the house when he poisoned the puppy.

Janin had another passion. A doctor in the neighborhood had a colt. Janin became very fond of the colt. When the owner died, Janin bought the colt, and delighted to ride about Paris in a cabriolet (there were cabriolets in those days), drawn by his new pet. Janin was able to buy this horse and chaise six years after leaving college, and apparently two years after entering literary life. Not many authors can boast of such rapid success. Long is the apprenticeship of letters.

Jules Janin stumbled into literary life. There are few authors who, like Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, advisedly enter the profession of letters. Janin somewhere says: "I do not believe there is an author who ever wrote as little as I did before I wrote for the printer. I can, in all modesty, say that before my first newspaper article I had never written a consecutive paragraph. I had read the great prose writers and the great poets a good deal. I had often translated pages from the great authors, from Horace especially; but to have had an idea of writing even a novel, less than that, even a tragedy in five acts and in verse, were thoughts which had never crossed my mind. Let me add that I do not believe I had read twenty newspapers before I had begun to write in them." When one considers his rapid success, this confession is astonishing.

Jules Janin's dog made him a literary man! His favorite walk was in Luxembourg Garden, where he was delighted to see his dog gambol. The dog made another dog's acquaintance, and they became so attached to each other their masters were brought together and became friends. One evening, while Janin was walking up and down in front of the Opéra Comique, hesitating whether he should spend forty-four cents for a pit ticket, he met his Luxembourg Garden friend with a brilliant woman, a songstress of the Grand Opera. He told Janin he had a box, and invited the latter to a seat in it. How delighted Janin was to share a box (he who had found the pit difficult of access), and to be in company with a "sure 'nough" songstress of the Grand Opera, may be imagined. Discontent followed this delight. Janin compared his life with his friend's career. His poverty for the first time seemed bitter. It stood between him and a box at the Opéra Comique, with a songstress of the Grand Opera by his side, between him and happiness. So he was in a mood to listen eagerly to his friend, who pressed him to write in the newspapers. This was the secret of his friend's fortune. When his friend offered to introduce him to a newspaper, he gladly accepted the proposal.

His friend introduced him to a petty newspaper of the day called "La Lorgnette," which he soon quitted for "La Quotidienne" (in which he wrote his first dramatic criticism), which he dropped for "Le Figaro" and "Le Messager." He continued to write in "Le Figaro" even after he was appointed dramatic critic of "Journal des Débats." His success was, as I have said, wonderfully rapid. Janin graduated in 1821; was a private tutor till 1824 or 1825; began to write for the press in 1825 or 1826, and in 1828 was appointed dramatic critic of "Journal des Débats." He has given this account of his first connection with this paper, but he is mistaken in the date. There is such confusion of dates in his biography that I have been able to ascertain few of them with absolute accuracy (though I have been at great pains to discover them); but I am positively certain he was appointed dramatic critic of "Journal des Débats" in 1828. He says:

"The qualification of voters had been reduced so low by the charter of 1830 that several literary men were astounded to find themselves voters. Duviquet was among them, and the excellent fellow, delighted with this excuse, gleeful with these unexpected grandeurs, quitted Paris for Clamecy, his native place, where he was to exercise his citizen's rights. While he was there listening to candidates' speeches, I went to see the new plays in his stead, and chance, which is not always a malignant god, so arranged it that, during the excellent man's absence, the French comedy brought out 'Le Nègre' by Mons. Oganneaux, Inspector of the University. I wrote in my way a criticism upon this unlucky play. My way must strangely have suprised the readers of 'Journal des Débats.' Of a truth, anybody, who at this time should deliberately read that criticism where the irony of form and substance is in complete unison with a thing in wretched taste, would find it impossible to explain how it happened that in so grave a newspaper, and in the place filled

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by writers of a calm, dignified style, this infraction of all the usages of criticism was not immediately punished. So far was this from being the case, readers unanimously approved this novel boldness. Duviquet himself was not the last to laugh at it. He stroked my guilty head, and exclaimed: '*Tu Marcellus eris!*'"

Janin's success in "Journal des Débats" is something marvelous. There is nothing in the history of the press like it. The vogue Henri Rochefort enjoyed while he published "La Lanterne" alone may be compared with it; but the vogue of this lampoon ended with the downfall of the Empire; and even when "La Lanterne" was most in favor, people of delicate tastes turned with aversion from its pages. Janin's popularity not only lasted undiminished for twenty years, but continued to increase from 1828 to 1848, and his admirers were such people as Guizot, Thiers, Berryer, Villemain, Lamartine, Châteaubriand, Sainte-Beuve, and other scarcely inferior men. He was popular from one end of Europe to the other. Czar Nicholas, Prince de Metternich, were his assiduous readers. The "Faubourg St. Germain," which detested "Journal des Débats" when it became the semi-official organ of the Orleans dynasty, nevertheless continued to subscribe to the heterodox newspaper, that Jules Janin's articles might not be missed. There was scarcely a town in France which had not its clubs of eighteen or twenty people who subscribed for one copy of the newspaper that they might in turn read Jules Janin's weekly article. Dramatic criticisms are published in French newspapers only once a week, every Monday. In Paris, people who could not afford to subscribe to the "Journal des Débats" bought Monday's sheet; the proprietors found it necessary to print an edition of it several thousand copies larger than the usual edition. What was the cause of this unprecedented success? I think I can more clearly show it to you by imagining Jules Janin to write one of his theatrical criticisms for an American newspaper, and by assuming your permission to caricature it a little. Caricature makes defects more visible because it exaggerates. Here is the parody:

Booth's Theater. "The Gamester." Booth is dead. The elder Booth, we mean, for people say the elder Booth and the younger Booth, as they say the elder Kean and the younger Kean. The elders were rivals. Fierce was the conflict. 'Twas Shylock against Shylock, Iago against Iago, Richard III. against Richard III. Both were victors—both shone with equal luster in "The Gamester." How unlike modern times those old times were! Then 'twas gambling in the back-room of some ill-lighted tavern, "darkness visible," as Milton would say in his splendid language, words that breathe and thoughts that burn, so we say, despite Jonson ("Oh, rare Ben Jonson!"), who likened him to a school-master, as if schoolmasters were not always agreeable company. Who can forget his happy school days? "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and the days of auld lang syne?" There are few men who cry when school-days are recalled, *renovare dolorem*. Heartless they must be as Mr. Beverly, who deserted his wife, though she was lovely as Miss Cooper herself, for Mr. Beverly was one of Cooper's favorite parts, and his daughter was divine in it, "the fair Desdemona," as the divine Villiams hath it in his great play of the "Merchant of Venice." Who did not envy President Tyler's son when he won that fair nymph? You remember President Tyler, who came so near being killed by the explosion of the "Peacemaker," near Mount Vernon, while on an excursion down the Potomac River. If ever you visit Washington, go down the Potomac and fish at Piney Point. How plenty fish are there! How eagerly they bite! They seem to know there are no cooks in the world like those of Virginia, and that it is a pleasure to fishes to be tossed up by those sable hands ("God's images, cut in ebony," as old Fuller would say). Ah! those tables lack only French wines to be perfection—but whisky! Eheu! eheu! "which many a good, tall fellow hath destroyed so cowardly," as divine Villiams says. Ah, that we should so rarely see the plays of the sweet swan of Avon! Nowadays the stage is filled with sights for the eye—not sounds for the ear—sights which no decent eye can see without being shocked, for the dances are so long, and the petticoats are so short, that one almost wishes the Oriental customs prevailed among us—those customs which relegated the other sex to the harems and dominos, through whose dormer windows the eye alone might peep—for the eye has no age until it passes that bourne where men cease to be men and women cease to be women, and of which Mme. Du Deffand was so conscious, that she said to Horace Walpole: "When I was a woman!" What answer made he to that blind, deaf wreck, where

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all the woman but the intellect had long since died? Strawberry Hill has not revealed that secret. A witty answer, you may be sure, for the Earl of Oxford was one of the sprightliest men that ever lived; and though some persons do object that his style is tricked out with too many ribbons, we deny it, as we should deny that one of the Gunnings could wear too many diamonds or too much lace. Depend upon it, 'twas an ugly, old, envious woman who said: "Beauty, when unadorned, is then adorned the most,"—and so on, and on.

Not one word of "The Gamester;" not even the actors' names. No trace of the impression made on the audience. It is a piece of intellectual jugglery scarcely superior to the feat of the jack-pudding, who struts about a circus ring with a peacock's tail-feather straight standing on his nose. It is amusing for a minute, but immediately grows tiresome. You can understand how readers were dazzled by this rapidity—by these incessant digressions, by all these names, quotations, allusions. People read on, saying: "Surely something good is coming!" Literary men themselves found an ephemeral interest in reviving recollections of past, half-forgotten prelections, and sometimes, too, a chord was, by a sort of ricochet, struck in the mind, and a valuable train of thought was suggested. Moreover, by the time one began to weary of these trivial circumstances, which had no sort of connection with the subject of the rubric, and began to be irritated by this gamboling from the sense whenever any suggestive word occurred, the end of the dramatic report was reached. The reader had not gone to sleep—he had enjoyed a sort of intellectual excitation (which he was too indolent to analyze); so when the following Monday came he was reading the dramatic report again. Besides, all Frenchmen like fluent wordiness, and if there be some jingle and some glitter, they never stop to inquire of what metal the spangles are made. Add to all these explanations the novelty of Jules Janin's style. His predecessors had accustomed the public to dry, dogmatic, didactic analyses of plays. To change from them to him was to change from an old, scrawny, demure, goggled old "blue," whose ideas and conversation rambled from ologies to stumble among osophies, and to fall into company of a giggling, loquacious schoolgirl, who blurted out everything that came into her head (whose disheveled hair was an apt image of her topsy-turvy brain), breaking her sentences with silvery laughter or wild romping, and enduing her nonsense with the charms of youth, beauty, and exuberant animal spirits. People don't reason under these circumstances—they abandon themselves to magnetic influences.

Jules Janin was all his life a very happy man; but I suspect this was the happiest period of his life. He was seven-and-twenty. He was in the honey-moon of reputation. He was such an authority in theatrical matters, that Harel, the manager of Odéon Théâtre, had, before he would undertake to play it, insisted that Alexandre Dumas (who had just risen above the dramatic horizon) should submit his new piece "Christine" to Janin for approval. Janin's praise and blame were both valuable; one was courted, the other feared. Janin then lived in Rue de Madame. His house was separated from Luxembourg Garden only by iron railings. They were no barrier, for there was a gate in them; each tenant had a key and was allowed to stroll in the Garden, night as well as day. Rue Bonaparte has changed these arrangements, and has completed the isolation of Luxembourg Garden. Alexandre Dumas has described the life led in this house, Rue de Madame. His description gave great offense to Jules Janin, who would not, for years, pardon the author.

Janin soon grew tired of this frivolous life, and moved to the Rue de Tournon. He lodged on the ground floor of a very celebrated house. Laplace, the astronomer, lived for years and died on its first floor, which Dr. Ricord now occupies. It is built in the old French style. A court-yard in front, with stables and carriage-houses on one, kitchen and servants' rooms on the other side; back of the mansion (which is only three stories high) there is a garden. French gardens do not suit our tastes. They have too many trees, too little grass, and no flowers; one shivers in their damp, sunless walks, even in July, when the thermometer indicates 100° on the street's shady side. I am speaking of old French gardens, such as are still common in Faubourg St. Germain. In more modern portions of Paris, and especially in the suburbs, the French have taken lessons from English gardeners. The garden of the house in which Jules Janin lived still extends to Rue Garancière, which, even now, is scarcely vexed by a vehicle, and in those days (1835) must have been still more silent. The quiet of rooms looking on these gardens is delicious

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to students. The urban uproar does not reach them. The lofty old trees intercept all inquisitive glances. One has but to cross the court-yard to plunge into the city's feverish life, to enter the theater, to reach the library, to visit museums of painting and sculpture of ancient and modern art. At this period of his life, Janin was fond of show. He kept his coach and pair. His furniture was rosewood, in Louis XVI. style, and he had already that taste for books which became the passion of his life. In those days this passion was cheaply gratified. The collections which the first Revolution had thrown into market were still in part unsold. The Revolution of 1830 added new literary treasures to the market. Then bibliomania had not become a fashionable disease, and books were cheap; indeed, works of art and virtu were then to be had for nothing, for wealthy people had not made collections their hobby.

He soon grew tired of his magnificent lodgings and garden, coach and pair; besides, he found they were absorbing all the money he made, and he moved (about 1838) to the highest story of the house at the corner of Rues de Vaugirard and Molière (now Rue Rotrou). Odéon Théâtre is separated from it only by Rue Rotrou, and in front of it the view extends over the whole Luxembourg Garden and to the Observatory. It was noisy, but Janin does not seem to have been inconvenienced by noise, for he had a parrot in his study window which was voted a nuisance by the whole neighborhood, so incessant and loud were his screams. Janin called it his "garret," and the epithet was scarcely an exaggeration. There was nothing above it but servants' chambers, and its windows were contracted and something like dormer windows. Diaz decorated the rooms with his brilliant colors, and though Janin had discarded rosewood furniture, his porcelain was old Saxony and old China, and his books became more numerous, more splendid, and more valuable than ever.

In October, 1841, he married Mlle. Huet. He was thirty-nine; she was just twenty. He was famous, had laid up some money, and was in receipt of an excellent income. She was beautiful, and was heiress to an estate of $600,000, besides the handsome dowry her father gave her. She inherited the estate only three months before her widowhood. They had no children. She was proud of her husband and adored him. He was always surrounded by the prettiest and most seductive actresses of Paris; her jealousy was not once roused. She knew and felt confidence in her husband. All their friends agree this marriage was uniformly happy, and that he could have had no better wife. During the last years of his life gout had disabled his fingers. He dictated all his literary efforts to her. She found the pains a labor of love. She had often been his amanuensis before disease made him require one. His writing was illegible (though not as obscure as the legend avers), and whenever he wrote for a magazine where they were unfamiliar with his scrawl, she always copied the manuscript. He would read her copy with delight. His prose seemed doubly admirable in her clear, graceful hand.

Janin wrote very rapidly, and apparently never re-read to polish or otherwise improve what he had written. He was always delighted with what he had written, and did not conceive it possible that it could be improved. Years ago it was justly said of him: "Janin is a host who is guilty of cooking in his guests' sight. He writes one sentence, and then another, and then a third—none of them clearly expresses his idea. He writes four, five, six,—a dozen. He has not hit it yet! At last he does find the expression desired, and he serves it up with a triumphant air to his readers; but he then neglects a petty detail, namely, to blot all preceding lines." His weekly dramatic criticism in "Journal des Débats" filled twelve columns of thirty-five lines, each line containing thirty-three letters. He would fill these twelve columns in three hours. Writing so rapidly, never reading over what he had written, never pausing to think, you may easily conceive that he should have written prefaces to above one hundred works, should have been an active contributor to fifteen newspapers or magazines, and to all the encyclopedias and dictionaries published since 1830, besides being the author of numberless works, among which are: "L'Ane Mort et la Femme Guillotinée," 2 vols., 1829; "Tableaux Anecdotiques de la Littérature Française depuis François 1er jusqu' à nos jours," 1 vol., 1829; "Histoire de la Poésie et de la Littérature chez tous les Peuples," 4 vols., 1832; "Histoire de France" (letter-press of the ten illustrated volumes describing the Palace of Versailles after Louis Philippe had made it a museum), 1837–43; "Les Catacombes" (a collection of tales), 6 vols., 1839; "Un Hiver à Paris" (translated under the title: "An American in Paris During the Winter"), 1 vol.,

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1843; "L'Eté à Paris" (translated under the title: "An American in Paris during the Summer"), 1 vol., 1844; "Horace" (a prose translation of the Roman poet), 1 vol., 1860; "Rachel et la Tragédie," 1 vol., 1861; "L'Histoire de la Revolution Française," 2 vols., 1868; "Lamartine," 1 vol., 1869.

He would have undertaken to write a preface to a Hebrew Bible, to a Basque novel (if there be such a work), the life of Ossian, a biography of Davy Crockett, the adventures of Sam Patch. Want of information never concerned him. He believed with Hamlet, everything was "words, words, words," and that "words, words, words," were everything. This delusion continually led him into blunders. I have given some of them in the above parody of his style. He called the lobster "the cardinal of the seas," for he supposed its shell to be originally dyed with the bright red color it has when served on tables. He described Bordeaux as situated on the sea, and Marseilles at the mouth of the Rhone, because it is in Mouths of Rhone County; spoke of Smyrna as an island; described Charlemagne as a leader of the First Crusade; denounced Louis XI. for his cruel persecution of Abelard; and lauded Catinat for his splendid victory of Denain (which Villars won). Here is a curious passage from one of his works which leads me to think that he believed Shakespeare, Walter Scott, and Byron to have been contemporaries: "I found the literary and political world in unprecedented abundance. What has become of them all? There were in those days Byron, the poet, who died in Greece; Mons. Casimir Delavigne, the poet, who died writing a ballad; Mons. Béranger, the poet, dead, or rather silent, since the last Revolution. There were also the History of the Revolution and Mons. Thiers; the latter has died in the Ministry. There were, moreover, Shakespeare, Schiller, Walter Scott. Schiller is dead; Shakespeare is dead; the poet-novelist is dead, as he returned from Rome to Abbotsford."

Jules Janin's judgments are absolutely worthless. He does not often express his opinion of men, but when he does tell us his thoughts they amaze us. Here is one of Jules Janin's literary judgments, which time has made ridiculous from beginning to end. Few readers in the United States can imagine the coarse personalities of the French press. There is an absence of delicacy of thought, delicacy of expression, which would be astonishing if one did not know the depth of French ignorance. Personal abuse is used when there is lack of argument. This heartless personal attack is all the more revolting, as Jules Janin knew, in writing it, that Benjamin Constant had died literally of starvation. It is true that Baron de Rothschild himself could scarcely have averted this fate from Benjamin Constant, for every cent he could procure went to the gambling-table—the great enemy of Méry, Ponsard, of Offenbach, of Rochefort, and of other eminent Frenchmen.

"The first who disappeared from the arena after the Revolution of July was one of the most counterfeit, the most bepraised, the most overrated talents of the old political world. Benjamin Constant, since I must call him by his name, was a wretched German rhetorician, a pamphleteer, an extemporizer who wrote his impressions quietly in his study, a philosopher on the half-pay list, a malignant writer, an abortion of a penny-a-liner; in fine, a pseudo literary man, which is the worst insult a lover of letters can give anybody. The poor vagabond died just as he was about to be guilty of new treachery to the new Government. He died in a hole, disgracefully, between these two nurses—oblivion and disdain. This man was one of the caprices of that mendacious popularity which opposition gives and uses to advance its interests. He belongs to that race of mountebanks who reign in some drawing-rooms, on which they foist themselves by their passions or by their obsequiousness. Who now cares to re-read one single one of his pamphlets, one single one of his speeches, one single one of this great man's books?"

It is amazing that Jules Janin should, in 1854, have republished this exhibition of his ignorance. Several editions of Benjamin Constant's works had appeared since his death. He had been lauded by the ablest Frenchmen. His reputation had increased with flight of time. Some years since I asked for his works (and 'twas not the first time) in the Imperial Library. The librarian could not immediately recollect where they were, and said: "I beg pardon; but, really, I am ashamed of myself, for those works are constantly asked for, and I ought to be able to lay hands at once on them." It is probable that Benjamin Constant had wounded Jules Janin's vanity, and the injury was never forgiven. Frenchmen never forgive such blows. Mlle. Rachel once forgot to send Jules Janin bonbons on his birthday; he retaliated by attacking her inces-

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santly until his birthday came around again. His enthusiastic support of Mme. Ristori is believed to have had its origin in some fancied or real slight put on him by Rachel. He knew her sensitiveness, her dread of rivals, and could tell with unerring precision how deep her heart would be pierced, and how much blood would be drawn from it by a rival's great success. His encomiums on Mme. Ristori did unquestionably drive Rachel to America, where she met her death.

He pertinaciously insisted upon receiving a visit of thanks from every actor, actress, and author whom he praised. Bressant, an actor of the French comedy, refused to comply with this rule. Jules Janin never mentioned him, but, when obliged to speak of him, said: "the actor who played" this or that part. And he did at last force Bressant into docility. But, while Jules Janin insisted upon having his vanity tickled, he never was accused, or even suspected, of levying blackmail on actors. This is a common offense here, even though Florentino and Charles Maurice be dead. They reduced blackmailing to an art, and drew from it almost as large an annual income as a tenor or a prima donna gets from vocal notes.

The one person Jules Janin hated with pertinacious, rancorous hatred was Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Janin says that Lord Lytton never forgave him the criticisms he made on "The Duchess de La Vallière," when it was translated into French and played in Paris. I think Janin, in making this assertion, blunders as usual. I have not been able to verify his statement, and am obliged to trust wholly to my memory. If it serves me faithfully, Lord Lytton said in "Pelham": "The Romantic Revolution, which had brought forth a Hugo and a Dumas, had likewise spewed out a Jules Janin." "Pelham" was written long before Bulwer attempted to write for the stage. He never felt deep interest in "The Duchess de La Vallière," so at least I read his preface to "Richelieu." Janin likewise quoted another fling of Lord Lytton which I do not remember to have seen: "France, which has produced Cartouche and Jules Janin—France, which has produced St. Bartholomew's massacre and L'Ane Mort." Cartouche was a notorious highwayman, the French Jonathan Wild. These stings were so poisoned, their irritation never abated. Whenever Jules Janin could deal Lord Lytton a blow he gave it, and when "The Duchess de La Vallière" and "Money" were successively played here, Janin went into a paroxysm of rage and wrote incoherently; he used, not argument, but foul language; had it been marked by anything like vigor it would have been pure Billingsgate. The Monday following the day on which intelligence of Lord Lytton's death reached Paris, Jules Janin attacked his memory with the old malignity, but it was mere driveling; dotage had come, and a few more weeks afterward the publication of this diatribe the pen fell from his hand.

Poor Prévost Paradol was another object of his hatred, but he dared not express it. They both wrote for the same newspaper ("Journal des Débats"), and Prévost Paradol had powerful friends whom Janin feared to offend. There was a vacancy in the French Academy. Jules Janin's election was assured, until Mons. Thiers, in one of his wonted sudden freaks, determined to bring forward Prévost Paradol as his candidate. Prévost Paradol was then at the meridian of his success. He was considered the hope of France, the heir of the mantles which Messrs. Guizot and Thiers had worn. He was elected as 'twere by acclamation. Janin was bitterly disappointed, and when Prévost Paradol called on him to express the hope that their old relations would be unchanged, despite this incident, Janin gave him such a reception that Prévost Paradol never returned to his house.

When Sainte-Beuve died, both Messrs. Guizot and Thiers informed Jules Janin that he might reckon on their support. He came forward as a candidate for the seat in the French Academy vacated by Sainte-Beuve's death. He was elected. One cannot suppress a smile to read in Sainte-Beuve's works this paragraph written eighteen years before Janin's election: "Mons. Janin cannot exert all his good sense unless he feels at liberty—unless he be free from one of those names which, under all circumstances, never appear in his writings except accompanied by an invariable escort of praise. But even when he speaks of these illustrious persons, to whom he instantly attaches all sorts of epithets, Mons. Janin has a way of extricating himself from embarrassment, which shows him to be a man of talents, and in some manner indicates his constraint. He overpraises them. He almost makes his archness lie herein. He begins by accumulating so much praise on them, the reader easily sees that praise there is valueless. *Oh, I should not like to be*

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praised by Mons. Jules Janin!" This, nevertheless, was the fate in store for Sainte-Beuve. Jules Janin was destined to deliver his official funeral eulogy. Had Sainte-Beuve suspected this he had found additional terrors in death, and upon good ground of reason.

This eulogy was Jules Janin's worst work. Sainte-Beuve was accurate, concise, full; every word had a meaning, and could not be discarded without lessening information. Jules Janin's wordy flux did not float to the public one single clear idea on any subject—on Sainte-Beuve less than anybody. Sainte-Beuve has somewhere described the illness which overtook Mons. de Sacy one day in the French Academy, when Alfred de Vigny read a poem sent in by Adolphe Dumas to compete for a prize. The poem was a rigmarole of senseless verbiage expressed in sonorous words, which were made more irritating to the nerves by Alfred de Vigny's slow, pompous mouthing of them. Sainte-Beuve said Mons. de Sacy had been attacked with Boileau's disease. You remember Boileau was the great lawgiver and censor of the French Parnassus, and senseless words made him ill. If Sainte-Beuve had heard Jules Janin's eulogy on him, he too would have had Boileau's disease. Everything went wrong. Janin began to read in a whisper, which soon sank into an inaudible sound. He trembled in every limb. I was astonished, for I had repeatedly heard him speak, and he spoke in a loud tone and with apparent self-confidence. Mons. Fleury rose, and saying: "I see Mons. Janin is ill; Monsieur, let me read the speech for you." He took the manuscript from Janin's hand and read it. Janin meantime looked the very picture of mortification. I could not help thinking that day how one of his enemies had described him: "Janin is a fat fellow, whose chin falls on his shirt bosom; whose shirt bosom falls on his abdomen; whose abdomen falls on his articles in 'Journal des Débats;' whose articles fall on everybody."

In 1858 Janin quitted his old home in Rue de Vaugirard. His father-in-law had long pressed him to come to Passy and build a house near the former, but Janin had refused to leave his old home. He had meantime grown extremely obese and very gouty, and must have found it toilsome indeed to climb to his fifth story. I suspect these circumstances impelled him to abandon his old lodgings. He built a beautiful Swiss cottage, Rue de la Pompe, II, Passy. Rossini and Lamartine lived near by, and the celebrated Château de la Muette (one of Marie Antoinette's favorite retreats from the stately etiquette of Versailles, and now the residence of the Erards, the eminent musical instrument makers), where Janin was always welcome, was almost within call. The ground on which he built his Swiss cottage was at one time a portion of La Muette's garden. The grounds were filled with plants and flowers. Ivy mantled the house from the ground to the first floor. On the ground floor was a pretty summer dining-room, whose walls were made of encaustic tiles of bright colors, while a huge Revival chimney reminded one of the hospitality of the olden times. Adjoining the dining-room was a kitchen, in the Dutch style, paved with red tiles, and with shelves of white marble. The walls of the staircase leading to the first floor were completely hidden by engravings, every one of them a rare proof copy. The first door on the landing opened into an immense room, which was drawing-room, study, and library; it was lighted by four large windows, whose panes were yellow and red stained glass. Around the room were large carved oak libraries. The mantel-piece was of white marble, with a valuable Louis XVI. clock on it, and above the latter a pastel portrait of Mme. Janin, taken soon after her marriage. The ceiling is of carved oak. There are two carved oaken tables, one covered with books, the other was Jules Janin's writing desk; like Dickens, he always used blue ink. Back of this table was an excellent white marble bust of Janin. A large plate glass separated this room from the winter's dining-room, which was as cozy as possible. Mme. Janin's drawing-room and the bedchambers were on the second floor.

Janin's library deserves mention. It was one of the most valuable private libraries in Paris. He had had made for him the best Holland paper, each page of which bore this water-mark: Jules Janin. Wherever a meritorious work was to be issued in Paris, the publisher would go to Janin and ask him for sheets enough of this Holland paper to print on it a copy of the work in press. His library in this way contains copies of all the best works published here during the last five-and-twenty years; all are presentation copies, and enriched with piquant notes from the authors. The other portion of his library consisted of the rarest bibliographical treasures—Elzevirs, Aldines, Estiennes, etc.,

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illustrated works, the first edition of the French standard authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The library contained twenty editions of "Horace," among them that of Henri Estienne, 1577; that of Turnèbe, 1605; the Elzevir, 1675. He used to tell almost with tears in his eyes a trick played one day on him. Second-hand books are sold on the quays. The books are placed in boxes, which lie on the top of the wall which separates the side-walk from the wharf. This wall is fifteen or twenty feet high on the river's side, and three or four feet high on the sidewalk. The majority of boxes have tickets announcing the price of the books they contain. Janin one day discovered an admirable copy of Bond's edition of "Horace" in a box ticketed five cents. Book-hunting had delayed him, and he reached home (he lived in Rue de Vaugirard) after the dinner-hour. He had no sooner entered than he shouted to his wife: "Don't scold me! I bring with me a Bond's 'Horace' fit for a king." He threw on the table a dirty, dog-eared, ink-stained, school edition of "Horace." While he was hunting in his purse for five cents, another lover of books had substituted this copy for Bond's edition, which he himself had borne off. Janin used to say this was one of the great misfortunes of his life. He excluded from his library writers of the decline of Roman letters, and gave for his reason: "There is nothing on earth more mournful, next after the dishonor of a great nation reduced to bear the yoke of a foreign oppressor, than the decline of a literature." All of Janin's modern works are bound in the most splendid manner; he paid as much as $250 for some of the bindings. He said: "How often have I refused to buy a new coat for myself, that I might dress Lucrèce, or Les Effrontés, Colomba, or Valentine, La Demoiselle à Marier, or Le Jeune Mari, in one of those purple and gold habits which Capé, Niedrée, and Bauzonnet knew so well how to embroider."

Mme. Janin has offered her husband's library to the French Institute upon conditions that it shall be placed in a separate room, which shall be called "Jules Janin's Room." These conditions have been accepted. She has added to her gift Adam Salomon's marble bust of her husband, which stood in his study, and Geoffroy's (the actor) picture of the green-room of the French Comedy, which Dr. Louis Véron gave Janin.

Let me tell some anecdotes of Janin. They will reveal traits of his character which I necessarily have left in the shade.

Under the French Comedy is the most famous flower-shop in Paris. It was kept for years by a Mme. Prévost, who was one of the best saleswomen of her generation. Her daughter still keeps it, and has inherited a considerable portion of Mme. Prévost's obliging temper, grace, politeness, and activity. A polite shopkeeper is now a rarity in Paris; they are very surly, and look as if they thought they were doing you an honor in waiting on you. Mme. Prévost died in 1838. Jules Janin wrote her obituary, and the article had great success. The vogue of the shop increased, and nothing was talked of in Paris, but Mme. Prévost. The day after the article appeared, a well-dressed man called on Jules Janin and said: "I am Mme. Prévost's son-in-law and successor. I am unable to express to you all the gratitude we feel to you for the honor you have done her; but I have come to ask you to accept a slight token of our gratitude, to beg you to allow us to send you a nosegay every week. Look upon it as a pledge of our gratitude." Six-and-thirty years have passed away since then; but spring and autumn, summer and winter, every week a nosegay was sent from that flower-shop to Jules Janin. The last one of them was laid on his coffin.

Janin detested poetry, and yet the dream of his last years was to translate Horace into French verse. He was very fond and very proud of his prose translation of Horace.

Janin rarely made a bitter speech, but some are related of him. A lady and her son were breakfasting with him at Passy. The child, who was five or six years old, constantly cried for some delicacies which had, to tease him, been placed out of his reach. His mother and Mme. Janin made him do all sorts of tricks before they would give him anything. Janin looked on moodily for some minutes and then said: "Come, come, my lad, you are no longer a child; you show yourself to be a man, for you are degrading yourself to get your food."

Janin hated the Second Empire. Some of his articles in the earlier days of the Second Empire were so offensive to the Court, that it was more than once considered whether he should not be exiled. Warning of the temper of the authorities was conveyed to him. He replied: "I do not fear exile. I shall be abroad in better company than I am here; for I shall find abroad misfortune and honor." Soon after Victor Hugo had published "Les Châtiments" (which, as may readily be conceived,

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gave great offense to the Imperial Court), Jules Janin wrote an article eulogizing Victor Hugo. His friends begged him not to publish it; the editor of "Journal des Débats" was almost afraid to let it appear. Janin answered all appeals made to him to withdraw it: "I will never be an apostate to my admirations." He was fond of instituting a comparison between the Second Empire and the close of Louis XV.'s reign, which led to the great Revolution. He predicted there would be terrible scenes after the fall of the Empire. La Commune vindicated his reputation as a prophet. In expressing his indignation with the higher classes of the Empire, he used to say: "Those young rascals hunt turkey-keepers on their fathers' estates to dress them up like duchesses; and (which is still more deplorable) real duchesses now take these ex-turkey-keepers for their models." The Court was very desirous to win over Jules Janin, and one day sent Mons. de Sacy (the chief editor of "Journal des Débats," who had been completely won over) to persuade him to come out openly in favor of the Empire. Jules Janin had then in press, "Les Oiseaux Bleus." Mons. de Sacy said to him: "I wish you would dedicate that work to the Imperial Prince; if you will I will have you made officer of the Legion of Honor the day it is published." Jules Janin took up his pen and wrote on the fly-leaf of the proof-sheets: "Dedicated to the Comte de Paris," and handed it to Mons. de Sacy, who exclaimed: "What an incorrigible fellow you are!"

Janin's last months were unhappy. As long as he was dramatic reporter of "Journal des Débats," his circle of courtiers were as obsequious and as attentive as ever. Actors and actresses went down to Passy to declaim their parts to the gouty old man; actors read their new pieces to him; managers begged a good word for this performer or for that play; but, when he ceased to be dramatic reporter, when he became only Jules Janin—he shrunk into nothingness. In France a man is nobody unless he be something.

Nobody darkened Jules Janin's doors. He had thought himself loved for himself (the flattering unction all of us lay to our souls!), and he found all those smiles, all that warm pressure of the hand, all those flattering speeches were addressed—not to him, but—to the dramatic reporter of "Journal des Débats." His heart sank within him. He became morose. His mind soon became impaired. Memory failed. Old faces were not immediately recalled. Words were summoned in vain. The inexhaustible talker was compelled to mumble: "Wait, wait, I say! I know perfectly well what I want to tell you! The words! The words! I cannot get the words." He had been unusually well, and after hobbling around his garden, chatting merrily, sat down to rest. He was scarcely seated, when his head fell on his breast, and he passed away from this life. The chair in which he expired was the chair in which Béranger had died. Janin had often expressed a wish to die in that chair.

Janin, like many other Frenchmen, was very desirous that his funeral should be numerously attended, many speeches made at the grave, a good deal of excellent music by famous singers, and all that pomp and pageantry by which astute tradesmen have combined to levy as heavy a tax as possible on human vanity. Janin must have been contented. He had three splendid funerals. Everybody in Paris went down to Passy to his funeral there. Comte de Paris and Duc de Nemours deigned to call at the house and write their names,—but to follow to the church the faithful friend of their family, who had always fought for them, who had remained steadfast in the darkest hours of their history, was too much to expect from members of the House of Orleans. No wonder their adherents now are fewer than they were during the Empire! Victor Hugo, puffed up with his egregious vanity, refuses to go to anybody's funeral. He left his card at the door and went away! He "cut" Janin at the grave as he had "cut" Alexandre Dumas.

The funeral ceremonies at St. Etienne were the most gratifying, and did as much honor to Jules Janin's birthday as they did to the author himself. His name has always been held in grateful remembrance there. In 1834 there was an inundation of Furens River, which wrought great destruction in St. Etienne and its neighborhood. Jules Janin enlisted Châteaubriand, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Dr. Véron, Baron Taylor, as a portion of the army which was to conquer money for his old neighbors. He organized concerts at Passy, Nantes, and Paris (Rossini himself arranged the latter), and got the most celebrated musicians and singers of the day to take part in it. These concerts enabled Jules Janin to send $5,000 to St. Etienne. Some years afterward, he persuaded the Government to send an ex-

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cellent picture by Champmartin to the St. Etienne Museum, and he took 500 volumes from his own library and gave them to the town's library. He was born in the Place des Ursules. The house in which he was born has been torn down, and Rue de la Bourse occupies a portion of its old site. It was opposite the Ursuline Convent, which has likewise been destroyed to make room for a theater. The authorities of St. Etienne are thinking of calling Place des Ursules by the author's name, Place de Jules Janin.

The third funeral took place at Evreux. Many persons went down from Paris to attend it. All Evreux turned out to do him honor. He rests with his wife's family.

SHADOWS.

BRIGHT shone the sun; beneath the breeze
The fresh May grass on meadows wide
Tossed like a green and heaving tide,
Rippled and waved like summer seas:
And as in merry round
While Spanish dancers go,
To joyous music's sound
Aloft their arms they throw,
So swung their lithe long limbs the swaying trees.

All cloudless was the azure sky;
Loud sang the birds; quick to and fro
Darted the bees: and fluttered slow
As falling leaf the butterfly.
With life and joy and grace
All happy nature teemed:
Straying with aimless pace,
To me that day there seemed
On earth no creature dull and sad save I.

Imagined wrongs, and woes self-bred,
Loathing contempt of my own powers—
All fancies nursed by idle hours—
Filled with black thoughts my aching head.
As muttering I walked,
All blissful things I cursed,
Omnipotence I mocked,
Dared God to do His worst:
Now wished all else—now, wished myself were dead.

When round my shadow tall and lone
Slanting before me on the grass,
Suddenly hovering seemed to pass
A shade, as o'er my head had flown
Summoned by soul depraved—
Like vulture foul and grim
Scenting the dead ungraved—
A demon, huge of limb,
Unseen, and only by his shadow known.

As the poor hare, when sailing near
The kite she sees, straight on the ground
Flattens herself, her refuge found;
So, reeling from the path in fear,
Prone on my face I fell,
And in my terror prayed
To whom I knew full well
No trespass past e'er weighed
When a repentant voice had reached His ear.

Deep down while in the weeds I lay,
Forgiveness came; and, filled with light,
All the wide earth seemed heaven-bright.
Rising, I came from night to day:
Like fleeting shadow seen
By passing clouds down-thrown
Gliding o'er pastures green
As past the cloud is blown—
So like a shade swift fled the fiend away.

And homeward turning, then, I blessed—
With softened heart—the gracious plan,
The wondrous world, whereby to man
His Maker is made manifest:
Rebellious, obstinate,
Some eyes to Him are blind:
Others, more fortunate,
Knowing themselves, can find—
Being God's work—kindred in all the rest.

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PERKY'S CROSS.

THEY did not institute judicial proceedings in scrutiny of the character and antecedents of every man who came to Kansas in those equivocal days. As a general rule, they cared only to know how the new-comer stood on the slavery question. Nevertheless, it fretted them to feel that they had a man among them whose oddity of conduct piqued curiosity, while forbidding even reasonable conjecture concerning that other existence of his, "back in the States." And Perky gave the people of Seward Center just that feeling. Perky was a perplexity. He was also a printer; and his employer, the editor of the "Clarion of Freedom," had carelessly disclosed the secret that he was the author of certain Procrustean rhymes in the last number of that excellent family journal, bearing the caption, "Sadly We Roam," and having a cut of a hearse at the top of them. These verses had pleased the minister very much, and he thought he detected in their somber monotone "the yearning of a jaded soul for the rest and joy of the New Jerusalem,"—which was a pretty thing to say, Perky remarked, when the editor told him of it. Public opinion was somewhat calmer, but not harmonized or satisfied by the minister's pathognomy. There could be no doubt, they were all agreed, that Perky was not easy in his mind; but the cause was still as deep a mystery as ever. Various were the surmises and suggestions—some kindly, and some otherwise—touching the matter, as poverty, grief, disease, disgrace; but perhaps the average sentiment of the community was best expressed, after all, by Aunt Naomi Seybold, when, in answer to some new hint upon the subject, she said with a solemn earnestness that was intended to be conclusive and convincing: "He's jest a-totin' of a cross, a-totin' of a cross."

Of course these things came to Perky's ears now and then; but if they disturbed him in the least, there was no betrayal of it in his looks, his speech, or his actions. Indeed, he might have passed for a thoroughly contented, if not a really happy, man as he sat upon the little bench under the cotton-wood in front of the "Clarion" office that rare June morning, watching the white and blue clouds fold and unfold, and fold again, like the flags of some splendid parade. Behind him rose the hill of rocks and cedars, and dense involvement of vines and shadows, which hid the dreary waste of raw prairie that lay beyond; in front of him, those two foremost symbols of advancing civilization, the little tin signs of the "American Bible Society," and "Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express," flashed back the sun's brightness from the dull gray of the store door at the upper end of "the avenue," as they called the generous exaggeration of wagon-road which led through the village and on to the river out there in the low belt of elms and sycamores, a mile away. And the sky above it all was very beautiful, he thought, as he turned reluctantly from it at last, and glanced curiously about him, like one in doubt as to the identity of his surroundings. Then he said to himself: "Perky, old fellow, we won't finger any long primer to-day; we'll rest, and have a ramble." A moment later he was gone.

Perky was resting and rambling considerably now. The weekly publication of the "Clarion" was several times delayed by his neglect of his type-setting; and once the editor had to humiliate himself and expose his gaunt subscription-list to great peril by sending out a half-sheet, "owing," he said, "to circumstances over which we have no control." This mishap had the effect of keeping Perky steadily at work for three consecutive days. It also afforded him occasion to speak to the editor, in a delicate and confidential way, of certain grave facts connected with the newspaper business. "For instance," he remarked, "a paper should be prompt in its appearance as the sunrise, for if it lags, people soon lose faith in its stability, and cease to pay for it in advance; and the half-sheet contrivance should never be resorted to," he continued, "for the size of a newspaper is a good deal like plenary inspiration, and won't bear trifling with." This bit of philosophy being kindly received, he dropped his confidential tone and manner, and went on, after the habit of your true printer the country over, to give the results of his varied observations in other affairs, including politics, education, religion, and, finally, matrimony. "It is every man's duty," he declared with some warmth, "to get married—and every woman's, too," he quickly added. Then he stopped, blushed a little, and lifting the slug that concealed the next word of the manu-

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script on the case before him, resumed his work. They smiled one to another in a knowing way, the editor and the office-boy, and urged him to proceed with his discourse; but he only shook his head, and answered, a trifle sadly: "Not now, not now." The next day, and the next, he was unusually reticent, and they noticed that he frequently threw back as much as half a line of types from his composing-stick into the boxes, as if he had unconsciously set up the wrong words. When he did not appear the following morning, they knew he must have returned to his resting and his rambling.

If proof had been immediately required of the fact that Perky had taken another holiday, it would only have been necessary to call Aunt Naomi Seybold as a witness, for she had seen him saunter past her front room window,—the window where she always put the cracked porcelain tea-pot that held her rose geranium,—and he had stopped awhile at the Widow Hainline's gate on his way down the road toward the woods. A halt at the widow's gate had of late become a regular feature of Perky's rambles. He had been known to tarry there on some occasions for fully an hour; and more than once, it had been observed that he did not go on over the bluff, as was his usual custom, but turned and came back. To suppose that these circumstances attracted no attention and provoked no comment would be to fancy Seward Center a community of winged creatures with crowns and harps, which it was not. The matter had gradually assumed an interest in the public mind second only to that of the pending strife for the county seat between the Center and the rival town of Konomo. Hence the religious patience with which Aunt Naomi Seybold watched Perky's movements from behind her window-curtains; hence, also, the significance that had been attached to his casual remarks in the "Clarion" office upon the subject of matrimony. The Center really believed that Perky was in love with the widow.

The Widow Hainline, it is proper to say, was not a widow at all. She was a divorced wife, who had resumed her maiden name, but still retained the title of "Mrs." on account of her son Benny, a glad-eyed little lad of eight years. Her husband had abandoned her when Benny was but two years old; she had obtained a divorce three years later, and the next summer she had come to Kansas, hoping in time to get a farm for the boy. This was substantially all they knew about her, except that during her nearly three years' residence in the Center she had been a well-behaved, hard-working woman. It seemed strange that, with her bitter experience and her frigid and methodical ways, she should be thinking of marriage; much stranger than that Perky, who was so lonely and so peculiar, should be contemplating such a thing. To be sure, there was no absolute evidence that her thoughts were running in that direction. But, is there ever any but circumstantial testimony in such cases? Perky had been seen going to and coming from her house very often; she spoke of him always, when she spoke of him at all, with noticeable kindness; her face flushed with evident pleasure whenever anybody praised him a little for his known good qualities or made generous excuse for his faults. And, then, had she not bought a dress with a gaudy pink stripe in it, and did she not lately wear an unusual bow of bright ribbon at her throat, and sometimes a big red rose in her hair? Surely these signs, meaning so much with other people, could not be mere accidents or idle freaks with her. So the verdict of the Center soon came to be unanimous, that if the widow thought she did not love Perky, she was very much mistaken.

The Center having made up its mind, there was no more doubt and no more discussion. And yet, as a matter of fact, Perky had never once been known to go into the widow's house, nor had he and the widow ever been seen to so much as chat together at the gate. When Perky stopped there, it was the boy Benny who came out to see him, and talked with him by the hour, and often accompanied him as he went on over the bluff and down into the river bottom, where the large trees were, and the birds and the squirrels, and the queer sound of the running water. For Perky and Benny had come to be close companions and friends. The one was rarely seen without the other. The boy had caught something of the man's besetting spirit of unrest, and the man had borrowed a bit of the boy's gentle cheeriness, so that they blended very happily. They spent much of their time wandering about in the woods, over the hills, and out on the breezy sweep of upland overlooking the river from the other side. Their talk—and they talked a great deal—was of the things they had seen and heard and thought together—of the flowers, the stars, the psalms, the miracles, the printing-office, and the farm Benny was

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going to have when he got to be a man. Sometimes the boy's swift questions went far beyond Perky's power of answering, and then there would be a little silence and a change of the subject. Sometimes, too, Benny could not quite understand why his friend stammered and looked ashamed when making inquiry of him about his mother. But there was no distrust between them and no disagreement; and when, as they were speaking one day of the boy's father, and Perky said suddenly, as if he had but just thought of it, "How would you like to have *me* for a father?" Benny replied, without hesitation and feeling, "Oh, that would be splendid!" Then they walked home without saying another word, and when they parted at the gate there were tears in Perky's eyes. Benny lay awake a long time that night wondering what it could mean, and fell asleep at last to dream that his father came to him in the vague white robe of an angel, with a face that shone like the sun. And the face was the face of Perky.

As the summer wore slowly away, Perky's gloominess grew upon him day by day, and he could not shake it off. It seemed to him, also, that it took very little exertion to overcome him with fatigue. He could hardly walk to the river ford, and back as far as the Widow Hainline's, without a singular trembling in his limbs, and a dizzy sensation about the head; and he would often be obliged to stop and steady himself against the catalpa-tree by the widow's gate before he could go on, he was so tired, and there was such a blur just ahead of him. Once, when he was standing there, the widow came out of the house on an errand to a neighbor's, and, as he lifted his hat to her, he sank down exhaustedly at her feet; but he pretended that he had merely stooped to disengage a wanton brier from her dress skirt, and when she bowed him her thanks, he rose and stood again like an athlete. He had a harassing cough, too, and slept fitfully, and in his thin, pale cheeks were ugly spots of scarlet. When they told him he was sick and in need of a physician, he smiled wearily, and said: "Only a little bilious, that's all." And on the days when he felt so weak that he dared not venture out—days that came quite frequently in that lazy, lethargic September weather—he was always ready with some plausible excuse to conceal the real cause of his staying indoors. He consented finally to allow another printer to take his place in the "Clarion" office—temporarily, and as his "sub" only, for the editor would not like it, he said, if he should give up his cases "merely because he wanted to loaf a few days and get the malaria out of his system." He visited the office from time to time to see how his "sub" got along, and to take a look at the exchanges. They showed him the first number of the new paper at Konomo, which was to be the "Clarion's" contestant for the county printing, and he curled his lip at sight of its double advertisements, and said the grave yawned for a paper that started out by leading its selected matter. Some days he would relieve the "sub" for half an hour, or read two or three galleys of proof for the overworked editor; but usually he remained only a few minutes, and many times he came only to the door, looked in as if seeking for somebody, then turned and went away without speaking.

He had abandoned his customary rambles nearly a month before; and this fact, though no longer new enough to be in itself remarkable, served to give unusual interest to the report that Perky had been seen going leisurely down the road again toward the woods the morning of that important Saturday when "the grim chieftain," General Jim Lane, was to deliver his first speech in Seward Center. Aunt Naomi Seybold had called to him three times from her open window, but he paid no attention to it except to quicken his pace a little, and she watched him "as stiddy as if she had a' bin a-settin' for to have her picter took," she said, until he passed the Widow Hainline's and disappeared over the hill. Then, she hastened up to the store and the printing-office to tell what she had seen, and an hour later the surprising event was the talk of the town. With the afternoon, however, came "the grim chieftain" with his speech, and after an early supper they had a bonfire and another speech, and in the novelty and agitation of it all, the incident of the morning was forgotten, and nobody noticed that Perky did not return. It must have been quite four o'clock of Sunday evening when his absence was first observed. That some harm had befallen him seemed the only reasonable solution of the matter; and there was no time to lose in delay or in speculation. The editor, accompanied by such of the townsfolk as he could readily get together, promptly started in search of him. They called to make inquiry of Aunt Naomi Seybold, and she went on with them to the Widow Hainline's, repeating to them as she walked along her story of the day before. The widow

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could give them no additional information; indeed, the whole of it was an astonishment and a shock to her, she said, and she questioned them very eagerly about it, while Benny listened with an indefinite dread and wished they would go on and look for him before night came. They started directly, down the road to the river. Benny went with them, upon his own suggestion, to point out the places where he had been with Perky; and as he glanced back from the familiar old leaning beech half way down the hill, he saw that his mother and Aunt Naomi were following closely after them.

They found him just where Benny had fancied they would find him. It was hardly a stone's throw from the road and the ford, but such a quiet, soothing, winsome little nook that it might have been a fragment of some other world. He was lying upon the grass, with his arms under his head, and his feet hidden from sight by the fallen leaves. He could almost have reached the river with his hand, but the murmuring of it there in the bend among the bewildering roots and stones was so soft and so uncertain that it seemed only an echo. A cluster of hawbushes, bending beneath an overplus of fading and shriveling woodbine, shut off the vision on the south, as the river-bank did on the west and the north; but on the east, up the steep bluff, beyond the massive decaying tree-trunk that lay in the edge of the thicket of hazels like some great broken-hearted giant, was the little arbor in the rear of the Widow Hainline's house, where the honeysuckles grew, and where the widow often sat in the cool of the late afternoon with her sewing. When they roused him, Perky turned his eyes in that direction a moment, then closed them again, and said as if in reverie, "I must have been dreaming."

They stood waiting around for some minutes in an undecided way, and then the editor gently raised him to a sitting posture, and he tried to smile as he looked from one to another of them and said, "Go on with your picnic; don't mind me." No one spoke when he sunk down again upon the grass and leaves; but Aunt Naomi Seybold took off her shawl and made a pillow of it for him, and buttoned his open coat over his breast, for it was nearly sundown, and there was a chill in the air from off the river. He appeared to be sleeping, the Widow Hainline thought, as she leaned forward and gazed intently upon him out of the shadow of the maple just back of where his head lay; and Benny knew she must be very, very pale, she trembled so as he felt her put an arm around him and press him to her side.

The setting sun flooded the crisped and stained foliage with a transient ecstasy of October gold and crimson as Perky started a little and sat upright again and said he wished Benny would hurry back, for it was growing dark. The widow walked rapidly around in front of him where the rest were, and knelt close to him, and took his hand in hers. "Julia, darling," he muttered, with a harsh laugh that was half a moan, and fell back as if all his strength had suddenly failed him. How she stooped and kissed him—on the lips, on the eyes, on the forehead—and rising to her feet, met the questioning stares of those about her with a look that would have been terrible but for the abounding tenderness there was in it, as she exclaimed:

"I was once his wife, God help him!"

"Then he's my father, isn't he mamma?" cried Benny, "and we'll take him home."

"Oh, child," they heard Aunt Naomi sobbing, "he's—he's done gone home."

When they turned to see what she meant, she was covering his cold, still face with her handkerchief.

AT BEST.

THE faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow;
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighter go.

So, man to man: in fair accord,
On thought and will, the winds may wait;
But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be:
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

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GABRIEL CONROY.*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN EXPERT.

A COLD, gray fog had that night stolen noiselessly in from the sea, and, after possessing the town, had apparently intruded itself in the long, low plain before the *hacienda* of the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity, where it sullenly lingered even after the morning sun had driven in its eastern outposts. Viewed from the Mission towers, it broke a cold gray sea against the corral of the *hacienda* and half hid the white walls of the *hacienda* itself. It was characteristic of the Rancho that, under such conditions, at certain times it seemed to vanish entirely from the sight, or rather to lose and melt itself into the outlines of the low foot-hills; and Mr. Perkins, the English translator, driving a buggy that morning in that direction was forced once or twice to stop and take his bearings anew, until the gray sea fell and the *hacienda* again heaved slowly into view.

Although Mr. Perkins's transformations were well known to his intimate associates, it might have been difficult for any stranger to have recognized the slovenly drudge of Pacific street in the antique dandy who drove the buggy. Mr. Perkins's hair was brushed, curled, and darkened by dye. A high stock of a remote fashion encompassed his neck, above which his face, whitened by cosmetics to conceal his high complexion, rested stiffly and expressionless as a mask. A light blue coat buttoned tightly over his breast, and a pair of close-fitting trowsers strapped over his japanned leather boots, completed his remarkable *ensemble*. It was a figure well known on Montgomery street after three o'clock—seldom connected with the frouzy visitor of the Pacific street den, and totally unrecognizable on the plains of San Antonio.

It was evident, however, that this figure, eccentric as it was, was expected at the *hacienda*, and recognized as having an importance beyond its antique social distinction. For when Mr. Perkins drew up in the court-yard, the grave *major-domo* at once ushered him into the formal, low-studded drawing-room already described in these pages, and in another instant the Donna Dolores Salvatierra stood before him.

With a refined woman's delicacy of perception, Donna Dolores instantly detected under this bizarre exterior something that atoned for it, which she indicated by the depth of the half-formal courtesy she made it. Mr. Perkins met the salutation with a bow equally formal and respectful. He was evidently agreeably surprised at his reception and impressed with her manner. But, like most men of ill-assured social position, he was a trifle suspicious, and on the defensive. With a graceful gesture of her fan the Donna pointed to a chair, but her guest remained standing.

"*I* am a stranger to you, Señor, but you are none to me," she said, with a gracious smile. "Before I ventured upon the boldness of seeking this interview, your intelligence, your experience, your honorable report was already made known to me by your friends. Let me call myself one of these—even before I break the business for which I have summoned you."

The absurd figure bowed again, but, even through the pitiable chalk and cosmetics of its complexion, an embarrassed color showed itself. Donna Dolores noticed it, but delicately turned toward an old-fashioned secretary, and opened it, to give her visitor time to recover himself. She drew from a little drawer a folded, legal-looking document, and then, placing two chairs beside the secretary, seated herself in one. Thus practically reminded of his duty, Mr. Perkins could no longer decline the proffered seat.

"I suppose," said Donna Dolores, "that my business, although familiar to you generally—for you are habitually consulted upon just such questions—may seem strange to you, when you frankly learn my motives. Here is a grant purporting to have been made to my—father—the late Don José Salvatierra. Examine it carefully and answer me a single question to the best of your judgment." She hesitated, and then added: "Let me say, before you answer yes or no, that to me there are no pecuniary interests involved—nothing that should

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make you hesitate to express an opinion which you might be called upon legally to prove. *That* you will never be required to give. Your answer will be accepted by me in confidence; will not, as far as the world is concerned, alter the money value of this document; will leave you free hereafter to express a different opinion, or even to reverse your judgment publicly if the occasion requires it. You seem astounded, Señor Perkins. But I am a rich woman. I have no need to ask your judgment to increase my wealth."

"Your question is—" said Mr. Perkins, speaking for the first time without embarrassment.

"Is that document a forgery?"

He took it out of her hand, opened it with a kind of professional carelessness, barely glanced at the signature and seals, and returned it.

"The signatures are genuine," he said, with business-like brevity; then he added, as if in explanation of that brevity, "I have seen it before."

Donna Dolores moved her chair with the least show of uneasiness. The movement attracted Mr. Perkins's attention. It was something novel. Here was a woman who appeared actually annoyed that her claim to a valuable property was valid. He fixed his eyes upon her curiously.

"Then you think it is a genuine grant," she said with a slight sigh.

"As genuine as any that receives a patent at Washington," he replied promptly.

"Ah!" said Donna Dolores simply. The feminine interjection appeared to put a construction upon Señor Perkins's reply that both annoyed and challenged him. He assumed the defensive.

"Have you any reason to doubt the genuineness of this particular document?"

"Yes. It was only recently discovered among Don José's papers, and there is another in existence."

Señor Perkins again reached out his hand, took the paper, examined it attentively, held it to the light and then laid it down.

"It is all right," he said. "Where is the other?"

"I have it not," said Donna Dolores.

Señor Perkins shrugged his shoulders respectfully as to Donna Dolores but scornfully of an unbusiness-like sex.

"How did you expect me to institute a comparison?"

"There is no comparison necessary if that document is genuine," said the Donna quickly.

Señor Perkins was embarrassed for a moment.

"I mean there might be some mistake. Under what circumstances is it held—who holds it? To whom was it given?"

"That is part of my story. It was given five years ago to a Dr. Devarges—I beg your pardon, did you speak?"

Señor Perkins had not spoken, but was staring with grim intensity at Donna Dolores.

"You—said—Dr. Devarges," he repeated slowly.

"Yes. Did you know him?"

It was Donna Dolores's turn to be embarrassed. She bit her lip and slightly contracted her eyebrows. For a moment they both stood on the defensive.

"I have heard the name before," Mr. Perkins said at last, with a forced laugh.

"Yes, it is the name of a distinguished *savant*," said Donna Dolores, composedly. "Well—*he* is dead. But he gave this grant to a young girl named—named"—she paused as if to recall the name—"named Grace Conroy."

She stopped and raised her eyes quickly to her companion, but his face was unmoved, and his momentary excitement seemed to have passed. He nodded his head for her to proceed.

"Named Grace Conroy," repeated Donna Dolores, more rapidly, and with freer breath. "After the lapse of five years a woman—an impostor—appears to claim the grant under the name of Grace Conroy. But perhaps finding difficulty in carrying out her infamous scheme, by some wicked, wicked art, she gains the affections of the brother of this Grace, and marries him as the next surviving heir." And Donna Dolores paused, a little out of breath, with a glow under her burnished cheek and a slight metallic quality in her voice. It was perhaps no more than the natural indignation of a quickly sympathizing nature, but Mr. Perkins did not seem to notice it. In fact within the last few seconds his whole manner had become absent and preoccupied; the stare which he had fixed a moment before on Donna Dolores was now turned to the wall, and his old face, under its juvenile mask, looked still older.

"Certainly, certainly," he said at last, recalling himself with an effort. "But all this only goes to prove that the grant may be as fraudulent as the owner. Then, you have nothing really to make you suspicious of your own claim but the fact of its recent

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discovery? Well, that I don't think need trouble you. Remember your grant was given when lands were not valuable, and your late father might have overlooked it as unimportant." He rose with a slight suggestion in his manner that the interview had closed. He appeared anxious to withdraw, and not entirely free from the same painful pre-absorption that he had lately shown. With a slight shade of disappointment in her face, Donna Dolores also rose.

In another moment he would have been gone, and the lives of these two people, thus brought into natural yet mysterious contact, have flowed on unchanged in each monotonous current. But as he reached the door he turned to ask a trivial question. On that question trembled the future of both.

"This real Grace Conroy, then, I suppose, has disappeared. And this—Doctor—Devarges"—he hesitated at the name as something equally fictitious—"you say is dead. How then did this impostor gain the knowledge necessary to set up the claim? Who is *she?*"

"Oh, she is—that is—she married Gabriel Conroy under the name of the widow of Dr. Devarges. Pardon me! I did not hear what you said. Holy Virgin! What is the matter? You are ill! Let me call Sanchez! Sit here!"

He dropped into a chair, but only for an instant. As she turned to call assistance he rose and caught her by the arm.

"I am better," he said. "It is nothing—I am often taken in this way. Don't look at me. Don't call anybody except to get me a glass of water—there! that will do."

He took the glass she brought him, and instead of drinking it threw back his head and poured it slowly over his forehead and face as he leaned backward in the chair. Then he drew out a large silk handkerchief and wiped his face and hair until they were dry. Then he sat up and faced her. The chalk and paint were off his face, his high stock had become unbuckled, he had unbuttoned his coat and it hung loosely over his gaunt figure; his hair, although still dripping, seemed to have become suddenly bristling and bushy over his red face. But he was perfectly self-possessed, and his voice had completely lost its previous embarrassment.

"Rush of blood to the head," he said, quietly; "felt it coming on all the morning. Gone now. Nothing like cold water and sitting posture. Hope I didn't spoil your carpet. And now to come back to your business." He drew up his chair, without the least trace of his former diffidence, beside Donna Dolores. "Let's take another look at your grant." He took it up, drew a small magnifying glass from his pocket and examined the signature. "Yes, yes! signature all right. Seal of the Custom House. Paper all regular." He rustled it in his fingers. "You're all right—the swindle is with Madame Devarges. There's the forgery—there's this spurious grant."

"I think not," said Donna Dolores, quietly.

"Why?"

"Suppose the grant is exactly like this in everything, paper, signature, seal and all."

"That proves nothing," said Mr. Perkins quickly. "Look you. When this grant was drawn—in the early days—there were numbers of these grants lying in the Custom House like waste paper, drawn and signed by the Governor, in blank, only wanting filling in by a clerk to make them a valid document. She!—this impostor—this Madame Devarges, has had access to these blanks, as many have since the American Conquest, and that grant is the result. But she is not wise, no! I know the handwriting of the several copyists and clerks—I was one myself. Put me on the stand, Donna Dolores—put me on the stand and I'll confront her as I have the others."

"You forget," said Donna Dolores coldly, "that I have no desire to legally test this document. And if Spanish grants are so easily made, why might not this one of mine be a fabrication? You say you know the handwriting of the copyists—look at this."

Mr. Perkins seized the grant impatiently, and ran his eye quickly over the interlineations between the printed portions.

"Strange!" he muttered. "This is not my own nor Sanchez; nor Ruiz; it is a new hand. Ah! what have we here—a correction in the date—in still another hand. And this—surely I have seen something like it in the office. But where?" he stopped, ran his fingers through his hair, but after an effort at recollection abandoned the attempt. "But why," he said abruptly, "why should this be forged?"

"Suppose that the other were genuine, and suppose that this woman got possession of it in some wicked way. Suppose that some one, knowing of this, endeavored by this clever forgery to put difficulties in her way without exposing her."

"But who would do that?"

"Perhaps the brother—her husband!

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Perhaps some one," continued Donna Dolores embarrassedly, with the color struggling through her copper cheek, "some—one—who—did—not—believe that the real Grace Conroy was dead or missing!"

"Suppose the devil!—I beg your pardon. But people don't forge documents in the interests of humanity and justice. And why should it be given to *you?*"

"I am known to be a rich woman," said Donna Dolores. "I believe," she added, dropping her eyes with a certain proud diffidence that troubled even the preoccupied man before her, "I—believe—that is I am told—that I have a reputation for being liberal, and—and just!"

Mr. Perkins looked at her for a moment with undisguised admiration. "But suppose," he said with a bitterness that seemed to grow out of that very contemplation, "suppose this woman, this adventuress! this impostor! were a creature that made any such theory impossible. Suppose she were one who could poison the very life and soul of any man—to say nothing of the man who was legally bound to her; suppose she were a devil who could deceive the mind and heart, who could make the very man she was betraying most believe her guiltless and sinned against; suppose she were capable of not even the weakness of passion; but that all her acts were shrewd, selfish, pre-calculated even to a smile or a tear—do you think such a woman—whom, thank God! such as *you* cannot even imagine—do you suppose such a woman would not have guarded against even this! No! no!"

"Unless," said Donna Dolores, leaning against the secretary with the glow gone from her dark face and a strange expression trembling over her mouth, "unless it were the revenge of some rival."

Her companion started. "Good! It is so," he muttered to himself. "*I* would have done it. I could have done it! You are right, Donna Dolores." He walked to the window and then came hurriedly back, buttoning his coat as he did so and rebuckling his stock. "Some one is coming! Leave this matter with me. I will satisfy you and myself concerning this affair. Will you trust this paper with me?" Donna Dolores without a word placed it in his hand. "Thank you," he said with a slight return of his former embarrassment that seemed to belong to his ridiculous stock and his buttoned coat rather than any physical or moral quality. "Don't believe me entirely disinterested either," he added with a strange smile. "*Adios.*" She would have asked another question, but at that instant the clatter of hoofs and the sound of voices arose from the court-yard, and with a hurried bow he was gone. The door opened again almost instantly to the bright, laughing face and coquetting figure of Mrs. Sepulvida.

"Well!" said that little lady, as soon as she recovered her breath. "For a religiously inclined young person and a notorious recluse, I must say you certainly have more masculine company than falls to the lot of the worldly. Here I ran across a couple of fellows hanging around the *casa* as I drove up, and come in only to find you closeted with an old exquisite. Who was it—another lawyer, dear? I declare, it's too bad. *I* have only one!"

"And that one is enough, eh?" smiled Donna Dolores somewhat gravely, as she playfully tapped Mrs. Sepulvida's fair cheek with her fan.

"O yes!" she blushed, a little coquettishly—"of course! And here I rode over, post haste, to tell you the news. But first, tell me who is that wicked, dashing-looking fellow outside the court-yard? It can't be the lawyer's clerk.

"I don't know who you mean; but it is, I suppose," said Donna Dolores, a little wearily. "But tell me the news. I am all attention."

But Mrs. Sepulvida ran to the deep embrasured window and peeped out. "It isn't the lawyer, for he is driving away in his buggy, as if he were hurrying to get out of the fog, and my gentleman still remains. Dolores!" said Mrs. Sepulvida, suddenly facing her friend with an expression of mock gravity and humor, "this won't do! Who is that cavalier?"

With a terrible feeling that she was about to meet the keen eyes of Victor, Donna Dolores drew near the window from the side where she could look out without being herself seen. Her first glance at the figure of the stranger satisfied her that her fears were unfounded; it was not Victor. Reassured, she drew the curtain more boldly. At that instant the mysterious horseman wheeled, and she met full in her own the black eyes of Mr. Jack Hamlin. Donna Dolores instantly dropped the curtain and turned to her friend.

"I don't know!"

"Truly, Dolores?"

"Truly, Maria."

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"Well, I believe you. I suppose, then, it must be *me!*"

Donna Dolores smiled, and playfully patted Mrs. Sepulvida's joyous face.

"Well then?—" she said invitingly.

"Well then," responded Mrs. Sepulvida, half in embarrassment and half in satisfaction.

"The news!" said Donna Dolores.

"Oh—well," said Mrs. Sepulvida, with mock deliberation. "It has come at last!"

"It has?" said Donna Dolores, looking gravely at her friend.

"Yes. He has been there again to-day."

"And he asked you," said Donna Dolores, opening her fan and turning her face toward the window.

"He asked me."

"And you said—"

Mrs. Sepulvida tripped gayly toward the window and looked out.

"I said—"

"What?"

"NO!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN WHICH GABRIEL RECOGNIZES THE PROPRIETIES.

AFTER the visit of Mr. Peter Dumphy, One Horse Gulch was not surprised at the news of any stroke of good fortune. It was enough that he, the great capitalist, the successful speculator, had been there! The information that a company had been formed to develop a rich silver mine recently discovered on Conroy's Hill was received as a matter of course. Already the theories of the discovery were perfectly well established. That it was simply a grand speculative *coup* of Dumphy's—that upon a boldly conceived plan this man intended to build up the town of One Horse Gulch—that he had invented "the lead" and backed it by an ostentatious display of capital in mills and smelting works solely for a speculative purpose; that five years before he had selected Gabriel Conroy as a simple-minded tool for this design; that Gabriel's two and one-half millions was merely an exaggerated form of expressing the exact wages—one thousand dollars a year, which was all Dumphy had paid him for the use of his name, and that it was the duty of every man to endeavor to realize quickly on the advance of property before this enormous bubble burst—this was the theory of one half the people of One Horse Gulch. On the other hand, there was a large party who knew exactly the reverse. That the whole thing was purely accidental; that Mr. Peter Dumphy being called by other business to One Horse Gulch, while walking with Gabriel Conroy one day had picked up a singular piece of rock on Gabriel's claim, and had said, "this looks like silver;" that Gabriel Conroy had laughed at the suggestion, whereat Mr. Peter Dumphy, who never laughed, had turned about curtly and demanded in his usual sharp business way, "Will you take seventeen millions for all your right and title to this claim?" That Gabriel—"you know what a blank fool Gabe is!"—had assented, "and this way, sir, actually disposed of a property worth on the lowest calculation one hundred and fifty millions"—this was the generally accepted theory of the other and more imaginative portion of One Horse Gulch.

Howbeit, within the next few weeks following the advent of Mr. Dumphy, the very soil seemed to have quickened through that sunshine, and all over the settlement pieces of plank and scantling—the thin blades of new dwellings—started up under that beneficent presence. On the bleak hill-sides the more extensive foundations of the Conroy Smelting Works were laid. The modest boarding-house and restaurant of Mrs. Markle was found inadequate to the wants and inconsistent with the greatness of One Horse Gulch, and a new hotel was erected. But here I am anticipating another evidence of progress—namely, the daily newspaper—in which these wants were reported with a combination of ease and elegance I shall endeavor to transcribe. Said the "Times:"

"The Grand Conroy House, now being inaugurated, will be managed by Mrs. Susan Markle, whose talents as a *chef de cuisine* are as well known to One Horse Gulch as her rare social graces and magnificent personal charms. She will be aided by her former accomplished assistant, Miss Sarah Clark. As a hash slinger, Sal can walk over anything of her weight in Plumas."

With these and other evidences of an improvement in public taste, the old baleful title of "One Horse Gulch" was deemed incongruous. It was proposed to change that name to "Silveropolis," there being, in the figurative language of the Gulch, "more than one horse could draw."

Meanwhile, the nominal and responsible position of superintendent of the new works was filled by Gabriel, although the actual business and executive duty was performed by a sharp, snappy young fellow of about half Gabriel's size, supplied by the Company. This was in accordance with the wishes of Gabriel, who could not bear idleness; and

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the Company, although distrusting his administrative ability, wisely recognized his great power over the workmen through the popularity of his easy democratic manners, and his disposition always to lend his valuable physical assistance in case of emergency. Gabriel had become a great favorite with the men ever since they found that prosperity had not altered his simple nature. It was pleasant to them to be able to point out to a stranger this plain, unostentatious, powerful giant, working like themselves and with themselves, with the added information that he owned half the mine, and was worth seventeen millions! Always a shy and rather lonely man, his wealth seemed to have driven him, by its very oppressiveness, to the society of his humble fellows for relief. A certain deprecatoriness of manner whenever his riches were alluded to strengthened the belief of some in that theory, that he was merely the creature of Dumphy's speculation.

Although Gabriel was always assigned a small and insignificant part in the present prosperity of One Horse Flat, it was somewhat characteristic of the peculiar wrongheadedness of that community, that no one ever suspected his wife of any complicity in it. It had been long since settled that her superiority to her husband was chiefly the feminine charm of social grace and physical attraction. That, warmed by the sunshine of affluence, this butterfly would wantonly flit from flower to flower, and eventually quit her husband and One Horse Gulch for some more genial clime, was never doubted. "She'll make them millions fly, ef she hez to fly with it," was the tenor of local criticism. A pity, not unmixed with contempt, was felt for Gabriel's apparent indifference to this prophetic outlook; his absolute insensibility to his wife's ambiguous reputation was looked upon as the hopelessness of a thoroughly deceived man. Even Mrs. Markle, whose attempts to mollify Olly had been received coldly by that young woman—even she was a convert to the theory of the complete domination of the Conroy household by this alien and stranger.

But despite this baleful prophecy Mrs. Conroy did not fly nor show any inclination to leave her husband. A new house was built, with that rapidity of production which belonged to the climate, among the pines of Conroy's hill, and, on the hottest summer day still exuded the fresh sap of its green timbers and exhaled a woodland spicery Here the good taste of Mrs. Conroy flowered in chintz, and was always fresh and feminine in white muslin curtains and pretty carpets, and hither the fraternal love of Gabriel brought a grand piano for the use of Olly, and a teacher. Hither also came the best citizens of the county—even the notabilities of the State, feeling that Mr. Dumphy had, to a certain extent, made One Horse Gulch respectable, soon found out also that Mrs. Conroy was attractive; the Hon. Blank had dined there on the occasion of his last visit to his constituents of the Gulch; the Hon. Judge Beeswinger had told in her parlor several of his most effective stories. Col. Starbottle's manly breast had dilated over her dish-covers, and he had carried away with him not only a vivid appreciation of her charms, capable of future eloquent expression, but a very vivid idea of his own fascinations, equally incapable of concealment. Gabriel himself rarely occupied the house except for the exigencies of food and nightly shelter. If decoyed there at other times by specious invitation of Olly, he compromised by sitting on the back porch in his shirt sleeves, alleging as a reason his fear of the contaminating influence of his short black pipe.

"Don't ye mind *me*, July," he would say, when his spouse with anxious face and deprecatory manner, would waive her native fastidiousness and aver that "she liked it." "Don't ye mind me, I admire to sit out yer. I'm a heap more comfortable outer doors, and allus waz. I reckon the smell might get into them curtings and then—and then—" added Gabriel, quietly ignoring the look of pleased expostulation with which Mrs. Conroy recognized this fancied recognition of her tastes—"and then—*Olly's friends and thet teacher*, not being round like you and me allez and used to it, *they* mightn't like it. And I've heerd that the smell of nigger-head terbacker do git inter the strings of a pianner and kinder stops the music. A pianner's a mighty cur'us thing. I've heerd say they're as dilikit and ailin' ez a child. Look in 'em and see them little strings a twistin' and crossin' each other, like the reins of a six mule team, and it ain't no wonder they gets mixed up often."

It was not Gabriel's way to notice his wife's manner very closely, but if he had at that moment, he might have fancied that there were other instruments whose fine chords were as subject to irritation and discordant disturbance. Perhaps only vaguely conscious of some womanish sullenness on his wife's part, Gabriel would at such times

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disengage himself as being the possible disorganizing element and lounge away. His favorite place of resort was his former cabin, now tenantless and in rapid decay, but which he had refused to dispose of, even after the erection of his two later dwellings rendered it an unnecessary and unsightly encumbrance of his lands. He loved to linger by the deserted hearth and smoke his pipe in solitude, not from any sentiment, conscious or unconscious, but from a force of habit, that was in this lonely man, almost as pathetic.

He may have become aware at this time that a certain growing disparity of sentiment and taste, which he had before noticed with a vague pain and wonder, rendered his gradual separation from Olly a necessity of her well-doing. He had, indeed, revealed this to her on several occasions with that frankness which was natural to him. He had apologized with marked politeness to her music-teacher, who had once invited him to observe Olly's proficiency, by saying, in general terms, that he "took no stock in chunes. I reckon it's about ez easy, Miss, if ye don't ring me in. Thet chile's got to get on without thinking o' me or my 'pinion, allowin' it was wuth thinkin' on." Once meeting Olly walking with some older and more fashionable school friends whom she had invited from Sacramento, he had delicately avoided them with a sudden and undue consciousness of his great bulk and his slow-moving intellect, painfully sensitive to what seemed to him to be the preternatural quickness of the young people, and turned into a by-path.

On the other hand it is possible that, with the novelty of her new situation and the increased importance that wealth brought to Olly, she had become more and more oblivious of her brother's feelings, and perhaps less persistent in her endeavors to draw him toward her. She knew that he had attained an equal importance among his fellows from this very wealth, and also a certain evident, palpable, superficial respect which satisfied her. With her restless ambition, and the new life that was opening before her, his slower, old-fashioned methods, his absolute rusticity—that day by day appeared more strongly in contrast to his surroundings—began to irritate where it had formerly only touched her sensibilities. From this irritation she at last escaped by the unfailing processes of youth and the fascination of newer impressions. And so, day by day and hour by hour, they drifted slowly apart, until one day Mrs. Conroy was pleasantly startled by an announcement from Gabriel that he had completed arrangements to send Olly to boarding-school in Sacramento. It was understood, also, that this was only a necessary preliminary to the departure of herself and husband for a long promised tour of Europe.

As it was impossible for one of Gabriel's simple nature to keep his plans entirely secret, Olly was perfectly aware of his intention, and prepared for the formal announcement, which she knew would come in Gabriel's quaint, serious way. In the critical attitude which the child had taken toward him, she was more or less irritated, as an older person might have been, with the air of grave cautiousness with which Gabriel usually explained that conduct and manner which were perfectly apparent and open from the beginning. It was during a long walk in which the pair had strayed among the evergreen woods, when they came upon the little dismantled cabin. Here Gabriel stopped. Olly glanced around the spot, and shrugged her shoulders. Gabriel, more mindful of Olly's manner than he had ever been of any other of her sex, instantly understood it.

"It ain't a purty place, Olly," he began, rubbing his hands; "but we've had high ole times yer—you and me. Don't ye mind the nights I used to kem up from the gulch and pitch in to mendin' your gownds, Olly, and you asleep? Don't ye mind that-ar dress I copper-fastened?" and Gabriel laughed loudly, and yet a little doubtfully.

Olly laughed too, but not quite so heartily as her brother, and cast her eyes down upon her own figure. Gabriel followed the direction of her glance. It was not perhaps easy to re-create in the figure before him the *outré* little waif who such a short time—such a long time ago—had sat at his feet in that very cabin. It was not alone that Olly was better dressed, and her hair more tastefully arranged, but she seemed in some way to have become more refined and fastidious—a fastidiousness that was plainly an outgrowth of something that she possessed but *he* did not. As he looked at her, another vague hope that he had fostered—a fond belief that as she grew taller she would come to look like Grace, and so revive the missing sister in his memory—this seemed to fade away before him. Yet it was characteristic of the unselfishness of his nature that he did not attribute this disappointment to her alone, but rather to some latent principle in human nature whereof he had been ignorant.

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He had even gone so far as to invite criticism on a hypothetical case from the sagacious Johnson.

"It's the difference atween human natur' and brute natur'," that philosopher had answered promptly. "A purp's the same purp allez, even arter it's a grown dorg, but a child ain't—it's the difference atween reason and instink."

But Olly, to whom this scene recalled another circumstance, did not participate in Gabriel's particular reminiscence.

"Don't you remember, Gabe," she said quickly, "the first night that sister July came here and stood right in that very door! Lord! how flabergasted we was to be sure! And if anybody'd told me, Gabe, that *she* was going to marry *you*—I'd, I'd a knocked e'm down," she blurted out, after hesitating for a suitable climax.

Gabriel, who in his turn did not seem to be particularly touched with Olly's form of reminiscence, rose instantly above all sentiment in a consideration of the proprieties.

"Ye shouldn't talk o' knockin' people down, Olly—it ain't decent for a young gal," he said quickly. "Not that *I* mind it," he added, with his usual apology, "but allowin' that some of them purty little friends o' yours or teacher now should hear ye! Sit down for a spell, Olly. I've suthin to tell ye."

He took her hand in his, and made her sit beside him on the rude stone that served as the old door-step of the cabin.

"May be ye might remember," he went on, lightly lifting her hand in his, and striking it gently across his knee to beget an easy, confidential manner—"may be ye might remember that I allers allowed to do two things ef ever I might make a strike—one was to give you a good schoolin', the other was to find Grace, if so be as she was above the yearth. They waz many ways o' findin out—many ways o' settin at it, but they warn't *my* ways. I allus allowed that ef thet child was in harkenin' distance o' the reach o' my call, she'd hear me. I mout have took other men to help me—men ez was sharp in them things, men ez was in that trade—but I didn't. And why?"

Olly intimated by an impatient shake of her head that she didn't know.

"Because she was that shy and skary with strangers. Ye disremember how shy she was, Olly, in them days, for ye was too young to notice. And then not bein' shy yourself, but sorter peart, free, and promiss-kiss, ready and able to keep up your end of a conversation with anybody, and allus ez chipper as a jay-bird—why ye don't kinder allow that fur Gracy as I do. And thar was reasons why that purty chile should be shy—reasons ye don't understand now, Olly, but reasons pow'ful and strong to sich a chile as thet."

"Ye mean, Gabe," said the shamelessly direct Olly, "that she was bashful, hevin' ran away with her bo."

That perplexity which wiser students of human nature than Gabriel have experienced at the swift perception of childhood in regard to certain things, left him speechless. He could only stare hopelessly at the little figure before him.

"Well, wot did *you* do, Gabe! Go on!" said Olly impatiently.

Gabriel drew a long breath.

"Thar bein' certing reasons why Gracy should be thet shy—reasons consarning propperty o' her deceased parients," boldly invented Gabriel with a lofty ignoring of Olly's baser suggestion,—"I reckoned that she should get the first word from *me* and not from a stranger. I knowed she warn't in Californy, or she'd hev seen them handbills I issued five years ago. What did I do? Thar is a paper wot's printed in New York, called the 'Herald.' Thar is a place in that thar paper whar they print notisses to people that is fur, fur away. They is precious words from fathers to their sons, from husbands to their wives, from brothers to sisters ez can't find each other, from——"

"From sweethearts to their bo's," said Olly briskly, "I know."

Gabriel paused in speechless horror.

"Yes," continued Olly. "They calls 'em 'Personals.' Lord! *I* know all 'bout them. Gals gets bo's by them, Gabe!"

Gabriel looked up at the bright, arching vault above him. Yet it did not darken nor split into fragments. And he hesitated. Was it worth while to go on? Was there anything he could tell this terrible child—his own sister—which she did not already know better than he?

"I wrote one o' them Personals," he went on to say, doggedly, "in this ways." He paused, and fumbling in his waistcoat pocket finally drew a well-worn newspaper slip, and straightening it with some care from its multitudinous enfoldings, read it slowly, and with that peculiar patronizing self-consciousness which distinguishes the human animal in the rehearsal of its literary composition.

"Ef G. C. will communicate with sufferin' and anxious friends, she will confer a

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favor on old Gabe. I will come and see her, and Olly will rise up and welcome her. Ef G. C. is sick or don't want to come she will write to G. C. G. C. is same as usual, and so is Olly. All is well. Address G. C., One Horse Gulch, Californy—till further notiss."

"Read it over again," said Olly.

Gabriel did so, readily.

"Ain't it kinder mixed up with them G. C.'s?" queried the practical Olly.

"Not for she," responded Gabriel quickly; "that's just what July said when I showed her the 'Pursonal.' But I sed to her as I sez to you, it ain't no puzzle to Gracy. *She* knows ez our letters is the same. And ef it 'pears queer to strangers, wot's the odds? Thet's the idee ov a 'personal.' Howsomever, it's all right, Olly. Fur," he continued, lowering his voice confidentially, and drawing his sister closer to his side—*it's bin answered!*"

"By Grace?" asked Olly.

"No!" said Gabriel, in some slight confusion, "not by Grace, exactly—that is—but yer's the answer." He drew from his bosom a small chamois-skin purse, such as miners used for their loose gold, and extracted the more precious slip. "Read it," he said to Olly, turning away his head.

Olly eagerly seized and read the paper.

"G. C.—Look no more for the missing one who will never return. Look at home. Be happy. P. A."

Olly turned the slip over in her hands. "Is that all?" she asked in a higher key, with a rising indignation in her pink cheeks.

"Thet's all," responded Gabriel, "short and shy—that's Gracy, all over."

"Then all I got to say is it's mean!" said Olly, bringing her brown fist down on her knee. "And that's wot I'd say to that thar P. A.—that Philip Ashley—if I met him."

A singular look, quite unlike the habitual placid, good-humored expression of the man, crossed Gabriel's face as he quietly reached out and took the paper from Olly's hand.

"Thet's why I'm goin' off," he said, simply.

"Goin' off," repeated Olly.

"Goin' off—to the States. To New York," he responded, "July and me. July sez—and she's a peart sort o' woman in her way, ef not o' your kind, Olly," he interpolated apologetically, "but pow'ful to argyfy and plan, and she allows ez New York 'ud nat'rally be the stampin' ground o' sich a high-toned feller az him. And that's why I want to talk to ye, Olly. Thar's only two things ez 'ud ever part you and me, dear, and one on 'em ez this very thing—it's my dooty to Gracy, and the other ez my dooty to you. Et ain't to be expected that when you oughter be gettin' your edykation you'd be cavortin' round the world with me. And you'll stop yer at Sacramento in a A1 first-class school, ontil I come back. Are ye hark'nin', dear?"

"Yes," said Olly, fixing her clear eyes on her brother.

"And ye ain't to worrit about me. And it 'ud be as well, Olly, ez you'd forget all 'bout this yer gulch, and the folks. Fur yer to be a lady, and in bein' thet, brother Gabe don't want ennythin' to cross ye. And I want to say to thet feller, Olly, 'ye ain't to jedge this yer fammerly by me, fur the men o' that fammerly gin'rally speakin' runs to size, and ain't, so to speak, strong up yer,'" continued Gabriel, placing his hands on his sandy curls, "but thar's a little lady in school in Californy ez is just what Gracy would hev bin if she'd hed the schoolin'. And ef ye wants to converse with her she kin giv' you pints enny time.' And then I brings you up, and nat'rally I reckon thet you ain't goin' back on brother Gabe—in 'Stronomy, Grammar, 'Rithmetic and them things."

"But wot's the use of huntin' Grace ef she says she'll never return?" said Olly, sharply.

"Ye musn't read them 'personals' ez ef they were square. They're kinder conundrums, ye know—puzzles. It says G. C. will never return. Well, 'spose G. C. has another name. Don't you see?"

"Married, may be," said Olly, clapping her hands.

"Surely," said Gabriel, with a slight color in his cheeks. "Thet's so."

"But 'spose it doesn't mean Grace after all," persisted Olly.

Gabriel was for a moment staggered.

"But July sez it does," he answered, doubtfully.

Olly looked as if this evidence was not entirely satisfactory.

"But what does 'look at home' mean?" she continued.

"Thet's it," said Gabriel, eagerly. "Thet reads 'Look at little Olly—ain't she there?' And thet's like Gracy—allus thinkin' o' somebody else."

"Well," said Olly, "I'll stop yer, and let you go. But what are *you* goin' to do without me?"

Gabriel did not reply. The setting sun was so nearly level with his eyes that it dazzled them, and he was fain to hide them

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among the clustering curls of Olly, as he held the girl's head in both his hands. After a moment he said,

"Do ye want to know why I like this old cabin and this yer chimbly, Olly?"

"Yes," said Olly, whose eyes were also affected by the sun, and who was glad to turn them to the object indicated.

"It ain't because you and me hez sot there many and many a day, fur thet's suthin that we ain't goin' to think about any more. It's because, Olly, the first lick I ever struck with a pick on this hill was just yer. And I raised this yer chimbly with the rock. Folks think thet it was over yonder in the slope whar I struck the silver lead, thet I first druv a pick. But it warn't. And I sometimes think, Olly, thet I've had as much square comfort outer thet first lick ez I'll ever git outer the lead yonder. But come, Olly, come! July will be wonderin' whar you is, and ther's a stranger yonder comin' up the road, and I reckon I ain't ez fine a lookin' bo ez a young lady ez you ez, orter to co-mand. Never mind, Olly, he needn't know ez you and me is any relashuns. Come!"

In spite of Gabriel's precautionary haste, the stranger, who was approaching by the only trail which led over the rocky hill-side, perceived the couple, and turned toward them interrogatively. Gabriel was forced to stop, not however without first giving a slight re-assuring pressure to Olly's hand.

"Can you tell me the way to the hotel—the Grand Conroy House I think they call it?" the traveler asked, politely.

He would have been at any time an awe-inspiring and aggressive object to One Horse Gulch and to Gabriel, and at this particular moment he was particularly discomposing. He was elaborately dressed, buttoned and patent-leather-booted in the extreme limit of some by-gone fashion, and had the added effrontery of spotless ruffled linen. As he addressed Gabriel he touched a tall black hat, sacred in that locality to clergymen and gamblers. To add to Gabriel's discomfiture, at the mention of the Grand Conroy House, he had felt Olly stiffen aggressively under his hand.

"Foller this yer trail to the foot of the hill, and ye'll strike Main street, that'll fetch yer thar. I'd go with ye a piece, but I'm imployed," said Gabriel, with infinite tact and artfulness, accenting each word with a pinch of Olly's arm—"imployed by this yer young lady's friends to see her home, and bein' a partikler sort o' fammerly, they raises hell when I don't come reg'lar. Axin' your parding, don't they, Miss?" And to stop any possible retort from Olly, before she could recover from her astonishment he had hurried her into the shadows of the evergreen pines of Conroy Hill.

CHAPTER XXX.

TRANSIENT GUESTS AT THE GRAND CONROY.

THE Grand Conroy Hotel was new, and had the rare virtue of comparative cleanliness. As yet the odors of by-gone dinners, and forgotten suppers, and long-dismissed breakfasts had not possessed and permeated its halls and passages. There was no distinctive flavor of preceding guests in its freshly clothed and papered rooms. There was a certain virgin coyness about it, and even the active ministration of Mrs. Markle and Sal was delicately veiled from the public by the interposition of a bar-keeper and Irish waiter. Only to a few of the former *habitués* did these ladies appear with their former frankness and informality. There was a public parlor, glittering with gilt-framed mirrors and gorgeous with red plush furniture, which usually froze the geniality of One Horse Gulch, and repressed its larger expression, but there was a little sitting-room beyond sacred to the widow and her lieutenant Sal, where visitors were occasionally admitted. Among the favored few who penetrated this arcana was Lawyer Maxwell. He was a widower and was supposed to have a cynical distrust of the sex, that was at once a challenge to them and a source of danger to himself.

Mrs. Markle was of course fully aware that Mrs. Conroy had been Maxwell's client, and that it was while on a visit to him she had met with the accident that resulted in her meeting with Gabriel. Unfortunately Mrs. Markle was unable to entirely satisfy herself if there had been any previous acquaintance. Maxwell had declared to her that to the best of his knowledge there had been none, and that the meeting was purely accidental. He could do this without violating the confidence of his client, and it is fair to presume that upon all other matters he was loyally uncommunicative. That Madame Devarges had consulted him regarding a claim to some property was the only information he imparted. In doing this, however, he once accidentally stumbled, and spoke of Mrs. Devarges as "Grace Conroy." Mrs. Markle instantly looked up.

"I mean Mrs. Conroy," he said, hastily.

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"Grace—that was his sister who was lost—wasn't it?"

"Yes," replied Maxwell, demurely, "did he ever talk much to you about her?"

"No-o," said Mrs. Markle, with great frankness; "he and me only talked on gin'ral topics; but from what Olly used to let on, I reckon that sister was the only woman he ever loved."

Lawyer Maxwell, who with an amused recollection of his extraordinary interview with Gabriel in regard to the woman before him, was watching her mischievously, suddenly became grave.

"I guess you'll find, Mrs. Markle, that his present wife amply fills the place of his lost sister," he said, more seriously than he had intended.

"Never," said Mrs. Markle, quickly, "Not she—the designin', crafty hussy!"

"I am afraid you are not doing her justice," said Maxwell, wiping away a smile from his lips, after his characteristic habit; "but then it's not strange that two bright, pretty women are unable to admire each other. What reason have you to charge *her* with being designing?" he asked again, with a sudden return of his former seriousness.

"Why, her marryin' him," responded Mrs. Markle, frankly; "look at that simple shy, bashful critter, do you suppose he'd marry her—marry any woman—that didn't throw herself at his head? eh?"

Mrs. Markle's pique was so evident that even a philosopher like Maxwell could not content himself with referring it to the usual weakness of the sex. No man cares to have a woman exhibit habitually her weakness for another man, even when he possesses the power of restraining it. He answered somewhat quickly as he raised his hand to his mouth to wipe away the smile that, however, did not come:

"But suppose that you—and others—are mistaken in Gabriel's character. Suppose all this simplicity and shyness is a mask. Suppose he is one of the most perfect and successful actors on or off the stage. Suppose he should turn out to have deceived everybody—even his present wife!"—and lawyer Maxwell stopped in time.

Mrs. Markle instantly fired. "Suppose fiddlesticks and flap-jacks! I'd as soon think o' suspectin' thet child," she said, pointing to the unconscious Manty. "You lawyers are allus suspectin' what you can't understand!" She paused as Maxwell wiped his face again. "What do you mean anyway—why don't you speak out? What do you know of him?"

"Oh, nothing! Only it's as fair to say all this of him as her—on about the same evidence. For instance here's a simple ignorant fellow—"

"He ain't ignorant," interrupted Mrs. Markle, sacrificing argument to loyalty.

"Well, this grown-up child! He discovers the biggest lead in One Horse Gulch, and manages to get the shrewdest financier in California to manage it for him, and that, too, after he has snatched up an heiress and a pretty woman before the rest of 'em got a sight of her. That may be simplicity; but my experience of guilelessness is that, ordinarily, it isn't so lucky."

"They won't do him the least good, depend upon it," said Mrs. Markle, with the air of triumphantly closing the argument.

It is very possible that Mrs. Markle's dislike was sustained and kept alive by Sal's more active animosity, and the strict *espionage* that young woman kept over the general movements and condition of the Conroys. Gabriel's loneliness, his favorite haunt on the hill-side, the number and quality of Mrs. Conroy's visitors, even fragments of conversation held in the family circle, were all known to Sal, and redelivered to Mrs. Markle with Sal's own coloring. It is possible that most of the gossip concerning Mrs. Conroy already hinted at had its origin in the views and observations of this admirable young woman, who did not confine her confidences entirely to her mistress. And when one day a stranger and guest, staying at the Grand Conroy House, sought to enliven the solemnity of breakfast by social converse with Sal regarding the Conroys, she told him nearly everything that she had already told Mrs. Markle.

I am aware that it is alleged that some fascinating quality in this stranger's manner and appearance worked upon the susceptible nature and loosened the tongue of this severe virgin; but, beyond a certain disposition to minister personally to his wants, to hover around him archly with a greater quantity of dishes than that usually offered the transient guest, and to occasionally expatiate on the excellence of some extra viand, there was really no ground for the report. Certainly, the guest was no ordinary man; was quite unlike the regular *habitués* of the house, and perhaps to some extent justified this favoritism. He was young, sallow-faced, with very white teeth and slim, yellow hands, and a tropical, impulsive

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manner, which Miss Sarah Clark generally referred to as "Eyetalian." I venture to transcribe something of his outward oral expression.

"I care not greatly for the flapjack, nor yet for the dried apples," said Victor, whom the intelligent reader has at once recognized, "but a single cup of coffee sweetened by those glances and offered by those fair hands—which I kiss!—are to me enough. And you think that the Meestrees Conroy does not live happily with her husband. Ah! you are wise, you are wise, Mees Clark; I would not for much money find myself under these criticism, eh?"

"Well, eyes bein' given to us to see with by the Lord's holy will, and it ain't for weak creeturs like us to misplace our gifts or magnify 'em," said Sal, in shrill bashful confusion, allowing an under-done fried egg to trickle from the plate on the coat-collar of the unconscious Judge Beeswinger,—"I do say when a woman sez to her husband, ez she's sworn to honor and obey, 'this yer's *my* house, and this yer's *my* land, and yer kin git,' thar ain't much show o' happiness thar. Ef it warn't for hearin' this with my own ears, bein' thar accidental like, and in a sogial way, I wouldn't have believed it. And she allowin' to be a lady, and afeared to be civil to certin folks ez is ez good ez she and far better, and don't find it necessary to git married to git a position—and could hav done it a thousand times over ef so inclined. But folks is various and self-praise is open disgrace. Let me recommend them beans. The pork, as we allus kills ourselves for the benefit o' transient guests, bein' a speciality."

"It is of your kindness, Mees Clark, I am already full. And of the pork I touch not, it is an impossibility," said Victor, showing every tooth in his head. "It is much painful to hear of this sad, sad affair. It is bad—and yet you say he has riches—this man. Ah! the what is the world. See, the great manner it has treated those! No, I will not more. I am sufficient now. Ah! eh! what have we here?"

He lowered his voice and eyes as a stranger, the antique dandy Gabriel had met on Conroy's hill the evening before, rose from some unnoticed seat at a side table, and unconcernedly moved away. Victor instantly recognized the card-player of San Antonio, his former chance acquaintance of Pacific street, and was filled with a momentary feeling of suspicion and annoyance. But Sal's *sotto voce* reply that the stranger was a witness attending court seemed to be a reasonable explanation, and the fact that the translator did not seem to recognize him promptly relieved his mind. When he had gone Sal returned to her confidences:

"Ez to his riches, them ez knows best hez their own say o' that. Thar was a party yer last week—gents ez was free with their money, and not above exchanging the time o' day with working folk, and though it ain't often ez me or Sue Markle dips into conversation with entire strangers, yet," continued Sal, with parenthetical tact and courtesy, "Eyetalians—furriners in a strange land bein' an exception—and them gents let on that thet vein o' silver on Conroy's hill hed been surveyed and it wazent over a foot wide, and would be played out afore a month longer, and thet old Peter Dumphy knowed it, and hed sold out, and thet thet's the reason Gabriel Conroy was goin' off—jest to be out o' the way when the killapse comes."

"Gabriel! going away, Mees Sal? this is not possible!" ejaculated the fascinating guest, breathing very hard, and turning all his teeth in a single broadside upon the susceptible handmaid. At any other moment it is possible that Sal might have been suspicious of the stranger's excitement, but the fascination of his teeth held and possessed this fluttering virgin.

"Ef thar ever waz a man ez hed an angelic smile," she intimated afterward in confidence to Mrs. Markle, "it waz thet young Eyetalian."

She handed him several dishes, some of them empty, in her embarrassment, and rejoined, with an affectation of arch indignation:

"Thank ye fur sayin' I lie—and it's my pay fur bein' a gossip and ez good ez I send—but thar's Olympy Conroy packed away to school fur six months, and thar's the new superintendent ez is come up to take Gabriel's situation, and he a-sittin' in a gray coat next to ye a minit ago! Eh? And ye won't take nothin' more? Appil or cranbear' pie?—our own make? I'm afeerd ye ain't made out a dinner."

But Victor had already risen hurriedly and departed, leaving Sal in tormenting doubt whether she had not, in her coquettish indignation, irritated the tropical nature of this sensitive Italian.

"I orter allowed fur his bein' a furriner and not been so free. Pore young man! I thought he did look tuk back when I jest allowed that he said I lied."

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And with a fixed intention of indicating her forgiveness and good-will the next morning by an extra dish, Sal retired somewhat dejectedly to the pantry. She made a point, somewhat later, of dusting the hall in the vicinity of Victor's room, but was possibly disappointed to find the door open and the tenant absent. Still later, she imparted some of this interview to Mrs. Markle with a certain air of fatigued politeness, and a suggestion that, in the interest of the house solely, she had not repressed, perhaps, as far as maidenly pride and strict propriety demanded, the somewhat extravagant advances of the stranger.

"I'm sure," she added briskly,—"why he kept a-lookin' and a-talkin' at me in that way mind can't consave, and transients did notiss. And if he did go off mad, why, he kin git over it."

Having thus delicately conveyed the impression of an ardent Southern nature checked in its exuberance, she became mysteriously reticent and gloomy.

It is probable that Miss Clark's theory of Gabriel's departure was not original with her or entirely limited to her own experience. A very decided disapprobation of Gabriel's intended trip was prevalent in the gulches and bar-room. He quickly lost his late and hard-earned popularity; not a few questioned his moral right to leave One Horse Gulch until its property was put beyond a financial doubt in the future. The men who had hitherto ignored the proposition that he was in any way responsible for the late improvement in business, now openly condemned him for abandoning the position they declared he never had. The "Silveropolis Messenger" talked vaguely of the danger of "changing superintendents" at such a moment, and hinted that the stock of the company would suffer. The rival paper—for it was found that the interests of the town required a separate and distinct expression—had an editorial on "absenteeism," and spoke crushingly of those men who, having enriched themselves out of the resources of One Horse Gulch, were now seeking to dissipate that wealth in the excesses of foreign travel.

Meanwhile the humble object of this criticism, oblivious in his humility of any public interest in his movements or intentions, busied himself in preparations for his departure. He had refused the offer of a large rent for his house from the new superintendent, but had retained a trusty servant to keep it, with a view to the possible return of Grace.

"Ef thar mout ever come a young gal yer lookin' fur me," he said privately to this servant, "yer not to ask any questions, partiklaly ef she looks sorter shy and bashful, but ye'll gin her the best room in the house and send to me by igspress, and ye needn't say anything to Mrs. Conroy about it."

Observing the expression of virtuous alarm on the face of the domestic—she was a married woman of some comeliness who was not living with her husband on account of his absurdly jealous disposition—he added hastily:

"She's a young woman o' proputty ez hez troubil about it, and wishes to be kep' secret." And having in this way thoroughly convinced his handmaid of the vileness of his motives, and the existence of a dark secret in the Conroy household, he said no more, but paid a flying visit to Olly secretly, packed away all the remnants of his deceased mother's wardrobe, cut (God knows for what purpose!) small patches from the few old dresses that Grace had worn that were still sacredly kept in his wardrobe, and put them in his pocket-book; wandered in his usual lonely way on the hill-side, and spent solitary hours in his deserted cabin; avoided the sharp advances of Mrs. Markle, who once aggressively met him in his long post-prandial walks, as well as the shy propinquity of his wife, who would fain have delayed him in her bower, and so having, after the fashion of his sex, made the two women who loved him exceedingly uncomfortable, he looked hopefully forward to the time when he should be happy without either.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN WHICH MR. DUMPHY TAKES A HOLIDAY.

It was a hot day on the California coast. In the memory of the oldest American inhabitant its like had not been experienced, and although the testimony of the Spanish Californian was deemed untrustworthy where the interests of the American people were concerned, the statement that for sixty years there had been no such weather was accepted without question. The additional fact, vouchsafed by Don Pedro Peralta, that the great earthquake which shook down the walls of the Mission of San Juan Bautista had been preceded by a week of such abnormal meteorology, was promptly suppressed as being of a quality calculated to check immigration. Howbeit, it was hot. The usual afternoon trade-winds had pre-

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termitted their rapid panting breath, and the whole coast lay, as it were, in the hush of death. The evening fogs that always had lapped the wind-abraded surfaces of the bleak seaward hills were gone too; the vast Pacific lay still and glassy, glittering, but intolerable. The outlying sand dunes, unmitigated by any breath of air, blistered the feet and faces of chance pedestrians. For once the broad verandas, piazzas, and balconies of San Francisco cottage architecture were consistent and serviceable. People lingered upon them in shirt sleeves, with all the exaggeration of a novel experience. French windows, that had always been barred against the fierce afternoon winds, were suddenly thrown open; that brisk, energetic step with which the average San Franciscan hurried to business or pleasure, was changed to an idle, purposeless lounge. The saloons were crowded with thirsty multitudes, the quays and wharves with a people who had never before appreciated the tonic of salt air; the avenues leading over the burning sand-hills to the ocean were thronged all day with vehicles. The numerous streets and by-ways, abandoned by their great scavenger, the wind, were foul and ill-smelling. For twenty-four hours business was partly forgotten; as the heat continued and the wind withheld its customary tribute, there were some changes in the opinions and beliefs of the people; doubts were even expressed of the efficacy of the climate; a few heresies were uttered regarding business and social creeds, and Mr. Dumphy and certain other financial magnates felt vaguely that if the thermometer continued to advance, the rates of interest must fall correspondingly.

Equal to even this emergency, Mr. Dumphy had sat in his office all the morning, resisting with the full strength of his aggressive nature any disposition on the part of his customers to succumb financially to the unusual weather. Mr. Dumphy's shirt-collar was off; with it seemed to have departed some of his respectability, and he was, perhaps, on the whole, a trifle less imposing than he had been. Nevertheless he was still dominant, in the suggestion of his short bull neck, and two visitors who entered, observing the *déshabille* of this great man, felt that it was the proper thing for them to instantly unbutton their own waistcoats and loosen their cravats.

"It's hot," said Mr. Pilcher, an eminent contractor.

"You bet!" responded Mr. Dumphy. "Must be awful on the Atlantic coast! People dying by hundreds of sunstroke; that's the style out there. Here, there's nothing of the kind! A man stands things here that he couldn't there."

Having thus re-established the supremacy of the California climate, Mr. Dumphy came directly to business.

"Bad news from One Horse Gulch!" he said, quickly.

As that was the subject his visitors came to speak about,—a fact of which Mr. Dumphy was fully aware,—he added, sharply:

"What do you propose?"

Mr. Pilcher, who was a large stockholder in the Conroy mine, responded, hesitatingly:

"We've heard that the lead opens badly."

"Devilish bad!" interrupted Dumphy, "What do you propose?"

"I suppose," continued Mr. Pilcher, "the only thing to do is to get out of it before the news becomes known."

"No!" said Dumphy, promptly.

The two men stared at each other.

"No!" he continued, with a quick, short laugh, which was more like a logical expression than a mirthful emotion. "No, we must hold on, sir! Look yer! there's a dozen men, as you and me know, that we could unload to-morrow. Suppose we did? Well, what happens? They go in on four hundred thousand—that's about the figures we represent. Well. They begin to examine and look around; them men, Pilcher"—(in Mr. Dumphy's more inspired moods he rose above considerations of the English grammar)—"them men want to know what that four hundred thousand's invested in; they ain't goin' to take our word after we've got their money—that's human nature,—and in twenty-four hours they find they're sold! That don't look well for me nor you—does it?"

There was not the least assumption of superior honor or integrity—indeed, scarcely any self-consciousness or sentiment of any kind, implied in this speech; yet it instantly affected both of the sharp business men, who might have been suspicious of sentiment, with an impression of being both honorable and manly. Mr. Pilcher's companion, Mr. Wyck, added a slight embarrassment to his reception of these great truths, which Mr. Dumphy noticed.

"No," he went on; "what we must do is this: Increase the capital stock just as much again. That will enable us to keep everything in our hands—news and all—and if it should leak out afterward, we have half a

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dozen others with us to keep the secret. Six months hence will be time to talk of selling; just now, buying is the thing! You don't believe it!—eh? Well! Wyck, I'll take yours at the figure you paid. What do you say?—quick!"

Mr. Wyck, more confused than appeared necessary, declared his intention of holding on; Mr. Pilcher laughed. Mr. Dumphy barked behind his hand.

"That offer's open for ninety days—will you take it? No! Well, then, that's all!" and Mr. Dumphy turned again to his desk.

Mr. Pilcher took the hint and drew Mr. Wyck away.

"Devilish smart chap, that Dumphy!" said Pilcher, as they passed out of the door.

"An honest man, by Jove," responded Wyck.

When they had gone, Mr. Dumphy rang his bell.

"Ask Mr. Jaynes to come and see me at once. Go *now!* You must get there before Wyck does. Run!"

The clerk disappeared. In a few moments Mr. Jaynes, a sharp, but very youthful-looking broker, entered the office parlor.

"Mr. Wyck will want to buy back that stock he put in your hands this morning, Jaynes. I thought I'd tell you it's worth fifty advance now!"

The precocious youth grinned intelligently and departed. By noon of that day it was whispered that notwithstanding the rumors of unfavorable news from the Conroy mines, one of the heaviest stockholders had actually bought back, at an advance of fifty dollars per share, some stock he had previously sold. More than that, it was believed that Mr. Dumphy had taken advantage of these reports and was secretly buying. In spite of the weather, for some few hours there had been the greatest excitement.

Possibly from some complacency arising from this, possibly from some singular relaxing in the atmosphere, Mr. Dumphy at two o'clock shook off the cares of business and abandoned himself to recreation—refusing even to take cognizance of the card of one Colonel Starbottle, which was sent to him with a request for an audience. At half-past two he was behind a pair of fast horses, one of a carriage load of ladies and gentlemen, rolling over the scorching sand-hills toward the Pacific that lay calm and cool beyond. As the well-appointed equipage rattled up the Bush street hill, many an eye was turned with envy and admiration toward it. The spectacle of two pretty women among the passengers was perhaps one reason; the fact that everybody recognized in the showy and brilliant driver the celebrated Mr. Rollingstone, an able financier and rival of Mr. Dumphy's, was perhaps equally potent. For Mr. Rollingstone was noted for his "turnouts," as well as for a certain impulsive South Sea extravagance and picturesque hospitality, which Dumphy envied and at times badly imitated. Indeed, the present excursion was one of Mr. Rollingstone's famous *fêtes champêtres*, and the present company was composed of the *élite* of San Francisco and made self-complacent and appreciative by an enthusiastic Eastern tourist.

Their way lay over shifting sand dunes, now motionless and glittering in the cruel, white glare of a California sky, only relieved here and there by glimpses of the blue bay beyond, and odd marine-looking buildings like shells scattered along the beach, as if they had been cast up and forgotten by some heavy tide. Further on, their road skirted the base of a huge solitary hill, broken in outline by an outcrop of grave-stones, sacred to the memory of worthy pioneers who had sealed their devotion to the "healthiest climate in the world" with their lives. Occasionally these grave-stones continued to the foot of the hill, where, struggling with the drifting sand, they suggested a half-exhumed Pompeii to the passing traveler. They were the skeletons at the feast of every San Francisco pleasure-seeker, the *memento mori* of every picnicking party, and were visible even from the broad verandas of the suburban pavilions, where the gay and thoughtless citizen ate, drank, and was merry. Part of the way the busy avenue was parallel with another, up which even at such times occasionally crept the lugubrious procession of hearse and mourning coach to other pavilions, scarcely less crowded, where there were "funeral baked meats" and sorrow and tears. And beyond this again was the gray eternal sea, and at its edge, perched upon a rock and rising out of the very jaws of the gnashing breakers, a stately pleasure dome—decreed by some speculative and enterprising San Francisco landlord—the excuse and terminus of this popular excursion.

Here Rollingstone drew up, and, alighting, led his party into a bright, cheery room, whose windows gave upon the sea. A few other guests, evidently awaiting them, were mitigating their impatience by watching the uncouth gambols of the huge sea-lions, who, on the rocks beyond, offered a contrast to

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the engaging and comfortable interior that was at once pleasant and exciting. In the center of the room a table overloaded with overgrown fruits and grossly large roses somewhat ostentatiously proclaimed the coming feast.

"Here we are!" said Mr. Dumphy, bustling into the room with that brisk, business-like manner which his friends fondly believed was frank cheerfulness, "and on time, too!" he added, drawing out his watch. "Inside of thirty minutes—how's that, eh?"

He clapped his nearest neighbor on the back, who, pleased with this familiarity from a man worth five or six millions, did not stop to consider the value of this celerity of motion in a pleasure excursion on a hot day.

"Well!" said Rollingstone, looking around him, "you all know each other, I reckon, or will soon. Mr. Dumphy, Mr. Poinsett, Mr. Pilcher, Mr. Dyce, Mr. Wyck, Mrs. Sepulvida, and Miss Rosey Ringround, gentlemen; Mr. and Mrs. Raynor of Boston. There now, that's through! Dinner's ready. Sit down anywhere and wade in. No formality, gentlemen—this is California."

There was perhaps some advantage in this absence of ceremony. The guests almost involuntarily seated themselves according to their preferences, and Arthur Poinsett found himself beside Mrs. Sepulvida, while Mr. Dumphy placed Miss Ringround—a pretty, though boyish-looking, blonde, slangy in speech and fashionable in attire—on his right hand.

The dinner was lavish and luxurious, lacking nothing but restraint and delicacy. There was game in profusion, fat but flavorless. The fruits were characteristic. The enormous peaches were blowzy in color and robust in fiber; the pears were prodigious and dropsical, and looked as if they wanted to be tapped; the strawberries were overgrown and yet immature—rather as if they had been arrested on their way to become pine-apples; with the exception of the grapes, which were delicate in color and texture, the fruit might have been an ironical honoring by nature of Mr. Dumphy's lavish drafts.

It is probable, however, that the irony was lost on the majority of the company, who were inclined to echo the extravagant praise of Mr. Raynor, the tourist.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" said that gentleman. "If I had not seen this I wouldn't have believed it. Why, that pear would make four of ours."

"That's the way we do things here," returned Dumphy, with the suggestion of being personally responsible for these abnormal growths.

He stopped suddenly, for he caught Arthur Poinsett's eye. Mr. Dumphy ate little in public, but he was at that moment tearing the wing of a grouse with his teeth, and there was something so peculiar and characteristic in the manner that Arthur looked up with a sudden recollection in his glance. Dumphy put down the wing, and Poinsett resumed his conversation with Mrs. Sepulvida. It was not of a quality that interruption seriously impaired. Mrs. Sepulvida was a charming but not an intellectual woman, and Mr. Poinsett took up the lost thread of his discourse quite as readily from her eyes as her tongue.

"To have been consistent, nature should have left a race of giants here," said Mr. Poinsett meditatively. "I believe," he added, more pointedly, and in a lower voice, "the late Don José was not a large man."

"Whatever he was, he thought a great deal of me!" pouted Mrs. Sepulvida.

Mr. Poinsett was hastening to say that if "taking thought" like that could add a "cubit to one's stature," he himself was in a fair way to become a son of Anak, when he was interrupted by Miss Rosey.

"What's all that about big men? There are none here. They're like the big trees, they don't hang around the coast much. You must go to the mountains for your Goliahs."

Emboldened quite as much by the evident annoyance of her neighbor as the amused look of Arthur Poinsett, she went on:

"I have seen the prehistoric man!—the original athletic sharp! He is seven feet high, is as heavy as a sea-lion, and has shoulders like Tom Hyer. He slings an awful left. He's got blue eyes as tender as a seal's. He has hair like Samson before that woman went back on him. He's as brave as a lion and as gentle as a lamb. He blushes like a girl, or as girls used to; I wish I could start up such a color on even double the provocation."

Of course everybody laughed,—it was the usual tribute to Miss Rosey's speech,—the gentlemen frankly and fairly, the ladies perhaps a little doubtfully and fearfully. Mrs. Sepulvida, following the amused eyes of Arthur, asked Miss Rosey patronizingly where she had seen her phenomenon.

"Oh, it's no use, my dear, positively—no use. He's married. These phenomenons

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always get married. No, I didn't see him in a circus, Mr. Dumphy, nor in a menagerie, Mr. Dyce—but in a girls' school!"

Everybody stared; a few laughed as if this were an amusing introduction to some possible joke from Miss Rosey.

"I was visiting an old school-mate at Madame Eclair's *Pension* at Sacramento; he was taking his little sister to the same school," she went on coolly, "so he told me. I love my love with a G., for he is Guileless and Gentle. His name is Gabriel, and he lives in a Gulch."

"Our friend, the superintendent—I'm blessed," said Dyer, looking at Dumphy.

"Yes, but not so very guileless," said Pilcher,—"eh, Dyce?"

The gentlemen laughed; the ladies looked at each other, and then at Miss Ringround. That fearless young woman was equal to the occasion.

"What have you got against my giant—out with it!"

"Oh, nothing," said Mr. Pilcher, "only your guileless, simple friend has played the sharpest game on record in Montgomery street."

"Go on!" said Miss Rosey.

"Shall I?" asked Pilcher of Dumphy.

Dumphy laughed his short laugh.

"Go on."

Thus supported, Mr. Pilcher assumed the ease of a graceful *raconteur*.

"Miss Rosey's guileless friend, ladies and gentlemen, is the superintendent and shareholder in a certain valuable silver mine in which Dumphy is largely represented. Being about to leave the country, and anxious to realize on his stock, he contracted for the sale of a hundred shares at $1,000 each, with our friend Mr. Dyce, the stocks to be delivered on a certain date—ten days ago. Instead of the stock, that day comes a letter from Conroy—a wonderful piece of art—simple, ill-spelled, and unbusiness-like, saying that, in consequence of recent disappointment in the character and extent of the lead, he shall not hold Dyce to his contract, but will release him. Dyce, who has already sold that identical stock at a pretty profit, rushes off to Dumphy's broker, and finds two hundred shares held at $1,200. Dyce smells a large-sized rat, writes that he shall hold Gabriel to the performance of his contract, makes him hand over the stock, delivers it in time, and then loads up again with the broker's 200 at $1,200 *for a rise*. That rise don't come—won't come—for that sale was *Gabriel's too*—as Dumphy can tell you. There's guilelessness! There's simplicity! And it cleared a hundred thousand by the operation."

Of the party, none laughed more heartily than Arthur Poinsett. Without analyzing his feelings, he was conscious of being greatly relieved by this positive evidence of Gabriel's shrewdness. And when Mrs. Sepulvida touched his elbow and asked if this were not the squatter who held the forged grant, Arthur, without being conscious of any special meanness, could not help replying with unnecessary significance that it was.

"I believe the whole dreadful story that Donna Dolores told me," said she, "how he married the woman who personated his sister, and all that, the deceitful wretch."

"I've got that letter here," continued Mr. Pilcher, drawing from his pocket a folded sheet of letter-paper. "It's a curiosity. If you'd like to see the documentary evidence of your friend's guilelessness, here it is," he added, turning to Miss Ringround.

Miss Rosey took the paper defiantly and unfolded it, as the others gathered round her, Mr. Dumphy availing himself of that opportunity to lean familiarly over the arm of her chair. The letter was written with that timid, uncertain ink, peculiar to the illiterate effort and suggestive of an occasional sucking of the pen in intervals of abstraction or difficult composition. Saving that characteristic, it is reproduced literally below:

"1 Hoss Gulch,
Argus the 10th.

Dear Sir: On acount of thar heving ben bad Luck in the Leed witch has droped, I rite thes few lins hopping you air Well. I have to say we are disapinted in the Leed, it is not wut we thought it was witch is wy I rite thes few lins, now sir purheps you ixpict me to go on with our contrak, and furniss you wuth 100 shars at 1 Thousin dolls pur shar. It issint wut no 1 Thousin dols pur shar, far frummit. No sir, it issnt, witch is wy I rite you thes few lins, and it Woddent be Rite nor squar for me to tak it. This is to let you off Mister Dyce, and hopin it ant no trubbil to ye, fur I shuddint sell atal thinge lookin this bad it not bein rite nor squar, and hevin' tor up the contrak atween you and me. So no more at pressen from yours respectfully,

G. Conroy.

"P. S.—You might mind my sayin to you about my sister witch is loss sens 1849. If you happind to com acrost any Traks of hers, me bein' away, you can send the sam to me in Care of Wels Farko & Co., New York City, witch is a grate favor and will be pade sure. G. C."

"I don't care what you say; that's an honest letter," said Miss Rosey, with a certain decision of character new to the experience of her friends, "as honest and simple

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as ever was written. You can bet your pile on that."

No one spoke, but a smile of patronizing superiority and chivalrous toleration was exchanged by all the gentlemen except Poinsett. Mr. Dumphy added to his smile his short characteristic bark. At the reference to the writer's sister Mrs. Sepulvida shrugged her pretty shoulders and looked doubtingly at Poinsett. But to her great astonishment that gentleman reached across the table, took the letter, and having glanced over it, said positively:

"You are right, Miss Rosey; it is genuine."

It was characteristic of Poinsett's inconsistency that this statement was as sincere as his previous assent to the popular suspicion. When he took the letter in his hand, he at once detected the evident sincerity of its writer, and as quickly recognized the quaint honesty and simple nature of the man he had known. It was Gabriel Conroy, all over. More than that, he even recalled an odd memory of Grace in this frank directness and utter unselfishness of the brother who so plainly had never forgotten her. That all this might be even reconcilable with the fact of his marriage to the woman who had personated the sister, Arthur easily comprehended. But that it was his own duty, after he had impugned Gabriel's character, to make any personal effort to clear it, was not so plain. Nevertheless, he did not answer Mrs. Sepulvida's look, but walked gravely to the window, and looked out upon the sea. Mr. Dumphy, who, with the instinct of jealousy, saw in Poinsett's remark only a desire to ingratiate himself with Miss Rosey, was quick to follow his lead.

"It's a clear case of *quien sabe* anyway," he said to the young lady, "and may be you're right. Joe, pass the champagne."

Dyce and Pilcher looked up inquiringly at their leader, who glanced meaningly toward the open-mouthed Mr. Raynor, whose astonishment at this sudden change in public sentiment was unbounded.

"But look here," said that gentleman, "bless my soul! if this letter is genuine, your friends here—these gentlemen—have lost a hundred thousand dollars! Don't you see? If this news is true, and this man's information is correct, the stock really isn't worth—"

He was interrupted by a laugh from Messrs. Dyce and Pilcher.

"That's so. It would be a devilish good thing on Dyce!" said the latter, good-humoredly. "And as I'm in myself about as much again, I reckon I should take the joke about as well as he."

"But," continued the mystified Mr. Raynor, "do you really mean to say that you have any idea this news is true?"

"Yes," responded Pilcher, coolly.

"Yes," echoed Dyce, with equal serenity.

"You do?"

"We do."

The astonished tourist looked from the one to the other with undisguised wonder and admiration, and then turned to his wife. Had she heard it? Did she fully comprehend that here were men accepting and considering an actual and present loss of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars, as quietly and indifferently as if it were a postage stamp? What superb coolness! What magnificent indifference! What supreme and royal confidence in their own resources! Was this not a country of gods? All of which was delivered in a voice that, although pitched to the key of matrimonial confidence, was still entirely audible to the gods themselves.

"Yes, gentlemen," continued Pilcher; "it's the fortune of war. T'other man's turn to-day, ours to-morrow. Can't afford time to be sorry in this climate. A man's born again here every day. Move along and pass the bottle."

What was that? Nothing apparently, but a rattling of windows and shaking of the glasses—the effect of a passing carriage or children running on the piazza without. But why had they all risen with a common instinct, and with faces bloodless and eyes fixed in horrible expectancy? These were the questions which Mr. and Mrs. Raynor asked themselves hurriedly, unconscious of danger, yet with a vague sense of alarm at the terror so plainly marked upon the countenances of these strange, self-poised people, who, a moment before, had seemed the incarnation of reckless self-confidence, and inaccessible to the ordinary annoyances of mortals. And why were these other pleasure-seekers rushing by the windows, and was not that a lady fainting in the hall? Arthur was the first to speak and tacitly answer the unasked question.

"It was from east to west," he said, with a coolness that he felt was affected, and a smile that he knew was not mirthful. "It's over now, I think." He turned to Mrs. Sepulvida, who was very white. "You are not frightened. Surely this is nothing new to you. Let me help you to a glass of wine."

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Mrs. Sepulvida took it with a hysterical little laugh. Mrs. Raynor, who was now conscious of a slight feeling of nausea, did not object to the same courtesy from Mr. Pilcher, whose hand shook visibly as he lifted the champagne. Mr. Dumphy returned from the door-way, in which to his own and everybody's surprise he was found standing, and took his place at Miss Rosey's side. The young woman was first to recover her reckless hilarity.

"It was a judgment on you for slandering nature's noblest specimen," she said, shaking her finger at the capitalist. Mr. Rollingstone, who had returned to the head of his table, laughed.

"But *what* was it?" gasped Mr. Raynor, making himself at last heard above the somewhat pronounced gayety of the party.

"An earthquake," said Arthur, quietly.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. DUMPHY HAS NEWS OF A DOMESTIC CHARACTER.

"An earthquake," echoed Mr. Rollingstone cheerfully to his guests. "Now you've had about everything we have to show. Don't be alarmed, madam," he continued to Mrs. Raynor, who was beginning to show symptoms of hysteria. "Nobody ever was hurt by 'em."

"In two hundred years there hasn't been as many persons killed by earthquakes in California as are struck by lightning on your coast in a single summer," said Mr. Dumphy.

"Never have 'em any stronger than this," said Mr. Pilcher, with a comforting suggestion of there being an absolute limitation of nature's freaks on the Pacific coast.

"Over in a minute, as you see," said Mr. Dumphy. "And—hello! what's that?"

In a moment they were on their feet, pale and breathless again—this time Mr. Raynor and his wife among the number. But it was only a carriage—driving away.

"Let us adjourn to the piazza," said Mr. Dumphy, offering his arm to Mrs. Raynor with the air of having risen solely for that purpose. Mr. Dumphy led the way, and the party followed with some celerity. Mrs. Sepulvida hung back a moment with Arthur, and whispered:

"Take me back as soon as you can."

"You are not seriously alarmed?" asked Arthur.

"We are too near the sea here," she replied, looking toward the ocean with a slight shudder. "Don't ask questions now," she added a little sharply. "Don't you see these Eastern people are frightened to death, and they may overhear?"

But Mrs. Sepulvida had not long to wait, for, in spite of the pointed asseverations of Messrs. Pilcher, Dyce, and Dumphy, that earthquakes were not only harmless but absolutely possessed a sanitary quality, the piazzas were found deserted by the usual pleasure-seekers, and even the eloquent advocates themselves betrayed some impatience to be once more on the open road. A brisk drive of an hour put the party again in the highest spirits, and Mr. and Mrs. Raynor again into the condition of chronic admiration and enthusiasm.

Mrs. Sepulvida and Mr. Poinsett followed in an open buggy behind. When they were fairly upon their way, Arthur asked an explanation of his fair companion's fear of the sea.

"There is an old story," said Donna Maria, "that the Point of Pines—you know where it is, Mr. Poinsett?—was once covered by a great wave from the sea that followed an earthquake. But tell me, do you really think that letter of this man Conroy's true?"

"I do," said Arthur promptly.

"And that there is a prospect that the stock of this big mine may depreciate in value?"

"Well, possibly, yes."

"And if you knew that I had been foolish enough to put a great deal of money in it, you would still talk to me as you did the other day down there?"

"I should say," responded Arthur, changing the reins to his left hand, that his right might be free for some purpose—goodness knows what! "I should say that I am more than ever convinced that you ought to have some person to look after you."

What followed this remarkable speech I really do not know how to reconcile with the statement that Mrs. Sepulvida made to the Donna Dolores a few chapters ago, and I therefore discreetly refrain from transcribing it here. Suffice it to say, that the buggy did not come up with the *char-a-banc* and the rest of the party until long after they had arrived at Mr. Dumphy's stately mansion on Rincon Hill, where another costly and elaborate collation was prepared. Mr. Dumphy evidently was in spirits, and had so far overcome his usual awe and distrust of Arthur, as well as the slight jealousy he had experienced an hour or so before, as to approach that gentleman with a degree of cheerful familiarity that astonished and amused the self-sustained Arthur, who perhaps at

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that time had more reason for his usual conceit than before. Arthur, who knew, or thought he knew, that Miss Ringround was only coquetting with Mr. Dumphy for the laudable purpose of making the more ambitious of her sex miserable, and that she did not care for his person or position, was a good deal amused at finding the young lady the subject of Mr. Dumphy's sudden confidences.

"You see, Poinsett, as a man of business I don't go as much into society as you do, but she seems to be a straight up and down girl, eh?" he queried, as they stood together in the vestibule after the ladies had departed. It is hardly necessary to say that Arthur was positive and sincere in his praise of the young woman. Mr. Dumphy, by some obscure mental process, taking much of the praise to himself, was highly elated, and perhaps tempted to a greater vinous indulgence than was his habit. Howbeit, the last bottle of champagne seemed to have obliterated all past suspicion of Arthur, and he shook him warmly by the hand.

"I tell ye what now, Poinsett, if there are any points I can give you, don't you be afraid to ask for 'em. I can see what's up between you and the widow. Honor, you know. All right, my boy. She's in the Conroy lode pretty deep, but I'll help her out and you too. You've got a good thing there, Poinsett, and I want you to realize. We understand each other, eh? You'll find me a square man with my friends, Poinsett. Pitch in; pitch in. My advice to you is to just pitch in and marry the widow. She's worth it. You can realize on her—you can, by Jove! You see you and me's, so to speak, ole pards, eh? You rek'leck old times on Sweetwater, eh? Well, if you mus' go, goo'-bi! I s'pose she's waitin' for ye. Look you, Poinsy, d'ye see this yer posy in my button-hole? She give it to me. Rosey did, eh? Strike me dead if she didn't, ha! ha! Won't tak' nothin' drink? Lesh open n'or bo'll. No? Goori!" until, struggling between disgust, amusement, and self-depreciation, Arthur absolutely tore himself away from the great financier and his degrading confidences.

When Mr. Dumphy staggered back into his drawing-room, a servant met him with a card.

"The gentl'man says it's very important business, and he must see you to-night," he said hastily, anticipating the oath and indignant protest of his master. "He says it's your business, sir, and not his. He's been waiting here since you came back, sir."

Mr. Dumphy took the card. It bore the inscription in pencil, "Colonel Starbottle, Siskiyou, on important business." Mr. Dumphy reflected a moment. The magical word "business" brought him to himself.

"Show him in—in the office," he said savagely, and retired thither.

● Anybody less practical than Peter Dumphy would have dignified the large showy room in which he entered as the library. The rich mahogany shelves were filled with a heterogeneous collection of recent books, very fresh, very new, and glaring as to binding and subject; the walls were hung with files of newspapers and stock reports. There was a velvet-lined cabinet containing minerals—all of them gold or silver-bearing. There was a map of an island that Mr. Dumphy owned; there was a marine view, with a representation of a steamship, also owned by Mr. Dumphy. There was a momentary relief from these facts in a very gorgeous and badly painted picture of a tropical forest and sea-beach, until inquiry revealed the circumstance that the sugar-house in the corner under a palm-tree was "run" by Mr. Dumphy, and that the whole thing could be had for a bargain.

The stranger who entered was large and somewhat inclined to a corpulency that was, however, restrained in expansion by a blue frock coat, tightly buttoned at the waist, which had the apparent effect of lifting his stomach into the higher thoracic regions of moral emotion—a confusion to which its owner lent a certain intellectual assistance. The Colonel's collar was very large, open, and impressive; his black silk neckerchief loosely tied around his coat, occupying considerable space over his shirt-front, and expanding through the upper part of a gilt-buttoned white waistcoat, lent itself to the general suggestion that the Colonel had burst his sepals and would flower soon. Above this unfolding the Colonel's face, purple, aquiline-nosed, throttled-looking as to the eye, and moist and sloppy-looking as to the mouth, uptilted above his shoulders. The Colonel entered with that tiptoeing celerity of step affected by men who are conscious of increasing corpulency. He carried a cane hooked over his fore-arm; in one hand a large white handkerchief, and in the other a broad-brimmed hat. He thrust the former gracefully in his breast, laid the latter on the desk where Mr. Dumphy was seated, and taking an unoffered chair him-

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self, coolly rested his elbow on his cane in an attitude of easy expectancy.

"Say you've got important business?" said Dumphy. "Hope it is, sir—hope it is! Then out with it. Can't afford to waste time any more here than at the bank. Come! What is it?"

Not in the least affected by Mr. Dumphy's manner, whose habitual brusqueness was intensified to rudeness, Colonel Starbottle drew out his handkerchief, blew his nose carefully, returned apparently only about two inches of the cambric to his breast, having the rest displayed like a ruffled shirt, and began with an airy gesture of his fat white hand.

"I was here two hours ago, sir, when you were at the—er—festive board. I said to the boy, 'don't interrupt your master. A gentleman worshiping at the shrine of Venus and Bacchus and attended by the muses and immortals, don't want to be interrupted.' Ged, sir, I knew a man in Lousiana—Hank Pinckney—shot his boy—a likely yellow boy worth a thousand dollars—for interrupting him at a poker party—and no ladies present! And the boy only coming in to say that the gin-house was in flames. Perhaps you'll say an extreme case. Know a dozen such—blank me! So I said, 'Don't interrupt him, but when the ladies have risen, and Beauty, sir, no longer dazzles and ergleams, and the table round no longer echoes the er-light jest, then er-spot him! And over the deserted board, with er-social glass between us, your master and I will have our little confab.'"

He rose, and before the astonished Dumphy could interfere, crossed over to a table where a decanter of whisky and a caraffe of water stood, and filling a glass half-full of liquor, reseated himself and turned it off with an easy, yet dignified, inclination toward his host.

For once only Mr. Dumphy regretted the absence of dignity in his own manner. It was quite evident that his usual brusqueness was utterly ineffective here, and he quickly recognized in the Colonel the representative of a class of men well known in California, from whom any positive rudeness would have provoked a demand for satisfaction. It was not a class of men that Mr. Dumphy had been in the habit of dealing with, and he sat filled with impotent rage, but wise enough to restrain its verbal expression, and thankful that none of his late guests were present to witness his discomfiture. Only one good effect was due to his visitor. Mr. Dumphy, through baffled indignation and shame, had become sober.

"No, sir," continued Colonel Starbottle, setting his glass upon his knee, and audibly smacking his large lips. "No, sir. I waited in the er-antechamber until I saw you part with your guests, until you bade er-adieu to a certain fair nymph. Ged, sir, I like your taste, I do, blank me, and I call myself a judge of fine women. Blank it all. I said to myself, sir, 'Blank it all, Star, you ain't goin' to pop out upon a man just as he's ministering to Beauty and putting a shawl upon a pair of alabaster shoulders like that!' Ha! ha! Ged, sir, I remembered myself that in '43 in Washington at a party at Tom Benton's I was in just such a position, sir. 'Are you never going to get that cloak on, Star?' she says to me—the blankest, most beautiful creature, the acknowledged belle of that whole winter—'43, sir; as a gentleman yourself, you'll understand why I don't particularize. 'If I had my way, madam,' I said, 'I never would!' I did, blank me. But you're not drinking, Mr. Dumphy, eh? A thimbleful, sir, to our better acquaintance."

Not daring to trust himself, Mr. Dumphy shook his head somewhat impatiently, and Colonel Starbottle rose. As he did so, it seemed as if his shoulders had suddenly become broader, and his chest distended until his handkerchief and white waistcoat protruded through the breast of his buttoned coat like a bursting grain of "pop corn." He advanced slowly and with deliberate dignity to the side of Dumphy.

"If I have intruded upon your privacy, Mr. Dumphy," he said with a stately wave of his white hand—"if, as I surmise, from your disinclination, sir, to call it by no other name, blank me, to exchange the ordinary convivial courtesies common between gentlemen, sir, you are disposed to resent any reminiscences of mine as reflecting upon the character of the young lady, sir, whom I had the pleasure to see in your company—if such be the case, sir, Ged!—I am ready to retire now, sir, and to give you to-morrow, or at any time, the satisfaction which no gentleman ever refuses another, and which Culpepper Starbottle has never been known to deny! My card, sir, you have already; my address, sir, is St. Charles Hotel, where I and my friend, Mr. Dumphy, will be ready to receive you."

"Look here," said Mr. Dumphy in surly but sincere alarm, "I don't drink because I've been drinking. No offense, Mr. Star-

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bottle. I was only waiting for you to open what you had on your mind in the way of business to order up a bottle of *Cliquot* to enable us to better digest it. Take your seat, Colonel. I've—blast that nigger! Bring champagne and two glasses."

He rose, and under pretense of going to the sideboard, added in a lower tone to the servant who entered:

"Stay within call, and in about ten minutes bring me some important message from the Bank—you hear? A glass of wine with you, Colonel. Happy to make your acquaintance! Here we go!"

The Colonel uttered a slight cough, as if to clear away his momentary severity, bowed with gracious dignity, touched the glass of his host, drew out his handkerchief, wiped his mouth, and seated himself once more.

"If my object," he began with a wave of dignified depreciation, "were simply one of ordinary business, I should have sought you, sir, in the busy mart, and not among your Lares and Penates, nor in the blazing lights of the festive hall. I should have sought you at that temple which report and common rumor says that you, sir, as one of the favored sons of Fortune, have erected to her worship. In my intercourse with the gifted John C. Calhoun I never sought him, sir, in the gladiatorial arena of the Senate, but rather with the social glass in the privacy of his own domicile. Ged, sir, in my profession we recognize—blank me!—some blank quality in our relations, even when professional, with gentlemen, that keeps us from approaching them like a blank Yankee peddler with blank goods to sell!"

"What's your profession?" asked Mr. Dumphy.

"Until elected by the citizens of Siskiyou to represent them in the legislative councils I practiced at the bar. Since then I have been open occasionally to retainers in difficult and delicate cases. In the various intrigues that arise in politics, in the more complicated relations of the two sexes—in, I may say, the two great passions of mankind, ambition and love, my services have, I believe, been considered of value—blank me! It has been my office, sir, to help the steed of vaulting ambition er-er-over the fence, and to dry the er-tearful yet glowing cheek of Beauty. But for the necessity of honor and secrecy in my profession, blank it, sir, I could give you the names of some of the blankest elegant women, and some of the first—the very first men in the land as the clients of Culpepper Starbottle."

"Very sorry," began Mr. Dumphy; "but if you're expecting to put me among your list of clients, I——"

Without taking the least notice of Dumphy's half-returned sneer, Colonel Starbottle interrupted him coolly.

"Ged, sir! it's out of the question; I'm retained on the other side."

The sneer instantly faded from Dumphy's face, and a look of genuine surprise took its place.

"What do you mean?" he said curtly.

Colonel Starbottle drew his chair beside Dumphy, and, leaning familiarly over his desk, took Mr. Dumphy's own pen-holder and persuasively emphasized the points of his speech upon Mr. Dumphy's arm with the blunt end.

"Blank me, sir, when I say retained by the other side, blank it, it doesn't keep me, blank me, from doing the honorable thing with the defendant—from recognizing a gentleman, and trying to settle this matter as between gentlemen."

"But what's all this about? Who is your plaintiff?" roared Dumphy, forgetting himself in his rage.

"Ged, sir, it's a woman, of course. Don't think I'm accusing you of any political ambition. Ha! ha! No, sir. You're like me! it's woman, lovely woman—I saw it at a glance! Gentlemen like you and me, blank it, don't go through to fifty years without giving some thought to these dear little creatures. Blank me, sir, I despise a man who did. It's the weakness of a great man, sir."

Mr. Dumphy pushed his chair back with the grim deliberation of a man who had at last measured the strength of his adversary, and was satisfied to risk an encounter.

"Look here, Colonel Starbottle, I don't know or care who your plaintiff is. I don't know or care how she may have been deceived, or wronged, or disappointed, or bamboozled, or what is the particular game that's up now. But you're a man of the world, you say, and, as a man of the world, and a man of sense, you know that no one in my position ever puts himself in any woman's power. I can't afford it! I don't pretend to be better than other men, but I ain't a fool. That's the difference between me and your clients!"

"Yes; but blank it, my boy, that *is* the difference! Don't you see? In other cases, the woman's a blank, beautiful woman—a blank, charming creature, you know. Gad, sometimes she's as proper and pious

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as a blank nun; but then the relations, you see, ain't legal! But, blank it all, my boy, this is YOUR WIFE!"

Mr. Dumphy, with colorless cheeks, tried to laugh a reckless, scornful laugh.

"My wife is dead!"

"A mistake—Ged, sir, a most miserable mistake! Understand me. I don't say that she hadn't ought to be! Ged, sir, from the look that that little blue-eyed hussy gave you an hour ago—there ain't much use of another woman around, but the fact is that she *is* living, blank it! You thought she was dead, and left her up there in the snow. She goes so far as to say—you know how these women talk, Dumphy—Gad, sir, they'll say anything when they get down on a man—she says it ain't your fault if she wasn't dead! Eh? Sho?"

"A message, sir, business of the Bank, very important," said Dumphy's servant, opening the door.

"Get!" said Dumphy, with an oath.

"But, sir, they told me, sir—"

"Get! will you!" roared Dumphy.

The door closed on his astonished face.

"It's all a—a—mistake," said Dumphy, when he had gone. "They died of starvation, all of them, while I was away hunting help. I've read the accounts."

Colonel Starbottle slowly drew from some vast moral elevation in his breast pocket a well-worn paper. It proved, when opened, to be a faded, blackened, and bethumbed document in Spanish.

"Here is the report of the Commander of the Presidio who sent out the expedition. You read Spanish? Well. The bodies of all the other women were identified except your wife's. Blank it, my boy, why, don't you see why she was excepted? She wasn't there."

The Colonel darted a fat forefinger at his host and then drew back, and settled his purpled chin and wattled cheeks conclusively in his enormous shirt-collar. Mr. Dumphy sank back in his chair at the contact as if the finger of fate had touched him.

(To be continued.)

REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS.

FOURTH PAPER.

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES.

MANY a man has been called a fool for his philosophy, and John Cleves Symmes with his "six or seven concentric hollow spheres, open at the poles," has been visited with much contumely and ridicule. No one, however, has presumed to deny his ability, his earnest, honest intentions, and his invaluable civil and military service in the cause of his country.

The following letters to Colonel Joseph Ward reveal something of the doubt and faint-heartedness in which the Republic was born:

MORRIS TOWN, Sept. 30th, 1780.

MY VERY DEAR SIR: * * * * Have you heard that General Arnold is gone to the Devil? He set out with wind and tide in his favour, and I wish him a safe arrival. As for General Gates, he sports with whole armies at a game. Now he wins, and then he loses, with as much composure as common mortals would a game-cock. Oh, my friend! when shall we be happy? I want to hear from you another lecture on politicks. You are remarkably skilled, I remember, in dispelling political foggs, and I am not a little troubled with them this fall, because of the storm gathering at New York, and likely to burst at Rhode Island, when I had flattered myself with seeing just the reverse. Dear sir, shall we have peace this fall? But I esteem you too much to torment you. Your sanguine hopes flowed from a heart warm with wishes for the happiness and peace of your country. But America will yet triumph. The God of Nature ordains it, or he had never made her a Continent. I have not been able hitherto to get on Long Island, tho' I wished it exceedingly. Polly Symmes grows impatient and I cannot yet go. * * * * I hear that you have settled your Government and chose your Governor. I should be glad to see your Constitution, now you have set the finishing stroke thereto; I think it has some fine touches. Hard money is now at an exchange, Seventy-five for one. New Continental for old Continental is at forty for one. Did I not tell you this, Sir, last winter, when Governor Livingston was present and seemed in a passion at the supposition? The Governor has book learning, but is a mear stranger to mankind.

I have the honor to be, dear sir, with much esteem, your devoted, humble servant,

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES.

COLONEL WARD.

The following letter was written while Mr. Symmes was a member of the Continental Congress from New Jersey:

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NEW YORK, the 24th of July, 1786.

MY VERY DEAR SIR: * * * * The political part of your letter contains sentiments in perfect unison with my own on the state of our nation. I know very well that our enervated situation will afford cause of triumph and songs of joy to our enemies, and the consideration thereof mortifies me most sensibly; but until the several States awake from those baneful slumbers of insensibility, and shake off those groundless jealousies which forbid their vesting in Congress powers adequate to the governing of a nation whose interests are so complicate, and in many respects so local, I do not see but that our political ship must inevitably be wrecked, and I much doubt whether we shall be able to rouse them until some fatal catastrophe involve us once more in blood and war. These are distressing reflections, indeed, and I am ready to cry out: Oh! Such an event must not, shall not, shall not, take place; but, my dear sir, let me ask you what rational grounds there are to induce any other opinion? There is not a State in the Union which may not be charged with great delinquency, many with inveterate obstinacy; some, indeed, with avowed hostility to Congressional measures. And what are we better than other nations of whom history abounds with examples; who, having had pleasing prospects dawning upon them by some inconsiderate act, some fatal dissension, or unaccountable omission, have precipitately fallen from the most envied station to become a bye-word and reproach? Perhaps you may wish to know what we are doing in Congress? Why, Sir, to tell you the truth, in my opinion we do not even do those things for which we have sufficient powers. Very little, indeed, is in our power to do; but this we might do: we might take effectual measures for selling the federal lands. Last year was spent by vainly attempting to carry into execution a plan for laying the whole country into townships of six miles square, previous to the sale of any part. This season the same scheme is again put into operation; but I fear that, like the former attempt, it will prove fruitless, as the Indians are still hostile.

Thus, year after year is wasted away, the public debt enhanced by the interest arising thereon, to say nothing of the great expense attending such a train of surveyors, when, by opening a land-office in some proper place for the purpose of selling the land and granting warrants of survey, the public would be put to no expense, and millions of dollars in certificates would be immediately put into the land-office by men who would not be baffled in their views of taking up the land by a few hostile Indians, as the public surveyors are from year to year, and which cannot well be prevented. When we shall effect a sale and settlement of that most delightful region is altogether uncertain; but my attention at present seems wholly engrossed by the object. I purpose to make a journey into the Western Country in October next with a view of feasting my curiosity in that fertile soil and unparalleled country. I expect to spend a year on the tour. If I live to return, I will do myself the honor to give you a brief relation of its true character. I make no doubt but that in a few years there will spring up in that Western hemisphere many towns, and even cities, of the first distinction. The country is finely interspersed with navigable lakes and rivers well adapted for commerce; and the soil, by all accounts, will prove the Egypt of America. Our posterity may flourish there, in some after age, in a manner of which their progenitors have at present few or no ideas. But, in the meantime, my friend, we have to struggle through a group of surrounding difficulties. God grant us success. And be assured, Sir, that however gloomy my future prospects may be, it shall always brighten my days to hear of your happiness and that of your family, which I beg you will often communicate to dear sir,

Your most obedient & humble servant,

JOHN C. SYMMES.

JOHN WARD FENNO.

We have now to deal with no such calm spirit as that of the eccentric propagator of the concentric philosophy. If there was fire in the composition of any political writer of his time, it burned in the bosom of John Ward Fenno. No man was more free to put the first impulse upon paper, be what it would, and followed by whatever consequences. He wrote during the great reaction, when the press had just wrested itself from the clutch of the strangler, whose violence was still in fresh remembrance.

"I thank God there are no free schools nor printing-presses, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world; and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!" So prayed Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, in 1671. Fifteen years later, Governor Randolph, of Massachusetts, forbade anyone to print without *his* consent. As late as 1733, the Governor of New York, in the case of Zenger, visited the press with his authority. The reaction came. During the last half of the eighteenth century, partisans of the print could not find hard enough words with which to stone the transgressor.

Not much is known of the subject of this sketch, save that he succeeded his father in the management of "The United States Gazette," and was a furious Federalist. John Adams saw much in him which he could not forgive, while others lifted up to him the voice of gratitude. The "Gazette" in '92 was understood to be Hamilton's paper. This fact did not enhance the sheet or its proprietors in Mr. Adams's estimation. Freneau, who edited the "National Gazette" in

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Philadelphia at this time under the o'ershadowing wing of Jefferson, could not be expected to find room in his columns for any gracious words toward Fenno. That he was a power which made itself felt upon his opponents is evident enough. Mr. Adams at one time expresses himself troubled, not only with adverse elements in the Senate and House, but with "a John Ward Fenno and a Porcupine Cobbett out of doors." Again, writing to Skelton Jones in 1809, he speaks more directly: "The causes of my retirement are to be found in the writings of Freneau, Markoe, Ned Church, Andrew Brown, Paine, Callender, Hamilton, Cobbett, and John Ward Fenno, and many others. Without a complete collection of all these libels, no faithful history of the last twenty years can ever be written, nor any adequate account of the causes of my retirement from public life." In the above paragraph Fenno's ability is admitted; but in the fourth of Mr. Adams's series of letters to the "Boston Patriot" appears the following:

"A great clamor was raised among the members of the House of Representatives and out of doors, and an abundance of squibs, scoffs, and sarcasms, in what were then called the Federal newspapers, particularly Cobbett's 'Porcupine,' and John Ward Fenno's 'United States Gazette.' And by whom were these written? * * * * It was given out that John Ward Fenno was the writer of the most important of them, and he was represented as a masterly writer, possessed of a most eloquent pen. *But the pen was not his.*"

He evidently means to charge the offensive paragraphs upon Hamilton. It seems to us that Fenno was an able and honest advocate of what he believed to be right. He was bitter, and undoubtedly often too hasty in the attack; but may not as much be said of his superior, the censor of Quincy? Every man counted one or a cipher at this period of American history, and courtesy was not to hinder the computation.

John Fenno, the father, named the writer of these letters for Colonel Ward, toward whom he ever manifested the warmest affection. The son came naturally to terms of intimate friendship with the favorite of his father, and there was, too, much that was congenial in the composition of the two. Before presenting Fenno's letters to Ward, it is but just, after Mr. Adams's, to record the opinion of Fisher Ames, as set forth in a letter to J. W. Fenno, February, 1800.

"I value the favor of your Gazette as I ought. Those who *think* are not very many, and the world's business, luckily, is not to be done by thinking. A Gazette conducted by a man of keen remark, and who dares to publish what he has discernment enough to comprehend, will, of course, have rivals and slanderers, even among his most clumsy imitators. * * * * Your father was a rare good man: my heart grows heavy as often as I revive in it the remembrance of his death. My affection for his memory, and my regard for you, would authorize me to set myself up through one page as your adviser, if I did not know that, of all rights, those of advisers are the most mistaken and abused."

PHILA., February 10th, 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your communication of the 30th ult. has come to hand, and will be early attended to. The publication of your last produced some furious attacks upon me, public and private; and the Aurora republished the piece with strong reprobation, contained in some comments of a very curious nature. The malice of the whole miserable crew of time-servers and sectaries of *expediency* having been long since exhausted on my head, their noxious efforts I despise as much as I do themselves. When you write me again, I wish you to detail to me the general outline of your case, the amount of the whole debt, and other circumstances that may be material for me to know. I will reinforce you with such assistance as my limited powers can supply, and I will pour into the ears of the few Congressmen with whom my admonitions will be likely to have weight, "truths meet to be known." But I repeat to you again, and I repeat it with a seriousness which is intended to repress any sanguine hope, that I have no expectations of success. If we had men of sense to deal with, the case were far otherwise; but when we survey the phalanx of the federal faith, undoubtedly the flower of the cause in sense and virtue, it is a melancholy truth that we find them miserably deficient. I am not fond to mention names; but, to confine ourselves to the delegation of our own State, there are Lyman, Bartlet, Wadsworth, Shepard, Varnum, Bishop, Otis,—all miserably ignorant of what a legislator ought to know,—that the government of a vast empire is not to be administered upon miserable, narrow, General-Court politics, by saving "a few thousand dollars" here, and a few thousand there, regardless of the means; not, in short, by lopping off *necessities* to encrease means, instead of supplying encreased means to encreased necessities. Should I say to any of these, "Behold the plighted faith of the country broken! and behold an opportunity, which may soon be wanting, to repair it! Sieze this occasion, both on the ground of principle and of policy; of *Principle*, by doing *Justice* to brave men who, with an honorable credulity, trusted you, nobly trusted in your faith at a momentous era; of *Policy*, as tending to wipe away stains imputed by many to the Revolution. Has it not been said that the Revolution had more of violence, fraud, and treachery in it than of honest aim? Has it not been said that the honest men of the Revolution were made the scape-goats of the raving demagogues? And do you not, by withholding justice from these claimants who are veterans

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of the Revolution, do all in your power to confirm these stigmas?"

Should I address this language to any of these, his answer would be, in plain English, tho' sophisticated under a multiplicity of words: "It is not *expedient* to pay these claims." This we deny, and begin an argument with him on the new and abstract question, which said argument we should better display our sagacity in addressing to your Barn-door. "O judgment! thou hast fled to Beasts, and *Men* have lost their Reason." * * * * ——, who is interested (and I am sorry for't) along with you, has gone once more to jail to swindle his creditors. He is a most profligate, blasphemous, enormous, unprincipled villain, democrat and cheat. I pray you avoid him in future. The commercial world seems agitated as with its last convulsions. The trade and the merchants of Baltimore groan, *wholly* prostrate. Five of the most capital houses here have failed, and further ruin daily threatens. Frequent failures occur at New York. One last week for four hundred thousand dollars, and one a short time before for nine hundred thousand; and I am told that the great house of F. & S. Geyer of Boston has failed. You talked in a former letter of going into business again. I wish you would communicate to me from time to time such circumstances relating to your prospects, intentions, &c., as are proper for me to know, for there is no other person left me in whom I take so deep an interest. If, in the execution of any project you may entertain, a few thousand dollars can be of any service to you, it will give me sincere pleasure to be called upon by you. There is no other purpose I can apply money to so useful, honorable, pleasurable, or profitable in the noblest sense, as that of contributing to your convenience. * * * *

Yr. affectionate JNO. WARD FENNO.

PHILA., March 19, 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The pleasure I take in writing to you, would be the cause of your hearing from me much oftener, had I more time and better spirits, and the tax of postage were less exorbitant. Too little attention seems to have been bestowed by Government, on the important object (in this as well as many other departments) of preserving its *friends* from oppressive burthens. My postage amounts to more than two hundred dollars a year; no inconsiderable portion of which, is encountered in furthering objects immediately connected with the defence of Government. The inconvenience I feel on this score, makes me cautious towards my friends. Your last memorial has laid on hand several days, owing to a variety of engagements, and in order to avail myself of some open moment when the houses were not occupied in squabbles about Randolph and Robbins; lest it should be passed by, "unheeded as the idle wind."

The influence of some evil spirit or other, has paralyzed almost every remaining principle of dignity or virtue; and more money is actually consumed in eulogies on a thief, and a pirate, and a murderer, than would have retrieved the broken faith of Government, in the very instance of which we complain. Our Legislators and Cabinet are composed of *small* men, narrow-minded men—*Salem men.*

Stoddart advised, the other day, to laying aside the building of the Seventy-fours. On being rallied that he, being the Sec'y of the Navy, should advise to the diminution of the Navy, he said that it was Mr. Wolcott's fault, that Mr. W. said there was no money. This is the "eternal blazon" they have held up against the payment of your demand, when it is palpable, even to a fool, that nothing can be more shallow. It is a received opinion that free governments cannot subsist without the intervention of some artificial binding-power, whereby it must be made the *interest* of the people to protect the system under which they live. To a certain reasonable point, therefore, the greater the National Debt becomes, the stronger the Government grows.

March 30.

Since I wrote you, a petition of Govr. Gill has been rejected by Congress. It was, I believe, for New Emission Bills, on nearly the same ground with yours. I had some conversation on the subject with your old acquaintance, S. L. I believe he is a very honest man; but (if a weak mortal may venture to say so much of another) the veriest child in understanding, that I ever conversed with. To such men does the wisdom, even of the enlightened Massachusetts, entrust her most momentous concerns. L. says that Congress will never do anything for you. I find myself oftentimes, really inclining to misanthropy; so much villainy, treachery, and business of every kind, do I everywhere meet with. Nothing but my firm belief in an Omnipotent and Just God, could have enabled me to preserve the balance of my mind, thro' the trials I have encountered at one time or other.

Reflection and experience have convinced me that it will be in vain to look for moral principle or fidelity to engagements, in the conduct of any Republican Govt. whatever. It is all nonsense to talk about what Republics *might* be, or what they *ought* to be; we know what they *have* been and what they *are*. The Senate have lately been attempting to take hold of Duane; but he has hid himself, and laughs in his sleeve at them. * * I have published your last communication. Your pieces I perceive to be noticed in various Gazettes, in all quarters. Preaching to deaf ears. I fear you make yourself enemies in Boston by the freedom with which you write and speak. At your time of life, this is unpleasant. It is not the strong grounds of your wrong that will free you from the malicious sneers of the most illiberal, narrow-minded, hypocritical, false-hearted set of people, that ever an unfortunate being's lot was cast amongst. * * * * It is altogether wrong that you should longer continue to have your mind distracted with this wretched affair. If it do not shorten, it embitters your days. My hearty curses rest upon the villains by whom you suffer.

Very truly I am
yr. affectionate friend,
JNO. WARD FENNO.

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THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

THE SECRET OF THE ISLAND.

(Condensed from Jules Verne.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE convalescence of the young invalid was regularly progressing. One thing only was now to be desired, that his condition would allow him to be brought to Granite House. However well built and supplied the corral house was, it could not be so comfortable or secure as the healthy granite dwelling.

It was the 29th of November, seven o'clock in the evening. The three settlers were talking in Harbert's room, when they heard Top utter quick barks.

Cyrus Smith, Pencroff, and Spilett seized their guns and ran out of the house. Suddenly a body leaped over the palisade and fell on the ground inside the corral.

It was Jupe, Master Jupe in person, and at his neck hung a small bag, and in this bag was found a little note traced by Neb's hand. It read:

"Friday, six o'clock in the morning.
"Plateau invaded by convicts.
"NEB."

Harbert, on seeing the engineer, the reporter, and Pencroff re-enter, guessed that their trouble was aggravated; and when he saw Jupe, he no longer doubted that some misfortune menaced Granite House:

"Captain Smith," said he, "I must go; I can bear the journey. I must go."

Gideon Spilett approached Harbert; then, having looked at him,

"Let us go, then," said he.

The cart was brought. Pencroff harnessed the onaga. Cyrus Smith and the reporter raised Harbert's mattress and placed it on the bottom of the cart. The weather was fine. The sun's bright rays glanced through the trees. The engineer and Pencroff, each armed with a double-barreled gun, and Gideon Spilett carrying his rifle, had nothing to do but start.

"Are you comfortable, Harbert?" asked the engineer.

"Ah, Captain!" replied the lad. "Don't be uneasy; I shall not die on the road."

Cyrus Smith and Gideon Spilett walked one on each side of the cart, ready to answer to any attack. However, it was not probable that the convicts would have yet left the plateau of Prospect Heights.

At length an opening in the trees allowed the sea horizon to be seen. But the cart continued its progress, for not one of its defenders thought of abandoning it.

At that moment Pencroff pointed to a thick smoke rising from the mill, the sheds and the buildings at the poultry-yard. A man was moving about in the midst of the smoke. It was Neb. His companions uttered a shout. He heard, and ran to meet them. The convicts had left the plateau nearly half an hour before, after having devastated it.

Harbert had hardly reached Granite House before he fainted away.

CHAPTER VII.

HARBERT'S critical state now outweighed all other considerations.

After recovering from his swoon, the lad fell into a kind of feverish sleep, and the reporter and Pencroff remained constantly near the bed.

It was soon evident that Harbert was now seized by an intermittent fever, and this fever must be cured at any cost before it should assume a more serious aspect.

"And in order to cure it," said Spilett to Cyrus Smith, "we need a febrifuge."

"A febrifuge?" answered the engineer. "We have neither Peruvian bark nor sulphate of quinine."

"No," said Gideon Spilett, "but there are willows on the border of the lake, and the bark of the willow might, perhaps, prove to be a substitute for quinine."

"Let us try it without losing a moment," replied Cyrus Smith.

The engineer went himself to cut a few pieces of bark from the trunk of a species of black willow; he brought them back to Granite House and reduced them to a powder, which was administered that same evening to Harbert. But the relief was only temporary. Harbert gradually grew worse from day to day.

During the night of the 8th of December he was seized by a more violent delirium. His liver was fearfully congested, his brain affected, and already it was impossible for him to recognize any one. It was evident that he now had a malignant fever.

Toward three o'clock in the morning

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Harbert uttered a piercing cry. He seemed to be torn by a supreme convulsion. Neb, who was near him, terrified, ran into the next room, where his companions were watching.

Top at that moment barked in a strange manner.

All rushed in immediately and managed to restrain the dying boy, who was endeavoring to throw himself out of his bed, while Spilett, taking his arm, felt his pulse gradually quicken.

Suddenly Pencroff, uttering a cry, pointed to the table.

On it lay a little oblong box, the cover of which bore these words:

"Sulphate of Quinine."

CHAPTER VIII.

GIDEON SPILETT took the box and opened it. It contained nearly two hundred grains of a white powder, a few particles of which he carried to his lips. It was certainly quinine. This powder must be administered without delay. How it came there might be discussed later.

In a few moments Neb brought a cup of coffee. Gideon Spilett threw into it about eighteen grains of quinine, and they succeeded in making Harbert drink the mixture. Under this treatment the next day some improvement in Harbert's condition was apparent. Certainly he was not out of danger, but the most assiduous care was bestowed on him. And, besides, the specific was at hand; nor, doubtless, was he who had brought it far distant. Ten days after, on the 20th of December, Harbert's convalescence commenced.

As soon as Harbert had fully recovered, the colonists made another expedition to explore the coast near Reptile End, and to discover, if possible, the whereabouts of the pirates. Finding no trace of them, they decided to approach the corral and attempt its capture, if it should be held by the convicts.

In the darkness the reporter and Pencroff advanced to reconnoiter.

Spilett grasped his companion's hand, and both crept toward the corral, their guns ready to fire.

They reached the gate without the darkness being illuminated by a single ray of light.

Pencroff tried to push open the gate, which, as the reporter and he had supposed, was closed. However, the sailor was able to ascertain that the outer bars had not been put up. It might, then, be concluded that the convicts were there in the corral, and that very probably they had fastened the gate in such a way that it could not be forced open. Within everything was quiet.

In a few minutes the others were made acquainted with the state of affairs.

Without hesitating, the little band moved toward the palisade. The engineer, the reporter, Harbert, and Pencroff proceeded to the door to ascertain if it was barricaded inside.

It was open!

"What do you say now?" asked the engineer, turning to the sailor and Spilett.

"I can swear," said Pencroff, "that this gate was shut just now!"

As all five cautiously advanced, they saw a feeble light glimmering through the window fronting them.

Smith signed to his companions not to stir, and approached the window, then feebly lighted by the inner light. He gazed into the apartment. On the table burned a lantern. Near the table was the bed formerly used by Ayrton. On the bed lay the body of a man. Suddenly Cyrus Smith drew back.

"Ayrton!" he exclaimed.

Immediately the door was forced rather than opened, and the colonists rushed into the room.

Ayrton appeared to be asleep. His countenance showed that he had long and cruelly suffered. On his wrists and ankles could be seen great bruises.

"Ayrton!" cried the engineer.

"Where am I?"

"In the house in the corral!"

"Alone?"

"Yes!"

"But they will come back!" cried Ayrton. "Defend yourselves! defend yourselves!"

And he fell back exhausted.

"Spilett," exclaimed the engineer, "we may be attacked at any moment. Bring the cart into the corral. Then barricade the door, and all come back here."

But, at that moment, Top, breaking loose, began to bark furiously and rush to the back of the corral, to the right of the house.

The colonists raised their pieces, and waited the moment to fire. Top still barked, and Jupe, running toward the dog, uttered shrill cries. The colonists followed him, and reached the borders of the little stream, shaded by large trees. And there, in the light of the moon, which had just arisen, what did they see? Five corpses, stretched on the bank! They were those of the con-

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victs who, four months previously, had landed on Lincoln Island!

CHAPTER IX.

As soon as he was able, Ayrton recounted what had happened, or at least as much as he knew. The day after his arrival at the corral, on the 10th of November, at nightfall, he was surprised by the convicts, who had scaled the palisade. They bound and gagged him; then he was led to a dark cavern, at the foot of Mount Franklin, where the convicts had taken refuge.

At last, weakened by ill-treatment, he fell into a prostration so profound that sight and hearing failed him. From that moment, that is to say, since the last two days, he could give no information whatever of what had occurred.

"But, Captain Smith," he added, "since I was imprisoned in that cavern, how is it that I find myself in the corral?"

"How is it that the convicts are lying yonder dead in the middle of the inclosure?" answered the engineer.

Ayrton was astounded. Smith and his companions looked at him without uttering a word. On a sign from the engineer, Neb and Pencroff examined the bodies, already stiffened by the cold. They bore no apparent trace of any wound. Only, after carefully examining them, Pencroff found on the forehead of one, on the chest of another, on the back of this one, on the shoulder of that, a little red spot, a sort of scarcely visible bruise, the cause of which it was impossible to conjecture.

Ayrton now informed them that the "Bonadventure" had been captured and run aground by the convicts. It was agreed that this loss should be repaired as soon as possible. Six months would be required for the construction of a new vessel. Measures were taken at once toward building a vessel of 300 tons. The colonists were now much in the woods felling and carting the lumber, and rapid progress was made with the work.

The winter was passed with very little incident; but in the first days of spring occurred an event of great importance.

On the 7th of September, Cyrus Smith, having observed the crater, saw smoke curling round the summit of the mountain, its first vapors rising in the air.

CHAPTER X.

THE colonists, warned by the engineer, left their work and gazed in silence at the summit of Mount Franklin.

The volcano had awaked, and the vapor had penetrated the mineral layer heaped up at the bottom of the crater. But would the subterranean fires provoke any violent eruption? This was an event which could not be foreseen. However, even while admitting the possibility of an eruption, it was not probable that the whole of Lincoln Island would suffer from it. The flow of volcanic matter is not always disastrous, and the island had already undergone this trial, as was shown by the streams of lava hardened on the northern slopes of the mountains. Besides, from the shape of the crater—the opening broken in the upper edge—the matter would be thrown to the side opposite the fertile regions of the island. Every moment was devoted to finishing the schooner. When night came the workmen were really quite exhausted.

One evening, on the 15th of October, the six colonists all being present, the conversation was prolonged later than usual. It was nine o'clock. Already long, badly concealed yawns gave warning of the hour of rest, when the electric bell, placed in the dining-room, suddenly rang.

The engineer rose. His companions stared at each other, scarcely believing their ears.

"The weather is stormy," observed Harbert. "Might not electricity ——"

Smith went to the apparatus, and sent this question to the corral:

"What do you want?"

A few moments later the needle, moving on the alphabet dial, gave this reply:

"Come to the corral immediately."

At last the mystery was about to be unveiled. The colonists' fatigue had disappeared before the tremendous interest which was about to urge them to the corral, and all wish for rest had ceased. Without having uttered a word, in a few moments they had left Granite House, and were standing on the beach.

At ten o'clock a vivid flash showed them the palisade, and as they reached the gate the storm burst forth with tremendous fury.

Probably the house was occupied by the stranger, since it was thence that the telegram had been sent. However, no light shone through the window.

The engineer opened the door, and the settlers entered the room, which was perfectly dark. A light was struck by Neb, and in a few moments the lantern was lighted and the light thrown into every corner of the room. There was no one

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there. Everything was in the state in which it had been left.

"Have we been deceived by an illusion?" murmured Cyrus Smith.

"Ah! a note!" cried Harbert, pointing to a paper lying on the table.

On this paper were written these words in English:

"Follow the new wire."

The engineer, running straight to the first post, saw by the light of a flash a new wire hanging from the insulator to the ground.

"There it is!" said he.

This wire lay along the ground, and was surrounded with an insulating substance like a submarine cable, so as to assure the free transmission of the current.

The settlers immediately pressed forward. There was soon no doubt that the wire was running directly toward the sea. There, to a certainty, in the depths of those rocks, was the dwelling so long sought for in vain.

At last the wire touched the rocks on the beach. The colonists had reached the bottom of the basalt cliff.

There appeared a narrow ridge, running horizontally and parallel with the sea. The settlers followed the wire along it. They had not gone a hundred paces when the ridge by a moderate incline sloped down to the level of the sea and entered a cave.

Leaning forward, the engineer saw a black object floating on the water. He drew it toward him. It was an iron-plated boat, moored to some interior projection of the cave. Two oars lay at the bottom.

In a moment the settlers were in the boat. The engineer in the bows, with the lantern, lighted the way.

After they had gone about half a mile the colonists suddenly perceived a bright light illuminating this vast cavern, the existence of which nothing had ever led them to suspect.

At a height of a hundred feet rose the vaulted roof, supported on basalt shafts. Irregular arches, strange moldings, appeared on the columns, erected by nature in thousands from the first epochs of the formation of the globe.

They could not be mistaken in the nature of the irradiation thrown from the center light, whose clear rays broke all the angles, all the projections of the cavern. This light proceeded from an electric source, and its white color betrayed its origin.

In the center of the lake a long cigar-shaped object floated on the surface of the water, silent, motionless. The brilliancy which issued from it escaped from its sides as from two kilns heated to a white heat. This apparatus, similar in shape to an enormous whale, was about two hundred and fifty feet long, and rose about ten or twelve above the water.

The boat slowly approached it. Cyrus Smith stood up in the bows. He gazed, a prey to violent excitement. Then, all at once, seizing the reporter's arm:

"It is he! It can only be he!" he cried, "he! ——"

Then, falling back on the seat, he murmured a name which Gideon Spilett alone could hear.

Smith and his companions mounted the platform. An open hatchway was there. All darted down the opening. At the bottom of the ladder was a deck, lighted by electricity. At the end of this deck was a door, which Smith opened.

An immense saloon—a sort of museum, in which were heaped up, with all the treasures of the mineral world, works of art, marvels of industry—appeared before the eyes of the colonists.

Stretched on a rich sofa they saw a man, who did not appear to notice their presence.

"Captain Nemo," said Smith, "you asked for us! We are here."

CHAPTER XI.

AT these words the reclining figure rose, and the electric light fell upon his countenance; the head was magnificent, the forehead high, the glance commanding, the beard white, the hair abundant and falling over the shoulders.

His hand rested upon the cushion of the divan from which he had just risen. He appeared perfectly calm. It was evident that his strength had been gradually undermined by illness, but his voice seemed yet powerful, as he said in English, and in a tone which evinced extreme surprise:

"Sir, I have no name."

"Nevertheless, I know you!" replied Cyrus Smith.

Captain Nemo fixed his penetrating gaze upon the engineer, as though he were about to annihilate him.

Then, falling back amid the pillows of the divan:

"After all, what matters now?" he murmured; "I am dying!"

Cyrus Smith drew near the captain, and Gideon Spilett took his hand—it was of a feverish heat. Ayrton, Pencroff, Harbert, and Neb stood respectfully apart in an angle of the magnificent saloon.

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"You know the name I formerly bore, sir?" Captain Nemo asked.

"I do," answered Cyrus Smith, "and also that of this wonderful submarine vessel——"

"The 'Nautilus'?" said the captain, with a faint smile.

"The 'Nautilus.'"

"But do you—do you know who I am?"

"I do."

"It is, nevertheless, many years since I have held any communication with the inhabited world; three long years have I passed in the depths of the sea, the only place where I have found liberty! Who, then, can have betrayed my secret?"

"A man who was bound to you by no tie, Captain Nemo, and who, consequently, cannot be accused of treachery."

"The Frenchman who was cast on board my vessel by chance, sixteen years since?"

"The same."

"He and his two companions did not perish in the maëlstrom, in the midst of which the 'Nautilus' was struggling."

"They escaped, and the professor has published a book under the title of 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea,' which contains your history."

"The history of a few months only of my life!" interrupted the captain, impetuously. "Wait till you have heard all," he said.

And the captain, in a few concise sentences, ran over the events of his life, relating how he had fought in India, traveled all over the world, and how, failing to find liberty on the earth, he had sought it in his submarine vessel.

The captain had been in the locality of Lincoln Island for six years, navigating the ocean no longer, but awaiting death, when by chance he observed the descent of the balloon. Clad in his diving-dress, he was walking beneath the water at a few cables' length from the shore of the island, when the engineer was thrown into the sea,—and had saved him.

It was he also who had brought back the dog to the Chimneys, who rescued Top from the waters of the lake, who caused to fall at Flotsom Point the case containing so many things useful to the colonists, who conveyed the canoe back into the stream of the Mercy, who cast the cord from the top of Granite House at the time of the attack by the baboons, who made known the presence of Ayrton upon Tabor Island, by means of the document inclosed in the bottle, who caused the explosion of the brig by the shock of a torpedo placed at the bottom of the canal, who saved Harbert from certain death by bringing the sulphate of quinine; and finally, it was he who had killed the convicts with the electric balls, of which he possessed the secret, and which he employed in the chase of submarine creatures. Thus were explained so many apparently supernatural occurrences, which all proved the generosity and power of the captain. Warned by the approach of death, he had sent for the colonists. After this explanation, Captain Nemo turned to the colonists and said:

"You consider yourselves, gentlemen, under some obligations to me?"

"Captain, believe us that we would give our lives to prolong yours."

"Promise, then," continued Captain Nemo, "to carry out my last wishes, and I shall be repaid for all I have done for you."

"We promise," said Cyrus Smith.

"Pay attention to my wishes," he continued. "The 'Nautilus' is imprisoned in this grotto, the entrance of which is blocked up; but, although egress is impossible, the vessel may at least sink in the abyss, and there bury my remains."

The colonists listened reverently to the words of the dying man.

"To-morrow, after my death, Mr. Smith," continued the captain, "yourself and companions will leave the 'Nautilus,' for all the treasures it contains must perish with me. One token will remain. That coffer yonder contains diamonds of the value of many millions. To-morrow you will take the coffer; you will leave the saloon, of which you will close the door; then you will ascend to the deck and you will lower the main-hatch so as entirely to close the vessel."

"It shall be done, captain," answered Cyrus Smith.

"Good. You will then embark in the canoe which brought you hither; but, before leaving the 'Nautilus,' go to the stern and there open two large stop-cocks which you will find upon the water-line. The water will penetrate into the reservoirs, and the 'Nautilus' will gradually sink beneath the water to repose at the bottom of the abyss."

At length, shortly after midnight, a dying light gleamed in Captain Nemo's eyes, and he quietly expired.

Cyrus Smith and his companions quitted the "Nautilus," taking with them the only memento left them by their benefactor, that coffer which contained wealth amounting to millions.

The canoe was now brought round to the stern. There, at the water-line, were two

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large stop-cocks, communicating with the reservoirs employed in the submersion of the vessel.

The stop-cocks were opened, the reservoirs filled, and the "Nautilus," slowly sinking, disappeared beneath the surface of the lake.

CHAPTER XII.

At break of day the colonists regained in silence the entrance of the cavern. It was now low water, and they passed without difficulty under the arcade, washed on the right by the sea.

At nine in the morning the colonists reached Granite House. Their whole attention was now concentrated upon the advancement of the work on the vessel.

The colonists now began to notice the increased violence of the volcano, which grew more and more threatening.

"My friends," said the engineer after several careful examinations, "our island is not among those which will endure while this earth endures. It is doomed to more or less speedy destruction, the cause of which it bears within itself, and from which nothing can save it. This cavern stretches under the island as far as the volcano, and is only separated from its central shaft by the wall which terminates it. Now, this wall is seamed with fissures and clefts which already allow the sulphureous gases generated in the interior of the volcano to escape."

During the first week of March appearances again became menacing. Thousands of threads like glass, formed of fluid lava, fell like rain upon the island. The mill, the buildings of the inner court, the stables, were all destroyed. The sublime horror of this spectacle passed all description. During the night it could only be compared to a Niagara of molten fluid, with its incandescent vapors above and its boiling masses below.

During the night of the eighth an enormous column of vapor escaping from the crater rose with a frightful explosion to a height of more than three thousand feet. The wall of the grotto had evidently given way under the pressure of the gases, and the sea, rushing through the central shaft into the igneous gulf, was at once converted into vapor. But the crater could not afford a sufficient outlet for this vapor. An explosion, which might have been heard at a distance of a hundred miles, shook the air. Fragments of mountains fell into the Pacific, and in a few minutes the ocean rolled over the spot where Lincoln Island once stood.

An isolated rock, thirty feet in length, twenty in breadth, scarcely ten from the water's edge,—such was the only solid point which the waves of the Pacific had not engulfed.

On this barren rock they had now existed for nine days. A few provisions taken from the magazine of Granite House before the catastrophe, a little fresh water from the rain which had fallen in a hollow of the rock, was all that the unfortunate colonists possessed. Their last hope, the vessel, had been shattered to pieces. They had no means of quitting the reef; no fire, nor any means of obtaining it. It seemed that they must inevitably perish.

But, on the morning of the 24th of March, Ayrton's arms were extended toward a point in the horizon; he raised himself, at first on his knees, then upright, and his hand seemed to make a signal.

A sail was in sight off the rock. She was evidently not without an object. The reef was the mark for which she was making in a direct line, under all steam, and the unfortunate colonists might have made her out some hours before if they had had the strength to watch the horizon.

"The 'Duncan!'" murmured Ayrton, and fell back, without sign of life.

* * * * *

It was, in fact, the "Duncan," Lord Glenarvon's yacht, now commanded by Robert, son of Captain Grant, who had been dispatched to Tabor Island to find Ayrton, and bring him back to his native land after twelve years of expiation.

The colonists were saved.

"How could you be aware of the existence of Lincoln Island?" inquired Cyrus Smith, after they had been taken on board. "It is not even named in the charts."

"I knew of it from a document left by you on Tabor Island," answered Robert Grant, producing a paper which indicated the longitude and latitude of Lincoln Island, "the present residence of Ayrton and five American colonists."

"It is Captain Nemo!" cried Cyrus Smith, after having read the notice.

THE END.

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SPRINGS.

I NOTICE that Mr. Higginson, in his pleasant paper on Foot Paths, forgot to mention the path that leads to the spring. This is a path with something at the end of it, and the best of good fortune awaits him who walks therein. It is a well-worn path, and though generally up or down a hill, it is the easiest of all paths to travel: we forget our fatigue when going to the spring, and we have lost it when we turn to come away. See with what alacrity the laborer hastens along it, all sweaty from the fields; see the boy or girl running with pitcher or pail; see the welcome shade of the spreading tree that presides over its marvelous birth!

In the woods or on the mountain-side follow the path, and you are pretty sure to find a spring; all creatures are going that way night and day, and they make a path.

A spring is always a vital point in the landscape; it is indeed the eye of the fields, and how often, too, it has a noble eyebrow in the shape of an overhanging bank or ledge. Or else its site is marked by some tree which the pioneer has wisely left standing, and which sheds a coolness and freshness that make the water more sweet. In the shade of this tree the harvesters sit and eat their lunch and look out upon the quivering air of the fields. Here the Sunday saunterer stops and lounges with his book, and bathes his hands and face in the cool fountain. Hither the strawberry-girl comes with her basket and pauses a moment in the green shade. The plowman leaves his plow and in long strides approaches the life-renewing spot, while his team, that cannot follow, look wistfully after him. Here the cattle love to pass the heat of the day, and hither come the birds to wash themselves and make their toilets.

Indeed a spring is always an oasis in the desert of the fields. It is a creative and generative center. It attracts all things to itself,—the grasses, the mosses, the flowers, the wild plants, the great trees. The walker finds it out, the camping party seek it, the pioneer builds his hut or his house near it. When the settler or squatter has found a good spring, he has found a good place to begin life; he has found the fountain-head of much that he is seeking in this world. The chances are that he has found a southern and eastern exposure; for it is a fact that water does not readily flow north; the valleys mostly open the other way; and it is quite certain he has found a measure of salubrity; for where water flows, fever abideth not. The spring, too, keeps him to the right belt, out of the low valley, and off the top of the hill.

Then there seems a kind of perpetual spring-time about the place where water issues from the ground—a freshness and a greenness that are ever renewed. The grass never fades, the ground is never parched or frozen. There is warmth there in winter and coolness in summer. The temperature is equalized. In March or April the spring runs are a bright emerald, while the surrounding fields are yet brown and sere, and in fall they are yet green when the first snow covers them. Thus every fountain by the road-side is a fountain of youth and of life. This is what the old fables finally mean.

An intermittent spring is shallow; it has no deep root and is like an inconstant friend. But a perennial spring, one whose ways are appointed, whose foundation is established, what a profound and beautiful symbol! In fact there is no more large and universal symbol in nature than the spring, if there is any other capable of such wide and various applications.

In the landscape the spring is the point to start from or to stop at. It is a rendezvous for hunters and explorers and pleasure-seekers, and for the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. What preparation seems to have been made for it in the conformation of the ground, even in the deep underlying geological strata! Vast rocks and ledges are piled for it, or cleft asunder that it may find a way. Sometimes it is a trickling thread of silver down the sides of a seamed and scarred precipice. Then again the stratified rock is like a just-lifted lid, from beneath which the water issues. Or it slips noiselessly out of a deep dimple in the fields. Occasionally it bubbles up in the valley as if forced out by the pressure of the surrounding hills. Many springs, no doubt, find an outlet in the beds of the large rivers and lakes, and are unknown to all but the fishes. They probably find them out and make much of them. The trout certainly do. Find a place in the creek where a spring issues, or where it flows into it from

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a near bank, and you have found a most likely place for trout. They deposit their spawn there in the fall, warm their noses there in winter and cool themselves there in summer. I have seen the patriarchs of the tribe of an old and much-fished stream, seven or eight enormous fellows, congregated in such a place. The boys found it out and went with a bag and bagged them all. In another place a trio of large trout, that knew and despised all the arts of the fishermen, took up their abode in a deep, dark hole in the edge of the wood, that had a spring flowing into a shallow part of it. In midsummer they were wont to come out from their safe retreat and bask in the spring, their immense bodies but a few inches under water. A youth who had many times vainly sounded their dark hiding-place with his hook, happening to come along with his rifle one day, shot the three, one after another, killing them by the concussion of the bullet on the water immediately over them.

In the vicinity of the continents, many springs are no doubt borne directly into the ocean, having no earthly history or career at all, like a child that dies on the day of its birth. Off the coast of Florida many of these submarine springs have been discovered.

It is a pleasant conception, that of the unscientific folk, that the springs are fed directly by the sea, or that the earth is full of veins and arteries that connect with the great reservoir of waters. But when science turns the conception over and makes the connection in the air—disclosing the great water-main in the clouds, and that the mighty engine of the hydraulic system of nature is the sun, the fact becomes even more poetical, does it not? This is one of the many cases where science, instead of curtailing the imagination, makes new and large demands upon it.

The hills are great sponges that do not and cannot hold the water that is precipitated upon them, but that let it filter through at the bottom. This is the way the sea has robbed the earth of its salts, its phosphorus, its lime, and many other mineral elements. It is found that the oldest upheavals, those sections of the country that have been longest exposed to the leeching and washing of the rains, are poorest in those substances that go to the making of the osseous frame-work of man and of the animals. Wheat does not grow well there, and the men born and reared there are apt to have brittle bones and defective teeth. An important part of those men went down stream, ages before they were born. The water of such sections is now soft and very pure, free from mineral substances, but not more wholesome on that account.

Ours is eminently a country of big springs. What are our inland lakes but so many vast springs? What mighty springs are Lake Superior and Lake Michigan! The chain of lakes in Western and Middle New York,—Cayuga, Seneca, Oneida, Otsego,—with water only a little more opaque than the air; Lakes George and Champlain; the lakes in the Adirondacks that feed the Hudson and the St. Lawrence; the wild moose-haunted and loon-flecked lakes of Northern Maine,—all these are not only reservoirs, but in most cases are vast springs as well, scooped out of the plains or the valleys. The small sky-blue lakes, too, on the mountain ranges, as if some god had smote the rock and turned it into water are springs, ice-cold some of them. Such is Lake Mohunk in the Shawangunk range in Southern New York. The mountain stops short, leaving a perpendicular face of rock five or six hundred feet high, and there where the rock went down is the lake, like a jewel in a helmet.

The gigantic springs of the country that have not been caught in any of the great natural basins, are mostly confined to the limestone region of the Middle and Southern States,—the valley of Virginia and its continuation and deflections into Kentucky, Tennessee and Northern Alabama and Georgia. Through this belt are found the great caves and the subterranean rivers. The waters have here worked like enormous moles, and have honey-combed the foundations of the earth. They have great highways beneath the hills. Water charged with carbonic acid gas has a very sharp tooth and a powerful digestion, and no limestone rock can long resist it. Sherman's soldiers tell of a monster spring in Northern Alabama,—a river leaping full-grown from the bosom of the earth as Minerva from the brain of Jupiter; and of another at the bottom of a large, deep pit in the rocks, that continues its way under-ground.

The Valley of the Shenandoah is remarkable for its large springs. The town of Winchester, a town of several thousand inhabitants, is abundantly supplied with water from a single spring that issues on higher ground near by. Several other springs in the vicinity afford rare mill-power. At

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Harrisonburg, a county town farther up the valley, I was attracted by a low ornamental dome resting upon a circle of columns, on the edge of the square that contained the Court-House, and was surprised to find that it gave shelter to an immense spring. This spring was also capable of watering the town or several towns; stone steps lead down to it at the bottom of a large stone basin. There was a pretty constant string of pails to and from it. Aristotle called certain springs of his country "cements of society" because the young people so frequently met there and sang and conversed; and I have little doubt this spring is of like social importance.

There is a famous spring at San Antonio, Texas, which is described by that excellent traveler, Frederick Law Olmsted. "The whole river," he says, "gushes up in one sparkling burst from the earth, with all the accessories of smaller springs, moss, pebbles, foliage, seclusion, etc. Its effect is overpowering. It is beyond your possible conception of a spring."

Of like copiousness and splendor is the Caledonia spring, or springs, in Western New York. They give birth to a white-pebbled, transparent stream several rods wide and two or three feet deep, that flows 80 barrels of water per second, and is alive with trout. The trout are fat and gamy even in winter.

The largest spring in England, called the Well of St. Winifred at Holywell, flows less than three barrels per second. I recently went many miles out of my way to see the famous trout spring in Warren County, New Jersey. This spring flows about one thousand gallons of water per minute, which has a uniform temperature of 50° winter and summer. It is near the Musconetcong Creek, which looks as if it were made up of similar springs. On the parched and sultry summer day upon which my visit fell, it was well worth walking many miles just to see such a volume of water issue from the ground. I felt with the boy Petrarch, when he first beheld a famous spring, that "Were I master of such a fountain I would prefer it to the finest of cities." A large oak leans down over the spring and affords an abundance of shade. The water does not bubble up, but comes straight out with great speed like a courier with important news, and as if its course under-ground had been a direct and an easy one for a long existence. Springs that issue in this way have a sort of vertebra, a ridgy and spine-like center that suggests the gripe and push there is in this element.

What would one not give for such a spring in his back-yard, or front-yard, or anywhere near his house, or in any of his fields? One would be tempted to move his house to it if the spring could not be brought to the house. Its mere poetic value and suggestion would be worth all the art and ornament to be had. It would irrigate one's heart and character as well as his acres. Then one might have a Naiad Queen to do his churning and to saw his wood. "Make the gods themselves do your chore," says Emerson. Yes, or the nymphs either.

I know a homestead situated on one of the picturesque branch valleys of the Housatonic, that has such a spring flowing by the foundation walls of the house, and not a little of the strong overmastering local attachment that holds the owner there is born of that—his native spring. He could not, if he would, break from it. He says that when he looks down into it he has a feeling that he is an amphibious animal that has somehow got stranded. A long gentle flight of stone steps leads from the back porch down to it under the branches of a lofty elm. It wells up through the white sand and gravel as through a sieve, and fills the broad space that has been arranged for it so gently and imperceptibly that one does not suspect its copiousness until he has seen the overflow. It turns no wheel, yet it lends a pliant hand to many of the affairs of that household. It is a refrigerator in summer and a frost-proof envelope in winter, and a fountain of delights the year round. Trout come up from the Weebutook River and dwell there and become domesticated, and take lumps of butter from your hand, or rake the ends of your fingers if you tempt them. It is a kind of sparkling and ever-washed larder. Where are the berries? where is the butter, the milk, the steak, the melon, the cold dish? In the spring. It preserves, it ventilates, it cleanses. It is a board of health and general purveyor. It is equally for use and for pleasure. Nothing degrades it, and nothing can enhance its beauty. It is picture and parable, and an instrument of music. It is servant and divinity in one. The milk of forty cows is cooled in it, and never a drop gets into the cans, though they are plunged to the brim. It is as insensible to drought and rain as to heat and cold. It is planted upon the sand and yet it abideth like a house upon a rock. It evidently has some relation to a little

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brook that flows down through a deep notch in the hills half a mile distant, because on one occasion, when the brook was being ditched or dammed, the spring showed great perturbation. Every nymph in it was filled with sudden alarm and kicked up a commotion.

In some sections of the country, when there is no spring near the house, the farmer, with much labor and pains, brings one from some up-lying field or wood. Pine or poplar logs are bored and laid in a trench, and the spring practically moved to the desired spot. The ancient Persians had a law, that whoever thus conveyed the water of a spring to a spot not watered before should enjoy many immunities under the State not granted to others.

Hilly and mountainous countries do not always abound in good springs. When the stratum is vertical or has too great a dip, the water is not collected in large veins, but is rather held as it falls and oozes out slowly at the surface over the top of the rock. On this account one of the most famous grass and dairy sections of New York is poorly supplied with springs. Every creek starts in a bog or marsh, and good water can be had only by excavating.

What a charm lurks about those springs that are found near the tops of mountains, so small that they get lost amid the rocks and débris and never reach the valley, and so cold that they make the throat ache! Every fox-hunter can tell you of such—usually on the last rise before the summit is cleared. It is eminently the hunter's spring. I do not know whether or not the foxes lap at it, but their pursuers are quite apt to pause there and take breath or eat their lunch. The mountain climbers in summer hail it with a shout. It is always a surprise, and raises the spirits of the dullest. Then it seems to be born of wildness and remoteness, and to savor of some special benefit or good fortune. A spring in the valley is an idyl, but a spring on the mountain is a genuine lyrical touch. It imparts a mild thrill; and if one were to call any springs "miracles," as the natives of Cashmere are said to regard their fountains, it would be such as these.

What secret attraction draws one in his summer walk to touch at all the springs on his route, and to pause a moment at each, as if what he was in quest of would be likely to turn up there? I can seldom pass a spring without doing homage to it. It is the shrine at which I oftenest worship. If I find one fouled with leaves or trodden full by cattle, I take as much pleasure in cleaning it out as a devotee in setting up his broken image. Though I chance not to want to drink there, I like to behold a clear fountain, and I may want to drink next time I pass, or some traveler, or heifer, or milch cow may. Leaves have a strange fatality for the spring. They come from afar to get into it. In a grove or in the woods they drift into it and cover it up like snow. Late in November, in clearing one out, I brought forth a frog from his hibernacle in the leaves at the bottom. He was very black, and he rushed about in a bewildered manner like one suddenly aroused from his sleep.

I know of no place more suitable for statuary than about a spring or fountain, especially in parks or improved fields. Here one seems to expect to see figures and bending forms. "Where a spring rises, or a river flows," says Seneca, "there should we build altars, and offer sacrifices."

I have spoken of the hunter's spring. The traveler's spring is a little cup or saucer-shaped fountain set in the bank by the roadside. The harvester's spring is beneath a wide-spreading tree in the fields. The lover's spring is down a lane under a hill. There is a good screen of rocks and bushes. The hermit's spring is on the margin of a lake in the woods. The fisherman's spring is by the river. The miner finds his spring in the bowels of the mountain. The soldier's spring is wherever he can fill his canteen. The spring where school-boys go to fill the pail is a long way up or down a hill, and has just been roiled by a frog or musk-rat, and the boys have to wait till it settles. There is yet the milkman's spring that never dries, the water of which is milky and opaque. Sometimes it flows out of a chalk cliff. This latter is a hard spring: all the others are soft.

There is another side to this subject,—the marvelous, not to say the miraculous; and if I were to advert to all the curious or infernal springs that are described by travelers or others,—the sulphur springs, the mud springs, the sour springs, the soap springs, the soda springs, the blowing springs, the spouting springs, the boiling springs not one mile from Tophet, the springs that rise and fall with the tide, the intermittent springs, the spring spoken of by Vitruvius, that gave unwonted loudness to the voice; the spring that Plutarch tells about, that had something of the flavor of wine, because it was supposed that Bacchus had been

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washed in it immediately after his birth; the spring that Herodotus describes,—wise man and credulous boy that he was,—called the "Fountain of the Sun," which was warm at dawn, cold at noon, and hot at midnight; the springs at San Filippo, Italy, that have built up a calcareous wall over a mile long and several hundred feet thick; the renowned springs of Cashmere, that are believed by the people to be the source of the comeliness of their women, etc.,—if I were to follow up my subject in this direction, I say, it would lead me into deeper and more troubled waters than I am in quest of at present.

In the Idyls of Theocritus there are frequent allusions to springs. It was at a spring —and a mountain spring at that—that Castor and Pollux encountered the plug-ugly Amycus:

"And spying on a mountain a wild wood of vast size, they found under a smooth cliff an ever-flowing spring, filled with pure water, and the pebbles beneath seemed like crystal or silver from the depths; and near there had grown tall pines, and poplars, and plane trees, and cypresses with leafy tops, and fragrant flowers, pleasant work for hairy bees," etc.

Or the story of Hylas, the auburn-haired boy, who went to the spring to fetch water for supper for Hercules and stanch Telamon, and was seized by the enamored nymphs and drawn in. The spring was evidently a marsh or meadow spring: it was in a "low-lying spot, and around it grew many rushes, and the pale blue swallow wort, and green maiden hair, and blooming parsley, and couch grass stretching through the marshes." As Hercules was tramping through the bog, club in hand, and shouting "Hylas!" to the full depth of his throat, he heard a thin voice come from the water,—it was Hylas responding, and Hylas, in the shape of the little frog, has been calling from our marsh springs ever since.

The characteristic flavor and suggestion of these Idyls is like pure spring water. This is, perhaps, why the modern reader is apt to be disappointed in them when he takes them up for the first time. They appear minor and literal and tasteless, as does most ancient poetry; but it is mainly because we have got to the fountain head, and have come in contact with a mind that has been but little shaped by artificial indoor influences. The stream of literature is now much fuller and broader than it was in ancient times, with currents and counter-currents, and diverse and curious phases; but the primitive sources seem far behind us, and for the refreshment of simple spring water in art we must still go back to Greek poetry.

CUBA WITHOUT WAR.

It is only very young readers who suppose that the discussions between this country and Spain, with reference to the island of Cuba, are of recent origin. Cuba is so near to the United States, and its position in relation to the commerce of the Gulf of Mexico is so important, that from the moment when we acquired Florida in 1820, it has been important for our statesmen to know who was to hold Cuba, and by what tenure it should be held.

When, therefore, John Quincy Adams accredited Alexander H. Everett, his pupil and confidential friend, to represent this Government in Madrid in the year 1825, the Cuban question was a very important matter alluded to in the instructions given to that minister. Mr. Adams had himself, as Secretary of State, negotiated the treaty by which we acquired the Floridas, and all the claims of Spain north of the parallel of 42° as far west as the Pacific. "Solitary and alone," Mr. Adams had forced the Government of the United States up to insisting on the cessions made in this treaty, for his associates in the Government, Mr. Monroe, Mr. Calhoun, and the rest, were lukewarm and indifferent. His own interest in the treaty was intense, for he had the satisfaction of knowing that but for his determination it would never have been secured.

When Mr. Everett arrived in Spain, in the autumn of 1825, he found the King and Government blindly and obdurately determined not to recognize the independence of their colonies in revolt. He also found the Spanish Government utterly without credit and desperately in want of money. Under the circumstances, which he explains in the curious private letter to President Adams, which we are now permitted to print for the first time, he suggested to the Spanish Min-

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ister a plan by which Spain should save her honor, should receive a large sum of money, and should be rid of the military and other charges of the island. On the other hand, the United States would have the real, though not the nominal, possession of Cuba; would control its harbors and its armaments, and especially would be able to keep other powers from possessing it. This plan was simply that the United States should lend to Spain a large sum of money for an indefinite time without interest, while Spain should make a "temporary cession of the island" as security for the repayment of the loan.

Mr. Everett regarded this proposal as at once so private and important, that he detailed it only in a private letter to the President, who was, it will be remembered, his intimate and confidential friend. This is the letter which is now intrusted to us for publication. It will, of course, not be found on file in the archives of the State Department.

It is intrusted to us for publication, under the impression that the scheme proposed is as feasible now as it was then, and might, possibly, now meet very nearly the wishes of all parties. The Government of Spain wants money more than ever, and Cuba is a horrible bill of expense to it. But the honor of Spain forbids that she should sell the island, far more that she should surrender it to the insurgents. On the other hand, the United States does not want Cuba as a State. The people of Cuba are in no condition to become American citizens. The United States wants security that Cuba shall not fall into the hands of an unfriendly power. Without any discredit Spain might place Cuba in our hands as a "temporary deposit" for the repayment of a large sum of money. Our Government would garrison the ports at the harbors, would collect the revenues, and would govern the island as we now govern Alaska or the Washington Territory.

Suppose that, at the end of fifty or a hundred years, Spain wished to return the money and resume the *statu quo?* For all that time things would have been much better than they are.

Suppose, again, that it does not become convenient for Spain at any period to return this sum of money? Its interest will always be provided for by the revenues of the island, and in that case things will always be better than they are now.

But it is not our place at this time to discuss the advantages of such an arrangement. It is the proper time to bring forward so important a piece of the secret public history of another generation; and on that account we publish the paper.

LETTER FROM ALEXANDER H. EVERETT TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

MADRID, Nov. 30, 1825.

DEAR SIR: I think it proper to make you acquainted with one circumstance in my intercourse with this Government of rather a delicate nature which I have not introduced into my despatches on account of their being liable to be called for and published at any moment. It occurred in my communications with the Minister* upon our relations with the island of Cuba.

It has always appeared to me, and such I believe is the general opinion in the United States, that this island forms properly an appendage of the Floridas. Since the cession of these provinces† an impression has generally prevailed throughout the country that Cuba must at one time or another belong to us. Indeed this idea was entertained, as I have been told, by many persons of the highest respectability, including Mr. Jefferson, long before the conclusion of the Florida treaty. It grows naturally out of a consideration of the Geographical position of the island as respects the United States. In the hands of a powerful and active nation, it would carry with it so complete a control over the commerce of the Gulph of Mexico, and over the navigation of the River Mississippi, as to endanger very much the intercourse of our country in that quarter. Our safety from this danger has, I believe, long been considered as resulting wholly from the feebleness and insufficiency of Spain; and it has been viewed by all as a settled point that the American Government could not consent to any change in the political situation of Cuba other than one which should place it under the jurisdiction of the United States. This view of the subject is strongly intimated in my official instructions. Such are the first considerations that present themselves in regard to our relations with the island of Cuba. The next in order are that it is impossible, in fact,—in consequence of the internal state of the island, the obstinate adherence of Spain to the Colonial System, and the growing strength of the new States,—that the island can remain in its present situation. It may be assumed as certain that the war will be continued by Spain for an indefinite period. Half a century may very probably elapse before she recognizes the independence of the colonies.‡ On the other hand, it is quite evident, and such is the opinion of the Government as expressed in my instructions, that as long as the war is kept up, the situation of the island is in the highest degree precarious, that it is liable to be changed every year, every month even, and that it cannot remain as it is more than two or three years. The white inhabitants form too small a proportion of the whole number to constitute of themselves an independent State. The island, therefore, must assume, whenever it changes its present condition, one of two others. It must either fall into the hands of some power different from Spain, as prob-

* The Minister, at the date of this note, was the Duke del Infantado, who had been appointed a few weeks before. But the Minister referred to in the text was Zea Bermudez, the Duke's predecessor.

† This cession was made by Spain in a treaty concluded in October, 1820.

‡ In fact the independence of Mexico was not recognized by Spain till December 28, 1836.

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ably Mexico or Colombia, or it must become an independent principality of blacks. Neither part of this alternative can be considered as admissible, and a view of our present relations with the island presents, therefore, the following results:

1st. The situation of the island must inevitably be changed within 2 or 3 years, and may be changed at any moment.

2d. No change can possibly occur without the intervention of the United States which they could regard as admissible.

From these premises, it seems to follow, as a necessary conclusion, that it is the policy and duty of the United States to endeavor to obtain possession of the island immediately in a peaceable way. If they do not succeed in this, it is morally certain that they will be forced, at no very distant period, to effect the same object in a more invidious manner, and at the risk of embroiling themselves with some of the great powers of Europe. The principal question, therefore, is, whether any consideration could be presented to the Spanish Ministry of a nature to induce them to cede the island. If this were possible, it would appear to be the policy of the United States to commence the negotiation without delay. Viewing the subject in this light, and recollecting at the same time the great financial embarrassments under which this Government is now laboring, it has occurred to me that the offer of a considerable loan, on condition of a temporary cession of the island in deposit as security for the payment of it, would be as likely to succeed as any proposition that could be made upon the subject. The interest might be made payable out of the revenues of the island, which are said to amount to between four and five millions of dollars,* and if the money were not paid within a pretty long limited time, complete sovereignty might vest in the United States. Considering the character of the Spanish Government, and their general system of administration, a cession of this kind, accompanied with an immediate delivery of possession, would be equivalent, as respects us, to a direct cession of the whole sovereignty. In the view of the Spanish Government, it might perhaps wear a more agreeable aspect. It would present to them the two following great advantages:

1st. The obtaining of a loan sufficient to meet their immediate wants on good terms,—a thing which seems to be absolutely indispensable, which there is apparently no possibility of effecting in any other way, on any terms, and which, if in reality effected in any other way, must be a transaction, prudentially considered, of the most desperate character. This advantage is by no means a light one, since it seems impossible even to imagine how this Government can get along six months without new resources.

2d. The second advantage would be the assurance of retaining the island in the event of repaying the loan. Whatever confidence this Government may affect in the results of their colonial system, it is impossible that they should not be aware to a certain extent of the great danger to which they are exposed of losing the islands.† They may not be so fully satisfied, as most foreigners probably are, of the moral impossibility that they would be able to pay down 15 or 20 millions of dollars twenty years hence, and might, therefore, regard a transaction of this kind as considerably increasing their assurance of a continued possession of Cuba. Such, in fact, would be the probable effect of it, if we suppose the Spanish Government, notwithstanding their affected determination *never* to surrender their rights, to intend, nevertheless, in secret to recognize the colonies after a few years, should things go on in their present course. Supposing this to be their policy, they would obtain, by ceding the island to us in the way I have suggested, a complete assurance of the continued possession of it from the moment when the delivery to the United States was effected. This temporary transfer would secure it from the danger of attack or internal convulsion while it lasted, and upon the recognition of the colonies, Spain would without difficulty obtain from them a much larger indemnity in money than would be necessary to ransom the island. It is not, however, probable that Spain now intends to recognize the colonies at no very distant period, and I have already assumed that she does not. These considerations might, nevertheless, be presented to her, and, being extremely obvious and cogent, might perhaps make an impression.

But, supposing this Government, as I do, to be completely resolved upon adhering to their system, and yet aware of the danger of losing the island, and of the impossibility of ever repaying a loan of the kind mentioned without recognizing the colonies, they might yet think it better to get 20 millions for the island than to lose it for nothing.

Such are the advantages of the transaction as respects Spain. As respects the United States, it holds out the two following, which are so obvious that I need not enlarge upon them:

1st. Complete security from the danger of any change in the position of the island in consequence of the present troubles.

2d. The probability of an eventual acquisition of the entire sovereignty.

It may perhaps be thought that some of the great foreign powers, particularly England or France, would take umbrage at the acquisition by us of the sovereignty of Cuba; that the probability of this ought to prevent us from taking any measure to obtain it, and that it would, at any rate, hinder Spain from ceding it to us directly or indirectly.

The weight of this objection, you are, of course, better able to appreciate than I am. It does not strike me that the foreign powers ought to feel, or would, in fact, feel, the same repugnance to our occupying Cuba as we should to their doing it; and if we consider the acquisition of the island by a peaceable transaction as the only means of avoiding the necessity of taking possession of it sooner or later by force,—which is the view I have taken of the subject,—it is evident that the repugnance of the foreign powers, whatever it may be, is no real objection, because it must in the end be met. They would probably be much more dissatisfied to see us occupy the island by force than to see us acquire it by purchase.

These considerations appear to me to recommend very powerfully the policy of endeavoring to acquire the island of Cuba in a peaceable way, and the manner I have indicated seems the one which would be the most likely to succeed. I should not, of course, think of making any formal proposition on the subject without receiving your instructions; and should the suggestions I have now made appear to be of a nature to be acted on seriously, you will have the goodness to favor me with your orders, either through the Department of State, or in a private letter, as you may think most expedient. I have thought, however, that there would be no impropriety in sounding the intentions of the Government beforehand in

* The revenues of Cuba are now supposed to be twenty millions of dollars.

† Cuba and Porto Rico.

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an informal way, and I accordingly took an opportunity of doing it in one of the conversations I had with Mr. Zea. After some remarks on both sides on the financial difficulties of the country, and the necessity of obtaining a loan if possible from some quarter, I told him that although I had not the slightest authority to offer any proposition of the kind, I thought it not improbable that the Government of the United States would make a considerable loan to that of Spain, and on favorable terms, on condition that Spain would consent to a temporary cession in deposit of the island of Cuba, accompanied with a delivery of possession, and I then stated to him some of the advantages of such a transaction to the two parties as recapitulated above. He did not, of course, give his assent to the proposal; but, on the contrary, expressed the opinion that the King would not alienate the island for a moment on any consideration whatever. I did not, however, consider this answer as at all decisive. A transaction of this sort would naturally require great consideration in all its stages, and the only safe and proper mode of treating the subject in the first instance would be that of a refusal. I saw that my remarks had made a pretty strong impression on Mr. Zea. He said that if I had authority to make a proposition of this kind, he should be glad to receive it in writing. I told him in answer to this that the suggestion was entirely private and personal, that I had no instructions from you to make it; that the transaction appeared to me so advantageous to both Governments, that I had ventured to advise it without knowing whether it would be agreeable to either; but that if the King approved of the proposition, I would immediately write home and recommend the adoption of it, for the reasons which I had already summarily stated.

I have since been informed in a private way that Mr. Zea took a written note of what I said. This conversation passed during the last interview I had with him. I learn that the Duke del Infantado found these notes among Mr. Zea's papers, and concluded from them that a serious negotiation was actually going on for the cession of Cuba. I have not yet said anything to the Duke upon the subject, but shall perhaps take an opportunity of mentioning it, and of ascertaining whether the proposition is regarded by this Government as at all plausible. I shall carefully keep you informed of any such communications that I may have with the Minister, and will thank you to instruct me whether you wish the matter to be pressed seriously or dropped altogether. It struck me that it would be agreeable to you to learn without any commitment whatever of the Government in what way a proposal of this kind would be received and treated, upon its first suggestion.

I have given you in my despatches a full account of the progress of the negotiations with which I am charged. They are still in an incipient state; but the present appearance of them is not unfavorable. Should this Government, however, attempt to proceed upon its usual plan of delay, after all that has already passed, I cannot but hope that Congress will resort to vigorous measures. The mere demonstration would in this case be effectual, and would be unattended with any danger or inconvenience whatever. Nevertheless, violence is always unpleasant, even when necessary, politic and safe, so that I should prefer an early termination of these vexatious disputes in an amicable way. It shall not be for want of attention on my part if this result does not happen.

I have the honor to be, dear sir, with much respect, your very sincere friend and obedient servant,

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

THE ASTOR FAMILY IN NEW YORK.

As long ago as 1854 the late Baron James de Rothschild said at his table in Paris, that he believed the Astor fortune to be the largest accumulation of private wealth then known in the world. At the time of John Jacob Astor's death in 1848, there were several fortunes in Europe which outranked his; he was counted the fifth on the list of rich men: Baron de Rothschild, Louis Philippe, the Duke of Devonshire, and Sir Robert Peel only exceeding him. Since then, in England, the head of the family of Grosvenor has sprung to the front. Leases of land in the most aristocratic quarters of London, originally leased on long terms at nominal rents, fell in and were renewed by the late Marquis of Westminster at fabulous prices. Since then, we have likewise witnessed a great rise in real estate in this city, and, if the Astor fortune was not in 1854 as large as estimated by Baron James de Rothschild, we may safely assume that, with the enhanced value of real estate, and the natural accumulations during a period of over twenty years under the able administration of the late William B. Astor, that fortune was, at the time of his death, in November, 1875, certainly the largest in America, if not in the world. For, be it remembered, the untold wealth of the Rothschilds belonged to different members of a house or firm, while William B. Astor was sole owner of the great properties and vast estates bequeathed him by his father.

It is somewhat curious, that the founders of these two families, which stand at the head of the wealth of Europe and America, were both Germans, born within eighty miles of each other,—the one, Rothschild, at Frankfort-on-the-Main; the other, Astor, at Walldorf, a small village near Heidelberg, in the Duchy of Baden.

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John Jacob Astor, born at Walldorf, July 17, 1763, was the youngest of four sons. His father, Jacob Astor, was a small farmer, who likewise followed the trade of a butcher. The eldest, George Peter Astor, left the parental roof at an early age, and found employment in London with an uncle engaged in the manufacture of musical instruments, under the style and firm of Astor & Broadwood, of which firm, George Peter ultimately became a partner. The firm was eminently successful and the business is still carried on, and Broadwood, Broadwood & Co. are to-day among the foremost of English piano manufacturers. Henry Astor, the second son, born in 1754, was the first of the family who came to America. It is said he came to this country during the Revolutionary War as assistant to the purser of a British frigate, the "Belle Poule" (taken from the French), which frequented this port during the war, and generally lay off Dover street wharf. He left the ship, found employment with a butcher, and soon embarked in the business on his own account. In 1783, April 11th, he advertises his horse as "stolen from the subscriber on the night of the 10th instant, from the door of Israel Seamen's, Roosevelt street, a dark brown horse, about fifteen hands high, a small star on his forehead, the hair worn off his breast by a collar, trots and carries well; saddle and double-curb bridle on the horse when stolen. Three guineas reward for the horse, saddle, and bridle. For the thief, horse, saddle, and bridle, ten guineas will be paid by *Henry Ashdoor*." We find by old records of the Common Council, that down to 1801, he was styled indifferently: Henry Ashdoor, Henry Ashdore, Henrich Astor, and Henry Astor. He does not appear as a buyer of real estate on the Records at the Register's office till 1803, and then always as Henry Astor.

Shortly after the peace in 1783 he became a citizen, and married Dorothea, the stepdaughter of John Pessinger, a brother butcher, who occupied stall No. 1, at the Fly Market, which was situated at the foot of Maiden Lane, and ran from Pearl street to the water. Maiden Lane in those days was quite a street of markets; the Old Oswego Market stood at the north-east corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane, running down Maiden Lane as far as Little Greene street. In this market, it is said, Henry Astor first sold meat. In 1790, however, we find him at the Fly Market; in the month of May in that year the inhabitants around the Market petitioned "that the stall of Henry Astor, butcher, be removed to the lower market," which was granted. This stall of Astor's stood across the head of the upper market, and no doubt tended to block up the entrance gangway, which caused its removal. The lower market was nearest the water and was known as the fish market. With the establishment of Henry in New York, the name of Astor took root in America.

John Jacob Astor was the last of the brothers to leave his village home. About 1779, when Meyer Anselm Rothschild, then thirty-six years old, had fairly started on the road to fortune at Frankfort, young Astor, a boy of sixteen, left his village with no baggage but what he could carry, made his way as best he could to the coast of Holland, and embarked in a small vessel for London, where he found a home and employment with his brother George Peter. Here he remained four years working in the flute and piano manufactory of Astor & Broadwood. During this period, he mastered the English language (which, however, to the latest day of his life, he always spoke with a German accent), familiarized himself with the ways and customs of the English, and, above all, developed habits of thrift, economy, and industry—the foundations on which he was to erect the greatest fortune of the New World. John Jacob Astor often said, later in life, that he never intended to make England his permanent home, and when he wandered out from his native village, under the promptings of that restless spirit which, since the earliest times, has carried the Teuton to the South and the West, his firm intention was not to rest till he had reached that far-off Land of Promise, whither his brother Henry had already preceded him. The sojourn in London was made necessary by his extreme youth, his ignorance of the English language, and the progress of the Revolutionary War, which kept the revolted colonies in a very unsettled state. On the final signing of the treaty of peace, he made immediate preparations for departure. His scanty savings furnished but a slender capital wherewith to push his fortunes in the New World. Astor & Broadwood gave him a small consignment of German flutes. Captain John Whetten, who died in 1845 at the age of 82, was long a prominent shipmaster out of this port. He used to relate that one day in London he was accosted on board of the ship of which he was mate, by a young German of his own age, who wished to emigrate to America. He had a

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pack of musical instruments, and desired a steerage passage. The appearance and manners of the young German interested him. Their intercourse soon became confidential, and Whetten frankly advised him to prefer another vessel lying close at hand, in which he would make the passage more comfortably than in his. The advice was adopted. Among the cabin passengers of this vessel were some officers of the Hudson Bay Company. These gentlemen, in their walks on the quarter-deck, naturally conversed together about the trade in furs with the North American Indians, and of these conversations enough dropped in the neighborhood of the main-hatch to give to the astute young German steerage passenger a glimpse of the wide avenue to wealth upon which he subsequently entered.

The ship, commanded by Captain Jacob Stout, set sail from London in November, 1783, and was bound for Baltimore. The vessel did not reach the Chesapeake till January; inside the Capes, she was beset with ice and threatened with shipwreck. It is related that on this occasion, when all the passengers were in fear and trembling, young Astor went below and soon re-appeared on deck in his best suit of clothes; being questioned as to why he made this singular change at so trying a moment, he replied: "If the ship is wrecked and I succeed in reaching shore, I shall have saved my good clothes; if I am lost, I shall have no use for them." The ship was frozen in the bay for nearly a month, and it was not till March, 1784, that John Jacob first set foot on the shore of the New World, in Baltimore Harbor. He immediately made his way to New York, where he found his brother Henry, selling meat in the Fly Market. Henry took him to the house of George Diederick, a German baker in Queen street, in which he passed his first night in New York, and which for some time was his home. The site of the old house is now known as 351 Pearl street, on the south-west corner of Frankfort street, which at that time was not cut through to Pearl, or Queen, street. The property belonged to the Lawrences, of Flushing, L. I., and was subsequently bought by Diederick, as we find by the following deed on record at the Register's office,

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE To GEORGE DIEDERICK.	Deed dated Oct. 12, 1791, Rec'd May 6, 1813, Liber 102 of Conv's, page 344.

conveying a house and two lots on Queen street. Part of the land was subsequently taken by the city, and now forms a portion of Frankfort street. George Diederick, the elder, was in business as late as 1815.

John Jacob Astor arrived in New York at a period of great depression. Some fifteen thousand refugees, men, women, and children, left New York, Long Island, and Staten Island for Nova Scotia, St. John's, and Abasco, during the latter part of 1783, among them many persons of fortune and landed estates. These estates Astor began to buy, whenever he could spare the money, as soon as he got a little ahead in the world. The evacuation of New York by the British troops took away some of Henry Astor's best customers, and his butcher business was not in a very flourishing condition in the spring of 1784, when John Jacob arrived. However, he found employment for Jacob, whom we find beating skins in Gold street soon after his arrival, and subsequently pursuing the same occupation in the employ of Mr. Wilson, at Old Slip. While thus engaged, he made it his particular study to gather information respecting the nature of the fur trade; made himself acquainted with the different kinds of skins, and learned to estimate their value and their quality. From Mr. Wilson he passed into the employ of Robert Bowne, a Quaker, long established in the business of buying, curing, and exporting peltries. His brother Henry assisted him with his first stock in trade, which he sold and traded with those who brought furs and skins to market, on board of sloops and other vessels lying around at the different docks.

Meanwhile, his consignment of flutes from Astor & Broadwood sold slowly. There were at that time two persons in New York who pretty much monopolized the musical instrument business. Dodd, at 66 Queen street, made a specialty of musical instruments, while Joseph Wilks, at his store No. 235 Queen street, sold, with other goods, harpsicords, forte-pianos, and barrel organs. Young Astor, with no place of business, and no acquaintance among those most likely to buy musical instruments, finally left his flutes at the printing-office of Samuel Loudon's "New York Packet" for sale. The sale of goods on commission by printers was an old custom in New York, dating back to the establishment of the first papers. Accordingly, we find as early as September

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20, 1784, the following advertisement in the "New York Packet:"

"German Flutes of a superior Quality to be sold at this Printing-office."

This advertisement is very steadily inserted from that date "off and on" down to March 10, 1785, when it disappears. The flutes had by this time been disposed of, and the proceeds gradually invested in furs, with which Astor returned to England, probably during that year, to make permanent arrangements for the future shipping of furs, and to get the agency of the house of Astor & Broadwood in New York.

On his return to New York he hired from the widow Sarah Todd, two rooms in her house, 81 Queen street, and for the first time started business on his own account. This house was situated not far from George Diederick, the baker, where he found his first home, a little further down and on the opposite side of the way. He announces his new enterprise to the public on Monday, May 22, 1786, in the following advertisement, which we find in the "New York Packet" of that date:

"Jacob Astor, No. 81 Queen street, Two doors from the Friend's Meeting-House, Has just imported from London An elegant assortment of Musical instruments, such as piano-Fortes, spinnets, piano-forte Guittars, guittars; the best of violins, German Flutes, clarinets, hautboys, fifes; the best Roman violin strings and all other kind of strings; music-books and paper, and every other article in the musical line, which he will dispose of on very low terms for cash."

We very much doubt if Mr. Dodd, at 66 Queen street, or Mr. Joseph Wilks, at 235 Queen street, read that advertisement with pleasure. They could no longer have things entirely their own way in the musical line. Astor had probably begun operations at 81 Queen street on the 1st of May, 1786.

This advertisement, in which he styles himself simply *Jacob* Astor—the John is assumed later—appears from time to time in the paper till toward the end of 1787. He was married (probably in 1786) to Sarah Todd, the daughter of his landlady, Mrs. Todd. His first child, Magdalen Astor, was born in 1788, probably at 81 Queen street.

The house known as 362 Pearl street now stands on the site of the house where John Jacob Astor first started in business, and where he passed the first years of his married life. The old house and the lot, 171 feet deep, were purchased by Adam Todd, mariner, in 1763, and the deed is recorded in Lib. 510, pages 208-11, Register's office, New York city. When Pearl street was widened on this side, a portion of the front of this lot was taken away.

John Jacob Astor's first purchase of real estate in the city of New York was made five years after his arrival. The following is an extract from the deed on record at the Register's office:

JAMES BOLMER, Inn-keeper, To JACOB ASTOR, Furr Merchant.	Deed dated Aug. 14, 1789; Recorded Aug. 17, 1789. Lib. 502 of Conv's, page 45.

Considération, two hundred and fifty pounds current money of the State of New York; conveys two lots of ground on the Bowery Lane or road near Elizabeth street. On the occasion of this his first real estate purchase, *Jacob* Astor (John does not appear till the next deed) was accompanied by his brother Henry, in whose presence the deed was signed, sealed, and delivered.

As an extra precaution, we find at the end of, and accompanying, the deed, a receipt for the whole purchase-money, signed by Bolmer and witnessed by Henry Astor. It was a cash purchase.

The second real estate purchase of John Jacob Astor was as follows:

JAMES WELLS and others, To JOHN JACOB ASTOR.	Deed dated May 18, 1790; Recorded Novr. 30, 1790. Liber 46 of Conv's, page 318.

Consideration, eight hundred and fifty pounds lawful money of New York; conveys the messuage or dwelling-house and lot, 30x85, fronting on Little Dock street. This was the house 40 Little Dock street (now part of Water street), where we find Mr. Astor established as a "Furr Trader" in 1789. The fur trade had already overshadowed the musical instrument part of his business. For this trade he had qualified himself by severe and constant labor. When Utica first began its career, John Jacob Astor and Peter Smith (the father of Gerritt Smith) traveled from Schenectady to Utica with their packs on their backs, purchasing furs at the Indian settlements on the route, the Indians assisting them in carrying the peltries to Utica. At the close of the Revolutionary War, Oswego, Detroit, and other posts being in possession of a foreign power, a serious embarrassment was thrown in the way of the fur trade. Peter

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Smith retired, purchased land, and died at Schenectady very rich. Astor persevered, widening and extending his operations. In 1794-5 these posts were surrendered by a treaty, and Astor, after the lapse of six years, had amassed something like $250,000. He was now a richer man than his brother Henry, who, in the beginning, used to indorse for him at bank. But Henry, too, had prospered and flourished. He had become a great buyer of cattle, and, through his skillful combinations and bold operations, for a time and to a certain degree controlled the New York market. He was probably among the first to get up in this city what we would now call a "corner in cattle." Less enterprising butchers felt themselves injured and sought relief at the hands of the Common Council. In 1801 a petition was presented to the Board signed by many of the principal butchers in several of the markets, against a butcher who neglected his business in the market to forestall cattle. It says "that Henry Astor and certain others, who are licensed butchers, leaving the care of their stalls and the selling of their meats to journeymen who are not licensed butchers, are in the constant practice of forestalling the market, by riding into the country to meet the droves of cattle coming to the New York markets, and purchasing cattle for other stalls besides his own," etc., etc., etc., etc. What action the Board took to protect these butchers who could not protect themselves, we are unable to say. Henry Astor then occupied stall No. 57 at the Fly Market. A stall in this market was at that time of considerable value. Henry Astor's name first appears on the records as a buyer of real estate in 1803, to wit:

GODFREY COON & wife, To HENRY ASTOR, Gentleman.	Deed dated May 16, 1803; Recorded May 19, 1819. Liber 137 of Conveyances, page 52, N. Y. Register's office.

Conveys a dwelling-house and two lots of land fronting on the Bowery Lane and Elizabeth street, near the lots bought by John Jacob in 1789. Henry subsequently bought considerable property on the east side of the town, which increased greatly in value, and at the time of his death, about 1831, was estimated to be worth half a million of dollars. He died without issue, leaving his estate to his nephew, the late William B. Astor.

In the year 1809, John Jacob Astor founded the American Fur Company, the better to enable him to carry out his designs of extending the trade into the interior, and competing with the British Northwest Fur Company and Hudson Bay Company. The outposts of this new company stretched into new and hitherto untrodden fields, draining a country stocked with beaver, otter, and buffalo. Having now, at the age of forty-six, acquired a fortune sufficiently large to satisfy the ambition of most men, he conceived a bolder enterprise than any he had yet undertaken, which was no other than to attempt to control the fur trade west of the Rocky Mountains. To this end, the first post, Astoria, was established in 1810, at the mouth of the Columbia River, by a party of sixty men, under the command of Mr. W. P. Hunt. Commodities for the supply of this settlement were to be conveyed in ships from New York, which were likewise to be freighted with various articles of merchandise, which were to be exchanged for furs at the Russian settlements further north. These, in turn, were to be exported to Canton, at this time a favorable market for furs, and exchanged for China goods, silks, teas, etc., etc. Meanwhile, the war with Great Britain broke out. The "Tonquin," the first, and the "Lark," the third vessel dispatched to Astoria, were lost. This stupendous project of Mr. Astor's appears to have been attended with disaster throughout. The fort at Astoria was captured, and just at the close of the war, as it was about to be restored, it was sold to the agents of the Northwest Fur Company, through the treachery of one of his partners, a Scotchman named McDougal. When the news of the capture of Astoria reached Mr. Astor, he said, with a cheerful smile, "I am ruined."

From the time of the establishment of the American Fur Company, Mr. Astor became largely engaged in commerce. His ships freighted with furs for France, England, Germany, and Russia, and with peltries, ginseng, and dollars for China, now plowed every sea to receive these products of the New World, and exchange them for the commodities of the Old. Mr. Astor's instructions to his captains were minute and particular. He evinced almost as intimate a knowledge of the various markets in which he traded as though he had been himself a resident of each. He neglected nothing, giving his personal attention to the very smallest details.

Notwithstanding the magnitude and success of Mr. Astor's business operations, the greatest occasion of his wealth was the in-

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creased value of real estate consequent on the growth of New York city. He never mortgaged, but constantly bought at foreclosure sales. In this mode his wealth was multiplied far beyond the natural accumulation by ordinary interest. The conveyances to John Jacob Astor during the fifty-nine years which elapsed between his first and last purchase of real estate in this city form seven pages of closely printed matter in the Index of Conveyances on file in the Register's office. After the death of his father, the late William B. Astor figures as a very considerable purchaser of New York city real estate. The last conveyance to John Jacob Astor was made shortly before his death, in 1848, to wit:

JOHN J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff, To JOHN JACOB ASTOR.	Deed dated Feb. 26, 1848. Recorded February 29, 1848. Liber 502 of Conv's, page 242.

which conveyed the unexpired term of a twenty-six years' lease of property in King street, near Varick, Mr. Astor owning the fee, and having originally made the lease.

At the time of his death, in 1848, his property was variously estimated at from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000, quite a change from that of "John Jacob Astor, Furrier, at 149 Broadway." During the greater part of his life, Mr. Astor lived on Broadway in one of the houses comprising the block which then occupied the site of the Astor House. His store was in the rear of the house, with the entrance on Vesey street. Here he lived till he made preparations for building the Astor House, when he moved to an unpretending two-story brick house on Broadway, opposite Niblo's, near the modest office, 85 Prince street, where the entire business of the Astor estate is transacted. Here he lived till the day of his death, March 29, 1848. Henry Astor chose the east side of the city as a place of residence. We find him at 31 Bowery Lane in 1789. All his interests and associations were in this neighborhood, and to this neighborhood he remained faithful. Two sisters of John Jacob Astor came to this country. One, Catherine, was married in Germany before she came here to George Ehninger, a cordial distiller, who was among the first to undertake that business in the United States. He died through an accident at the distillery. After his death, his widow married Michael Miller, who embarked in the business of cordial distilling, and carried it on for years at No. 11 Barley street, which ran from Broadway to Church street, and is now known as Duane street. After Miller's death, his son carried on the cordial distillery until he died, in 1846. The other sister married John D. Wendel, some time in John Jacob Astor's employ, and afterward a furrier at 77 Maiden Lane. His son, John D. Wendel, is still living, and resides at 442 Fifth Avenue in this city. In early life he was a clerk with John Jacob Astor.

John Jacob and Sarah (Todd) Astor had seven children:

Magdalen Astor, born 1788, died 1832.

Sarah Astor, died young.

William B. Astor, born 1793, died at 372 Fifth Avenue, November 2, 1875.

Henry Astor, died young.

Dorothea Astor.

Eliza Astor, died 1833.

John Jacob Astor, Jr., died insane in his house, West Fourteenth street, New York.

The last was imbecile from youth. In his will, Mr. Astor directed his executors to "provide for my unfortunate son, John Jacob Astor, and to procure for him all the comforts which his condition does or may require." A house was built for him in West Fourteenth street, near Ninth Avenue, where he lived and died surrounded by every care.

Magdalen married Governor Bentzen, a native of Denmark, and Governor of the Island of Santa Cruz. After his death, she married, in 1819, Rev. John Bristed, of Dorchester, England. Mr. Bristed was educated for the medical profession in his native country, where he became quite an eminent practitioner. He afterward studied law; came to New York, and commenced practice in company with Beverly Robinson, and afterward turned his attention to the study of theology.

Eliza, his youngest daughter, distinguished for her benevolence and piety, married Count Vincent Rumpff, of Switzerland. He was Minister of the German Free Cities at Paris, where he became acquainted with Miss Astor. He afterward came to this country as Minister from those places, and negotiated a commercial treaty with Mr. Clay, who was then Secretary under Mr. Adams. Eliza had no issue.

Dorothea, born about 1795, married, about 1812, Walter Langdon, of New Hampshire.

William B., who all his life was known everywhere as one of the richest men in the world, was probably born in the house, 40 Little Dock street, when John Jacob Astor

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was comparatively but little known. Among those who befriended the latter in his early career was William Backhouse, an importer of wines, and a prominent merchant of this city. In the New York "Packet" of October 2, 1787, when Mr. Astor was advertising musical instruments for sale at 81 Queen street, we find below his advertisement, and in the same column, the following:

"Wm. Backhouse & Co.,
No. 15 Duke street,* have
For Sale
Red Port Wine, shipped by the Royal Port Company—the quality of whose wines experience has shown to be superior to any imported into America.
Also, choice Fayal wines, four years old," etc., etc., etc., etc.

This gentleman did Mr. Astor many kindnesses, in remembrance of which he named his first son, William Backhouse, for him. William Backhouse married Margaret, daughter of General John Armstrong and Alida Livingston.

In 1839, John Jacob Astor added a codicil to his will, bequeathing $400,000 "for the establishment of a public library in New York." The building was erected in Lafayette Place, and opened January 9, 1854, some six years after the testator's death. The late William B. Astor subsequently made a donation to the Trustees, of an adjacent piece of land, eighty feet wide by one hundred and twenty feet deep. Upon this a building similar to the first was erected in 1859, and formally opened to the public on the first of September of that year. The two edifices are capable of containing 200,000 volumes, the total number at present being 152,446. By the last annual report of the Board of Trustees of the Astor Library, dated January, 1876, we find that the property of the library has increased from the original bequest of $400,000 by the founder to $778,623.80. The report, after giving the terms of the bequest of $249,000, made by their late President, Mr. William B. Astor, by which the sum total of his individual benefactions is increased to $550,000, goes on to say that this liberal donation will augment the aggregate property of the library within the next three years to a sum exceeding $1,000,000, not to speak of the large excess of the present value of the books beyond their actual cost.

At a recent meeting of the Trustees, Mr. John Jacob Astor announced his intention of personally giving the sum of $10,000 for the purchase of new books. It is more than probable that the executors of the late William B. Astor will anticipate the payment of the $249,000 bequest.

There is a steady increase in the public demand for books of the character found in the library. Of the 135,065 volumes read during 1875, only 5,028 were novels. The library forms an inexhaustible mine of literary wealth, and is much resorted to by authors, journalists, and writers generally. As long as this library stands, Mr. Astor's name will be gratefully remembered by the people of New York.

John Jacob Astor was not unmindful of the land of his birth. He bequeathed $50,000 for the benefit of the poor of his native village. The institution founded and supported by this bequest was opened January 9, 1854, in Walldorf, and has done great good. The anniversary of the founder's death is annually celebrated in the chapel, on the walls of which hangs what is said to be an admirable portrait of Mr. Astor. In personal appearance, John Jacob Astor, when in his prime, was about 5 feet 8 inches high, of square build, quick and active in his movements. Reserved in manner, except to his intimates, he dispatched a great deal of business with very few words; was seldom ruffled in temper, and always sober of speech. His grandsons, John Jacob and William Astor, at present administer the estate. The eldest, John Jacob, was Colonel and Volunteer A. D. C. on the staff of Major-General George B. McClellan, and, as a Colonel at the front, won an enviable reputation. He has one son, an only child, William Walldorf Astor, born in 1848.

The interests of the Astors are intimately blended with those of this city, and as New York grows and flourishes, their estates will prosper and increase.

* Duke street is now known as Vandewater street.

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THE LEGEND OF THE STATUE.

FACING dim Paros o'er the Ægean Sea,
Towered a tall cliff under the shining blue;
And in its sea-ward face, cut carelessly,
Held a hid quarry, where the sunlight through
The olive boughs, gleamed on the surface new
Of finest, whitest marble, fit to bear
The face of Jove himself with reverence due;
Though now the cutters on a wider shore
Their weary labor plied, and hither came no more.

Thither, one only purpose in his heart,
One only prayer upon his lips, there came
The noblest of Athenians in the art
That dares to fashion the divinest frame
Of man or god; and this his secret aim:
To shape a form as far exceeding all
The glorious works that bore aloft his name,
As they the works of others, and his prayer,—
That it might worthy be of her who was so fair.

And first a niche he hollowed wondrously,
Cut deep within the face of living stone;
But as he cut, with chisel skilled and free,
Clear from its walls, within and yet alone,
He left the unshaped figure, a white cone
Of purest marble, while the niche he wrought
Above, around, with beauty all his own,
Into a symmetry exceeding thought,
With curves by all his life of patient service taught.

Long days he wrought; nay, thrice the rounded moon
Gleamed on the rapid cutting steel, while he
With patient chisel toiled, yet deemed it soon
When the completed arch curved perfectly
Around the hidden goddess. Reverently
With outstretched palms he gave the praise to her;
Then slowly turned, her prisoned form to free,
With steady hand, but pulses all astir;
Of Beauty, through his reverence, fit interpreter.

Thus day by day the marvel clearer grew:
From the round hip the folds hung drooping where
The knee, just bent, was hid, yet clear to view.
Bare trod the queenly foot; above, rose bare
The perfect column of the body fair;
The queenly shoulders and the outstretched arm;
The curve of throat, and, crowning all, with hair
Knotted behind, the noble head whose eyes,
As scorning to look low, faced the far summer skies.

And fitted so unto its niche it stood,
As made in every part but it to serve,
And for the statue seemed the niche so good,
Fashioned alone to hold its every curve,
That even the sculptor deemed it might deserve
Acceptance of the gods, for whose pure sight
Alone he carved,—and so with every nerve
Thrilling with joy divine, outwatched the night,
Filled with a deep content, a rapture infinite.

But when the morning dawned, he rose and turned
His prow straight northward o'er the tossing wave,
With one last look for the still form that burned
In the white light the first clear sunbeams gave.
One long farewell—and left her where she dwelt,
To the still sun and the surrounding air,
And hurrying billows that unceasing knelt,
And to the gods for whom he made her fair,—
To the all-knowing gods, who see still everywhere.

And so to Athens came he once again,
Into the populous city, where his praise
Was still the common theme of wisest men.
Silent and proud he walked his well-known ways
Till the great Sculptor touched his noble face
With a cold finger, and in silent pride
He rested him from toil of many days;
And, round his mouth, serene and satisfied,
A quiet smile content, the white-haired master died.

He died—but lived upon the lonely isle
His one best work he only knew, and they,—
The gods far seeing. It lived, the weary while
When crowned Athens crumbled to decay,
And the untutored Roman climbed to sway
The scepter with his ruthless hand profane.
And so it chanced, one sacrilegious day
His savage soldiers plowing the blue plain
Came where the statue still looked far across the main.

What could they see of niche or statue fine,
For which their empire had been price too small?
They only saw an over-wreathen shrine,
As with rude jests they scaled the lofty wall,
And hurled the goddess from her pedestal.
Her fair arms crashed upon the cruel stone;
One gleaming flash of white—ah, fateful fall!
She lies deep hidden in the verdure, prone
Upon her face divine, deserted and alone.

As sheer, as prone, the Roman Empire fell.
Unheeding seasons came, and went, and came;
Mightier than they, yet lived the memory well
Of the old sculptor in immortal fame;
Known to the gods alone his last, best claim
To immortality. Then came the day
When the lost statue, rescued from its shame,
Was lifted from the dust where low it lay,
And borne in reverence o'er exultant waves, away.

Now stands she peerless in proud solitude,
Curtained around with crimson like a queen;
Within her presence dares no noise intrude;
Long aisles of gleaming statues there are seen,
Fit only to adorn the approach between
To her high shrine. So beautiful she stands
Triumphant in her womanhood serene,
We scarcely miss the wondrous arms and hands,
Shivered long years ago on the Ægean sands.

Perfect—yet seems she always but to brood
On something far away; unsatisfied,
She stirs us with a vague inquietude.
Ah, left and lost over the billows wide,
The carven niche the mystic olives hide!
Were they not fashioned deftly, each to each,
With finest insight of pure harmony,
As perfect music set to perfect speech?
She points in every curve to that far, rocky beach.

O statue fashioned but that niche to fill
Through weary days of waiting, toil and pain!
O niche so sculptured with divinest skill
Thy purpose that one statue to contain!
Who knows the hour when the long severed twain
Their one perfection shall at last reveal?
All other effort were but labor vain
To give the rest, to hush the mute appeal,
To still the longing, all who see must dimly feel.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Revivals and Evangelists.

REVIVALS seem to have become a part of the established policy of nearly the whole Christian Church. The Catholics have their "Missions," the Episcopalians have their regular special seasons of religious devotion and effort, while the other forms of Protestantism look to revivals, occasionally appearing, as the times of general awakening and general in-gathering. Regular church life, family culture, Sunday-schools and even regular Mission work seem quite insufficient for aggressive purposes upon the world. We do not propose to question this policy, though the time will doubtless come, in the progress of Christianity, when it will be forgotten. We have only to say a word in regard to the association of evangelists with revivals, and the two principal modes of their operation. With one we have very little sympathy, with the other a great deal.

There is a class of evangelists who go from church to church, of whom most clergymen are afraid; and their fears are thoroughly well grounded. There arises, we will say, a strong religious interest in a church. Everything seems favorable to what is called "a revival." Some well-meaning member thinks that if Mr. Bedlow could only come and help the fatigued pastor, wonderful results would follow. The pastor does not wish to stand in the way—is suspicious that he has unworthy prejudices against Mr. Bedlow—tries to overcome them, and Mr. Bedlow appears. But Mr. Bedlow utterly ignores the condition of the church, and, instead of sensitively apprehending it and adapting himself to the line of influences already in progress, arrests everything by an attempt to start anew, and carry on operations by his own patent method. The first movement is to get the pastor and the pastor's wife and all the prominent members upon their knees, in a confession that they have been all wrong—miserably unfaithful to their duties and their trust. This is the first step, and, of course, it establishes Mr. Bedlow in the supreme position, which is precisely what he deems essential. The methods and controlling influences of the church are uprooted, and, for the time, Mr. Bedlow has everything his own way. Some are disgusted, some are disheartened, a great many are excited, and the good results, whatever they may seem to be, are ephemeral. There inevitably follows a reaction, and in a year the church acknowledges to itself that it is left in a worse condition than that in which Mr. Bedlow found it. The minister has been shaken from his poise, the church is dead, and, whatever happens, Mr. Bedlow, still going through his process elsewhere, will not be invited there again.

We will deny nothing to the motives of these itinerants. They seem to thrive personally and financially. They undoubtedly do good under peculiar circumstances, but, that they are dangerous men we do not question. If neighboring clergymen, in a brotherly way, were to come to the help of one seriously overworked, and enter into his spirit and his method of labor, it would be a great deal better than to bring in a foreign power that will work by its own methods or not work at all,—that will rule or do nothing. If this magazine, or the writer of this article, has seemed to be against revivals, it and he have only been against revivals of this sort, got up and carried on by these men. We question very sincerely whether they have not done more harm to the Church than they have done good. That they have injured many churches very seriously there can be no question. The mere idea that the coming of Mr. Bedlow into a church will bring a revival which would be denied to a conscientious, devoted pastor and people, is enough, of itself, to shake the popular faith in Christianity and its divine and gracious founder. Even if it fails to do this, it may well shake the popular faith in the character of the revival and its results.

There is another class of evangelists who work in a very different way. It is very small at present, but it is destined to grow larger. It works, not inside of churches, but outside of them. It has a mission, not to the churches, but to the people who are outside of them. It works in public halls with no sectarian ideas to push, no party to build up, no special church to benefit. It aims at a popular awakening, and, when it gains a man, it sends him to the church of his choice, to be educated in Christian living. To this class belong Messrs. Moody and Sankey, whose efforts we have approved from the first, because they have done their work in this way. That it is a better work than the other class of evangelists have ever done, we have the evidence on every hand. The churches are all quickened by it to go on with their own work in their own way. There is no usurpation of pastoral authority and influence. There is no interference with methods that have had a natural growth and development out of the individualities of the membership, and out of the individual circumstances of each church.

There is another good result which grows naturally out of the labors of this class of men. It brings all the churches together upon common ground. The Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Episcopalian, sit on the same platform, and, together, learn that, after all, the beginning and the essence of a Christian life and character are the same in every church. They learn toleration for one another. More than this: they learn friendliness and love for one another. They light their torches at a common fire, and kindle the flame upon their own separate altars in a common sympathy. They all feel that the evangelist has to do mainly with the beginnings of Christian life, and that it is their work to gather in and perfect those results which have only been initiated. Hence, all have an interest in that work and help it on with united heart and voice. The more of this kind of evangelism we have, the better.

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Keeping at It.

EVERY man has his own definition of happiness; but when men have risen above the mere sensualities of life,—above eating and drinking, and sleeping, and hearing and seeing,—they can come to something like an agreement upon a definition which, when formulated, would read something like this: "Happiness consists in the harmonious, healthy, successful action of a man's powers." The higher these powers may be, and the higher the sphere in which they move, the higher the happiness. The genuine "fool's paradise" is ease. There are millions of men, hard at work, who are looking for their reward to immunity from work. They would be quite content to purchase twenty-five years of leisure with twenty-five years of the most slavish drudgery. Toward these years of leisure they constantly look with hope and expectation. Not unfrequently the leisure is won and entered upon; but it is always a disappointment. It never brings the happiness which was expected, and it often brings such a change of habits as to prove fatal, either to health or to life.

A man who inherits wealth may begin and worry through three-score years and ten without any very definite object. In driving, in foreign travel, in hunting and fishing, in club-houses and society, he may manage to pass away his time; but he will hardly be happy. It seems to be necessary to health that the powers of a man be trained upon some object, and steadily held there day after day, year after year, while vitality lasts. There may come a time in old age when the fund of vitality will have sunk so low that he can follow no consecutive labor without such a draft upon his forces that sleep cannot restore them. Then, and not before, he should stop work. But, so long as a man has vitality to spare upon work, it must be used, or it will become a source of grievous, harassing discontent. The man will not know what to do with himself; and when he has reached such a point as that, he is unconsciously digging a grave for himself, and fashioning his own coffin. Life needs a steady channel to run in—regular habits of work and of sleep. It needs a steady, stimulating aim—a trend toward something. An aimless life can never be happy, or, for a long period, healthy. Said a rich widow to a gentleman, still laboring beyond his needs: "Don't stop; keep at it." The words that were in her heart were: "If my husband had not stopped, he would be alive to-day." And what she thought was doubtless true. A greater shock can hardly befall a man who has been active than that which he experiences when, having relinquished his pursuits, he finds unused time and unused vitality hanging upon his idle hands and mind. The current of his life is thus thrown into eddies, or settled into a sluggish pool, and he begins to die.

We have, and have had, in our own city some notable examples of business continued through a long life with unbroken health and capacities to the last. Mr. Astor, who has just passed away, undoubtedly prolonged his life by his steady adherence to business. There is no doubt that he lived longer and was happier for his continued work. If he had settled back upon the consciousness of assured wealth, and taken the ease that was so thoroughly warranted by his large possessions, he would undoubtedly have died years ago. Commodore Vanderbilt, now more than eighty years old, is a notable instance of healthy powers, continued by use. How long does any one suppose he would live if his work were taken from his hands, and his care from his mind? His life goes on in a steady drift, and he is as able now to manage vast business enterprises as when he was younger. There was never a time apparently when his power was greater than it is to-day. Our Nestor among American editors and poets, though an octogenarian, not only mingles freely in society, makes public speeches, and looks after his newspaper, but writes verses, and is carrying on grand literary enterprises. Many people wonder why such men continue to work when they might retire upon their money and their laurels; but they are working, not only for happiness, but for life. Mr. Stewart is treading in the same path, and wisely.

The great difficulty with us all is that we do not play enough. The play toward which men in business look for their reward should never be taken in a lump, but should be scattered all along their career. It should be enjoyed every day, every week. The man who looks forward to it wants it now. Play, like wit in literature, should never be a grand dish, but a spice; and a man who does not take his play with his work never has it. Play ceases to be play to a man when it ceases to be relaxation from daily work. As the grand business of life, play is the hardest work a man can do.

Besides the motives of continued life and happiness to which we have called attention in this article, there is another of peculiar force in America, which binds us to labor while we live. If we look across the water, we shall find that nearly all the notable men die in the harness. The old men are the great men in Parliament and Cabinet. Yet it is true that a man does not so wholly take himself out of life in Europe as in America when he relinquishes business. A rich man in Europe can quit active affairs, and still have the consideration due to his talents, his wealth, and his social position. Here, a man has only to "count himself out" of active pursuits, to count himself out of the world. A man out of work is a dead man, even if he is the possessor of millions. The world walks straight over him and his memory. One reason why a rich and idle man is happier in Europe than at home is that he has the countenance of a class of respectable men and women living upon their vested incomes. A man may be respectable in Europe without work. After a certain fashion, he can be so here; but, after all, the fact that he has ceased to be active in affairs of business and politics makes him of no account. He loses his influence, and goes for nothing, except a relic with a hat on, to be bowed to. So there is no way for us but to "keep at it;" get all the play we need as we go on; drive at something, so long as

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the hand is strong and steady, and not to think of rest this side of the narrow bed, where the sleep will be too deep for dreams, and the waking will open into infinite leisure.

The Reconstruction of National Morality.

A TIME of war is always a time of corruption. The earnest public is absorbed by public questions and public movements. Values are shifting and unsettled. Contracts are made in haste, and their execution escapes, in the distractions of the time, that scrutiny and criticism which they secure in calmer periods. There are ten thousand chances for undetected frauds at such a time which do not exist in the reign of peace. All the selfish elements of human nature spring into unwonted activity, and the opportunities for large profits and sudden wealth are made the most of. This is the case in all climes and countries. America does not monopolize the greed and mendacity of the world. Even in despotic Russia, with Siberia in the near distance and harsher punishments closer at hand, the contractor cannot keep his fingers from his country's gold. Rank growths of extravagance spring into life; artificial wants are nourished; the old economies go out, and the necessities of a new style of living force men into schemes of profit from which they would shrink under other circumstances. The public conscience becomes debauched, and the public tone of morality debased.

Upon results like these the uncorrupted men look with dismay or despair. Where is it all to end? The nation is sick from heart to hand; how can it be cured? The answer is now, happily, not far to seek. A ring of rogues gets the metropolis into its hands. They rule it in their own interests. Their creatures are in every office. They reach their power out upon the State. With uncounted money, every dollar of which they have stolen, they control elections, bribe legislators, and buy laws that shall protect them and their plunder. They build club-houses, summer resorts, steamboats—all that can minister to their sensual delights, and find multitudes to fawn upon their power and pick up the crumbs of patronage that fall from their tables. But the day of reckoning comes to them, and the boastful leader who defiantly asks, "What are you going to do about it?" runs away. All these men are wanderers, self-exiled. Nay, they are prisoners to all intents and purposes—shut out from the only world which has any interest for them. There is not a man in Sing Sing who is not nearer home, who is any more shut away from home, than Tweed and his fellow-conspirators. Corruption, once the courted goddess of New York city, is not to-day in the fashion. So much, at least, has been done.

If we look out upon the country, we shall find the process of reformation going on. A gigantic interest, baleful in every aspect, pits itself against the demands of the Government for revenue. Men who have held good positions in business circles stand confessed as cheats, tricksters, scoundrels. The whisky rings that have defrauded the Government in untold millions are falling to pieces under the steady pressure of exposure, and stand revealed in all their shameful shamelessness. They appear before the bar of law and public opinion and plead guilty in squads—almost in battalions. And still the work goes on. Still, in the nature and tendency of things, it must go on, till all these festering centers of corruption are cauterized and healed. So with the Canal Ring, and so with corporation rings of all sorts all over the country. The tendencies of the time are toward reform. The attention of the country is crowded back from illegitimate sources of profit upon personal economy and healthy industry. It is seen, at least, that corruption does not pay, and that, in the end, it is sure of exposure.

There is another set of evils that have grown naturally out of the influences of the war. Petty peculations have abounded. Wages have been reduced, and those employers in responsible positions, whose style of living has been menaced or rendered impossible by the reduction of their means, have been over-tempted to steal, or to attempt speculation with moneys held and handled in trust. Thief after thief is exposed, many of them men whose honesty has been undoubted, until all who are obliged to trust their interests in the hands of others tremble with apprehension. But this is one of those things which will naturally pass away. Every exposure is a terrible lesson—not only to employers, but to the employed. The former will be careful to spread fewer temptations in the way of their trusted helpers, by holding them to a closer accountability, and the latter will learn that every step outside the bounds of integrity is sure of detection in the end; that the path of faithfulness is the only possible path of safety and of peace. This is not the highest motive to correct action, it is true, but it will answer for those who are tempted to steal, and who are not actuated by a better.

It will be evident that we are not alarmed or discouraged by the exposures of rascality in high places and low, which greet our eyes in almost every morning's newspaper. These exposures are the natural product of healthy reaction, the preliminary steps toward the national cure. So long as fraud, peculation, and defection exist, the faster these exposures come the better. Every exposure is a preacher of righteousness, an evangel of reform. The more dangerous all rascality and infidelity to trust can be made to appear, the better for society. In any cutaneous disease, the more we see of it the better. It is before it appears, or when it is sunk from the surface, that it is most dangerous to the sources of life and the springs of cure.

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THE OLD CABINET.

ON Decoration day some unknown person is sure to ornament the Washington Monument in Union Square with wreaths, and rows of funny little flower-pots. But, on the Centennial 22d of February, and the first 22d which was celebrated as a true national holiday, by act of Congress and proclamation of the President, we looked in vain for the wreaths and the flower-pots, nor had we the presence of mind or bravery to fling one single votive rosebud over the iron railing, to rest at the foot of that majestic and benignant horseman.

Instead of which we are moved to improve the occasion.

George Washington was a conspicuous and beautiful instance of a man who minded his own business. Suppose that an intelligent person living in one of the European centers of civilization had been asked, about the year 1770, what man then over thirty-seven years of age was most likely to be the typical great-and-good man of the modern world! Would he have singled out the Virginia militia officer, at that time busying himself with the care of his plantation on the Potomac, and whatever social duties and delights, or whatever polite politics were convenient and appropriate? The strong point about Washington was, that the duty or the pleasure, the ceremony or the self-sacrifice that lay in his way, he enjoyed or performed without shirking, and to the very best of his ability. He did not, as a youth, lie awake o' nights wondering "what he would be when he grew up to be a man." When he became a man he showed neither imagination nor genius, but he had one of the traits of genius, namely, concentration. He put his mind upon his present occupation, without looking back or looking ahead. He engineered, fought the Indians, rode horseback, wrote letters, went fox-hunting, attended church, proposed to young women, conducted campaigns, and governed the United States,—each at the proper time, and each with sincerity of purpose and assiduity. We do not hear of his swearing often; but when he did, it was thoroughly and effectively done. If he seems not to have been as successful in the matter of matrimonial proposals as in other occupations, we must remember that the centennially revived old wives' tales of early and indiscreet refusals of Washington by the said old wives themselves, must be taken with a few grains of deferential allowance.

THE discussion about the reading of the Bible in the public schools will, it is to be hoped, do this good, if no other,—namely, draw attention to the subject of Bible-reading in general. The Bible is read altogether too much. Of course, it is not read too much by people who do not read it enough, or who do not read it at all, or who know how to read it a great deal, and to edification. But there is not another good book in the world with which so many Christian people bore themselves, and bore their neighbors. Some people read and read the Bible till its beauties and consolations have little or no effect upon their minds or souls. In fact, the Bible has been made so trite, that only by indirection and at rare intervals are we apt to get clear impressions of its incomparable wealth of poetry, passion, and religion. We knew a good soul who used to read the Bible literally "on his knees;" who read it three times a day; who read the genealogies with the same steadiness of purpose as the Psalms or the Beatitudes, and who confessed that he got less good out of the book than when he became a kind of heathen and stopped reading it almost altogether. The experience of this person suggests an intelligent middle course, which we leave it to the parsons to point out.

As for the poetry of the Bible, it would seem that the hardest test to which the greatest of the so-called secular poets can be brought is that of comparison with the Hebrew bards. Even in translation the Bible poets hold their own.

As for the passion of the Bible,—the strong, pervading, unsurrendering human love,—it burns with a purity and intensity that make the fire of our modern so-called passionate singers a pale and sickly flame. Where else in the world is there such love poetry as that of "Solomon's Song?"

As to the religion of the Bible, compared, for instance, with the religion of the Vedas, we beg leave to refer to an interesting little book published by Macmillan & Co., entitled "The Sacred Poetry of the Early Religions." It contains two lectures, one on the Vedas and the other on the Psalms, delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral by Dean Church, the object of the lecturer being to show the failure of the earliest sacred poets of India to discern God, to approach Him in any way except in an exterior and unintimate manner; and, on the other hand, the confident, discerning approach of the Hebrew poets to Him whom they worshiped as God of Gods,—and the general superiority of the Psalms in insight and moral tone. "To pass," says Dean Church, "from the Veda to the Psalms is to pass at one bound from poetry, heightened certainly by a religious sentiment, to religion itself, in its most serious mood and most absorbing form; tasking, indeed, all that poetry can furnish to meet its imperious and diversified demands for an instrument of expression; but in its essence far beyond poetry. It is passing at one bound from ideas, at best vague, wavering, uncertain of themselves, to the highest ideas which can be formed by the profoundest and most cultivated reason, about God and the soul, its law, its end, its good."

IT is a question whether our ears have not become in these days somewhat unaccustomed to the subtler and more lasting kinds of poetic melody. The tendency of the poets of the present is toward the production of melody by an extraordinary insistence upon rhythm. Much is made of the recurrent

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stroke of the wire; and little of the vibration between the strokes. The custom now is to "mark the time" very distinctly. Swinburne's lyrics are probably the finest flower of this particular method, although Tennyson went before, and has almost, if not quite, matched the younger poet in his special lyrical department. Swinburne prefers this method, even in his blank verse; and the reader is kept on the jump from the first to the last page of his longest poems. His poetry is, in this respect, like the singing at the negro camp-meetings, where the whole congregation beat time with their feet. The negroes, by the way, are very fond of "marking the time" distinctly in all their music. Blind Tom's piano-playing is an example.

There is something irresistible in the rhythmic movement when used by poets like Tennyson and Swinburne. The lyric verse of these and other modern masters of the method gives the ripple of waters, the roll of drums, the beat of the hammer on the blacksmith's anvil, the ringing of bells, the gallop of horses, the thunder of battle, the rattle of rain and hail; it records moods and produces impressions that could be recorded or produced in no other way. But rhythm is easily overdone. It is not the highest part of even the mechanics of verse. And yet, as we have said, it is the habit of the living generation and the tendency of the times. Tennyson, it may be suggested, has created a melody of his own that depends very little upon the charm of rhythm; but even his most musical notes have not the bird-like melodious quality that we find in Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth.

In using the term bird-like, we hit upon what is perhaps the secret of the matter. The tendency toward rhythm, and toward elaborate and experimental forms of verse, may be an outgrowth or a part of the modern artistic self-consciousness. There is a lack of spontaneity, and a recourse to artistic elaboration. Rhythm is that portion of the art farthest from the purely poetic and spontaneous. A young poet would have to journey far away from the most potent contemporary influences in order to bring back again the free, delicious minstrelsy which seems to have deserted the language,—from influences not only emanating from the elder living poets, but from the more subtile spirit of the times by which the elder poets have themselves been fashioned.

THE proverb which says that the absent are always wrong has a new application and a new force among us moderns who breathe the atmosphere of criticism. With us the absent are *intellectually* wrong. The stress that is upon us to form "opinions" upon all subjects is felt in other directions. It is a necessity that the opinion should be creditable. We must shine; our neighbor must not outshine us; and in conversation we must be careful lest, by too favorable an expression with regard to our absent friend, we are committed to an opinion of him, especially of his intellectual or artistic caliber, which would be compromising to our own intellectual standing. Our friend writes books, or writes criticisms, or paints pictures, or decorates, or himself is given to the verbal expression of opinions. His name is mentioned, perhaps with praise; we agree, but there is a shrug of the shoulders that shows an anxiety not to go too far. We are not anxious to explain our standing with relation to people obviously on a lower intellectual plane, our car-driving or carpentering acquaintance. It is only with relation to our equals or our superiors that this anxiety is shown to avoid intellectual self-compromise.

—IN some the trait of which we speak is developed and given wider scope.

A modest and deferential person finds his pleasure in conversation greatly impaired by a tone which many people habitually assume. It is a tone of superiority and depreciation with regard, not directly to the person present (although that is implied), but to pretty much all other persons and things brought forward as topics of discourse. This tone, we are inclined to think, is more apt to show itself in so-called literary or art atmospheres, and in its modern aggravated form is (like the trait noticed above, of finding the absent intellectually wrong) an offspring of the over-critical spirit of the times. Hardly any one who breathes these "atmospheres" is totally exempt from it; but in some it amounts to an inveterate habit. Doubtless, all thoughtful minds are subject now and then to the high Emersonian mood of exaltation above all human and artistic grandeurs, —moods in which no men that are or were, no pictures, no books, come fully up to the mark. It is, however, of course the best evidence of a small mind when the mood degenerates into a function.

But the modest man finds it hard to console himself for the continual shocks and disappointments received in conversation with a superior person of the kind mentioned, by any philosophical consideration. One of the necessities of his nature is a generous sympathy with, and deference toward, the person to whom he happens to be talking. He cannot meet the pooh-poohs of his friend with the immediate reflection that perhaps, after all, the latter is not a greater man than Michael Angelo or John Milton. When, at mention of one of these famous persons, his friend betrays a gentle and seductive ennui, the first feeling of the modest person is apt to be one of shame at his own lack of insight and originality. Here, he says, is an unconventional and valuable opinion, my friend will justly look upon me as a Philistine. Sooner or later the modest and sensitive person recovers his intellectual integrity, and has a keen sense of irritation and indignation. But by that time the other man is half way down the street.

Our only object in these remarks is to offer a suggestion for the benefit of the sufferer. There is one way of dealing with the superior person. Turn his own weapon upon him; smile indulgently upon his admirations; make him blush at every inadvertent committal in favor of any man, method, or principle; patronize and pooh-pooh him out of his very house and home.

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HOME AND SOCIETY.

Centennial Cookery.

HINTS FOR "TEA PARTIES," ETC.

WHEN we hold our "Centennial tea parties" and "Lady Washington suppers," we know that we must not grace our tables with impossible lilies and tulips, and fluffy little frozen chickens of ice-cream, with Gélatines, and Mayonaises, and Macédoines; with pâté de foie gras or à la Financière, or apples à la Parisienne. We do not wish to set before the revivified Father and Mother of their country strange dishes, which might disagree with their antiquated digestive organs. We want to know just what will please their venerable appetites, and at the same time not permit them to suspect how far their big child has departed from their simple ways.

For the assistance of anxious caterers, we shall quote a little from a volume entitled "AMERICAN COOKERY, or the Art of Dressing Viands, Fish, Poultry, and Vegetables, and the Best Modes of making Pastes, Puffs, Pies, Tarts, Puddings, Custards and Preserves, and all kinds of CAKES, from the Imperial PLUMB to plain Cake. Adapted to this country and ALL Grades of Life. *By Amelia Simmons*, an American Orphan;" printed in Hartford in 1796. This book of much title is said by the authoress, in her preface, to be "an original work in this country;" so we may fairly conclude its pages to have been made up from the manuscript receipts handed carefully from mother to daughter for many years before, and hence properly representative of the cuisine of 1776.

The preface itself is suggestive of old-time proprieties, for the American Orphan makes it the means of conveying to her readers sentiments whose connection with cookery does not now seem very plain.

"As this treatise," she says, "is calculated for the improvement of the rising generation of *females* in America, the *lady* of fashion and fortune will not be displeased if many hints are suggested for the more general and universal knowledge of those females in this country, who, by the loss of their parents or other unfortunate circumstances, are reduced to the necessity of going into families in the line of domestics, or taking refuge with their friends or relations, and doing those things which are really essential to the perfecting them as good wives and useful members of society. The Orphan, though left to the care of virtuous guardians, will find it essentially necessary to have an opinion and determination of her own. The world, and the fashion thereof, is so variable, that old people cannot accommodate themselves to the various changes and fashions which daily occur. *They* will adhere to the fashion of *their* day, and will not surrender their attachments to the *good old way*, while the young and the gay bend and conform readily to the taste of the times or fancy of the hour."

The volume begins with instructions how to choose meats and vegetables in the market. Some of these instructions are indicative of the changes which eighty years have made in ways of locomotion, as this: "Veal brought to market in panniers or in carriages is to be preferred to that brought in bags and flouncing on a sweaty horse."

"Every species generally of salt-water fish," she says, "are best fresh from the water, though the *Hannah Hill, Black Fish, Lobster, Oyster, Flounder, Bass, Cod, Haddock, and Eel*, with many others, may be transported by land as many as forty miles, find a good market and retain a good relish; but, as generally live ones are bought first, deceits are used to give them a freshness of appearance, such as peppering the gills, wetting the fins and tails, and even painting the gills, or wetting with animal blood."

Here is an original scheme for extinguishing the national debt: "There is not a single family but might set an apple-tree in some otherwise useless spot, which might serve the twofold use of shade and fruit, on which twelve or fourteen kinds of fruit-trees might easily be engrafted, and essentially preserve the orchard from the intrusions of boys, etc., which is too common in America. If the boy who thus planted an apple-tree, and guarded it and protected it in a useless corner, and carefully engrafted different fruits, was to be indulged free access into orchards, while the neglectful boy was prohibited, how many millions of fruit would spring into growth, and what a saving to the Union! The net saving would in time *extinguish the public debt and enrich our cookery*."

We find by this book, what we might have been supposed to know before, though some of our Centennial supper committees do not seem to know, that our ancestors were very fond of roasts, whether of beef, veal, lamb, pork, or venison, turkey, goose, or duck; that they delighted in oysters, smothered fowls in the same, and dressed turtles, just as we do to-day. Chicken, pigeon, and meat pies were highly esteemed. Minced-meat pies were then as now composed of one part of minced beef to ten or twelve parts of fruits and spices, and their allowance of "best Madeira wine" was a good deal bigger than we could now afford. Fruit pastries were confined to apple, currant, and gooseberry pies. The genial "pompkin," though baked as we bake it to-day, in a paste, was then called a pudding. To make it as made in 1796, and probably in 1776, we must take one quart of stewed and strained pumpkin, three pints of sweet cream, ten well-beaten eggs, two glasses of wine, with sugar, mace, nutmeg, and ginger "to taste,' and bake in a deep dish lined with a rich puff paste.

For a "simple rice pudding" we boil six ounces of rice in a quart of very sweet cream, over a slow fire, till tender. When cold we stir in one pound of sugar. "Interim beat fourteen eggs to a stiff froth. [Bear in mind that there were then no patent egg-beaters.] Add to the pudding when cold, with sugar,

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salt, spices, and wine to taste, and one pound of raisins. Line the pudding dish with rich puff paste, and bake one and a half hours."

For a "plain Indian pudding," recommended as "economical," we "scald seven spoonfuls" (size of spoon not mentioned—supposed to be table-spoon) "of sifted Indian meal in three pints of very sweet cream. When cold add seven well-beaten eggs, half a pound of raisins, the same of butter and of sugar; spice to taste, and bake one and a half hours."

"A plain bread pudding" requires a pound of soft bread crumbs soaked in one quart of sweet cream, and forced through a fine sieve. To this is added seven beaten eggs, a pound of sugar, a half pound of butter, nutmeg, cinnamon, and rose water "to taste," and a pound of raisins. It is then baked three-quarters of an hour in a "middling oven."

Besides the above there are flour puddings, boiled and baked; a Sunderland, a cream almond, and a carrot pudding; puddings of apples, gooseberries, pears, plums, oranges, and lemons, and one which is made of "one pound of boiled and mashed potatoes, a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, ten eggs, three gills of sweet cream, one nutmeg, the juice and grated peel of a lemon, and two glasses of rose water; the whole to be baked for one hour."

The cheapest pudding of the lot, which hides its diminished head as if ashamed of its poverty, is a "Whitpot," which requires only half a loaf of bread, two quarts of milk and half a pound of sugar, with nutmeg and rose water to taste.

There are custards by the dozen, tarts by the score, and "creams," "trifles," and "syllabubs." Among the latter we find a receipt telling us how "to make a fine syllabub from the cow." We are first to "sweeten a quart of cider" (supposed to be hard), "with double refined sugar, and grate into this plenty of nutmeg. Then milk your cow into your liquor. When you have thus added what quantity of milk you think proper, pour over it half a pint or more, in proportion to the quantity of syllabub you wish to make, of as sweet cream as you can get."

The "imperial plum pudding" very much resembles the Christmas pudding of to-day, which is not wonderful, considering that both are but descendants of the old English Yule-tide pudding, the chief difference being in the amount of brandy and wine and the number of eggs. "To four pounds of raisins, two of currants, three of slivered citron, three of sugar, two of finely chopped suet, and two of fine bread crumbs; six ounces of candied peel, one each of nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon; a pint of brandy; the same of Madeira wine, and two lemons—add three dozen of well-beaten eggs." This receipt, which, we are told, makes only "enough for eight persons," will have to be several times duplicated, if Lady Washington intends giving a large dinner party during her stay with us. It would mortify the hospitable dame if each guest should not be able to report a very frisky nightmare when he visits the next morning's breakfast-table and partakes of "Indian flapjacks" (whose principal ingredient is eggs); of delicate golden waffles, swimming in melted butter and sugar; of hot biscuits and rusks; of aromatic coffee ("one pound of coffee, cleared with four eggs, and steeped, not boiled; enough for six persons"); of fried sausages, or ham and eggs, and crisp fried potatoes.

Of receipts for sweet cakes this cookery-book contains as large a proportion as Mrs. Beeton's ponderous tome; and each of them demands an unconscionable number of eggs. It is no wonder that our notable great-grandmothers were obliged to pay strict attention to their poultry-yards. Listen to this receipt for "plain soft gingerbread:" "Rub three pounds sugar and two pounds butter into three pounds flour. Add *twenty* eggs, four ounces each of ginger and cinnamon and four spoons of rose water, and bake in a quick oven."

In the following receipt for "a plain loaf cake," we are reminded that the place of our skimping stove or range oven was then filled by the generous brick. For this loaf cake we are told to "rub six pounds of sugar, two of lard, and three of butter into twelve of flour. Add twenty-four beaten eggs, one quart of milk, two ounces each of cinnamon and nutmeg, and a teacupful of coriander seed pounded and sifted. Then add one pint each of brandy and Madeira wine, six pounds of stoned raisins, and one pint of emptins [*sic*]. First having dried your flour in the oven, dry and roll the sugar half an hour; it will render the cake much whiter and lighter. Heat the oven with dry wood for one and a half hours. If large milk pans are used the cake will then require two hours baking, and in proportion for smaller loaves."

In this ancient cookery-book we find no mention of baked pork and beans. Yet we have actually heard a lady complaining that it was so difficult to get dishes for Centennial suppers, since they must be ancient, and modern appetites refused to partake largely of pork and beans!

To counterfeit the supper-table of 1776, full sets of old china are essential; but these are difficult to find. Still, we will imagine that we have one, and will set our table as that of Lady Washington was set at a supper given at Mount Vernon to a party of gentlemen during her husband's second term in the Presidential chair. The details were described in an old letter from one of the guests to his wife, who had doubtless requested "full particulars."

The table, of dark mahogany, waxed, and polished like a mirror, was square (supported, we may suppose, on many legs), and supplemented at each end by a half circle of the same wood and polish, which fitted the table. In the center of the large table so made, stood a branched épergne of silver wire and cut glass, filled with a tasteful arrangement of apples, pears, plums, peaches, and grapes. At one end Mrs. Washington, "looking as handsome as ever," assisted by a young lady, presided behind a handsome silver tea service, "an enormous silver hot-water urn nearly two feet high," and a whole battalion of tiny flaring cups and saucers of blue India china. All the plates were likewise of this china, but most of the service was of silver, which,

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polished to its highest, reflected the blaze of many wax candles in branched candelabra, and candlesticks of silver standing upon the table and about the room.

As the meal was a late supper, the edibles were nearly all cold: fried oysters, and waffles, and fried chickens being the only exceptions. On the table were cold roasted turkey, canvas-backed ducks and venison, a baked ham and "a meat pasty of some sort which I did not taste, though it looked very good." Besides, there was "an abundance of rich cakes and of fine West India sweetmeats," while "capital Madeira wine was served from elegant decanters to those who preferred it to tea, which," to their credit be it spoken, "hardly any one did."

Verily, as we look over this table, we do not see that we need return to the simplicity of savage diet in order to please the tastes of our ancient and honored guests!

Rural Topics.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR PLANTING SMALL PLACES.

WITH beginners, and those of limited experience in the art of gardening, there is always a strong desire to rush the work in the garden, have the beds dug and raked, the seeds sown, and the trees and shrubs planted before the frost is well out of the ground, or the soil dry or warm enough to facilitate vegetation. This natural, but very common, error, to turn over or disturb the ground too soon in the spring not infrequently leads to discouraging results later in the season. Garden seeds, sown too early, while the soil is still cold and wet, are sure to be seriously injured, rotting in many instances before germinating. This will be found true in degree of fruit-bearing trees as well as garden seeds. I have known of many cases where young pears, apples, and cherries were permanently stunted from the very start by this unwise course of planting when the soil was cold and soggy. On clay land, no more fatal blunder can be made than planting fruit-trees, vines, or shrubs, before the soil is in the right condition. Better by far wait two weeks than start one day too soon. If the soil is thrown around the roots when heavy and wet, it soon hardens, encasing the fibers in an impervious cement which hinders their natural action, and, as a matter of course, checks the growth and vigor of the trees or vines. Early planting in the open ground of vegetables or fruit-trees possesses no other advantage beyond that of having the work out of the way, and for this the risks run from the causes named are out of all proportion. I have known of instances time and again, even with as hardy a vegetable as the potato, that those planted about the middle of April were ripe and ready for use one to two weeks in advance of those planted a month earlier, and produced a larger yield, —this, too, on the same farm, and under the same treatment and culture.

HOT-BEDS.—Those who enjoy home-raised early tomatoes and egg plants will have to sow the seeds in a hot-bed not later than the middle of March. To propagate enough for family use, a single sash and frame 3x6 feet will give abundant room, not only for those named, but also for some cauliflowers, peppers, and lettuce.

The frame for this bed can be made of rough hemlock boards nailed together, a single board twelve inches high in front, and two boards twenty-four inches high in the rear. The frame, when completed, should be level on the bottom, and inclined enough on top, so that when the sash is put in place there will be sufficient fall to carry off the water from the rear to the front of the frame. For the bed, select a spot sheltered from the north winds, with a south-eastern exposure. On such a spot make a bed of manure 4x8 feet and a foot or so in thickness. Then set the frame on this bed, and, when firmly pressed down, add another layer of manure inside the frame, and, at the same time, bank up around the outside of the frame to the top of the boards. The earth may then be put on six or seven inches in depth, and the sash set in place. The third day from the date of making the bed, the earth may be raked over and made level, and the seeds sown and carefully covered in shallow drills running from front to rear, and each kind labeled. A small paper of "New York Improved" Egg Plant, one each of "Arlington" and "Trophy" Tomato, "Early Erfurt" Cauliflower, "Curled Silesia" Lettuce, and "Bull Nose" Pepper will be enough. When the seeds are sown, give the bed air daily, and water when the soil needs it with tepid water. Market gardeners always transplant into another bed to get stocky plants; but for home use, where the seeds are sown thinly, it is not necessary.

TREE PEDDLERS.—Persons moving from the city to the country with the intention of making it their homes are quickly besieged by the ever-watchful tree peddler. These men are always equipped with a goodly supply of books filled with colored plates of monstrosities in fruits and flowers, attractive and enticing to the novice, and made more so when their good qualities are deftly and ingeniously described by the glib-tongued fellows, who seldom fail in capturing their victim—if not at the first, surely at the second, third, or fourth visit. The stock of trees and plants with which they fill their orders is usually of an inferior quality, seldom true to name; but their prices run from 50 to 100 per cent. higher than those at which first-class trees, plants, or vines can be purchased from responsible nurserymen who have reputations to maintain.

These tree peddlers, in order to perfect a sale, often represent themselves as the authorized agents of nursery firms, with whom they have no such connection. They go from place to place and buy at very low prices what is known to the trade as "hospital stock," the cullings of one or more years' business, and such stock as nurserymen wouldn't send out to their regular customers. It is, indeed, discouraging to wait four or five years for a pear-tree to come into bearing, and then find that, instead of a Bartlett or Seckel, you have some worthless sort that has no value, fit only to feed to the hogs.

The best and least expensive way to get fruit-trees, vines, or plants, is to send direct to some well-known

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nursery firm; you then get what you order, and if it does not turn out well, there is a way of redress. Those who will purchase their stock from itinerant tree venders are almost certain to be cheated.

SMALL FRUITS.—A family garden at this day and age is not complete without a full stock of the best kind of small fruits. These are so largely propagated now, so cheap, and the plants can be sent through the mail at such low rates, that it has become, with a little care, very easy to have a full supply. To make a selection from the long lists usually found in nurserymen's catalogues is a puzzling question for the beginner, and more so for the reason that the bulk of these are described as of "good quality, tender flesh, and melting." In such cases, orders are often sent to nurserymen living in widely distant parts of the country with the selection of kinds not named, leaving the choice to the seller. This is not always the best way to do, for no matter how conscientious the nurseryman may be, soil and climate have such a marvelous effect on varieties, both as to quality and productiveness, that sorts that do well in one State are worthless in another. There are only very few kinds of either large or small fruits that will grow freely and bear abundantly in any wide range of our country. Those who cultivate fruit as a business know the fact that there are a number of varieties grown with profit in Western New York, which in the eastern part of the State amount to nothing. Another case in point is the Hudson River Antwerp Raspberry, that grows and bears to perfection along the Hudson River, producing crops of delicious fruit year after year; yet, over in New Jersey, on the light soil, it is a waste of time and money to undertake its culture. These matters are worthy of consideration before selecting either large or small fruits for garden culture.

STRAWBERRIES.—This truly delicious fruit, so long neglected, has within the last ten years left the bounds of the garden fence, and now receives the dignity of field culture in New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and South Carolina. Within a few miles of Charleston, on what is called the "Neck," I saw growing a few weeks ago more than 150 acres of strawberries, all intended for the New York market. It was not until quite recently that the best methods of culture were put into general practice. It was the general belief among the people that strawberries did best on poor soil, and with poor culture. But this fallacy is no longer entertained.

The bed intended for strawberries in the garden should be forked over at least three times before setting out the plants. Furrows should then be opened six or eight inches deep, and two and a half feet apart. In these furrows plenty of well-decomposed yard manure should be scattered, with the addition of wood ashes, or some other fertilizer, and then covered over with five or six inches of fine soil. The plants should then be set on the top of these ridges about a foot and a half apart in the row, and, in planting, the soil should be pressed firmly around the roots. The after-culture is simply to keep the surface loose, and the weeds down. With strong plants to start with by the fall, there will be a continuous bed of plants two feet in width, leaving just room enough for a path between these rows. In the Southern States, where the soil is light and subject to long droughts, this method of putting the manure directly under the plants won't answer, for the plants are likely to burn up in dry weather. In South Carolina, bone dust, or superphosphate of lime, is spread broadcast, and the plants are set out in level beds.

VARIETIES TO PLANT.—Up to this time "Wilson's Seedling" has taken the lead of all the other kinds as a market berry, and it would be a safe estimate to make, that for every quarter of an acre of any other kind planted, there are at least 100 acres of the "Wilson," and this, too, in every section of the country where strawberries are grown for market, with the single exception of near Charleston, S. C., where a new variety called the "Neunan" has taken its place. But while the "Wilson" has proved a valuable market sort, being productive, hardy, and firm of texture, it is of an inferior quality, and not a desirable sort in a collection of three or four varieties for home use. For garden culture and family needs there are three requisites to be sought for in making a selection of strawberries. The first should be productiveness; the second, quality; and the third, size. It is stated every now and then that one gets size in the strawberry at the expense of quality. This, however, is not the case, for one of our large-sized berries, the "Triomphe de Gand," stands at the head of the list for firmness and quality. In a small collection for the garden, it is not desirable to have more than four kinds, say seventy plants of each to start, or three hundred in all. This number, planted and cared for in the way recommended, will yield fruit enough for a family of eight or ten persons three times a day through the entire season. In a selection of four kinds for garden culture, I would include the "Charles Downing," "Seth Boyden," "Triomphe de Gand," and "Green Prolific," with the "Neunan" for the South. All of these sorts, except the last named, produce large fruit, and plenty of it, under what is known as high culture.

The "Green Prolific" is not quite up to the standard in quality; but this variety possesses so many other good characteristics, that it may be safely recommended in a collection of this kind.

In cultivating strawberries, either for home use or market purposes, the ground around the roots should not be disturbed in the spring of the bearing year.

P. T. Q.

NOTE.—In the suggestion regarding lawns in the March "Rural Topics" the types made the writer recommend the sowing of *Red* Clover instead of *White*, as he intended.—EDITOR.

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CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Emerson's "Letters and Social Aims."*

IT is a little amusing to find keen critics of Emerson philosophizing on the modifications of style and form visible in this, his last volume, when compared with its predecessors. One at least of the present essays has floated down unchanged from the times of "The Dial;" the essay on "The Comic" having first appeared in that periodical more than thirty years ago, namely, in October, 1843, and being here reprinted with scarcely a syllable of alteration, though with the omission of the opening paragraph. There is, however, thus much of truth in these critical surmises, that we can either see or fancy in the essays, as a whole, a slightly increased love of structure, and a dawning taste for a beginning, a middle, and an end. They are less *premorse*, as the botanists say of those roots which end abruptly, as if bitten off—a phrase so perfectly descriptive of Mr. Emerson's habitual terminations that he would doubtless have used it if duty had called him to pass upon his own style as a subject for criticism. At least half the present essays begin with a studied opening, and lead up to a marked and even cadenced close. This is the more impressive and agreeable to the reader, because Emerson's manner as a lecturer, owing to increasing dimness of sight, has grown more fragmentary year by year; and the more satisfactory aspect of the printed pages may, after all, be due to the aid covertly rendered by some skillful editor or secretary,—a daughter, perhaps, or friend.

Be this as it may, there is still enough left of the old method, or non-method, to bring back something of the old exasperation—both at the excess of choice quotation, confusing the main thread,—if thread there be,—and also at the fact that in re-arranging the loose sheets, some of the best things have fallen out and disappeared. Thus, in the "Social Aims" and the "Inspiration," which we personally heard as lectures, the one in 1864, the other in 1874,—we have looked in vain for certain delicious phrases or sentences which we were then tempted to note eagerly down, with furtive lead-pencil, on the backs of letters. Worse yet, we look in vain for a whole lecture which we have been accustomed to think the best given by Emerson since the days of the "Divinity Hall Address,"—a lecture on "The Natural Method of Intellectual Philosophy," given in his courses of twenty years ago—a lecture brilliant beyond even his wont with wit, and insight, and quotation; but having also a degree of method and continuity which would, if it could be printed, disarm the most Philistine critic.

Emerson's place in our and the world's literature is well fixed. We knew long since what to expect and what not to expect; we have learned to class him among the poets, not among the makers of systems. This being the case, the matter of chief interest with each reader is to know whether this is still the same Emerson, whether he is true to the dreams of his youth, or is falling within that "untimely shadow" which he himself has described as the tragedy of advancing years. No fact or thought contained in these volumes is, after all, so interesting as to know that our foremost man of letters is still true to his early visions; and that years have only mellowed him, without bringing him to the period of apology and retraction. The high, hopeful, resonant tone of the writer is better than any detail of the book itself.

If our descendants are ever to inhabit a planet where scientific systems are held more important than poetic glimpses, how valueless will Emerson seem beside Herbert Spencer! But those of us who look forward with joy to completing our earthly career before that era, may rejoice with confidence in those myriad fine thoughts and statements sown throughout this volume, any one of which seems for a moment to render all existing scientific results subordinate, as a sunbeam abolishes gas-light. Let us not be ungrateful to the gas-pipes: what would our modern life be without them?—as is justly remarked, no doubt, in the last report of the Social Science Association; but, after all, there are hierarchies in illumination, and we prefer to hold by the loftier shrine.

In no one of these essays is the maturing or mellowing of thought so visible as in that which fitly ends the volume, on "Immortality." Those who have claimed that in his earlier writings Mr. Emerson evaded or blurred this subject, will find peculiar delight in seeing the nobler and clearer light thrown upon it by his advancing experience. Indeed, there is something touching in the thought, how many humble souls will here find their own private assurances and hopes restated in grand rhetoric by the poet. Whether the theme be the being of Deity, or the promise of permanent life, Mr. Emerson approaches it in a way on which his clerical ancestors could not frown. Thus he says:

"After science begins, belief of permanence must follow in a healthy mind. Things so attractive, designs so wise, the secret workman so transcendently skillful that it tasks successive generations of observers only to find out, part by part, the delicate contrivance and adjustment of a weed, or a moss, to its wants, growth, and perpetuation, all these adjustments becoming perfectly intelligible to our study—and the contriver of it all forever hidden! * * * Everything is prospective, and man is to live hereafter. That the world is for his education, is the only sane solution of the enigma." (Pp. 298-9.)

This is theism and personal immortality, pure and simple; and yet more impressively in the following:

"Our passions, our endeavors, have something ridiculous and mocking, if we come to so hasty an

* Letters and Social Aims. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Company.

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HOME AND SOCIETY.

how like the bells of a fool is
* * * Will you, with vast
our children to be adepts
soon as they are ready
ut a file of soldiers
infer our destiny
ere is nothing
or accidental, or
ves by jumps, but
advances. The im-
tes that the gratification
onstitution of the creature
900–1.)

ome secret sense of fitness, Mr.
the occasion of an address before a
ty of Harvard College to re-affirm his
the fundamental principles of American
ation, and in the reforms to which he long
o pledged himself. But more important than his opinion on any particular point is his unflinching courage in urging his convictions:

"Difficulties exist to be surmounted. The great heart will no more complain of the obstructions that make success hard, than of the iron walls of the gun which hinder the shot from scattering. It was walled round with iron tube with that purpose, to give it irresistible force in one direction. A strenuous soul hates cheap successes." (Pp. 206–7.)

Who can measure the tonic influence of a literary career that has met opposition and surmounted obstacles in a spirit like this?

Two Books for Children.*

THERE is commonly this pleasure, at least, in reading American books for children, that they are apt to have more of local coloring than is usually found in American novels. To some of our best novelists an American village yields nothing that is not tiresome or distasteful; it is of use only as a foil for the supposed picturesqueness of European life. But in almost every child's story, when the scene is laid in New England, for instance, the home life becomes essentially enjoyable; the sun shines, the brook runs, the bobolink and oriole sing, the chestnuts drop from the tree, the ice resounds, the snow sparkles, and the children and grandchildren all go to the homestead at Thanksgiving. We can hardly recall a recent children's book produced in this country, which is wanting in local coloring, or prefers foreign traditions to American. Among our novelists of maturer life, it is needless to say that such a preference is very common.

It must be owned, however, that up to this time a certain literary crudeness or willfulness has marked this indigenous school of children's stories. Of those who have sinned in this way, it has latterly been the custom to reproach Miss Alcott as the chief offender. She has not, however, sinned so far, even at her worst, as to reach that "I don't know *as*," or "I walked *some*," which are our nearest approach to the English *h*, as marking the line where culture is clearly deficient. And it may be said that her last book shows a decided improvement in accuracy of language since the "worried Amy most to death," and the "*ma amie*" of "Little Women." She is unquestionably one of the few women who can make not merely small children but even college Sophomores talk with something of the raciness of real life; and to one who can do this, much may be forgiven. The trouble is, that this perilous facility has tempted her to conform her own narrative style to that of her interlocutors, and this has sometimes compelled careful parents to keep her books from their children, for fear of spoiling their vocabulary. But she has suffered severely for this among the critics, so that, like her own Jo, she must sometimes have been puzzled to know whether she had "written a promising book or broken all the Ten Commandments." It is rather unfortunate that in the present volume she has employed this very charge of undesirable language against one of her rivals in popularity, "Oliver Optic," and has assailed him for teaching slang as eagerly as ever a "hazed" Freshman retaliated upon Freshmen when he became a Sophomore.

Miss Alcott has been so especially condemned in England on this score, that it almost becomes necessary that her fellow-countrymen should make her cause a matter for international protest. For much of the criticism is based on that extraordinary theory of our British cousins, that it is they alone who are entitled, as Parson Hugh says, "to make fritters of English." One would think that a child a hundred years old might be entitled to some voice in arranging his own vocabulary; but the theory seems still to prevail in some quarters, that all new Americanisms, however indispensable, are slang, and all new Anglicisms, however uncouth, are classic. A good anecdote has lately crossed the ocean, of an American girl who was playing croquet in England last summer. "What a horrid scratch!" said she indignantly, when her mallet once failed of its duty and she missed her shot. "Oh, my dear!" said an English cousin, "you should not use such slang expressions." "What should I have said?" asked the American. "You might have said," replied the English maiden, after canvassing her vocabulary for a perfectly unexceptionable phrase—"you might have said, 'What a beastly fluke!'"

In turning from Miss Alcott's books to the most approved and decorous English stories for children, one is sometimes reminded of this piquant anecdote. Here, for instance, is a tale, much praised by the critics, and written by a lady bearing the stately name of Juliana Horatia Ewing. Opening it at the very first sentence, we find the following: "Eleanor and I are subject to *fads;* indeed, it is a family failing. * * * * Our fads and the boys' fads are sometimes the same, but oftener distinct." Here is an absurd little monosyllable that no American who has not stayed some time in England can possibly comprehend, unless he hunts up a "slang

* 1. Eight Cousins, or the Aunt-hill. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
2. Nine Little Goslings. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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dictionary," and finds that it means "a hobby, a favorite pursuit." Yet Miss Ewing vouchsafes not a word of explanation, but only closes the book with saying: "This dusty relic of an old fad had been lying by me for more than a year," etc., etc. Suppose "fad" to have been a bit of American nonsense used by Miss Alcott, and imagine the dismay of "The Athenæum" and "The Saturday Review!"

We dwell on all this because it is a point on which a grown-up critic is qualified to form some judgment of a book for children. But as for the absolute attractiveness of such a book, the children and the bookseller's accounts must settle that. If you wish to know whether the cherries are good, ask the boys and the blackbirds. Aided by one of the most skillful of American publishers, Miss Alcott's books have long since reached a pitch of success which settles that part of the story. Yet she should remember that even a success like this will not bear to be trifled with. She herself is hardly more popular than was Mayne Reid in his day, but the children themselves seem to have forgotten his existence, and they may not always be loyal to her. There are, doubtless, laws of literary art in this department of literature as in every other, and the distinction between the transient and the permanent exists here also.

It would seem, for instance, that even in children's books the individuality of the characters delineated might be of some importance. The four sisters in "Little Women" retain their separate characters from beginning to end; but eight cousins are too many to handle; there are really only three or four distinct individualities among them, and the rest are lay figures. Uncle Alec fluctuates in character and manners through the book very much as he does in the illustrations, where he now appears as a bearded young sailor, and again, within twenty pages, as a bald middle-aged Pickwick, with a beardless double chin. The aunts, also, are too numerous to be very clearly individualized; and, finally, Rose is placed, by the necessity of the case, at a rather chaotic period of life and in a very uncertain phase of development, and acts accordingly. The moral of the book lies, to be sure, in her physical and mental progress, and part of this progress comes to her through the mistakes of her elders; still it is possible that the follies of the various aunts are criticised too much from the grown-up point of view; and it is rather perilous moralizing to point it out as a general truth, that the most judicious uncle will end in giving a pretty niece a set of ear-rings, if she will only get her ears bored on the sly.

It would be easy to point out other defects in this little book. But, after all is said and done, it is written in the interest of the right side—of truth, honesty, and good sense. Children brought up in the atmosphere of Miss Alcott's writings may be tempted to grow odd and pert, and may fancy themselves wiser than their aunts and uncles, but they never will be frivolous fine ladies, or selfish worldlings. She keeps much higher laws than she breaks, and this is one secret of her power. The same is true of Miss Woolsey (Susan Coolidge), in whom the practical tendency is not so predominant as in Miss Alcott, while the artistic sense is stronger; and though it is not strong enough even in Miss Woolsey to make her always work slowly and carefully, it yet keeps her to a higher standard of taste. She is less tempted to be slashing and inelegant; her little people are better bred than Miss Alcott's, but a shade more artificial; sometimes they use English phrases instead of American, as where little Lota Bird says: "*Whatever* I shall do with all of you on my hands at once, I can't imagine." On the other hand, the graceful and original fancies of the "Nine Little Goslings" would have been wholly out of Miss Alcott's line, though they are thoroughly in character for her who wrote "The New Year's Bargain." The chief defect of the new book is in a certain incongruity between title and treatment; we know several well-intentioned parents who have supposed the "Nine Little Goslings" to be something for very small children, and have quite missed in their adaptation of the gift. In fact, the goslings are simply so many stories from "Mother Goose" translated into more familiar life; a few of these versions being rather far-fetched, but most of them uncommonly ingenious and charming. "Mistress Mary quite Contrary" is, for instance, the disappointed little daughter of a Methodist minister, forced to leave her pretty home and its garden growing; the "silver bells" are the church bells; the cockle shells are the garden paths of sea-shell in the fishing village to which they are transferred; and the "pretty maids all in a row" are the little sewing class for whom Mary at last forgets her pansies. Again, "Lady Bird" is the little Lota Bird aforesaid; and her family of dolls, saved with difficulty from fire at last, are as real to her and to the reader as actual children. Perhaps some of the stories are written a little too much from the grown-up point of view; and the delicate satire of the first sketch, where "Curly Locks" is adopted by a transcendental lady from Boston and brought up on the principles of high art, may possibly pass over the head of the youthful reader, but certainly will not stand in the way of her enjoyment. If satire be sometimes wasted on children, graphic writing and original fancy are never wasted; and there is probably no one now catering for these young and insatiable admirers who offers them so much in this direction as Miss Woolsey. Sharing the deserved popularity of Miss Alcott, she shares also her ill-luck in respect of illustrations. It would be difficult to say which of the two books is encumbered with the poorer set of pictures.

Waring's "Farmer's Vacation."*

THE witty French actress, Déjazet, was once approached by an admirer, with two poems written in her praise. She took one, read it, and then extended her hand for the unread poem, expressing the opinion that she should like that better,—"*Je préfère*

* A Farmer's Vacation. By George E. Waring, Jr., of Ogden Farm. Reprinted (with additions) from SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company.

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l'autre." This is apt to be the impression produced by the descriptions in books of travels; having read about a particular country, you think that you would prefer to take tickets for some other. It is certainly the first praise to be given to Colonel Waring's travels, that he makes each of his countries appetizing. The cleanliness, order, and rural wealth of Holland; the romantic Old World aspect of Normandy; the picturesque beauty of the Channel Islands,—these all appear in unexpected attractiveness, and one longs to take Cook's Tourists' Tickets for them all.

The only unsatisfactory thing about the book is its name—"A Farmer's Vacation." The reader expects to deal with one whose talk is mainly of bullocks, whereas our farmer is a man of cultivation and social experience, and has a keen recognition of art, nature, and society everywhere, though always with a close eye to the main chance—farming. Even his agriculture is quite as much a wholesale operation, so to speak, as a matter of retail; and though he dwells with zest on the minutiæ of dairy farming, it is plain that his enthusiasm expands with every foot of the reclaimed acres of the Haarlem Lake, those "new-catchèd miles" about which Andrew Marvell was so eloquent and witty. Indeed, we know nobody who would like better to "invent a shovel and be a magistrate,"—Marvell again—than our agricultural engineer from Ogden Farm. He gives to all such matters a large and almost national aspect; and yet, when he comes to the small semi-nationalities of Jersey and Guernsey, his talk is indeed of bullocks, and he enumerates almost as many points in a pattern animal as old Tusser found in the whole of husbandry.

So large a part of the "Farmer's Vacation" has already appeared in these pages that for us to praise them may savor of the mutual admiration that prevails in every affectionate household. Yet it is fair enough for us to say that every reader of Colonel Waring's "Whip and Spur" will here find the same agreeable qualities which mark that attractive little volume,—graphic description, manly straightforwardness, and a certain indescribable ease, and, as it were, cavalry gait, in the narrative. It is the style of a man of affairs, too well-bred to be slovenly or inaccurate, and yet never tempted to the overniceties of the literary man. The author has a genuine humor, an artistic sense of beauty, and that genial philosophy which can extract amusement from even the mishaps of travel. It is impossible that the book should not be of practical value to every one interested in dairy farming or in drainage; but it belongs to literature besides, and will have a charm for the most unbucolic reader. It is simply one of the most agreeable books of travels ever issued in the United States; and surpasses most books of this character in mechanical execution, as respects type, paper, and engravings.

Smith's "Chaldean Account of Genesis."*

THERE are two very old books, full of strange history, which all modern discovery illustrates or confirms: the Genesis of Moses and the History of Herodotus. The earlier labors of Rawlinson, Hincks, Oppert, and others, in deciphering the Assyrian inscriptions were fruitful mainly in historical results of great value, which confirmed Herodotus; but those of the past four or five years have been remarkable for their bearings on Genesis. The reason is this: When the language was first being deciphered, scholars naturally labored over the longer, easier, and more complete texts. These are the cylinders on which the monarchs of Assyria inscribed their annals, and which they carefully laid away in the corner stones, or rather the corner brick-work, of their temples and palaces. Palaces and temples were overthrown and destroyed by conquerors, but their foundations remained, and to-day, in exploring the ruins, the first thing done is to dig open the corner and secure the historical treasure in a spirit of reverent care for the memorials of the dead, such as would not anger the ghost of Bel-zakir-iskun, successor of the Assurbanipal, to whose library we are so much indebted, who says, at the end of his cylinder: "In after days, when this house becomes old, may he who repairs its ruins and restores its decay see the inscription of my name written here. May he enclose it again in its niche; may he pour out a libation and write his own name beside mine. May Nebo and Urmitu hear his prayer and bless him. But whoso defaces the writing of my name and does not leave my name beside his own, may the gods not establish him nor hear his prayer; may they curse him, and wipe out his name and his seed from the land." These cylinders were all historical, and for nearly twenty years Assyrian scholars have confined their studies mainly to these monuments.

But there were found in the magnificent library of Assurbanipal thousands of fragments of clay tablets, which have remained, ever since Layard's Expedition, in the British Museum, and which could be translated only after long labor in fitting them together. Only a portion has been yet collected, and at least twenty thousand fragments still remain in the ruins about the old Nineveh library. Probably this library was kept in the upper stories of the building, and when it was burned they fell and were scattered about in confusion and nearly all broken. It is no little labor to arrange and join together the pieces each in its place, when there are so many to look over, and it is not strange that it is only of late that the work has been done. This library contained long mythological epics, which as remarkably illustrate Genesis as the royal cylinders illustrated Herodotus and the historical books of the Bible.

In that wonderful tenth chapter of Genesis, that genealogy of nations, we read of a son of Ham: "And Cush begat Nimrod; he began to be a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord; wherefore, it is said, even as Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord. And the beginning

* The Chaldean Account of Genesis: Containing the Description of the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Deluge, the Tower of Babel, the Times of the Patriarchs and Nimrod; Babylonian Fables and Legends of the Gods; from the Cuneiform Inscriptions. By George Smith. With Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

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of his kingdom was Babel." In his new volume, "The Chaldean Account of Genesis," Mr. George Smith rightly recognizes Nimrod (or Izdubar, as the name is phonetically transliterated) as the chief hero and central figure of the Babylonian myths, and his travels and exploits fill a large part of the book. Indeed, the famous Deluge tablet is but an episode in the history of Nimrod, to whom Xisuthrus, the Assyrian Noah, tells the story how he built the ark, how he gathered all animals into it, how he escaped the flood, how he landed on the Mountains of the East, how he sent out the raven, how he landed and sacrificed to the gods, and how he received the promise that the waters should not again destroy the race of man.

Fortunately, the stories of Nimrod are so fully told, that it is easy to recognize him in the sculptures and on the figured seals. He was a favorite with the makers of seals, and numerous representations of him are preserved, although, as we believe, Mr. Smith has been the first to identify his figure. He is represented as a sort of Hercules performing impossible feats, at one time struggling alone with a lion, at another holding and strangling a lion under his arm, at another lifting a lion by his hind leg, at another holding a lion over his head, and at another swinging a lion in each hand. Sometimes he is accompanied by his friend the satyr-like Heabani, who is, perhaps, performing some similar exploit in slaying a bull. Mr. Smith gives but four of these, one of which is of great interest as representing Nimrod, not in his usual style as a hunter, but on his visit with Heabani to Xisuthrus, who is seated in the ark with his wife. It is of extreme interest that Nimrod's features are so peculiar that they can always be instantly recognized, which is remarkable, considering that the features on the monuments are generally so uniform and conventional. It may be interesting to those who have never seen a portrait of Nimrod, and whose knowledge of him has been confined to that gained from the record of Moses, to learn that he had thick lips, a rather flat nose, high cheek bones, three love curls on each side of his face, and a not very long beard curled at the end, although the later figures, such as that figured on the cover of this volume, have lengthened and curled the beard after the more modern Assyrian style.

This volume is by no means given up entirely to the story of Nimrod. It is of extreme value as collecting, for the first time, all that is yet known of the Babylonian notions of the creation of the world and their earlier myths. Notwithstanding their fragmentary state, they prove that it was no mistake of Moses that the Jewish race had its origin in Chaldea. Not only the story of the Flood, but all the other stories of the first nine chapters of Genesis had their counterpart in Chaldea. We find that before the Creation there was chaos. There are fragments that indicate the creation on successive days of the heavenly bodies, of animals and of man, each of which creations is, in its turn, pronounced good. We have, then, the stories of wars in heaven, of Bel fighting against the dragon, the great Spirit of Evil, who is generally represented as a griffin with four eagle feet, a body covered with scales, and the head of a lion. We have, also, a part of the story, unfortunately much mutilated, of the fall of man,—they are called "Adamites," or the dark race, in distinction from the white race, who are, perhaps, the "Sons of God" of Genesis,—deceived by the dragon, and of the curse pronounced on him and the dragon. It is a pity that we have not the address complete, made by the divinity to the first pair after their creation, as Moses has failed to record it. According to the Babylonian account, the man was first addressed as to his duties, partly as follows:

> "Every day thou shalt invoke thy God;
> Sacrifice and the voice of prayer
> Thou shalt carry in reverence to thy God.
> Whatsoever shall be suitable for divinity,
> Supplication, humility, and the bowing of the head,
> Thou shalt present to him and shalt bring tribute:
> And in the fear of God thou shalt be holy."

The rest is too much mutilated to translate correctly, but it includes trust of God and trust of friends. The address to the woman is even more imperfect, but it contains so many references to her beauty, that Milton could well say:

> "Fairest of all her daughters, Eve."

The following two lines are all that is clear:

> "To the lord of thy beauty thou shalt be faithful;
> Thou shalt not approach him to do evil."

Mr. Smith thinks that he has found a fragment of the story of the Tower of Babel, but it is so extremely doubtful, that we should hesitate to admit it, especially as Berosus gives no parallel story, and as in this of Mr. Smith's the gods are represented as destroying in the night what was built during the day. But though this is doubtful, the Deluge story is so complete, that it proves, beyond all cavil, that the Jews and the Babylonians obtained their cosmogonies from a common source. Only this is everywhere noticeable, that the Mosaic story is simple and credible, while the Chaldean story is almost everywhere distorted with tales of frightened gods and composite monsters, and all the coarse incidents of a faith brutalized by polytheism.

Mr. Smith is a prolific writer. His "Assyrian Discoveries" bore date of 1875, and between that volume and this he has issued not only the fourth folio volume of the British Museum Cuneiform Inscriptions, but also "The Assyrian Canon," which gives the fullest accessible account of the correspondence between Assyrian and Jewish history. The present work, though it contains considerable matter that was in his "Assyrian Discoveries," brings out fully the relation of Assyrian mythology to the Jewish faith, and is even more valuable, in its place, than "The Assyrian Canon," for scholars can find nearly all the historical coincidences in French and German volumes, while these stories of the gods and heroes have nearly all been the discovery of Mr. Smith.

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"Pray for the Holy Spirit."*

THIS book is not controversial, but is intended for the use of evangelical Christians of every name. Its publication is well-timed to the wide-spread revival of religion, and its general circulation would do much to prevent or cure the excess and fanaticism which sometimes mar revival movements. The very title of the treatise breathes the spirit of exhortation which animates the whole book, and intimates the practical nature of the discussion; yet the author has remembered that effective exhortation is founded on reason, and true practice on principle.

The Christian is first urged to seek the Holy Spirit for himself—but why? Seventeen answers are given in as many brief chapters of a few pages each. The Christian is then urged to seek the Holy Spirit for the Church and the world—but for what? Eight answers are returned in as many chapters, equally brief. The author's style is plain to a fault, an illustration or metaphor occurring with provoking rareness. For this defect we have compensation in clear, terse statement, and rapid movement from point to point. We know of no book better adapted to become a manual for Christians on the subject it handles.

Social Science.

PERHAPS the two questions of most immediate practical concern which have been under investigation by the American Social Science Association for the past year are "The Health of Pupils in the Public Schools" and "Homes for the People in American Cities." A two-days' conference took place at Detroit on the former question, which has also been since debated at the meeting of the American Public Health Association in Baltimore last November, and at the Social Science meeting in Boston, January 12th, 1876. Most important statistics and general information have been collected concerning health in the public schools, which will soon be published in the "Journal of Social Science." A full report on "Homes for the People in American Cities" was read at the British Social Science Congress in Brighton last October, based upon a paper on the same topic by Robert Jacob Paine, Jr., of Boston, read at Detroit last May. A still more extended report was made at the Boston Social Science meeting in January. In all three, much attention was given to the remarkably successful "Building Associations" of Philadelphia, described in the February SCRIBNER by Mr. Charles Barnard. At the Philadelphia meeting of May 31 above mentioned, this branch of the question will again be brought forward, and the working people of Philadelphia themselves will be invited to send a delegation to state the exact present condition of the Building Associations to which so many of them belong, and by the aid of which they have become the owners of their homesteads, to an extent unknown in any other great city of the world. The day devoted by the American Social Science Association to the consideration of this question in Philadelphia will be one of the most interesting to the economist and the philanthropist of all those which the Centennial season will witness.

The death of Dr. S. G. Howe, occurring but a few days before the Boston Social Science meeting in January, was noticed there with appropriate mention of Dr. Howe's great services to mankind. He was one of the half-dozen gentlemen who issued the call for the first meeting of the American Social Science Association in 1865, and at the time of his death, as he had been for years before, he was one of its directors. At the public services, held in his honor at the Boston Music Hall, February 8th, a letter was read from his contemporary, the poet Bryant, ranking Dr. Howe, very justly, with Virgil's

> "Lovers of our race, whose labors gave
> Their names a memory that defies the grave;"

and the poets Holmes and Ellery Channing also paid their tribute to his heroic and generous nature. It is by such men as he that the work of Social Science in America has been farthest carried forward.

Ninth Exhibition of the Water-Color Society.

THOUGH it is as difficult to compare two annual picture collections as it is to measure the relative severity of two winters from memory, we believe it is safe to place the exhibition of 1876 above that of last year.

A striking particular of the exhibition was the group of large pictures by native painters in the North Room, testifying to the growing importance of water-color. Of these elaborate attempts, Mr. Edwin A. Abbey's "The Stage Office," though the smallest, must be rated in some regards the highest. Though a little timid and "stretched," the conception was happy, and the carrying out very honest and pleasant. The touch of romance in the pale-cheeked young woman, with her ancient flower-figured carpet-bag, and the pompous, investigating air of the stage-driver, make a piquant contrast, which has not been exaggerated. The intellectual point of view which the picture indicated, reminds us a little of Tissot, though it has not that French thoroughness and precision so rarely developed outside of Paris. Mr. Bellows's "Sunday Afternoon in New England" is evidently a success, judged by the artist's standard, though we see in it only a painstaking, conventional statement,—a platitude very agreeably modulated. Such pictures undoubtedly fill a place in the scale of artistic culture, and it is some satisfaction to see them done with such evenness as Mr. Bellows sustains. Of Mr. Tiffany's "Shop in Switzerland" much might be said in praise of the *technique*; but the effect of the scene, and the memory of its spotty lights, and too widely dispersed and detailed interest, are simply rasping, and mark the work as a very unsatisfactory one. Mr. S. Colman's "Mosque of Sidi Hallui," and his "Cathedral at Quimper," are remarkably good portrayals of buildings in a pictorial style.

Little can be said of Mr. W. T. Richards's and Mr. Bricher's sea-views, or of Mr. R. Swain Gifford's Eastern scenes, because they are very much the

* Pray for the Holy Spirit. By the Rev. William Scribner, Author of "Pray for your Children." New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

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same that these painters have been producing for some time past, although Mr. Gifford's work, always strong and assured, seems to grow in interest. Mr. McEntee's "Autumn Song," though heavy in its rendering of the figure, is poetical; and Winslow Homer's "A Penny for Your Thoughts," quietly charming. The latter's "Glimpse from a Railroad Train," of little purple boys bathing in a pool of pure gold water, is one of those curiosities of color which only Mr. Homer picks up,—and worth preserving, though not a picture. Mr. Smillie's "Scrub Race on the Plains" is also hardly a picture, being rather panoramic in effect; but, though meager in coloring, it contained some drawing of horses, full of energy and motion, if not entirely successful. Mr. Henry Farrer keeps at his old post, we observe, faithfully recording his semi-pensive, semi-prosaic impressions of mountain, sea-shore, and ancient homestead, the wonder being that he can so closely graze the poetic element in landscape without ever fairly seizing it. Mr. Magrath comes out strong this year, and deserves credit for his "Galway Girl." What this painter lacks in lightness and grace is compensated for by richness of color and apparent local truth. We cannot omit the names of Tryon, Nicoll, and Falconer; the latter is developing several sides of a serious and sensitive talent, and we should like to urge him further in the direction of his East River view, and of his little street scene at night, which promise a new and distinct vein. Another name of promise is that of Charles Parsons, of "Harper's Monthly," who contributes a little birch grove full of vivid tints. Miss Bridges, of sea-bird and thistle-down fame, sends the same subjects that have already won her praise for their freshness and daintiness. It is a pity that the flower-painters always come in such numbers, and so many of them without the right artistic insight, for they throw discredit on their more skillful sisters; but we may single out from the mass Miss G. F. Eddy's "Gladiolus" (No. 181); Miss E. Booth's rich cluster of "Wild Flowers" (190); some very beautiful "Drummond Phlox," by Miss Eddy again (No. 8); and "Heartsease," by Miss M. R. Oakey.

The "black and white" room wore a promising look, and, in fact, there was much to be studied there; the things that will be best remembered are perhaps the group of heads and of landscapes by Mr. W. M. Hunt and Miss Knowlton, of Boston; a drawing of a boy's head, by a pupil of Mr. Hunt; a charming landscape, by Miss Oakey; some etchings by Détaille, and others by Peter Moran and Edwin Forbes—the latter, crude but truthful memory-scenes from army-life;—together with James E. Kelly's lurid and suggestive "Vigil," after a battle in the late civil war. Of course, we do not forget George Cruickshank's characteristic study of "Lick Sticks," though we see that we *have* forgotten to mention Mr. La Farge's "Bishop Hatto," and "Trionfo d'Amore,"—two wood drawings which give with great salience two very different strains of feeling of which this artist is a master.

A good many of the most skillful pieces were the work of foreign painters. The Roman school came forth in all the pomp that a prevailing fashion attaches to it, so that the walls were sprinkled thick with "Spanish Type" by Morguera, and "Oriental Type" by Perea (a palpable Hibernian model, undisguisedly gross in sentiment), an "Interrupted Letter" by Riccardi, here, and a glowing "Florist" by Vibert, there. "An Arab," by Corlandi, was a remarkably sinewy piece of modeling; and "The Sentinel," by Clairin, certainly offered a vigorous sort of defense of this kind of picture. Many spectators, however, must have felt—and they cannot be blamed for it—that these painters go too much in single file; where one steps, the other follows, and they all have a passion for isolating a figure, crowding color into it, suppressing the surroundings into extreme sketchiness, and then abandoning the subject to you. The single figure starts out with marvelous distinctness, and these artists seem to have opened a new chapter of color; but, after all, their forced intensity appears to proceed from a secret sterility of the imagination. Fortuny's "On the Terrace" (East Room) illustrates another side, or perhaps the extreme of the movement. Here everything is projected upon the most ultra-suggestive plan. There are a balustraded terrace, some plants, a group of ladies, and two or three bowing courtiers in red or black; but all as dim and delicate as a spider's web, over which a handful of varicolored pollen-dust has been sprinkled. To quite enter into it, one must imagine himself extremely near-sighted, or half close his eyes, or by some other tortuous mode go a long way to get at last a very minute quantum of truth or of pleasure. In "The Album," by Boldini, who is at present in the front of the Roman legion, we see the last result of Fortuny's impetus,—a little decorated and bedizened peacock of a woman, unceremoniously clapped against a wall, ostensibly covered with a fantastic paper, but really adorned by a mad pyrotechnical medley of tints that convey nothing.

We may thank the eclectic nature of the collection for an easy means of relieving the eye from these spicy, but, on the whole, distressing performances. The English water-colorists are close at hand, with their quota of quiet, idyllic scenes. Mr. Lidderdale's "Footsteps Behind Her" is a good example of the kind of mild and perfected crudity which is apt to get the upper hand in this school; but "The Intruders," by E. K. Johnson, is a fresh and not affectedly simple achievement,—unless the little girl, whom we think one of the prettiest figures in the gallery, be called affected. One very curious undertaking was Mr. Charles Green's "Brick Field." Some laborers posed in the act of lunching, with a good deal of ruddy-hued earth below and behind them, form the theme. The red coloring reminds us strongly of some of the landscape and figure-work of the late eminent Royal Academician, Fred Walker, though the large vigor of the latter is entirely wanting in the composition and drawing.

Mr. John Thorpe added two or three to the list of English works; James Symington developed in "Penelope" and "The Maid of Athens" a sort of cross between the old English kid-glove style and

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the pseudo-religious Overbeck manner; and Joseph Nash sent in some of his excellent but tiresome architectural studies of famous English houses, certainly more acceptable than the meager sketches with which our American architects were wont to injure the Society's exhibitions.

Two Historical Paintings.

MRS. IMOGENE ROBINSON MORRELL has lately exhibited in one of the rooms of the National Academy of Design two large historical pictures which are striking examples of American progress in one branch of art. Those who remember Leutze's theatric "Attack on an Aztec Temple," or Trumbull's mild-mannered "Surrender of Cornwallis," will come to the contemplation of Mrs. Morrell's "First Battle of the Puritans," and "Washington Welcoming the Provision Trains," with a pleased surprise. But, after all, this is only comparative praise. Mrs. Morrell's pictures have great and positive merits. They should get fame for any artist. It seems a little pitiful to say that they are wonderful for a woman. Let us rather say that they are honestly and faithfully executed works; that they are not above criticism, and that they do credit to American art.

These pictures are purely academical. It is easy to discern the traditions of Munich and Düsseldorf in their handling and composition. There is little roughness, and still less suggestiveness, about their manner and finish. The work of each is severely scholarly. There are no sweeps of tender lights and shades; no half-hidden figures struggling in a gloom of color. You feel that the artist could not have painted any such vagueness or distracting dimness of outline as Poe saw and Martin drew. All this work is vivid as the noonday light. To those who see nature differently, the color will seem hard, the figures academic, the modeling of the schools.

The more notable of the two paintings is that in which Washington is the central figure. There is nothing dramatic, or even saliently historic, in the incident which the artist has chosen for her subject. It is only the faithful student of his country's history who will remember that the patriot army was almost starving for lack of provisions when Washington had his head-quarters at Newburgh, New York. In the picture before us we have an admirably composed group of mounted men, in which Washington is, of course, the focal point of interest; an encampment in the left background, scattered figures of exultant men and boys to the right, and a broad and generous landscape for the distance and setting. The white covered wagons which bring the welcome provisions are merely "incidental to the piece," as the playwrights say. The noble group in the foreground commands all of our attention. And these Generals, we may as well say, might be discussing any one of a variety of topics. The supply train, however, attracts their attention, and gives them cause for some action. They are their own excuse for being. They are admirably painted, and no part of the canvas is slighted. If one were asked to note some special merit in the work, he would undoubtedly point to the anatomy and finish of the horses. These are simply perfect, and the mounted figures are also carefully drawn and solidly painted.

"The First Battle of the Puritans" represents that passage in the life of Miles Standish, celebrated in Longfellow's lines, beginning thus:

"After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and saber and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present.
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred."

Captain Standish, it must be confessed, is not a dignified or majestic figure. He looks as if he might be a peppery and swaggering man-at-arms. History says that he was something of this sort. But he is, for all that, a fair type of the race which was to supplant the powerful aborigines. Two of these grand fellows lie prone on the earth where they have just fallen by the hand of the conquering white man. "Hobomok, friend of the white man," and interpreter, stands by the doughty Puritan with his evident congratulations. Beyond are the men of Plymouth; a forest furnishes a background, and the blue waters of the bay roll in the distance. It is a striking picture, carefully studied, full of good drawing, and painted with such conscience and faithfulness that the most careless observer must see that it has been the study of many laborious years.

French and German Books.

FRITZ REUTER. *Nachgelassene Schriften.* New York: L. W. Schmidt.—The sadness of a clown, the inextinguishable melancholy of a humorist, these are facts met with at every turn and twist of life. The readers of Fritz Reuter would hardly believe that the jovial humorist who pictures in their own absurdly sounding dialect the various oddities of Pommeranian provincial towns, had gone through years of the bitterest, most cruel captivity. Fritz Reuter was a victim of the absolutism in Germany which in 1833, and again in 1848, suppressed the struggling freedom of the country with a hand which terror made only more foolish and vindictive. A student at Jena, he had been in the midst of the agitation among the young men at the universities, but was guilty of nothing. His arrest and confinement for seven years, his actual sufferings from disease, cold, hunger, and want of light, are terrible evidences of a brutal spirit in Germany which has not yet said its last word, and which will one day—and all the more quickly if the French will bide their time—come to the surface in a way to appall the world. This was a training indeed for a humorist, but who shall say

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that he would ever have become what he was, had he had his freedom? It is more than probable that he would have married and settled down in Mecklenburg as a second-rate lawyer of the provinces. But his captivity carried after it a terrible malady of the stomach, a craving for alcohol at irregular periods, which no will-power could overcome, and this was financial ruin. Only after his fortieth year, when his betrothed came to the decision that it was her duty to marry him, did his career of literary prosperity begin. But his malady held fast to him till death.

Such a biography should be read; those who cannot understand the *Plattdeutsch* in which his work is written, can be moved by the sketch of his life in literary German prefixed to this volume. Yet, a little practice will often place the dialect itself within reach of a ready speaker of German, and then the *Urgeschicht von Mecklenborg* will reveal all its pleasant satire, and the pathos of the ballads *Ok'ne lütte Gaw' för Dütschland* and *Grossmutting, hei is dod*, will appear. Many words are almost the same as the English equivalents.

Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné. Alphonse Daudet. New York: F. W. Christern, 77 University Place.—An eleventh edition affords a chance to call attention to a most extraordinary novel, in hopes that those who have not yet read it may profit by the reminder. It may be said truly that Daudet's book is better than many sermons, because, addressing itself to the very class that needs it most, it is so powerfully and skillfully written, that it must be read; it will insist that the reader shall push through to the saddest end by the light of the most pitiless logic of facts. But, if the heart be wrung, the tears which fall are at least shed on behalf of the suffering good, who are themselves not mere nonentities, but heroic souls, whose defeat must make the world sadder, but better. Weakness, deception, crime—it is the old story of Adam and Eve without its simplicity, and side by side runs the vein of patient devotion and self-sacrifice. Back of the character of *la p'tite Chèbe*, one feels the angry question: Why were her surroundings, her early life in haggard Paris, such as to make her what she was, the ruin of every one about her? It would seem that the fate of Désirée is bitter enough, but her destruction of the life of Risler outdoes everything else in pathos.

The scenes lie among the manufacturing people of Paris, and contain two figures on which Daudet has spared no pains in order to present them in the full glare of their braggart selfishness and cowardice. Both are men who live on the grinding toil of women, yet each is as distinct as if Daudet had really known them in person, as if he had not merely drawn their outlines, and drawn them twice, in order to convey the truth that there is a whole class of them in Paris.

Although Daudet cannot be called the equal of Octave Feuillet in his profession, yet the Academy has done well to "crown" his work. For that France should read just now books like this and the inferior "*Mariage dans le monde*" of Feuillet is of an importance hard to overrate. The one strikes at adultery in the higher world of fashion, the other in the ranks of the true *bourgeoisie*.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Boiler Tube Stopper.

To insure speedy repairs in case of collapsed boiler tubes, a new stopper, or self-acting plug, has been introduced and tried with success. It consists of two iron pistons, slightly less in diameter than the diameter of the tube to be closed, and joined together by a wrought-iron rod 46 centimeters (about 18 inches) long. On the face of each piston is cut a square ring or groove 13 millimeters (about ½ inch) wide. A rubber ring is fitted in each groove, thus making a loose packing for the piston. Small holes are also bored through the inner face of each piston, and just under the rubber rings. In use, the stopper is pushed into the tube till one piston passes the fractured place. On raising the steam, the water enters behind each piston through the break, and pressing on the inner side of the rubber rings, through the holes beneath them, expands them till they plug the tube in both directions.

Fire-Proof Construction.

IRON columns, such as are used in buildings, have many advantages in point of strength, cheapness, and economy of room; but, in even an ordinary fire, they develop three defects that seriously impair their value as structural materials. The first is the softening and melting of the iron, whereby the column is crushed by the weight it sustains. The second is the expansion of the column by heat, and its effort to lift its load. The strain exerted by an iron column expanded 3 centimeters (1⅛ inches) in length, and lifting its load that much is often sufficient to rupture the column. The third cause of failure is the fracture of a heated column caused by a stream of water suddenly thrown upon it. To prevent these accidents, and to enable the columns to survive the burning of the contents of a building, various methods of keeping the columns cool have been tried. Some recent experiments in this direction seem to show that a simple wooden sheathing round the column may answer the purpose cheaply and effectually. Three iron columns were tried in a brick furnace erected for the purpose. One was of a cruciform pattern, sheathed with red oak fastened

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on by bolts and battened at the joists with strips of wrought iron. Behind the sheathing, and in all the cracks, was poured plaster of Paris as a further protection. Another column of the same shape, without the wooden sheathing, and one iron column of the common pattern, made the three, and each was fastened down from the top with iron rods. They were then submitted to a powerful fire in the furnace. The result was, that the two unprotected columns were expanded 3 or 4 centimeters (the measurements were not exact); while the protected column had not lifted its load to any visible extent. On tearing town the furnace walls, the two unprotected columns were found at a white heat and both slightly bent. A stream of water thrown upon them shivered one and rendered the other useless by bending. The wood-covered column was, of course, on fire, but the charring had not extended 2 centimeters into the wood. Another kind of protective material introduced for this sheathing employs terra cotta molded into segments to fit the columns. This has not, however, been made the subject of equally severe examination.

Lignose.

THIS material is offered as a new blasting powder. It is claimed to have a little more than three times the force of common powder, and is offered at one-third the price. In appearance, it resembles woody fiber saturated with nitro-glycerine. It is very light, and, in a loose state, burns slowly. In firing, a "strand match" is used, as the makers claim that it will not explode by contact with open fire, and with difficulty by friction or percussion.

Uninflammable Dress Material.

THE material commonly employed to render light fabrics uninflammable is tungstate of soda, but its high cost has thus far been an objection. Patera's formulæ in this field of experiment have been recently submitted to careful examination, and good results have been reported. One of these preparations is made by dissolving 3 parts by weight of borax with 2¼ parts of Epsom salts in 20 parts of water. The fabrics soaked in this solution become coated with the borate of magnesia, which is insoluble in hot or cold water, and is a good resistant of fire. The other preparation is a mixture of sulphate of ammonia with sulphate of lime, or gypsum, in proportions of 1 part of sulphate of ammonia with 2 parts of gypsum. The gypsum is said to form with the ammonia a double sulphate that has very few of the disagreeable properties of the ammonia salt. The action of this preparation seems to be twofold,—first, in coating the fibers of the material and in the production, when the material is brought to a high heat, of volatile ammonia, that tends to smother the flame. This mixture is also reported as useful in protecting wood-work, except in exposed situations where the rain might wash the salt away. In such places, a coat of paint is said to preserve the salt without impairing its protecting value.

Cotton Planter.

THE ordinary horse grain-drill has been modified so that it may be used in planting cotton seed precisely as it now plants corn and other grains. The modification consists of an apparatus in the box carrying the seed, whereby the cotton seed is continually shaken or agitated, and the sticking together of the seeds, caused by their fibrous covering, prevented, so that they find their way singly into the planting-drills. This planter has all the advantages of the best grain-drills, and may be used with or without the mixture of fertilizing materials with the seeds.

Three-Cylinder Engines Applied to Pumping.

WHERE space is limited, and where belting or gearing to drive a centrifugal pump would be inconvenient, the idea of using the three-cylinder engine has been suggested. The engine is placed at the side of the pump, and as near it as convenient, and its three piston-rods are connected directly with its shaft. Such an arrangement, on the steamer "Franchetti," making 450 revolutions a minute, threw a stream of water to a height of 7 meters (about 22 feet 10 inches) with ease. Other experiments gave equally good results. The same idea has been suggested for centrifugal pumps used in raising water for drainage or irrigation. The three-cylinder engine has also been used as a motor for a tramway car.

Improvement in Flour-Mills.

A MILL for separating the bran from the flour in the process of grinding has been tried with such success as to warrant its introduction into a number of flouring establishments, and in each case the results show an improved quality of flour at a material saving in power. In this mill, the upper and moving millstone does not differ from the usual type. The lower stone has every other groove replaced by a sieve, made of fine wire netting, and secured to screws, so that it may be adjusted to the surface of the stone as it wears away. Under the center of each sieve is placed an upright wooden rod, having a hammer head at the top. Below, in the chamber where the flour falls from the sieves, are four radial arms fixed to the upright axis that turns the mixing rakes that travel round this flour space. These arms, as they turn, strike the hammer rods, and they give a slight tap on the under side of the sieves, thus preventing them from becoming clogged. By this arrangement, the flour is enabled to escape quickly from the stones through the sieves, and before it can be injured by overheating. Power is saved by thus disposing of the flour at once, instead of expending the energy of the engine in pushing it through the entire length of the radial grooves to the edge of the stones. Suitable spouts are provided for the bran escaping in one direction and for the flour falling through the sieves into the chamber below.

Preservation of Eggs and Meat.

TWO new processes are offered in this field of experiment. In preserving eggs, a solution of sili-

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cate of potash (of 30 degrees of acidity by gauge) is prepared and placed in an earthen vessel. In this solution the eggs are placed for a few moments, and are then taken out and laid, without touching one another, on sheets of soft paper. In about twenty-four hours the water is evaporated, and the eggs become solidly coated with the silicate, and, thus prepared, they will keep in good order for a long time. If kept for use, the solution must be occasionally diluted with water to compensate for evaporation. The paper is to prevent the eggs from sticking to the table or other surface on which it is placed. The paper is readily torn off after the hardening of the silicate, and if a bit still clings to the egg, it does no harm.

In the preservation of fresh meat, Herzan, of Florence, recommends a saturated solution of crude boracic acid, to which is added a small quantity of borax, salt, and saltpeter. In this bath the meat is treated, and though the reports do not give the details, it may be presumed that it is soaked in the solution till fully impregnated. Packed in chests and leaden boxes, meat thus prepared has been sent to the tropics twice, and without showing any injury, even under microscopic examination. In this connection, it may be noticed that the samples of fresh beef sent to England recently arrived in good condition, and met with a ready sale. The refrigerator used was supplied with ice, and a current of cold air was constantly drawn over the meat by means of a fan-blower. The success of this experiment seems to open the way for a very large export of American beef to Europe. Other experiments, both with eggs, fruit, vegetables, and meats, are now in process, and such as reach an assured position in trade will be duly reported.

New Paper Materials.

AMONG the vast collection of materials examined in the search for paper stock, two new ones seem to offer some advantages. These are bamboo and the refuse of sugar-cane, known as "megasse." The green stems of young bamboo plants are cut fresh, and crushed and split in a series of rolls for the purpose of breaking the nodes and reducing the stalks to ribbons. Cut into short lengths, the split stems are then placed in vats and treated with caustic alkali. The lye is taken in a stream from vat to vat, extracting and removing the soluble matter as it moves. Hot water, and, finally, cold water, is run through the vats till all the soluble matter is swept away and only the fibrous material remains. This is then pressed to remove the water, and is then opened or "teased out" by suitable machinery, and, after drying in a blast of hot air, is ready for packing and export as paper stock. It is readily employed alone, or with other stock, in making papers of various qualities. The second material is the fibrous residue of the sugar-cane, a cheap by-product of the cane-crushing mill. The machinery employed in treating this is the same as that just described. In both these instances the stock-making plant must be in the neighborhood of the growing cane or bamboo for obvious reasons on the score of transportation. The process is patented, and is said to give a yield of sixty per cent. for the bamboo, and forty per cent. for the sugar-cane.

Shaft-Sinking by Machinery.

COAL-CUTTING machines that will cut a thin channel or groove in coal or rock are already in use. By an adaptation of these machines to vertical instead of horizontal cutting, they are now employed in sinking shafts and wells. A circular track, somewhat less in diameter than the intended shaft, is laid and on this the cutting machine travels and cuts a ring four centimeters wide and fifty-one deep in the soil, rock, or other material. A hole sunk by a drill in the center is then charged, and on removing the cutter to a safe distance a blast is fired in the middle of this core. The blast shatters the core, but does not injure the sides of the annular cut. In hard rock the annular cut leaves a good surface for the interior of the shaft, and in softer rocks or soil timber or masonry is readily added.

New Sounding Lead.

A SOUNDING lead that registers the depth of the water automatically has been introduced into the French navy. It consists of a weight or lead of the usual shape, surmounted by a recording apparatus, very much like that used in ships' logs or in gas meters. At the top is a small propeller affixed to an upright shaft, that governs the recording apparatus. This propeller is protected by the iron arms that hold the ring to which the line is fastened, and it is so arranged that it can only turn one way. As it sinks in the water the propeller is turned, and on touching bottom it stops at once. On drawing the lead on board the ship the cover may be removed, and the depth read in meters on the dials. The lead is said to be indifferent to currents and the action of the waves, and to give reliable readings in deep seas.

Memoranda.

IN districts where the manufacture of lime is carried on extensively the waste heat from the kilns is being employed for heating purposes. The practice is to place a "saddle boiler" over the kiln, and to connect the boiler with a system of hot-water pipes, such as is commonly used in green-houses. In horticultural establishments, where this is done, the kilns are erected near the green-houses, and the manufacture of lime is carried on as an incidental venture. Where raw lime is convenient and cheap, this has proved a financial success. In other places, or on a limited scale, it would be manifestly useless, or more expensive than coal. Lime kilns are also being employed in making gas and coke. In such cases, the retorts are simply placed round the base of the kiln, and the lime-burning proceeds in the usual way.

The new material known as "mineral wool" is produced from the hot slag of blast furnaces. The furnace is tapped with an iron pipe 25 millimeters (about 1 inch) in diameter, and from this the hot

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slag falls in a stream 76 centimeters (about 2½ feet), and, meeting a powerful blast of cold air (from a blower), is split into hair-like threads of a vitreous character, resembling spun glass. In this form, under the name of mineral wool, it has become popular as a packing material for covering boilers, steam-pipes, etc.

The leaves of the pine-apple are now being utilized in the manufacture of a coarse kind of wadding available in upholstery, and in making a heavy fabric resembling flannel.

Among publications of a technical character devoted to all branches of constructive and decorative art, is the new "American Architect and Building News," now published once a week by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. It is liberally illustrated by the improved direct process in heliotype, and will be found of value to all interested in the building arts.

Among new food products may be noticed the condensed cottage cheese now offered upon a commercial scale in the New York market. It has been received with favor by the cheese trade.

A process for hardening mixtures of sand and lime by submitting the material to the action of carbonic acid in a suitable apparatus has been patented in France. By this process, it is claimed that the hydrate of lime is converted into carbonate of lime, supplying a building material resembling natural stone. In connection with this may be mentioned the introduction of a prepared wooden fiber to replace hair in making ordinary plastering. The caustic action of the lime impairs the value of hair as a binding material, while on woody fiber it exerts no injurious effects, but rather tends to preserve it. The material is said to be cheap, strong, and sufficiently flocculent to be easily distributed through the plaster.

In iron-founding, the introduction of a coke furnace for drying molds has been tried with economical results in fuel, and at a gain in time and increased comfort in the molding-room. The heat from a small furnace is conveyed by a pipe to a trench in the floor, over which the molds are laid. A pipe over these collects the stream of hot air rising through the molds and conveys it to the chimney.

A new fire-grate, formed of slender, perforated bars, arranged close together, and supported by a cast-iron frame-work, has been tried with success. Such fire-grates are said to be adapted to every kind of fuel, sawdust, coal-slack, peat, wood, hard and soft coals, and other materials, commonly considered useless in making steam. The free circulation of air secured by the many small openings, is claimed to give a solid fire without the long, pointed flames incident to fires on ordinary grates.

Beims, of Groningen, in experimenting with carbonic acid under pressure as a source of motive power, employed bicarbonate of soda, heated in a tight wrought-iron vessel to 752° Fahr., to produce liquid carbonic acid that had a pressure of 60 atmospheres when cooled to natural temperatures. The attempt to employ this pressure as a motive power was not satisfactory; but the experiments incidentally led to a cheap and ready method of supplying large quantities of carbonic acid. The prepared liquid (called carboleum) is simply released from its high pressure when it assumes the form of the common carbonic acid of the soda-fountain trade.

Among personal and household conveniences none seems to be more popular than a comparatively new style of scissors, designed to fold up, so that the handles shut back over the blade, thus reducing the scissors to a convenient shape, half the size of the usual pattern.

The pendent log for measuring a ship's speed differs from the ordinary counting log in having the propeller or rotator and the registering apparatus in separate parts. The propeller drags astern quite near the ship, and the counting machine is affixed to the ship's rail. The towing-line is used to convey the motion of the propeller to the register, and the log can be examined at any time without the trouble or uncertainty involved in drawing in the floating part, as by the old method.

Notwithstanding the large supplies brought out in France, the price of the new "artificial down" is reported to be rising steadily as its value becomes known. It is prepared by shearing the barbs or soft parts from feathers. Any kind of feathers will answer, and when cut from the quills, the material is readily "felted" into a strong and beautiful fabric. What is wanted in this country is a machine for stripping the quills with speed and economy. Cutting the barbs by hand would not pay, even in France, were it not for the high price offered for the raw down.

Carbonate of magnesia, dried in an oven, and mixed with sufficient benzine to form a soft, friable mass, is reported as an excellent material for removing stains on silk or other fabrics (except woolen goods), wood, ivory, etc. It is spread thickly, and gently rubbed with the fingers till the benzine evaporates. Materials that will bear washing are then dipped in clear water; on other materials, a little alcohol may be used to finish the work. Writing inks are not affected, but printer's ink is destroyed at once. For safe keeping, the mixture is kept in wide-mouthed glass bottles with air-tight stoppers.

The demand for rubber tires for omnibuses and carriages is again revived, and rubber manufacturers in London and Berlin now offer what is claimed as a strong, durable, and silent tire that will outlast iron on the heaviest traffic. The sanitary advantages of using rubber tires are so great that it is to be hoped this most desirable substitute is really made practical.

The idea of making small steam-engines in iron frames, so that they may be screwed to an upright wall, like a picture or clock, is being carried out. By this device they are placed in a secure and convenient position, are easy of access, and economical of floor space.

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BRIC-À-BRAC.

"PHRENOLOGY."

The Old Scissors' Soliloquy.

BY PARMENAS MIX.

I AM lying at rest in the sanctum to-night,—
The place is deserted and still,—
To my right lie exchanges and manuscripts white,
To my left are the ink and the quill—
Yes, the quill, for my master's old-fashioned and quaint,
And refuses to write with a pen,
He insists that old Franklin, the editor saint,
Used a quill, and he'll imitate Ben.

I love the old fellow—together for years
We have managed the "Farmer's Gazette,"
And although I am old, I'm his favorite shears
And can crowd the compositors yet.
But my duties are rather too heavy, I think,
And I oftentimes envy the quill
As it lazily leans with its nib in the ink
While I'm slashing away with a will

But when I was new,—I remember it well,
Though a score of long years have gone by,—
The heaviest share of the editing fell
On the quill, and I think with a sigh
Of the days when I'd scissor an extract or two
From a neighboring editor's leader,
Then laugh in my sleeve at the quill as it flew
In behalf of the general reader.

I am being paid off for my merriment then,
For my master is wrinkled and gray,
And seldom lays hold on his primitive pen
Except when he wishes to say:
"We are needing some money to run this machine,
And subscribers will please to remit;"
Or, "That last load of wood that Jones brought us was green,
And so knotty it couldn't be split."

He is nervous and deaf and is getting quite blind
(Though he hates to acknowledge the latter),
And I'm sorry to say it's a puzzle to find
Head or tail to the most of his matter.
The compositors plague him whenever they see
The result of a luckless endeavor,
But the darling old rascal just lays it to me,
And I make no remonstrance whatever.

Yes, I shoulder the blame—very little I care
For the jolly compositor's jest,
For I think of a head with the silvery hair
That will soon, very soon be at rest.
He has labored full long for the true and the good
'Mid the manifold troubles that irk us—
His only emolument raiment and food,
And—a pass, now and then, to the circus.

Heigho! from the past comes a memory bright
Of a lass with the freshness of clover
Who used me to clip from her tresses one night
A memorial lock for her lover.
That dear little lock is still glossy and brown,
But the lass is much older and fatter,
And the youth—he's an editor here in the town—
I'm employed on the staff of the latter.

I am lying at rest in the sanctum to-night—
The place is deserted and still—
The stars are abroad and the moon is in sight
Through the trees on the brow of the hill.
Clouds hurry along in undignified haste
And the wind rushes by with a wail—
Hello! there's a whopping big rat in the paste—
How I'd like to shut down on his tail!

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SPRING JOYS.

Spring Surprises.

THE Parson paused by his strawberry bed,
Upon his face a frown,
The berries were forming full, ripe and red,
The birds sang merrily overhead,
Yet gravely he looked down.

The Parson strode up the garden path,
Beneath the apple trees,
From each rosy blossom, a honey bath
Unheeding he shook, but his words of wrath
Died 'mid the stir of bees.

The Parson reclined in his study chair,
The ink on his pen was dry,
And softly the air stirred his silvery hair,
As, musing with wearisome look of care,
He heaved a mournful sigh.

But he suddenly cast his pen aside,
And pacing to and fro,
Quoth, "What is our life but a dream of pride,
Destruction stalks forth on every side,
And if my wife *should* know!

"What matters it all if I can maintain
My right to reap and sow?
To gather what I have planted in pain?"
Here he paused, and murmured the same refrain,
"But—if my *wife* should know!"

I passed next morning, and under the trees
I saw the Parson stand,
Amid rustle of leaves, and hum of bees,
'Mid glint of flowers, yet brighter than these,
His look serene and bland.

But what saw I, in the shrubbery there,
That filled me with affright—
So dismally white, and gaunt, and bare,
Yet floating so daintily in the air,
As if to mock the sight?

Three ghastly skeletons stood in a row,
To guard the berry patch;
The soft breeze tilted them to and fro,
And their old bones rattled, a chanting low,
"No berries here you snatch!"

Three skeletons brought from a closet down,
Where they had lived at ease;
And the birds were all flown, for up and down
In wildest rambles through country and town,
Naught had they seen like these.

The Parson stood by his strawberry bed,
His wife came strolling down,
The berries were large, and ripe, and red,
"Dear, your hoops have saved the berries," he said,
"Buy new ones in the town."

RAPID TRANSIT.

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The Rescue of the "Donner Party."

READERS of "Gabriel Conroy" will remember the following foot-note which occurs in connection with the author's description of scenes in Starvation Camp:

"I fear I must task the incredulous reader's further patience by calling attention to what may, perhaps, prove the most literal and thoroughly attested fact of this otherwise fanciful chronicle. The condition and situation of the ill-famed 'Donner Party,'—then an unknown, unheralded cavalcade of emigrants—starving in an unfrequented pass of the Sierras, was first made known to Captain Yount of Napa, *in a dream*. The Spanish records of California show that the relief party which succored the survivors was projected upon this *Spiritual* information."

In the thorough scrutiny to which everything relating to the Heroic Age of California has been subjected, there are, probably, few beyond the mountains who are not familiar with the details of the above expedition. There are many in the East, however, who will be interested in Captain Yount's own version of this strange occurrence, as related by him to the late Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell. We quote from "Nature and the Supernatural," pages 475–6:

As I sat by the fire, one stormy November night, in a hotel parlor, in the Napa Valley of California, there came in a most venerable and benignant-looking person, with his wife, taking their seats in the circle. The stranger, as I afterward learned, was Captain Yount, a man who came over into California, as a trapper, more than forty years ago. Here he has lived, apart from the great world and its questions, acquiring an immense landed estate, and becoming a kind of acknowledged patriarch in the country. His tall, manly person, and his gracious, paternal look, as totally unsophisticated in the expression as if he had never heard of a philosophic doubt or question in his life, marked him as the true patriarch. The conversation turned, I know not how, on Spiritism and the modern necromancy, and he discovered a degree of inclination to believe in the reported mysteries. His wife, a much younger and apparently Christian person, intimated that probably he was predisposed to this kind of faith by a very peculiar experience of his own, and evidently desired that he might be drawn out by some intelligent discussion of his queries.

At my request, he gave me his story. About six or seven years previous in a mid-winter's night he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants, arrested by the snows of the mountains, and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops, rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons, and the look of their particular distress. He woke, profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. At length he fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in, shortly, with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his recognizing, without hesitation, the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierra, by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the Pass answered exactly to his description. By this the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men, with mules and blankets, and all necessary provisions. The neighbors were laughing, meantime, at his credulity. "No matter," said he, "I am able to do this, and I will, for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream." The men were sent into the mountains, one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass. And there they found the company, in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.

A gentleman present said: "You need have no doubt of this; for we Californians all know the facts, and the names of the families brought in, who now look upon our venerable friend as a kind of a savior." These names he gave, and the places where they reside, and I found, afterward, that the California people were ready, everywhere, to second his testimony.

The Horse-Car Poetry.

ITS TRUE HISTORY

I PURPOSE to write the true and authentic account of the origin, growth, and development of that department of English literature which is known and recognized as "Horse-Car Poetry," wherever that product of American civilization, the daily newspaper with a "humorous" column, exists, or the mother tongue lies bleeding under the club of a "local editor." I shall trace it from the hour of its birth, in car No. 101 of the Fourth Avenue line, in the dusk of a summer evening of 1875, to its simultaneous appearance in the February numbers of the "Atlantic" and "Harper's" of the present year. I am the more anxious to make this contribution to history now, for the reason that I am in possession of all the facts as gathered from the most trustworthy sources, and I know that it is a subject in which the world is interested, and upon which it has a rapturous longing to learn the uttermost, the frozen truth. Moreover, great misapprehension exists in the public mind upon the whole subject. There is much doubt concerning the original lines, deplorable ignorance concerning the circumstances which gave them birth, and profound mystery as to the author or authors. All this doubt I shall dispel, all this ignorance enlighten, all this mystery unravel. It seems plain that this should be done now. For, if the origin of this school of poetry is even now wrapped in uncertainty and the names of its founders unknown, how insoluble will be the mystery, and how long and profound the discussions, and arguments, and disputes, and citations of authorities, and comparisons of hand-writing, and all that, when posterity gets hold of it, as it is sure to, and investigates it, as it must! Had the author of the "Junius" letters known what trouble he was making for unborn generations, I make no doubt he would have unbosomed himself before he died. No such legacy of contention should be left by the authors—the inventors, I may say—of the horse-car poetry. Understand me. I have no selfish motive in making public the following facts. It is only in the interest of truth, the truth of history, and from a desire that justice may be done the founders of this fresh and unique department of literature, as well as to save trouble for posterity, that I have pursued the investigation and established the truth of the statements I am about to make. It is proper that I should state at the outset that I have consulted with all the authors whose names are given, and, though they were without exception averse to publicity and reluctant to expose themselves to the shafts of the critic and the reviewer, and the storm of detraction, from which even the Lake school of poets did not escape, they finally consented, upon grounds of humanity, that the whole story should be told.

In the cars of the Fourth Avenue line,—a line which charges six and eight cents fare, as will be presently seen, and, in consequence, is patronized by the wealthy and the proud,—there is a notice which runs thus:

"The conductor, when he receives a fare, will immediately punch in the presence of the passenger,
A blue trip slip for an 8 cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a 6 cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a 3 cent fare."

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Examine these three lines carefully, and you will observe that it is almost ready-made poetry. It looks like poetry, for each line begins with a capital letter, and that in many cases is the only distinguishing mark of a poem. Then, too, it scans well: it rhymes, it trips, it runs with a skippity-skip, and you can sing it; a man who has music in his soul can't help singing it. I am satisfied that thousands of regular riders on the Fourth Avenue line hummed it to themselves before it ever leaped into print as regulation verse. Mr. Bromley of "The Tribune," and Mr. Brooks of "The Times," were riding down town one night last summer like purse-proud aristocrats in car No. 101 of the Fourth Avenue line, having the whole car to themselves. Brooks was dozing. Bromley's attention was riveted to the notice, which always had a strange fascination for him. At length he started up with:

"It's poetry, by George! Brooks, it's poetry."

Brooks, somewhat startled by the abruptness of the outburst, hastily inquired:

"What's poetry? What are you talking about?"

Bromley, as if fearful of losing his discovery, pointed to the card, and, without taking his eyes off it, read it with the omission of but a single word, thus:

"The conductor, when he receives a fare,
Will punch in the presence of the passinjare,
A blue trip slip," etc.

Brooks mumbled it over in a sleepy way, and said: "That's so," and then tried to look away from it and forget it. He couldn't. He was caught by the strange fascination. Both the gentlemen read it and re-read it, and kept reading and repeating it till they reached Printing House Square, and they both inform me that it haunted them the whole night long.

Still, it must be confessed, there was something unsatisfactory, a sense of incompleteness about it as it stood. The next night when they entered the car, they were overpowered by the same fascination. They hummed it and jingled it, and kept it going. It kept time with the rattle of the car, it made perfect accord with the hoof-boats of the horses, it was a regular *Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum* sort of thing. At length, Brooks was inspired and burst forth with the additional line that made the song complete. So then it ran:

"The conductor, when he receives a fare,
Will punch in the presence of the passinjare,
A blue trip slip for an 8 cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a 6 cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a 3 cent fare,
All in the presence of the passinjare."

Both then felt that the poem was complete and ready to be set to music, perhaps fitted into an opera. It was very shortly introduced as a hymn in the editorial rooms of "The Tribune," and Mr. Wyckoff, the scientific editor, assisted by Mr. Moses P. Handy, then of "The Tribune" staff, now editor of "The Richmond Enquirer," added to them the following chorus, which it will be observed has the characteristic merits of the original verse, and of this school of metrical composition:

"Punch, boys, punch! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passinjare,
A blue trip slip for an 8 cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a 6 cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a 3 cent fare,
All in the presence of the passinjare."

Then the hymn and chorus were sung together, and the work pronounced perfect by good judges of both poetry and music. The score is appended to this article:

It was not intended to give the poem to the public; but one night it was taken down in shorthand from the lips of the choir, and the next day printed on an inside page of "The Tribune." It was then the trouble began. Boston broke out with parodies; Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington took up the strain, and in a somewhat rapid and confusing manner rang the changes. It ran west to Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, and Keokuk. It dropped down to New Orleans, swung back by the cities of the Gulf and principal ports of entry, hovered over Key West, and was only hindered from crossing to Havana by the feebleness of the Spanish tongue in reproducing the idioms, and by the suspicion with which all American products are received on the island. It crossed the plains, licking up outlying settlements like a prairie fire in its progress, and filling Denver, Cheyenne, and Laramie with music on its way. Then it swooped down upon the Pacific coast from the Sierras like a song of the sun-lands, and made the heart of the "hoodlum" leap with gladness. It was the one touch of horse-car poetry that made the whole world kin. The continent was one vast eruption of verse. There were addresses, and sonnets, and odes, hexameter, spondee, and dactyl, humorous, descriptive, sentimental, and didactic,—everything that jingled, and some things that visibly and painfully limped into this torrent of verse, were hurled, folios upon folios, relating to the one-horse car, the two-horse car, the conductorless car, the car-driver, the car-conductor, the worn car-horse, and the noble mule. The stockholders and directors, the "car-starters" and "spotters," the motive power, and the rolling stock, were all embalmed in verse and immortalized in song.

They sang the car-horse and his load;
Sang without any instructor;
Each heart recalled a different road,
But all sang the horse-car conductor.

But the introduction of this rare and beautiful style has done more than merely transform the work-day world into an aviary, and set the continent a-singing. It has promoted peace. Rival journalists have ceased to malign each other for a moment to join in the chorus and pay a passing contribution to the swelling volume. Space that would otherwise have been given to objurgatory prose has been sanctified with the halo of poetry, and devoted to the muse of the horse-car. Political contention ceased, and the able editor, finding that he had pinions and could mount, went flapping upward above the noise of factions and the strife of parties, and sang sweetly in the blue empyrean of the buff trip slip, and the pink trip slip, and of the glad day coming when trip

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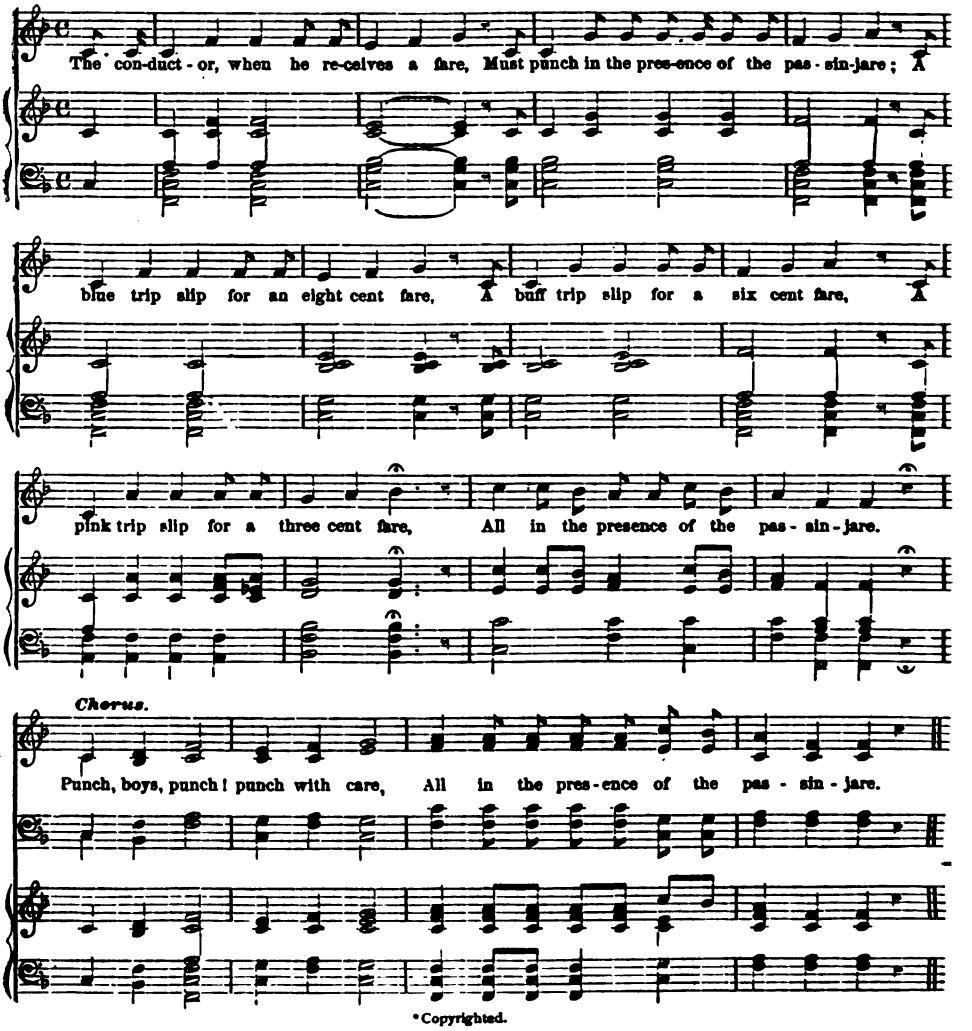
slips of all colors and denominations should be openly and unreservedly punched in the presence of the passinjare. Physicians have hummed it to their patients; it has hung on the lips of clergymen, even in the midst of funeral discourses and marriage ceremonies; lawyers have felt it trip into their large and learned discourse to Court or jury; mothers have sung it as a lullaby, and there are round-eyed, wondering infants—fortunate babes—in the cradles of to-day who are to be the horse-car conductors and passinjares of the next generation, who will step out by and by into active life so rooted and grounded in the knowledge of the duty of the conductor, with reference to the trip slips, that, in the words of another, "no climate can claim, no country can appropriate, them."

And then for the Centennial year how fit it is! Not epilepsy itself—which it somewhat resembles—could be fitter, or more fit. It has united the people; it has promoted harmony; it has brought peace. Specimens of it should be gathered from all quarters of the continent and exhibited under glass, or in a cage or something, at the Centennial. It strikes me it would be something of a surprise to the crowned heads, if any should come over; and if they should not, it will be their own loss. And then, one hundred years from now, when the nation celebrates its Bi-Centennial, when the horse-car poetry shall have been long established, and its place in literature recognized wherever the language is spoken, who knows but the battered remains of car No. 101 of the Fourth Avenue line will be exhibited as a historic relic, of which the Emerson of that day shall write:

"'Twas here the horse-car company stuck
The immortal verse heard round the world."

WINKELRIED WOLFGANG BROWN.

SONG OF THE HORSE-CAR CONDUCTOR.*

The con-duct-or, when he re-ceives a fare, Must punch in the pres-ence of the pas-sin-jare; A
blue trip slip for an eight cent fare, A buff trip slip for a six cent fare, A
pink trip slip for a three cent fare, All in the presence of the pas-sin-jare.
Chorus.
Punch, boys, punch! punch with care, All in the pres-ence of the pas-sin-jare.

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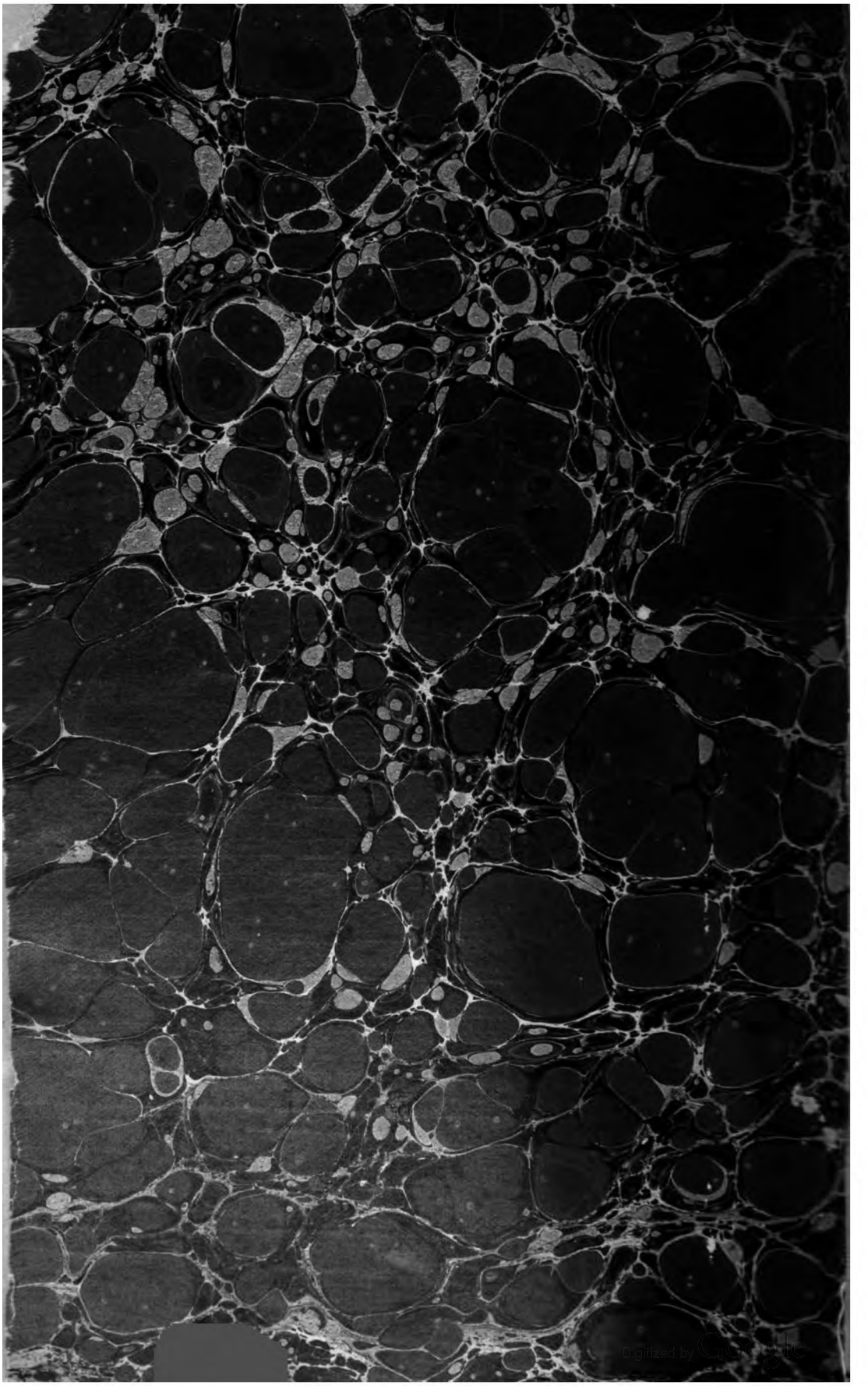
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